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The Complete Works of

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(43BC–AD 17/18)



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THE LIFE AND WORKS OF OVID by Arthur Leslie Wheeler

The Delphi Classics Catalogue



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The Complete Works of

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The Translations



Sulmo, situated in an Apennine valley, east of Rome — Ovid's birthplace



Sulmo in the Middle Ages



The Statue of Ovid in Piazza XX Settembre, Sulmona, his city of birth

AMOURS (VERSE)



Translated by Christopher Marlowe

This is Ovid's first completed book of poetry, written in elegiac couplets and published in 16 BC in five books, which were later edited to three books. It is formed of the popular model of the erotic elegy, established by poets such as Tibullus and Propertius, though Ovid's poems are more subversive and humorous, exaggerating common themes and traditional devices of love poetry, revealing an imaginative and more 'modern' approach to the genre, compared to the older poets.

Amores describe many aspects of love, as well as focussing on the poet's relationship with a mistress called 'Corinna'. Several of the poems describe events in their relationship, presenting a loose narrative. Comprised of 15 poems, Book I announces Ovid's intention to write epic poetry, which is thwarted when Cupid steals a metrical foot from him, changing his work into love elegy.

In this edition of Ovid's works, Christopher Marlowe's translation of the *Amours* is available in verse, followed by a more literal 1930 translation in prose.

[Link for the Latin texts](#)



A medieval depiction of Ovid as a young man

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BOOK I

ELEGIA 1

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amores scribere coactus sit

We which were *Ovids* five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou plainst of tediousnesse,
Two tane away, thy labor will be lesse:
With Muse upheard I meant to sing of armes,
Choosing a subject fit for feirse alarms:
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and tooke one foote away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses prophets, none of thine.
What if thy Mother take *Dianas* bowe,
Shall *Dian* fanne when love begins to glowe?
In wooddie groves ist meete that *Ceres* Raigne,
And quiver bearing *Dian* till the plaine:
Who'le set the faire treste sunne in battell ray,
While *Mars* doth take the *Aonian* harpe to play?
Great are thy kingdomes, over strong and large,
Ambitious Imp, why seekst thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses *Tempe* thine?
Then scarce can *Phoebus* say, this harpe is mine.
When in this workes first verse I trod aloft,
Love slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.
I have no mistris, nor no favorit,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit,
Thus I complaind, but Love unlockt his quiver,
Tooke out the shaft, ordaind my hart to shiver:
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, Poet heers a worke beseeeming thee.
Oh woe is me, he never shootes but hits,
I burne, love in my idle bosome sits.

Let my first verse be sixe, my last five feete,
Fare well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous laies,
Girt my shine browe with sea banke mirtle praise.

ELEGIA 2

Quodprimo Amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine
patiatur

What makes my bed seem hard seeing it is soft?
Or why slips downe the Coverlet so oft?
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho,
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were Love the cause, it's like I shoulde descry him,
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spie him?
T'was so, he stroke me with a slender dart,
Tis cruell love turmoyles my captive hart.
Yeelding or striving doe we give him might,
Lets yeeld, a burden easly borne is light.
I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,
Which being not shakt, I saw it die at length.
Yong oxen newly yokt are beaten more,
Then oxen which have drawne the plow before.
And rough jades mouths with stubburn bits are tome,
But managde horses heads are lightly borne,
Unwilling Lovers, love doth more torment,
Then such as in their bondage feelee content.
Loe I confesse, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.
What needes thou warre, I sue to thee for grace,
With armes to conquer armlesse men is base,
Yoke *Venus*Doves, put Mirtle on thy haire,
Vulcan will give thee Chariots rich and faire.
The people thee applauding thou shalte stand,
Guiding the harmeslesse Pigeons with thy hand.
Yong men and women, shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.
I lately cought, will have a new made wound,
And captive like be manacled and bound.
Good meaning, shame, and such as seeke loves wrack

Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their backe.
Thee all shall feare and worship as a King,
Jo, triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, feare and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troopes hath alwayes bin on *Cupids* side:
Thou with these souldiers conquerest gods and men,
Take these away, where is thy honor then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heapes of Roses strow.
With beautie of thy wings, thy faire haire gilded,
Ride golden Love in Chariots richly builded.
Unlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,
And give woundes infinite at everie turne.
In spite of thee, forth will thy arrowes flie,
A scorching flame burnes all the standers by.
So having conquerd *Inde*, was *Bacchus* hew,
Thee Pompous birds and him two tygres drew.
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling mee.
Beholde thy kinsmans *Caesars* prosperous bandes,
Who gardes the conquered with his conquering hands.

ELEGIA 3

Ad amicam

I aske but right: let hir that cought me late,
Either love, or cause that I may never hate:
I aske too much, would she but let me love hir,
Love knowes with such like praiers, I dayly move hir:
Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
Accept him that will love with spotlesse truth:
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of knightly line,
Soone may you plow the little lands I have,
I gladly graunt my parents given to save,
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
And *Cupide* who hath markt me for thy pray,
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods gives place,
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
I love but one, and hir I love change never,
If men have Faith, lie live with thee for ever.
The yeares that fatall destenie shall give,
lie live with thee, and die, or thou shalt grieve.
Be thou the happie subject of my Bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes:
By verses horned *Jo* got hir name,
And she to whom in shape of Swanne *Jove* came.
And she that on a faind Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false homes with hir virgin hand:
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwaies sung.

ELEGIA 4

Amicam, qua arte, quibusve nutibus in coena, proesente viro uti
debeat, admonet

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be,
Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,
While others touch the damsell I love best?
Wilt lying under him his bosome clippe?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skippe?
Marveile not though the faire Bride did incite
The drunken *Centaures* to a sodaine fight.
I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scarce my hands from thee containe I well.
But how thou shouldst behave thy selfe now know;
Nor let the windes away my warnings blowe.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him bee.
Lie with him gently, when his limbes he spread
Upon the bed, but on my foote first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance:
Take, and receive each secret amorous glaunce.
Words without voyce shall on my eye browes sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toyes come in thy minde,
Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy thombe inclinde.
If ought of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought.
When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee,
Turne round thy gold-ring, ass it were to ease thee.
Strike on the boord like them that pray for evill,
When thou doest wish thy husband at the devill.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,
Aske thou the boy, what thou enough doest thinke.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,

And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.
If hee gives thee what first himselfe did tast,
Even in his face his offered Gobbets cast.
Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest,
Nor leane thy soft head on his boistrous brest.
Thy bosomes Roseat buds let him not finger,
Chiefely on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this Ile see, but if thy gowne ought cover,
Suspitious feare in all my veines will hover,
Mingle not thighes, nor to his legge joyne thine,
Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.
I have beene wanton, therefore am perplexed,
And with mistrust of the like measure vexed.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurke,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest worke.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Least I should thinke thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drinke, but do not kisse,
And while he drinkes, to adde more do not misse,
If hee lyes downe with Wine and sleepe opprest,
The thing and place shall counsell us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along,
Have care to walke in middle of the throng.
There will I finde thee, or be found by thee,
There touch what ever thou canst touch of mee.
Aye me I warne what profits some few howers,
But we must part, when heav'n with black night lowers.
At night thy husband clippes thee, I will weepe
And to the doores sight of thy selfe will keepe:
Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse
But force thee give him my stolne honey blisse.
Constrain'd against thy will give it the pezzant,
Forbeare sweet wordes, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring:

But though this night thy fortune be to trie it,
To me to morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA 5

Corinnae concubitus

In summers heate, and midtime of the day,
To rest my limbes, uppon a bedde I lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimps at setting of the sunne,
Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.
Such light to shamefaste maidens must be showne,
Where they may sport, and seeme to be unknowne.
Then came *Corinna* in a long loose gowne,
Her white necke hid with tresses hanging downe,
Resembling faire *Semiramis* going to bed,
Or *Layis* of a thousand lovers sped.
I snatcht her gowne: being thin, the harme was small,
Yet strivde she to be covered therewithall,
And striving thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last.
Starke naked as she stood before mine eie,
Not one wen in her bodie could I spie,
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me,
How smoothe a bellie, under her waste sawe I,
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh?
To leave the rest, all likt me passing well,
I clinged her naked bodie, downe she fell,
Judge you the rest, being tyrde she bad me kisse.
Jove send me more such afternoones as this.

ELEGIA 6

Ad Janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat

Unworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore,
On mooved hookes set ope the churlish dore.
Little I aske, a little entrance make,
The gate halfe ope my bent side in will take.
Long Love my body to such use makes slender
And to get out doth like apt members render.
He shewes me how unheard to passe the watch,
And guides my feete least stumbling falles they catch.
But in times past I fear'd vaine shades, and night,
Wondring if any walked without light.
Love hearing it laugh'd with his tender mother
And smiling sayed, be thou as bold as other.
Forth-with Love came, no darke night-flying spright
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee feare I too much: only thee I flatter,
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enviest me, this hostile denne unbarre,
See how the gates with my teares wat' red are.
When thou stood'st naked ready to be beate,
For thee I did thy mistris faire entreate.
But what entreates for thee some-times tooke place,
(O mischief) now for me obtaine small grace.
Gratis thou maiest be free, give like for like,
Night goes away: the dores barre backward strike.
Strike, so againe hard chaines shall binde thee never,
Nor servile water shalt thou drinke for ever.
Hard-hearted *Porter* doest and wilt not heare?
With stiffe oake propt the gate doth still appeare.
Such rampierd gates beseiged Cittyes ayde,
In midst of peace why art of armes afraide?
Excludst a lover, how wouldst use a foe?
Strike backe the barre, night fast away doth goe.

With armes or armed men I come not guarded,
I am alone, were furious Love discarded.
Although I would, I cannot him cashiere
Before I be divided from my geere.
See Love with me, wine moderate in my braine,
And on my haire a crowne of flowers remaine.
Who feares these armes? who wil not go to meete them?
Night runnes away; with open entrance greette them.
Art carelesse? or ist sleepe forbids thee heare,
Giving the windes my words running in thine eare?
Well I remember when I first did hire thee,
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
But now perchaunce thy wench with thee doth rest,
Ah howe thy lot is above my lot blest:
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore,
Night goes away: I pray thee ope the dore.
Erre we? or do the turned hinges sound,
And opening dores with creaking noyse abound?
We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
Aie me how high that gale did lift my hope!
If *Boreas* beares *Orithyas* rape in minde,
Come breake these deafe dores with thy boysterous wind.
Silent the Cittie is: nights deawie hoast
March fast away: the barre strike from the poast.
Or I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,
And with my brand these gorgeous houses burne.
Night, Love, and wine to all extreames perswade:
Night shamelesse, wine and Love are fearelesse made.
All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee,
O harder then the dores thou gardest I prove thee.
No pritty wenches keeper maist thou bee:
The carefull prison is more meete for thee.
Now frosty night her flight beginnes to take,
And crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake.
But thou my crowne, from sad haire tane away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
That when my mistresse there beholds thee cast,

She may perceive how we the time did wast:
What ere thou art, farewell, be like me paind,
Carelesse, farewell, with my falt not distaind.
And farewell cruell posts, rough thresholds block,
And dores conjoynd with an hard iron lock.

ELEGIA 7

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat

Binde fast my hands, they have deserved chaines,
While rage is absent, take some friend the paynes.
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arme,
My Mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme.
I might have then my parents deare misus'd,
Or holy gods with cruell strokes abus'd.
Why? Ajax, maister of the seven-fould shield,
Butcherd the flocks he found in spacious field,
And he who on his mother veng'd his sire,
Against the destinies durst sharpe darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled hayre.
So fayre she was, she resembled,
Before whose bow th'Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewayles
Her perjur'd Theseus flying vowes and sayles,
So chast Minerva did Cassandra fall,
Deflowr'd except, within thy Temple wall.
That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,
She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed.
But secretlie her lookes with checks did trounce mee,
Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,
Better I could part of my selfe have wanted.
To mine owne selfe have I had strength so furious?
And to my selfe could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischiefs instruments, no better,
Deserved chaines these cursed hands shall fetter,
Punisht I am, if I a Romaine beat,
Over my Mistris is my right more great?
Tydides left worst signes of villanie,
He first a Goddesse strooke; an other I.

Yet he harrn'd lesse, whom I profess'd to love,
I harm'd: a foe did Diomedes anger move.
Go now thou Conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vowes to Jove, engirt thy hayres with baies,
And let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,
Jo, a strong man conquerd this Wench, hollow.
Let the sad captive formost with lockes spread
On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led.
Meeter it were her lips were blewe with kissing
And on her necke a wantons marke not missing.
But though I like a swelling floud was driven,
And as a pray unto blinde anger given,
Wa'st not enough the fearefull Wench to chide?
Nor thunder in rough threatings haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,
Which to her wast her girdle still kept downe.
But cruelly her tresses having rent,
My nayles to scratch her lovely cheekes I bent.
Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white lookes shewed
Like marble from the Parian Mountaines hewed.
Her halfe dead joynts, and trembling limmes I sawe,
Like Popler leaves blowne with a stormy flawe,
Or slender eares, with gentle Zephire shaken,
Or waters tops with the warme south-winde taken.
And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snowe.
Then first I did perceive I had offended,
My blood, the teares were that from her descended.
Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,
My feared hands thrice back she did repell.
But doubt thou not (revenge doth grieve appease)
With thy sharpe nayles upon my face to seaze.
Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my lockes to breake,
(Anger will helpe thy hands though nere so weake.)
And least the sad signes of my crime remaine,
Put in their place thy keembd haire againe.

ELEGIA 8

Exoecratur lenam, quae puellam suam meretricia arte instituebat

There is, who ere will knowe a bawde aright
Give eare, there is an old trot Dipsas hight.
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,
Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise.
She magick arts and Thessale charmes doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountaines flow,
She knows with gras, with thrids on wrong wheelles spun
And what with Mares ranck humour may be done.
When she will, cloudes the darckned heav'n obscure,
When she will, day shines every where most pure.
(If I have faith) I sawe the starres drop bloud,
The purple moone with sanguine visage stood.
Her I suspect among nights spirits to fly,
And her old body in birdes plumes to lie.
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes
Two eye-balles shine, and double light thence flies.
Great grand-sires from their antient graves she chides
And with long charmes the solide earth divides.
She drawes chast women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence.
By chaunce I heard her talke, these words she sayd
While closely hid betwixt two dores I layd.
Mistris thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd,
He staide, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd.
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds,
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weedes.
As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate,
Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state.
Th'opposed starre of Mars hath done thee harme,
Now Mars is gone: Venus thy side doth warme,
And brings good fortune, a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.

Such is his forme as may with thine compare,
Would he not buy thee thou for him shouldst care.
She blusht: red shame becomes white cheekes, but this
If feigned, doth well; if true it doth amisse.
When on thy lappe thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius raignde,
To yeeld their love to more then one disdainde.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pittie,
And Venus rules in her Aeneas City.
Faire women play, shee's chaste whom none will have,
Or, but for bashfulnesse her selfe would crave.
Shake off these wrinckles that thy front assault,
Wrinckles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bowes her youths strength tride,
Of horne the bowe was that approv'd their side.
Time flying slides hence closely, and deceaves us,
And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaves us.
Brasse shines with use; good garments would be worne,
Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.
Beauty not exercised with age is spent,
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull,
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most gratefull.
Behold what gives the Poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The Poets God arrayed in robes of gold,
Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yeeld to such as presents bring,
(Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.
Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,
The vaine name of inferiour slaves despise.
Nor let the arnes of antient lines beguile thee,
Poore lover with thy gransires I exile thee.
Who seekes, for being faire, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,

Least they should fly, being tane, the tirant play.
Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,
And take heed least he gets that love for nought.
Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ake:
And Isis now will shew what scuse to make.
Receive him soone, least patient use he gaine,
Or least his love oft beaten backe should waine.
To beggers shut, to bringers ope thy gate,
Let him within heare bard out lovers prate.
And as first wrongd the wronged some-times banish,
Thy fault with his fault so repuls'd will vanish.
But never give a spatious time to ire,
Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,
That this, or that man may thy cheekes moist keepe.
Nor, if thou couzenst one, dread to for-sweare,
, Venus to mockt men lendes a sencelesse eare.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire
To teach thy lover, what thy thoughts desire.
Let them aske some-what, many asking little,
Within a while great heapes grow of a tittle.
And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes fale thee to require a gift,
By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.
Beware least he unrival'd loves secure,
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the bed mens tumbling let him viewe
And thy neck with lascivious markes made blew.
Chiefely shew him the gifts, which others send:
If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
Pray him to lend what thou maist nere restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy minde harme-workes:
Under sweete hony deadly poison lurkes.
If this thou doest, to me by long use knowne,
Nor let my words be with the windes hence blowne,

Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft.
As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide,
With much a do my hands I scarsely staide.
But her bleare eyes, balde scalpes thin hoary flieces
And riveld cheekes I would have puld a pieces.
The gods send thee no house, a poore old age,
Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

ELEGIA 9

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem

All Lovers warre, and Cupid hath his tent,
Atticke all lovers are to warre farre sent.
What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree,
Tis shame for eld in waive or love to be.
What yeares in souldiours Captaines do require,
Those in their lovers, pretty maydes desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps:
His Mistris does this; that his Captaines keepes.
Souldiers must travaile farre: the wench forth send,
Her valiant lover followes without end.
Mounts, and raine-doubled flouds he passeth over,
And treads the deserts snowy heapes do cover.
Going to sea, East windes he doth not chide
Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tyde.
Who but a souldiour or a lover is bould
To suffer storlne mixt snowes with nights sharpe cold?
One as a spy doth to his enemies goe,
The other eyes his rivall as his foe.
He Citties greate, this thresholds lies before:
This breakes Towne gates, but he his Mistris dore.
oft to invade the sleeping foe tis good
And arm'd to shed unarmed peoples bloud.
So the fierce troupes of ThracianRhesus fell
And Captive horses bad their Lord fare-well.
Sooth Lovers watch till sleepe the hus-band charmes,
Who slumbring, they rise up in swelling armes.
The keepers hands and corps-dugard to passe
The souldiours, and poore lovers worke ere was.
Doubtfull is warre and love, the vanquisht rise
And who thou never think'st should fall downe lies.
Therefore who ere love sloathfilnesse doth call,

Let him surcease: love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burnd Briseis being tane away:
Trojanes destroy the Greeke wealth, while you may.
Hector to armes went from his wives embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say, amazed,
On Priams loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deed the black-smithes net did stable,
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
My selfe was dull, and faint, to sloth inclinde,
Pleasure, and ease had mollifide my minde.
A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse,
And to her tentes wild me my selfe adresse.
Since maist thou see me watch and night warres move:
He that will not growe slothfull let him love.

ELEGIA 10

Ad puellam, ne pro amore proemia poscat

Such as the cause was of two husbands warre,
Whom Trojane ships fecht from Europa farre.
Such as was Leda, whom the God deluded
In snowe-white plumes of a false swanne included.
Such as Amimone through the drie fields strayed
When on her head a water pitcher lajed.
Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle
And what ere love made Jove should thee invegle.
Now all feare with my mindes hot love abates,
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st why I chaunge? because thou crav'st reward:
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debard.
While thou wert plaine, I lov'd thy minde and face:
Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine,
And hath no cloathes, but open doth remaine.
Will you for gaine have Cupid sell himselfe?
He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe.
Love and Loves sonne are with fierce armes to oddes;
To serve for pay beseemes not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each mans mony
And seekes vild wealth by selling of her Cony,
Yet greedy Bauds command she curseth still,
And doth constraind, what you do of good will.
Take from irrationall beasts a president,
Tis shame their wits should be more excelent.
The Mare askes not the Horse, the Cowe the Bull,
Nor the milde Ewe gifts from the Ramme doth pull.
Only a Woman gets spoiles from a Man,
Farmes out her-self on nights for what she can.
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.

The sport being such, as both alike sweete try it,
Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?
Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure
Which man and woman reape in equall measure?
Knights of the post of perjuries make saile,
The unjust Judge for bribes becomes a stale.
Tis shame sould tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a judgement seate ascend.
Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.
Thankes worthely are due for things unbought,
For beds ill hyr'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth al, his rent discharg'd
From firther duty he rests then inlarg'd.
Faire Dames for-beare rewards for nights to crave,
Ill gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearely wunne
That unto death did presse the holy Nunne.
The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went,
And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punnishment.
Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle,
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle.
Take clustred grapes from an ore-laden vine,
May bounteous lome Alcinous fruite resigne.
Let poore men show their service, faith, and care;
All for their Mistrisse, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kinde Wenches tis my part,
And whom I like eternize by mine art.
Garments do weare, jewells and gold do wast,
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be ask't disdayne,
Leave asking, and lie give what I refraine.

ELEGIA 11

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat

In skilfull gathering ruffled haire in order,
Nape free-borne, whose cunning hath no border,
Thy service for nights scapes is knowne commodious
And to give signes dull wit to thee is odious.
Corinna clips me oft by thy perswasion,
Never to harme me made thy faith evasion.
Receive these lines, them to my Mistrisse carry,
Be sedulous, let no stay cause thee tarry.
Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft brest
But pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And tis suppos'd Loves bowe hath wounded thee,
Defend the ensignes of thy warre in mee.
If, what I do, she askes, say hope for night,
The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speake, give her my writ
But see that forth-with shee peruseth it.
I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading,
By speechiesse lookes we guesse at things succeeding.
Straight being read, will her to write much backe,
I hate faire Paper should writte matter lacke.
Let her make verses, and some blotted letter
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What neede she tyre her hand to hold the quill,
Let this word, come, alone the tables fill.
Then with triumphant laurell will I grace them
And in the midst of Venus temple place them.
Subscribing that to her I consecrate
My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

ELEGIA 12

Tabllas quas miserat execratur, quod amica noctem negabat

Bewaile my chaunce, the sad booke is returned,
This day denyall hath my sport adjourned.
Presages are not vaine, when she departed
Nape by stumbling on the thre-shold started.
Going out againe passe forth the dore more wisely
And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.
Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood be flying
And thou the waxe stuft full with notes denying,
Which I thinke gather'd from cold hemlocks flower
Wherein bad hony CorsickeBees did power.
Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appeare so bloody.
As evill wood throwne in the high-waies lie,
Be broake with wheelles of chariots passing by.
And him that hew'd you out for needfull uses
Ile prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poore wretches on the tree themselves did strangle,
There sat the hang-man for mens neckes to angle.
To hoarse scrich-owles foule shadowes it allows,
Vultures and furies nestled in the boughes.
To these my love I foolishly committed
And then with sweete words to my Mistrisse fitted.
More fitly had they wrangling bondes contained
From barbarous lips of some Attourney strained.
Among day bookes and billes they had lame better
In which the Merchant wayles his banquerout debter.
Your name approves you made for such like things,
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wrackes
And sluttish white-mould overgowe the waxe.

ELEGIA 13

Ad Auroram ne properet

Now on the sea from her old love comes shee,
That drawes the day from heavens cold axletree.
Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe,
And birds for Memnon yearly shall be slaine.
Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide,
If ever, now well lies she by my side.
The aire is colde, and sleepe is sweetest now,
And birdes send forth shrill notes from everie bow.
Whither runst thou, that men, and women, love not?
Hold in thy rosie horses that they move not.
Ere thou rise starres teach seamen where to saile,
But when thou comest they of their courses faile.
Poore travailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,
And souldiours make them ready to the fight,
The painfull Hinde by thee to field is sent,
Slow oxen early in the yoake are pent.
Thou coosnest boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them
To Pedants, that with cruell lashes pay them.
Thou makste the suretie to the lawyer runne,
That with one worde hath nigh himselfe undone,
The lawier and the client hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toyle anew.
By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.
All could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
Who can indure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wisht I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning starres shunne thy uprising face.
How oft, that either wind would breake thy coche,
Or steeds might fal forcd with thick clouds approach.
Whither gost thou hatefil nimph? Memnon the elfe
Received his cole-blacke colour from thy selfe.

Say that thy love with Coephalus were not knowne,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne?
Would Tithon might but talke of thee a while,
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because hees faint through age,
And early mountest thy hatefull carriage:
But heldst thou in thine armes some Coephalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.
Punish ye, because yeares make him waine?
I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.
The Moone sleepes with Endemion everie day,
Thou art as faire as shee, then kisse and play.
Jove that thou shouldst not hast but wait his leasure,
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
I chid no more, she blusht, and therefore heard me,
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

ELEGIA 14

Puellamconsolatur cui proe nimia cura comoe deciderant

Leave colouring thy tresses I did cry,
Now hast thou left no haire at all to die.
But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?
Beyond thy robes thy dangling lockes had swept.
Feardst thou to dresse them? being fine and thinne
Like to the silke the curious Seres spinne,
Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out
Fastning her light web some old beame about.
Not black, nor golden were they to our view,
Yet although neither, mixt of eithers hue,
Such as in hilly Idas watry plaines,
The Cedar tall spoyld of his barke retaines.
Ad they were apt to curle an hundred waies,
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth reft them,
The maide that kembd them ever safely left them.
Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet never,
Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out drave her.
Oft in the morne her haire not yet digested,
Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested,
Yet seemely like a Thracian Bacchinall
That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.
When they were slender, and like downy mosse,
Thy troubled haire, alas, endur'd great losse.
How patiently hot irons they did take
In crooked tramells crispy curles to make.
I cryed, tis sinne, tis sinne, these haire to burne,
They well become thee, then to spare them turne.
Farre off be force, no fire to them may reach,
Thy very haire will the hot bodkin teach.
Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne
Phoebus and Bacchus wisht were hanging downe.

Such were they as Diana painted stands
All naked holding in her wave-moist hands.
Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?
Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?
Bee not to see with wonted eyes inclinde,
To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.
No charmed herbes of any harlot skathd thee,
No faithlesse witch in Thessale waters bath'd thee.
No sicknesse harm'd thee, farre be that a way,
No envious tongue wrought thy thicke lockes decay.
By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth growe,
Thou mad'st thy head with compound poyson flow.
Now Germany shall captive haire-tyers send thee,
And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee,
Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush
And say he likes me for my borrowed bush,
Praying for me some unknowne Guelder dame,
But I remember when it was my fame.
Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,
Died red with shame, to hide from shame she seekes.
She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe,
Aye me rare gifts unworthy such a happe.
Cheere up thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire,
And be heereafter seene with native haire.

ELEGIA 15

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis

Envie, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill,
And tearmes my works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that unlike the line from whence I sprong,
Wars dustie honors are refused being yong,
Nor that I studie not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in everie cause?
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the world may ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or into sea swift Symois doth slide.
Ascreus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles come downe fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speake,
His Arte excelld, although his witte was weake.
For ever lasts high Sophocles proud vaine,
With sunne and moone Aratus shall remaine.
While bond-men cheat, fathers be hard, bawds hoorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fames etemall legend writ.
What age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And fasons Argos, and the fleece of golde?
Loftie Lucretius shall live that houre,
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bowre.
Aeneas warre, and Titerus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupids bow, and flerie shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweet Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be knowne from East to West,
So shall Licoris whom he loved best:
Therefore when flint and yron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.

Let Kings give place to verse, and kingly shoves,
And banks ore which gold bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceited wits admire vilde things,
Faire Phoebus leade me to the Muses springs.
About my head be quivering Mirtle wound,
And in sad lovers heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead can envie bite,
For after death all men receive their right:
Then though death rackes my bones in funerall fler,
lie live, and as he puls me downe, mount higher

The same by B.J.

Envie, why twitst thou me, my Time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse fruites of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)
Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in every cause?
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live, whil'st Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea, fleete Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines doe beare,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.
Callimachus, though in Invention lowe,
Shall still be sung, since he in Arte doth flowe.
No losse shall come to Sophocles proud vaine,
With Sunne and Moone Aratus shall remaine.
Whil'st Slaves be false, Fathers hard, and Bauds be whorish,
Whilst Harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius high-reard straine,
A fresh applause in every age shall gaine.
Of Varro's name, what eare shall not be tolde?
Of Jason's Argo? and the Fleece of golde?
Then, shall Lucretius loftie numbers die,
When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frie.
Titirus, Tillage, Aeney shall be read,
Whil'st Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupids fires be out, and his bowe broken,
Thy verses (neate Tibullus) shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be knowne from East to west:
So shall Licoris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare:
But heavenly Poesie no death can feare.
Kings shall give place to it, and Kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
Kneele hinders to trash: me let bright Phoebus swell,

With cups full flowing from the Muses well.
The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers Ile be often read.
,Enuy the living, not the dead, doth bite.
,For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in flineral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

BOOK II

ELEGIA 1

Quodpro gigantomochia amores scribere sit coactus

I Ovid Poet of my wantonnesse,
Borne at Peligny, to write more addresse.
So Cupid wills, farre hence be the severe,
You are unapt my looser lines to heare.
Let Maydes whom hot desire to husbands leade,
And rude boyes toucht with unknowne love me reade,
That some youth hurt as I am with loves bowe
His owne flames best acquainted signes may knowe,
And long admiring say by what meanes learnd
Hath this same Poet my sad chaunce discerned?
I durst the great celestiall battells tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well,
With earthes revenge and how Olympus toppe
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion up to proppe.
Jove and Joves thunderbolts I had in hand
Which for his heaven fell on the Gyants band.
My wench her dore shut, Joves affares I left,
Even Jove himselfe out off my wit was reft.
Pardon me Jove, thy weapons ayde me nought,
Her shut gates greater lightning then thine brought.
Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I tooke,
Quickly soft words hard dores wide open strooke.
Verses deduce the horned bloudy moone
And call the sunnes white horses backe at noone.
Snakes leape by verse from caves of broken mountaines
And turned streames run back-ward to their fountaines.
Verses ope dores, and lockes put in the poast
Although of oake, to yeeld to verses boast.
What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me wil either Ajax bring?
Or he who war'd and wand'red twenty yeare?
Or wofull Hector whom wilde jades did teare?

But when I praise a pretty wench's face
Shee in requitall doth me oft embrace.
A great reward: Heroes of famous names
Farewel, your favour nought my minde inflames.
Wenches apply your faire looks to my verse
Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

ELEGIA 2

Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellae sibi commissae laxiorem habeat

Bagous whose care doth thy Mistrisse bridle,
While I speake some fewe, yet fit words be idle.
I sawe the damsell walking yesterday
There where the porch doth Danaus fact display.
Shee pleas'd me, soone I sent, and did her woo,
Her trembling hand writ back she might not doo.
And asking why, this answeare she redoubled,
Because thy care too much thy Mistresse troubled.
Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish,
Beleeve me, whom we feare, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise, what needes defence
When un-protected ther is no expence?
But fliriously he follow his loves fire
And thinke her chaste whom many doe desire.
Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine,
Which giving her, she may give thee againe.
Wilt thou her fault leame, she may make thee tremble,
Feare to be guilty, then thou maiest desemble.
Thinke when she reades, her mother letters sent her,
Let him goe forth knowne, that unknowne did enter,
Let him goe see her though she doe not languish
And then report her sicke and full of anguish.
If long she stayes, to thinke the time more short
Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with Isis may be done
Nor feare least she to th' theater's runne.
Knowing her scapes thine honour shall encrease,
And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly usd,
Enjoy the wench, let all else be refusd.
Vaine causes fame of him the true to hide,
And what she likes, let both hold ratifide.

When most her husband bends the browes and frownes,
His fauning wench with her desire he crownes.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfet teares: and thee lewd hangman call.
Object thou then what she may well excuse,
To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes use.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,
Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedome reape.
On tell-tales neckes thou seest the linke-knitt chaines,
The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines.
Water in waters, and fruite flying touch
Tantalus seekes, his long tongues game is such.
While Junos watch-man loo too much eyde,
Him timelesse death tooke, she was deifide.
I sawe ones legges with fetters blacke and blewe,
By whom the husband his wives incest knewe.
More he deserv'd, to both great harme he fram'd,
The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd.
Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad
Nor make they any man that heare them glad.
If he loves not, deafe eares thou doest importune,
Or if he loves, thy tale breedes his misfortune.
Nor is it easily prov'd though manifest,
She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.
Though himselfe see; heele credit her denyall,
Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.
Spying his mistrisse teares, he will lament
And say this blabbe shall suffer punnishment.
Why fightst galust oddes? to thee being cast do happe
Sharpe stripes, she sitteth in the judges lappe.
To meete for poyson or vilde facts we crave not,
My hands an unsheath'd shyning weapon have not.
Wee seeke that through thee safely love we may,
What can be easier then the thing we pray?

ELEGIA 3

Ad Eunuchum servanem dominam

Aye me an Eunuch keepes my mistrisse chaste,
That cannot Venus mutuall pleasure taste.
Who first depriv'd yong boyes of their best part,
With selfe same woundes he gave, he ought to smart.
To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made luke-warme thy love:
Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare.
Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne,
Thy mistrisse enseignes must be likewise thine.
Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,
If she discards thee, what use servest thou for?
Good forme there is, yeares apt to play together,
Unmeete is beauty without use to wither.
Shee may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestowe that gift.

ELEGIA 4

Quod amet mulieres, cuiuscunque formoe sint

I meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justifie my vices being many,
For I confesse, if that might merite favour,
Heere I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne:
Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shun.
I cannot rule my selfe, but where love please
Am driven like a ship upon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces moove,
A hundred reasons makes me ever love.
If any eie mee with a modest looke,
I burne, and by that blushfill glance am tooke:
And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,
Me thinks she should be nimble when shees downe.
Though her sowre looks a Sabines browe resemble,
I thinke sheele doe, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, because shees simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one preferres me farre,
Seeing she likes my bookes, why should we jarre?
Another railes at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man.
And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long,
To quaver on her lippes even in her song,
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands for their swift running?
And she I like that with a majestie,
Foldes up her armes, and makes low curtesie.
To leave my selfe, that am in love with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.

If she be tall, shees like an Amazon,
And therefore filles the bed she lies uppon:
If short, she lies the rounder: to speake troth,
Both short and long please me, for I love both:
I thinke what one undeckt would be, being drest;
Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
A white wench thralles me, so doth golden yellowe,
And nut-browne girles in doing have no fellowe.
If her white necke be shadowde with blacke haire,
Why so was Ledas, yet was Leda faire.
Amber trest is shee, then on the morne thinke I,
My love alludes to everie historie:
A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her woman-hood:
Nay what is she that any Romane loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approoves?

ELEGIA 5

Ad amicam corruptam

No love is so dere (quiverd Cupid flie)
That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revill,
Alas a wench is a perpetuall evill.
No intercepted lines thy deedes display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.
O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,
Aye me poore soule, why is my cause so good.
He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit,
To whom his wench can say, I never did it.
He's cruell, and too much his griefe doth favour
That seekes the conquest by her loose behaviour.
Poore wretch I sawe when thou didst thinke I slumbred,
Not drunke, your faults in the spilt wine I numbred.
I sawe your nodding eye-browes much to speake,
Even from your cheekes parte of a voice did breake.
Not silent were thine eyes, the boord with wine
Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)
And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
The youthfull sort to divers pastimes runne.
I sawe you then unlawfull kisses joyne,
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloyne).
None such the sister gives her brother grave,
But such kinde wenches let their lovers have.
Phoebus gave not Diana such tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
What doest, I cryed, transportst thou my delight?
My lordly hands ile throwe upon my right.
Such blisse is onely common to us two,
In this sweete good, why hath a third to do?

This, and what grife inforc'd me say I say'd,
A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.
Even such as by Aurora hath the skie,
Or maides that their betrothed husbands spie.
Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breeds,
Or when the Moone travailes with charmed steedes.
Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,
Arackne staynes Assyrian ivory.
To these, or some of these like was her colour,
By chaunce her beauty never shined fuller.
She viewed the earth: the earth to viewe, beseem'd her.
She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her.
Even kembd as they were, her lockes to rend,
And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine upreard armes discended,
With her owne armor was my wench defended.
I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,
Least with worse kisses she should me indue.
She laught, and kissed so sweetely as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
I grieve least others should such good perceive,
And wish hereby them all unknowne to leave.
Also much better were they then I tell,
And ever seemed as some new sweete befell.
Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieves me not, no joyned kisses spent,
Bewaile I onely, though I them lament.
No where can they be taught but in the bed,
I know no maister of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA 6

In mortem psittaci

The parrat from east India to me sent,
Is dead, al-fowles her exequies frequent.
Go goodly birdes, striking your breasts bewaile,
And with rough clawes your tender cheekes assaile.
For wofull hairens let piece-torne plumes abound,
For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.
Why Philomele doest Tereus leudnesse mourne?
All wasting years have that complaint out worne.
Thy tunes let this rare birdes sad funerall borrowe,
Itis is great, but auntient cause of sorrowe.
All you whose pineons in the cleare aire sore,
But most thou friendly turtle-dove, deplore.
Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.
What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
Such to the parrat was the turtle dove.
But what availde this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that howe to change the wilde notes knew?
What helps it thou wert given to please my wench,
Birdes haples glory, death thy life doth quench.
Thou with thy quilles mightst make greene Emeralds darke,
And passe our scarlet of red saifrons marke.
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,
Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound.
Envy hath rapt thee, no fierce warres thou movedst,
Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou lovedst.
Behould how quailles among their battailes live,
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little fild thee, and for love of talke,
Thy mouth to taste of many meates did balke.
Nuts were thy food, and Poppie causde thee sleepe,
Pure waters moisture thirst away did keepe.

The ravenous vulture lives, the Puttock hovers
Around the aire, the Cadesse raine discovers,
And Crowes survive armes-bearing Pallas hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of mans voice,
The Parrat given me, the farre worlds best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their voide places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive,
And Hector dyed his brothers yet alive.
My wenchs vowes for thee what should I show,
Which stormie South-windes into sea did blowe?
The seventh day came, none following mightst thou see,
And the fates distaffe emptie stood to thee,
Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,
Farewell Corinna cryed thy dying tongue.
Elisium hath a wood of holme trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke,
There good birds rest (if we beleewe things hidden)
Whence uncleane fowles are said to be forbidden.
There harnesse Swans feed all abroad the river,
There lives the Phoenix one alone bird ever.
There Junoes bird displayes his gorgious feather,
And loving Doves kisse eagerly together.
The Parrat into wood receiv'd with these,
Turnes all the goodly birdes to what she please.
A grave her bones hides, on her corps great grave,
The little stones these little verses have.
This tombe approoves, I pleasse my mistresse well,
My mouth in speaking did all birds excell.

ELEGIA 7

Amica se purgat, quod ancillam non amet

Doost me of new crimes aiwayes guilty frame?
To over-come, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the Marble Theater I looke,
One among many is to grieve thee tooke.
If some faire wench me secretly behold,
Thou arguest she doth secret markes unfold.
If I praise any, thy poore haire thou tearest,
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I looke well, thou thinkest thou doest not move,
If ill, thou saiest I die for others love.
Would I were culpable of some offence,
They that deserve paine, beare't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vaine believe,
Forbid thine anger to procure my grieve.
Loe how the miserable great eared Asse,
Duld with much beating slowly forth doth passe.
Behold Cypassis wont to dresse thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistresse bed.
The Gods from this sinne rid me of suspition,
To like a base wench of despisd condition.
With Venus game who will a servant grace?
Or any back made rough with stripes imbrace?
Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,
And for her skill to thee a gratefill maide.
Should I sollicit her that is so just:
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the wingd boyes bowe,
My selfe unguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA 8

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinnoe

Cypassis that a thousand wayes trimst haire,
Worthy to keembe none but a Goddesse faire,
Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,
Apt to thy mistrisse, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde?
Whence knowes Corinna that with thee I playde?
Yet blusht I not, nor usde I any saying,
That might be urg'd to wnesse our false playing.
What if a man with bond-women offend,
To prove him foolish did I ere contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captive Briseis,
Great Agamemnon lov'd his servant Chriseis.
Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme,
What graced Kings, in me no shame I deeme.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both thy cheekes she did perceive thee blush,
But being present, might that worke the best,
By VenusDeity how did I protest.
Thou Goddesse doest command a warme South-blast,
My false oathes in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turne my sweete reward repay,
Let me lie with thee browne Cypasse to day.
Ungrate why feignest new feares? and doest refuse;
Well majest thou one thing for thy Mistresse use.
If thou deniest foole, lie our deeds expresse,
And as a traitour mine owne fault confesse.
Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

ELEGIA 9

Ad Cupidinem

O Cupid that doest never cease my smart,
O boy that lyest so slothfull in my heart.
Why me that alwayes was thy souldiour found,
Doest harme, and in thy tents why doest me wound?
Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquisht foes assends.
Did not Pelides whom his Speare did grieve,
Being requirde, with speedy helpe relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And then things found do ever flirther pace.
We people wholly given thee, feele thine armes,
Thy dull hand stayes thy striving enemies harmes.
Doest joy to have thy hooked Arrowes shaken,
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,
Hence with great laude thou maiest a triumph move.
Rome if her strength the huge world had not fild,
With strawie cabins now her courts should build.
The weary souldiour hath the conquerd fields,
His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds.
The Docke in harbours ships drawne from the flouds,
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches dyet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
Live without love, so sweete ill is a maide.
For when my loathing it of heate deprives me,
I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind drives me.
Even as a head-strong courser beares away,
His rider vainely striving him to stay,
Or as a sodaine gale thrustes into sea,
The haven touching barcke now nere the lea,

So wavering Cupid bringes me backe amaine,
And purple Love resumes his dartes againe.
Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,
Heere thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot,
Better then I their quiver knowes them not.
Haples is he that all the night lies quiet
And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it.
Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,
Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsells words deceive,
Great joyes by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
Let me enjoy her oft, oft be debard.
Cupid by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy step-father fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windie then thy winges,
Joyes with uncertaine faith thou takest and brings.
Yet Love, if thou with thy faire mother heare,
Within my brest no desert empire beare.
Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,
So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

ELEGIA 10

Ad Groecinium quod eodem tempore duas amet

Groecinus(well I wot) thou touldst me once,
I could not be in love with twoo at once,
By thee deceived, by thee surprisde am I,
For now I love two women equallie:
Both are wel favoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say:
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to mee,
And this doth please me most, and so doth she.
Even as a boate, tost by contrarie winde,
So with this love and that, wavers my minde.
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench inough to greeve my heart?
Why addst thou starres to heaven, leaves to greene woods,
And to the vast deep sea fresh water flouds?
Yet this is better farre then lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies have none,
Yea, let my foes sleepe in an emptie bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft love rowse up my drowsie eies,
And from my mistris bosome let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweete loves delight,
If one can doote, if not, two everie night,
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with:
Pleasure addes fuell to my lustfull fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft have I spent the night in wantonnesse,
And in the morne beene lively nerethelesse.
Hees happie who loves mutuall skirmish slayes,
And to the Gods for that death Ovid prayes.
Let souldiour chase his enemies amaine,
And with his bloud etemall honour gaine,

Let marchants seeke wealth, and with perjured lips,
Being wrackt, carowse the sea tir'd by their ships:
But when I die, would I might droope with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soule going,
That at my filneralles some may weeping crie,
Even as he led his life, so did he die.

ELEGIA 11

Ad amicam navigantem

The lofty Pine from high mount Pelion raught
Ill waies by rough seas wondring waves first taught,
Which rashly twixt the sharpe rocks in the deepe,
Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.
O would that no Oares might in seas have suncke,
The Argos wrackt had deadly waters drunke.
Loe country Gods, and known bed to forsake,
Corinna meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With Icy Boreas, and the Southerne gale:
Thou shalt admire no woods or Citties there,
The unjust seas all blewish do appeare.
The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,
The sucking shore with their abundance swels.
Maides on the shore, with marble white feete tread,
So farre 'tis safe, but to go farther dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,
How Scyllaes and Caribdis waters rage.
And with what rockes the feard Cerannia threat,
In what gulfe either Syrtes have their seate.
Beleeve, no tempest the beleever wreakes.
Too late you looke back, when with anchors weighd,
The crooked Barque hath her swift sailes displayd.
The carefill ship-man now feares angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death neere him thrusts,
But if that Triton tosse the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimsen bloud.
Then wilt thou Loedas noble twinne-starres pray,
And he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,
The Thracian Harpe with cunning to have strooke,
But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,

Yet Galatea favour thou her ship.
The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the Sea-nimphes, and the Sea-nimphes father.
Go, minding to returne with prosperous winde,
Whose blast may hether strongly be inclinde,
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,
Hether the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore.
Request milde Zephires helpe for thy availe,
And with thy hand assist the swelling saile.
I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,
And say it brings her that preserveth me;
He clip and kisse thee with all contentation,
For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,
And in the forme of beds weele strowe soft sand,
Each little hill shall for a table stand:
There wine being fild, thou many things shalt tell,
How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell.
And hasting to me, neither darkesome night,
Nor violent South-windes did thee ought afright.
He thinke all true, though it be feigned matter.
Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?
Let the bright day-starre cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

ELEGIA 12

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit

About my temples go triumphant bayes,
Conquer'd Corinna in my bosome layes.
She whom her husband, guard, and gate as foes,
Least Arte should winne her, firmly did inclose.
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloud-shed doth the pray inherit.
No little ditched townes, no lowlie walles,
But to my share a captive damsell falles.
When Troy by ten yeares battle tumbled downe,
With the Atrides many gainde renowne.
But I no partner of my glory brooke,
Nor can an other say his helpe I tooke.
I guide and souldiour wunne the field and weare her,
I was both horse-man, foote-man, standard bearer.
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance,
O care-got triumph hetherwards advance.
Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene
Europe, and Asia in firme peace had beene.
The Laphithes, and the Centaures for a woman,
To cruell armes their drunken selves did summon.
A woman forc'd the Troyanes new to enter
Warres, just Latinus, in thy kingdomes center:
A woman against late-built Rome did send
The SabineFathers, who sharpe warres intend.
I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer strive,
Shee looking on them did more courage give.
And me with many, but yet me without murther,
Cupid commands to move his ensignes flirther.

ELEGIA 13

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam iuvet

While rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,
Wearie Corinna hath her life in doubt.
She secretly with me such harme attempted,
Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.
But she conceiv'd of me, or I amsure
I oft have done, what might as much procure.
Thou that frequents Canopus pleasant fields,
Memphis, and Pharos that sweete date trees yeelds,
And where swift Nile in his large channell slipping,
By seaven huge mouthes into the sea is skipping,
By fear'd Anubis visage I thee pray,
So in thy Temples shall Osiris stay,
And the dull snake about thy offrings creepe,
And in thy pompe hornd Apis with thee keepe,
Turne thy lookes hether, and in one spare twaine,
Thou givest my mistris life, she mine againe.
Shee oft hath serv'd thee upon certaine dayes,
Where the French rout engirt themselves with Bayes.
On labouring women thou doest pittie take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burthens ake.
My wench, Lucina, I intreat thee favour,
Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.
In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greete,
My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy feete,
Subscribing, Naso with Corinna sav'd:
Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.
But if in so great feare I may advize thee,
To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA 14

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit

What helps it Woman to be free from warre?
Nor being arrn'd fierce troupes to follow farre?
If without battell selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their owne privie weapon'd hands destroy them.
Who unborne infants first to slay invented,
Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinckles lacke,
Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wracke?
Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherisht,
All humaine kinde by their default had perisht.
Or stones, our stockes originall, should be hurld,
Againe by some in this unpeopled world.
Who should have Priams wealthy substance wonne,
If watry Thetis had her childe fordone?
In swelling wombe her twinnes had Ilia kilde?
He had not beene that conquering Rome did build.
Had Venus spoilde her bellies Troyane fruite,
The earth of Caesars had beene destitute.
Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,
If such a worke thy mother had assayed.
My selfe that better dye with loving may
Had seene, my mother killing me, no day.
Why takest increasing grapes from Vine-trees full?
With cruell hand why doest greene Apples pull?
Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase,
Life is no light price of a small surcease.
Why with hid irons are your bowels tome?
And why dire poison give you babes unborne?
At Cholcis stain'd with childrens bloud men raile,
And mother-murtherd Itis they bewaile,
Both unkinde parents, but for causes sad,
Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.

What Tereus, what Jason you provokes,
To plague your bodies with such harmefull strokes?
ArmenianTygers never did so ill,
Nor dares the Lyonesse her young whelpes kill.
But tender Damsels do it, though with paine,
Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slaine.
Shee dyes, and with loose haire to grave is sent,
And who ere see her, worthily lament.
But in the ayre let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her gracious Gods this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict.

ELEGIA 15

Ad annulum, quem dono amicae dedit

Thou ring that shalt my faire girles finger binde,
Wherein is seene the givers loving minde:
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And her small joynts incircling round hoope make thee.
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:
And of just compasse for her knuckles bee.
Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye,
My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now envie.
O would that sodainly into my gift,
I could my selfe by secret Magicke shift.
Then would I wish thee touch my mistris pappe,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lappe.
I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
And in her bosome strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seale her privy leaves,
Least to the waxe the hold-fast drye gemme cleaves,
Would first my beautious wenches moist lips touch,
Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit,
But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit.
My life, that I will shame thee never feare,
Or be a bade thou shouldst refuse to beare.
Weare me, when warlnest showers thy members wash,
And through the gemme let thy lost waters pash.
But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell,
And even the ring performe a mans part well.
Vaine things why wish I? go small gift from hand,
Let her my faith with thee given understand.

ELEGIA 16

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat

Sulmo, Pelignies third part me containes,
A small, but wholesome soyle with watrie veynes.
Although the sunne to rive the earth incline,
And the Icarian froward Dog-starre shine,
Pelignian fields with liqued rivers flowe,
And on the soft ground fertile greene grasse growe.
With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,
And some few pastures PallasOlives bore.
And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,
A grassie turffe the moistened earth doth hide.
But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,
My heate is heere, what moves my heate is gone.
Pollux and Castor, might I stand betwixt,
In heaven without thee would I not be fi,tt.
Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,
That meane to travaile some long irkesome way.
Or els will maidens, yong-mens mates, to go
If they determine to persever so.
Then on the rough Alpes should I tread aloft,
My hard way with my mistrisse would seeme soft.
With her I durst the LybianSyrtes breake through,
And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.
No barking Dogs that Syllaes intrailles beare,
Nor thy gulfes crooked Malea, would I feare.
No flowing waves with drowned ships forth poured,
Bycloyed Charibdis, and againe devoured.
But if sterne Neptunes windie powre prevaile,
And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,
With thy white armes upon my shoulders seaze,
So sweete a burthen I will beare with eaze.
The youth oft swimming to his Hero kinde,
Had then swum over, but the way was blinde.

But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Conteines me, though the streames in fields surround,
Though Hindes in brookes the running waters bring,
And coole gales shake the tall trees leavy spring,
Healthfi'll PelignyI esteeme nought worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth.
Sythia, Cilicia, Brittaine are as good,
And rockes dyed crimson with Prometheus bloud.
Elmes love the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,
Why doth my mistresse from me oft deuide?
Thou swearest, deusion should not twixt us rise,
By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes.
Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaves,
Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Adde deeds unto thy promises at last.
And with swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,
(Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach.
But when she comes, you swelling mounts sinck downe,
And falling vallies be the smooth-wayes crowne.

ELEGIA 17

Quod Corinnae soli sit serviturus
To serve a wench if any thinke it shame,
He being Judge, I am convinc'd of blame.
Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos, and the floud-beate Cithera guides.
Would I had beene my mistresse gentle prey,
Since some faire one I should of force obey.
Beauty gives heart, Corinnas lookes excell,
Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?
But by her glasse disdainefull pride she learns,
Nor she her selfe but first trim'd up discernes.
Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,
(O face most cunning mine eyes to detaine)
Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy mate,
Small things with greater may be copulate.
Love-snarde Calypso is supposde to pray,
A mortall nimphes refusing Lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Pelius, Thetis did consort,
Egeria with just Numa had good sport,
Venus with Vulcan, though smiths tooles laide by,
With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-favouredly.
This kinde of verse is not alike, yet fit,
With shorter numbers the heroicke sit.
And thou my light accept me how so ever,
Lay in the mid bed, there be my law giver.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breede,
Nor of our love to be asham'd we need,
For great revenews I good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports her selfe Corinne,
What would not she give that faire name to winne?
But sundry flouds in one banke never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po.
Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,

Thou doest alone give matter to my wit.

ELEGIA 18

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat

To tragick verse while thou Achilles trainst,
And new sworne souldiours maiden armes retainst,
Wee Macer sit in Venus slothfull shade,
And tender love hath great things hatefull made.
Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,
Shee in my lap sits still as earst she did.
I sayd it irkes me: halfe to weping framed,
Aye me she cries, to love, why art a shamed?
Then wreathes about my necke her winding armes,
And thousand kisses gives, that worke my harmes:
I yeeld, and back my wit from battells bring,
Domesticke acts, and mine owne warres to sing.
Yet tragedies, and scepters fild my lines,
But though I apt were for such high deseignes,
Love laughed at my cloak, and buskines painted,
And rule so soone with private hands acquainted.
My Mistris deity also drewe me fro it,
And Love triumpheth ore his buskind Poet.
What lawfull is, or we professe Loves art,
(Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart)
We write, or what Penelope sends Ulysses,
Or Phillis teares that her Demophoon misses,
What thanklesse Jason, Macareus, and Paris,
Phedra, and Hipolite may read, my care is,
And what poore Dido with her drawne sword sharpe,
Doth say, with her that lov'd the Aonian harpe.
As soone as from strange lands Salinus came,
And writings did from diverse places frame,
White-cheekt Penelope knewe Ulisses signe,
The stepdame read Hyppolitus lustlesse line.
Eneas to Elisa answere gives,
And Phillis hath to reade; if now she lives.

Jasons sad letter doth Hipsipile greete,
Sappho her vowed harpe laies at Phoebus feete.
Nor of thee Macer that resoundst forth armes,
Is golden love hid in Mars mid alarmes.
There Paris is, and Helens crymes record,
With Laodameia mate to her dead Lord.
Unlesse I erre to these thou more incline,
Then warres, and from thy tents wilt come to mine.

ELEGIA 19

Ad rivalem, cui uxor curae non erat

Foole if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,
Keepe her for me, my more desire to breede.
Wee skorne things lawfiill, stolne sweetes we affect,
Cruell is he, that loves whom none protect.
Let us both lovers hope, and feare a like,
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that nere failes me?
Nothing I love, that at all times availes me.
Wily Corinna sawe this blemish in me,
And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.
Ah often, that her hale head aked, she lying,
Wild me, whose slowe feete sought delay, be flying.
Ah oft how much she might she feignd offence;
And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
So having vext she nourisht my warme fire,
And was againe most apt to my desire.
To please me, what faire termes and sweet words ha's shee,
Great gods what kisses, and how many gave she?
Thou also that late tookest mine eyes away,
Oft couzen me, oft being wooed say nay.
And on thy thre-shold let me lie dispred,
Suffring much cold by hoary nights frost bred.
So shall my love continue many yeares,
This doth delight me, this my courage cheares.
Fat love, and too much fulsome me annoyes,
Even as sweete meate a glutted stomacke cloyes.
In brazen tower had not Danae dwelt,
A mothers joy by Jove she had not felt.
While JunoJo keepes when hornes she wore,
Jove liked her better then he did before.
Who covets lawfull things takes leaves from woods,
And drinke stolne waters in surrownding floudes.

Her lover let her mocke, that long will raigne,
Aye me, let not my warnings cause my paine.
What ever haps, by suifrance harme is done,
What flies, I followe, what followes me I shunne.
But thou of thy faire damsell too secure,
Beginne to shut thy house at evening sure.
Search at the dore who knocks oft in the darke,
In nights deepe silence why the ban-dogges barke.
Whether the subtile maide lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
Let this care some-times bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward pricke.
To steale sands from the shore he loves alive,
That can effect a foolish wittalls wife.
Now I forewarne, unlesse to keepe her stronger,
Thou doest beginne, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beate thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreate thee.
Thou suifrest what no husband can endure,
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I poore soule be never interdicted?
Nor never with nights sharpe revenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearelesse drawe my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loath a husband growne a baude?
By thy default thou doest our joyes defraude.
Some other seeke that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure me, for-bid me to corive with thee.

BOOK III

ELEGIA 1

Deliberatio poetae, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragedias

An old wood, stands uncut of long yeares space,
Tis credible some god-head haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd sacred spring,
Where round about small birdes most sweetely sing.
Heere while I walke hid close in shadie grove,
To finde, what worke my muse might move, I strove.
Elegia came with haires perfumed sweete,
And one, I thinke, was longer, of her feete.
A decent forme, thinne robe, a lovers looke,
By her footes blemish greater grace she tooke.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedie,
Sterne was her front, her cloake on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal scepter,
The Lydian buskin in fit paces kept her.
And first she sayd, when will thy love be spent,
O Poet carelesse of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,
Each crosse waies corner doth as much expresse.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce love burnes, they cry.
A laughing stocke thou art to all the citty,
While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditty.
Tis time to move grave things in lofty stile,
Long hast thou loyterd, greater workes compile.
The subject hides thy wit, mens acts resound,
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy muse hath played what may milde girles content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.
Now give the Roman Tragedie a name,
To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame.
This saied, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnisht,
And seaven times shooke her head with thicke locks garnisht.

The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes,
Erre I? or mirtle in her right hand lies.
With lofty wordes stout Tragedie(she sayd)
Why treadst me downe? art thou aye gravely plaied?
Thou deignst unequall lines should thee rehearse,
Thou fightst against me using mine owne verse.
Thy lofty stile with mine I not compare,
Small doores unfitting for large houses are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light love,
Not stronger am I, then the thing I move.
Venus without me should be rusticall,
This goddesse company doth to me befall.
What gate thy stately words cannot unlocke,
My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knocke.
And I deserve more then thou canst in verity,
By suifring much not borne by thy severity.
By me Corinna learnes, cousening her guard,
To get the dore with little noise unbard.
And slipt from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,
To move her feete unheard in setting downe.
Ah howe oft on hard doores hung I engrav'd,
From no mans reading fearing to be sav'd.
But till the keeper went forth, I forget not,
The maide to hide me in her bosome let not.
What gift with me was on her birth day sent,
But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
First of thy minde the happy seedes I knewe,
Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
She left; I say'd, you both I must beseech,
To empty aire may go my fearefull speech.
With scepters, and high buskins th'one would dresse me,
So through the world shold bright renown expresse me.
The other gives my love a conquering name,
Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Graunt Tragedie thy Poet times least tittle,
Thy labour ever lasts, she askes but little.
She gave me leave, soft loves in time make hast,

Some greater worke will urge me on at last.

ELEGIA 2

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem

I sit not here the noble horse to see,
Yet whom thou favourst, pray may conquerour be.
To sit, and talke with thee I hether came,
That thou maiest know with love thou mak'st me flame.
Thou viewst the course, I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feede.
What horse-driver thou favourst most is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chaunce let me have: I would bravely runne,
On swift steedes mounted till the race were done.
Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,
With wheelles bent inward now the ring-turne ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reines will slip away.
Ah Pelops from his coach was almost feld,
Hippodameias lookes while he beheld.
Yet he attain'd by her support to have her,
Let us all conquer by our mistris favour.
In vaine why flyest backe? force conjoynes us now:
The places lawes this benefit allowe.
But spare my wench thou at her right hand seated,
By thy sides touching ill she is entreated.
And sit thou rounder, that behind us see,
For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy cloathes too loosely lie,
Gather them up, or lift them be will I.
Envious garments so good legges to hide,
The more thou look'st, the more the gowne envide.
Swift Atalantas flying legges like these,
Wish in his hands graspt did Hippomenes.
Coate-tuckt Dianas legges are painted like them,
When strong wilde beasts, she stronger hunts to strike them.

Ere these were seene, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, flouds thou powrest seas into.
By these I judge, delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid under her thinne veile suppress.
Yet in the meane time wilt small windes bestowe,
That from thy fanne, mov'd by my hand may blow?
Or is my heate, of minde, not of the skie?
1st womens love my captive brest doth frie?
While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:
Foule dust, from her faire body, go away.
Now comes the pompe; themselves let all men cheere:
The shout is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.
First Victory is brought with large spread wing,
Goddesse come here, make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave,
The sea I use not: me my earth must have.
Souldiour applaud thy Mars: no warres we move,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
With Augures Phoebus, Phoebe with hunters standes,
To thee Minerva turne the craftes-mens hands.
Ceres and BacchusCountry-men adore,
Champions please Pollux, Castor love horsemen more
Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise: great goddesse ayde my enterprize.
Let my new mistris graunt to be beloved:
She beckt, and prosperous signes gave as she moved.
What Venus promis'd, promise thou we pray,
Greater then her, by her leave th'art, Ile say.
The Gods, and their rich pompe witness with me,
For evermore thou shalt my mistris be.
Thy legges hang-downe: thou maiest, if that be best,
A while thy tiptoes on the foote-stoole rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Prator sends,
Fower chariot-horses from the lists even ends.
I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,
The horses seeme, as thy desire they knewe.
Alas he runnes too farre about the ring,

What doest? thy wagon in lesse compasse bring.
What doest, unhappy? her good wishes fade,
Let with strong hand the reine to bend be made.
One slowe we favour, Romans him revoke:
And each give signes by casting up his cloake.
They call him backe: least their gownes tosse thy haire,
To hide thee in my bosome straight repaire.
But now againe the barriers open lye;
And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flie.
At least now conquer, and out-runne the rest:
My mistris wish confirme with my request.
My mistris hath her wish, my wish remaine:
He holdes the palme: my palme is yet to game.
She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace:
Pay it not heere, but in an other place.

ELEGIA 3

De amica, quoe periuraverat

What, are there Gods? her selfe she hath forswore,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her lockes were, ere her oath she tooke:
So long they be, since she her faith forsooke.
Faire white with rose red was before commixt:
Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt.
Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit:
Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.
Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starres they be,
By which she perjurd oft hath lyed to me.
Insooth th'eternall powers graunt maides society
Falsely to sweare, their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes I remember late she swore,
And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.
Say gods: if she unpunisht you deceive,
For others faults, why do I losse receive?
But did you not so envy CepheusDaughter,
For her ill-beautious Mother judgd to slaughter?
Tis not enough, she shakes your record off;
And unrevengd mockt Gods with me doth scoffe.
But by my paine to purge her perjuries,
Couzend, I am the couzeners sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, feard in vaine,
And doth the world in fond believe deteine.
Or if there be a God, he loves fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harme:
Pallas launce strikes me with unconquerd arme.
At me Apollo bends his pliant bowe:
At me Joves right-hand lightning hath to throwe.
The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,
And feare those, that to feare them least intend.

Who now will care the Altars to perfilme?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Jove throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire:
But bids his darts from perjur'd girles retire.
Poore Semele, among so many burn'd;
Her owne request to her owne torment turn'd.
But when her lover came, had she drawne backe,
The fathers thigh should unborne Bacchus lacke.
Why grieve I? and of heaven reproches pen?
The Gods have eyes, and brests as well as men.
Were I a God, I should give women leave,
With lying lips my God-head to deceive,
My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare,
And I would be none of the Gods severe.
But yet their gift more moderately use,
Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

ELEGIA 4

Advirum servantem conjugem

Rude man, 'tis vaine, thy damsell to commend
To keepers frust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without feare, is chaste, is chast in sooth:
Who, because meanes want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her minde is staind:
Nor, least she will, can any be restrainde.
Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne.
All being shut out, th'adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sinnes least; power to do ill,
The fainting seedes of naughtinesse doth kill.
Forbeare to kindle vice by prohibition,
Sooner shall kindnesse game thy wills fruition.
I saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,
Like lightning go, his strugling mouth being checkt.
When he perceivd the reines let slacke, he stayde,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laide.
How to attaine, what is denyed, we thinke,
Even as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit Love did them all surprize.
In stone, and Yron walles Danae shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maide there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd unto her,
Was not defilde by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more: the care makes theft:
Few love, what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husbands love;
I know not, what men thinke should thee so move.
She is not chaste, that's kept, but a deare whore:
Thy feare is, then her body, valued more.
Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweet play,
She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.

A free-borne wench, no right 'tis up to locke:
So use we women of strange nations stocke.
Because the keeper may come say, I did it,
She must be honest to thy servants credit.
He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this townes well knowne customes not beleeves,
Where Mars his sonnes not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilias twinne-borne seed.
Cannot a faire one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any meanes agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise.
Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives, sheele give many:
Least labour so shall winne great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst thether.

ELEGIA 5

Ad amnem, dum iter faceret ad amicam

Floud with reede-growne slime bankes, till I be past
Thy waters stay: I to my mistris hast.
Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with ropes to throw,
That may transport me without oares to rowe.
Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy streame none such,
When thy waves brim did scarce my anckles touch.
With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou rushest,
And in thy foule deepe waters thicke thou gushest.
What helps my hast: what to have tane small rest?
What day and night to travaile in her quest?
If standing here I can by no meanes get,
My foote upon the further banke to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadfull Adders clad,
Now wish the chariot, whence corne seedes were found,
First to be throwne upon the untill'd ground.
I speake old Poets wonderfull inventions,
Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather thou large banke over-flowing river,
Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runne for ever.
(Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no envie lack,
If I a lover bee by thee held back.
Great flouds ought to assist young men in love,
Great flouds the force of it do often prove.
In mid Bithynia'tis said Inachus,
Grew pale, and in cold foords hot lecherous.
Troy had not yet beene ten yeares siege out-stander,
Whem nimph-Necera rapt thy lookes Scamander.
What? not Alpheus in strange lands to runne,
Th'ArcadianVirgins constant love hath wunne?
And Crusa unto Zanthus first affide,
They say Peneus neere Phthias towne did hide.

What should I name Aesope, that Thebe lov'd,
Thebe who Mother of five Daughters prov'd?
If Achelous, I aske where thy hornes stand,
Thou saiest broke with Alcides angry hand.
Not Calydon, nor Aetolia did please:
One Dejanira was more worth then these.
Rich Nile by seaven mouthes to the vast sea flowing,
Who so well keepes his waters head from knowing,
Is by Evadne thought to take such flame,
As his deepe whirle-pooles could not quench the same.
Drye Enipeus, Tyro to embrace,
Flye backe his streame chargd, the streame chargd, gave place.
Nor passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling,
In Tiburs field with watry fome art rumbling,
Whom Ilia pleasd, though in her lookes grieve reveld,
Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haire discheveld.
She wailing Mars sinne, and her uncles crime,
Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time.
Her, from his swift waves, the bold floud perceav'd,
And from the mid foord his hoarse voice upheav'd,
Saying, why sadly treadst my banckes upon,
Iija, sprung from Idaen Laomedon?
Where's thy attire? why wand'rest heere alone?
To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none?
Why weepst? and spoilst with teares thy watry eyes?
And fiercely knockst thy brest that open lyes?
His heart consists of flint, and hardest steele,
That seeing thy teares can any joy then feele.
Feare not: to thee our Court stands open wide,
There shalt be lov'd: Ilia lay feare aside.
Thou ore a hundreth Nimphes, or more shalt raigne:
For five score Nimphes, or more our flouds conteine.
Nor Romane stocke scorne me so much (I crave)
Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt have.
This said he: shee her modest eyes held downe,
Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne.
Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,

By feare depriv'd of strength to runne away.
Yet rending with enraged thumbe her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeete sounds expresses.
O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,
My bones had beene, while yet I was a maide.
Why being a vestall am I wooed to wed,
Deflowr'd and stained in unlawfull bed?
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.
This said: her coate hood-winckt her fearefull eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
Tis said the slippery streame held up her brest,
And kindly gave her, what she liked best.
And I beleeeve some wench thou hast affected:
But woods and groves keepe your faults undetected.
While thus I speake, the waters more abounded:
And from the channell all abroad surrounded.
Mad streame, why doest our mutuall joyes deferre?
Clowne, from my journey why doest me deterre?
How wouldst thou flowe wert thou a noble fload,
If thy great fame in every region stood?
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines;
No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountaines.
Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snowe:
Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestowe.
Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide:
Or full of dust doest on the drye earth slide.
What thirstie traveller ever drunke of thee?
Who sayd with gratefull voyce perpetuall bee?
Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proves:
Perchance these, others, me mine owne losse mooves.
To this I fondly loves of floads told plainly:
I shame so great names to have usde so vainly:
I know not what expecting, I ere while
Nam'd Achelaus, Inachus, and Nile,
But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame,
Drys winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreame.

ELEGIA 6

Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wisht t'have had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I lovde not,
And like a burthen greevde the bed that mooved not.
Though both of us performd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast ancor where I meant,
She on my necke her Ivorie armes did throw,
That were as white as is the Scithean snow,
And eagerlie she kist me with her tongue,
And under mine her wanton thigh she fiong,
Yea, and she soothde me up, and calde me sir,
And usde all speech that might provoke and stirre.
Yet like as if cold hemlocke I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung down the head and suncke,
Like a dull Cipher, or rude blocke I lay,
Or shade, or body was I, who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shunne,
Seeing in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rustie.
Pure rose shee, like a Nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies,
Yet boorded I the golden Chie twice,
And Libas, and the white cheek'de Pitho thrise,
Corinna cravde it in a summers night,
And nine sweete bouts had we before day light.
What, wast my limbs through some Thesalian charms,
May spellles and droughs do sillie soules such harmes?
With virgin waxe hath some imbast my joynts,
And pierst my liver with sharpe needle poynts?
Charmes change corne to grasse, and makes it dye,
By charmes are running springs and fountaines drie,

By charmes maste drops from okes, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees, when ther's no wind at al.
Why might not then my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted?
To this ad shame, shame to performe it quaild mee,
And was the second cause why vigor failde mee:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthfull Pilus fire,
And Tithon livelier then his yeeres require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I crave more if I aske againe?
I thinke the great Gods greeved they had bestowde
This benefite, which lewdly I forslowd:
I wisht to be received in, in I get me,
To kisse, I kisse, to lie with her shee let me.
Why was I blest? why made king to refuse it?
Chuf-like had I not gold, and could not use it?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And lookes uppon the fruits he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
As she might straight have gone to church and praide:
Well, I beleeve she kist not as she should,
Nor usde the slight nor cunning which she could,
Huge okes, hard Adamantes might she have moved,
And with sweete words cause deafe rockes to have loved,
Worthy she was to move both Gods and men,
But neither was I man, nor lived then.
Can deafe eares take delight when Phemius sings,
Or Thamiras in curious painted things?
What sweete thought is there but I had the same?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drouping more then a Rose puld yesterday:
Now when he should not jette, he boults upright,
And craves his taske, and seekes to be at fight.
Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,

Seeing now thou wouldst deceive me as before:
Thou cousenst mee, by thee surprizde am I,
And bide sore losse, with endlesse infamie.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit,
To take it in her hand and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no meanes stand,
But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand,
Why mockst thou me she cried, or being ill,
Who bad thee lie downe here against thy will?
Either th'art witcht with blood of frogs new dead,
Or jaded camst thou from some others bed.
With that her loose gowne on, from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her.
And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water in the place.

ELEGIA 7

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet

What man will now take liberall arts in hand,
Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was some-times more pretious then gold,
Now poverty great barbarisme we hold.
When our bookes did my mistris faire content,
I might not go, whether my papers went.
She prais'd me, yet the gate shutt fast upon her,
I heere and there go witty with dishonour.
See a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
For bloudshed knighted, before me preferr'd.
Foole canst thou him in thy white armes embrace?
Foole canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Knowest not this head a helme was wont to beare,
This side that serves thee, a sharpe sword did weare.
His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight,
A target bore: bloud sprinckled was his right.
Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie dead?
Ah whether is thy brests soft nature fled?
Behold the signes of antient fight, his skarres,
What ere he hath his body gaind in warres.
Perhaps he'ele tell howe oft he slewe a man,
Confessing this, why doest thou touch him than?
I the pure priest of Phoebus and the muses,
At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses.
Not what we slouthfull knowe, let wise men learne,
But follow trembling campes, and battailes steme,
And foru a good verse drawe the first dart forth,
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Jove being admonisht gold had soveraigne power,
To winne the maide came in a golden shewer.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brasse, the wallles of iron were.

But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturne heavens rule possest,
All game in darknesse the deepe earth suppress.
Gold, silver, irons heavy weight, and hrasse,
In hell were harbourd, here was found no masse.
But better things it gave, corne without ploughes,
Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes.
With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleave,
The ditcher no markes on the ground did leave.
Nor hanging oares the troubled seas did sweepe,
Men kept the shoare, and sailde not into deepe.
Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine owne losse was thy wit swift running.
Why gird'st thy citties with a towred wall?
Why letst discordant hands to armour fall?
What doest with seas? with th'earth thou wert content,
Why seek'st not heav'n the third realme to frequent?
Heaven thou affects, with Romulus, temples brave
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Caesar have.
Gold from the earth in steade of fruits we pluck,
Souldiours by bloud to be inricht have lucke.
Courts shut the poore out; wealth gives estimation,
Thence growes the Judge, and knight of reputation.
All, they possesse: they governe fieldes, and lawes,
They manadge peace, and rawe waives bloody jawes,
Onely our loves let not such rich churles gaine,
Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine.
Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seemes to live,
One her commands, who many things can give.
For me, she doth keeper, and husband feare,
If I should give, both would the house forbear.
If of scornd lovers god be venger just,
O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELEGIA 8

Tibulli mortem deflet

If Thetis, and the morne their sonnes did waile,
And envious fates great goddesses assaile,
Sad Elegia thy wofull haire unbinde:
Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.
Tibullus, thy workes Poet, and thy fame,
Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.
Loe Cupid brings his quiver spoyled quite,
His broken bowe, his fire-brand without light.
How piteously with drouping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.
The locks spred on his necke receive his teares,
And shaking sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.
So at Aeneas buriall men report,
Faire-fac'd Iulus, he went forth thy court.
And Venus grieves, Tibullus life being spent,
As when the wilde boare Adons groine had rent.
The gods care we are cald, and men of piety,
And some there be that thinke we have a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things
And on all creatures obscure darcknesse brings.
To Thracian Orpheus what did parents good?
Or songs amazing wilde beasts of the wood?
Where Linus by his father Phoebus layd
To sing with his unequald harpe is sayd.
See Homer from whose fountaine ever fild,
Pierian deawe to Poets is distild.
Him the last day in black Auerne hath drownd,
Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
The worke of Poets lasts Troyes labours fame,
And that slowe webbe nights fals-hood did unframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,
The one his first love, th' other his new care.

What profit to us hath our pure life bred?
What to have lame alone in empty bed?
When bad fates take good men, I am forbid,
By secreat thoughts to thinke there is a god.
Live godly, thou shalt die, though honour heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feeles deaths paines,
Scarse rests of all what a small urne conteines.
Thee sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?
Nor feared they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.
Eryx bright Empresse turud her lookes aside,
And some, that she refrain'd teares, have deni'd.
Yet better ist, then if CorcyrasIle
Had thee unknowne interr'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offrings lose.
Part of her sorrowe heere thy sister bearing,
Comes forth her unkeembd locks a sunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench joyne their kisses,
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, happier lov'd, she saith,
Was I: thou liv'dst, while thou esteemdst my faith.
Nemesis answeares, what's my losse to thee?
His fainting hand in death engrasped mee.
If ought remaines of us but name, and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysiums joy inherit.
Their youthfull browes with Ivie girt to meete him,
With Calvus learnd Catullus comes and greete him.
And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus that car'dst not bloud, and life to spend.
With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release,
The godly, sweete Tibullus doth increase.
Thy bones I pray may in the urne safe rest,
And may th'earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA 9

Ad Cererem, conquerens quod eius sacris cum amica concumbere
non permittatur

Come were the times of Ceres sacrifice,
In emptie bed alone my mistris lies.
Golden-hair'd Ceres crownd with eares of come,
Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne?
Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations judge,
Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.
Rude husband-men bak'd not their come before,
Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.
On mast of oakes, first oracles, men fed,
This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed.
First Ceres taught the seede in fields to swell,
And ripe-earde come with sharpe-edg'd sithes to fell.
She first constraind bulles necks to beare the yoake,
And untild ground with crooked plough-shares broake.
Who thinkes her to be glad at lovers smart,
And worshipt by their paine, and lying apart?
Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
A clowne, nor no love from her warme brest yeelds.
Be witnesse Crete(nor Crete doth all things feigne)
Crete proud that Jove her nourcery maintaine.
There, he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers,
A little boy druncke teate-distilling showers.
Faith to the witnesse Joves praise doth apply,
Ceres, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.
The goddesse sawe Iasion on Candyan Ide,
With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hyde.
She sawe, and as her marrowe tooke the flame,
Was divers waies distract with love, and shame.
Love conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were bumd,
And come with least part of it selfe retumd.
When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,

Being fit broken with the crooked share,
And seedes were equally in large fields cast,
The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.
The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,
Her long haire eare-wrought garland fell away.
Onely was Crete fruitfull that plenteous yeare,
Where Ceres went each place was harvest there.
Ida the seate of groves did sing with corne,
Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne.
Law-giving Minos did such yeares desire;
And wisht the goddesse long might feelee loves fire.
Ceres what sports to thee so grievous were,
As in thy sacrificize we them forbear?
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
And Juno like with Dis raignes under ground?
Festivall dayes aske Venus, songs, and wine,
These gifts are meete to please the powers divine.

ELEGIA 10

Ad amicam, a cuius amore discedere non potest

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults me make:
Dishonest love my wearied brest forsake,
Now have I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,
And what I have borne, shame to beare againe.
We vanquish, and tread tam'd love under feete,
Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greeete.
Suffer, and harden: good growes by this griefe,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sicke reliefe.
I have sustainde so oft thrust from the dore,
To lay my body on the hard moist floore.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst imbrace,
When I to watch supplied a servants place.
I saw when forth a tyred lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is lesse, then if he had seene me,
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.
When have not I fixt to thy side close layed?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow plaied.
The people by my company she pleasd,
My love was cause that more mens love she seazd.
What should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,
And to my losse God-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signes, and talke dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sicke, I thether ranne,
But with my rivall sicke she was not than.
These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,
Some other seeke, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wished haven crownd,
With joy heares Neptunes swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, unwise.

Now love, and hate my light brest each way move;
But victory, I thinke, will hap to love.
Ile hate, if I can; if not, love gainst my will:
Bulles hate the yoake, yet what they hate have still.
I flie her lust, but follow beauties creature;
I loath her manners, love her bodies feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palme to give.
Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,
Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.
Her deeds game hate, her face entreateth love:
Ah, she doth more worth then her vices prove.
Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all
The Gods who by thee to be perjurde fall,
And by thy face to me a powre divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.
What ere thou art mine art thou: choose this course,
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force?
Rather lie hoist up saile, and use the winde,
That I may love yet, though against my minde.

ELEGIA 11

Doletamicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse ut rivalet multos
sibi pararit

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
White birdes to lovers did not aiiwayes sing.
Or is I thinke my wish against the starres?
Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?
Who mine was cald, whom I lov'd more then any,
I feare with me is common now to many.
Erre I? or by my bookes is she so knowne?
'Tis so: by my witte her abuse is growne.
And justly: for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawde I play, lovers tp her I guide:
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtfiill whether verse availe, or harme,
Against my good they were an envious charme.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Caesar should be writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.
With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,
And Phcebus had forsooke my worke begun.
Nor, as use will not Poets record heare,
Would I my words would any credit beare.
Scylla by us her fathers rich haire steales,
And Scyllaes wombe mad raging dogs conceales.
Wee cause feete flie, wee mingle hairees with snakes,
Victorious Perseus a wingd steedes back takes.
Our verse great Tity's a huge space out-spreads,
And gives the viper curled Dogge three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand armes,
And men inthraild by Mermaids singing charmes.
The East winds in Uliesses baggs we shut,
And blabbing Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a Beare,

Bird-changed Progne doth her Itys teare.
Jove turnes himselfe into a Swanne, or gold,
Or his Bulles hornes Europas hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes first seed?
Oxen in whose mouthes burning flames did breede?
Heav'n starre Electra that bewaild her sisters?
The ships, whose God-head in the sea now glisters?
The Sunne turnd backe from Atreus cursed table?
And sweet toucht harpe that to move stones was able?
Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,
Nor have their words true histories pretence,
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely praisd,
Now your credulity harme to me hath raisd.

ELEGIA 12

DeJunonis festo

When fruite fild Tuscia should a wife give me,
We toucht the walles, Camillus wonne by thee.
The Priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,
Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.
There stands an old wood with thick trees darke clouded,
Who sees it, graunts some deity there is shrowded.
An Altar takes mens incense, and oblation,
An Altar made after the ancient fashion.
Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,
The annuall pompe goes on the covered ground.
White Heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grasse of Tuscan fields are fed.
And calves from whose feard front no threatning flies,
And little Piggs, base Hog-sties sacrifice,
And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back.
Onely the Goddess hated Goate did lack,
By whom disclosd, she in the high woods tooke,
Is said to have attempted flight forsooke.
Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts,
And give to him that the first wound imparts.
Where Juno comes, each youth, and pretty maide,
Shew large wayes with their garments there displayed.
Jewels, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne,
And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe.
As is the use, the Nunnes in white veyles clad,
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
When the chiefe pompe comes, lowd the people hollow,
And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow.
Such was the Greeke pompe, Agamemnon dead,
Which fact, and country wealth Halesus fled.

And having wandred now through sea and land,
Built walles high towred with a prosperous hand.
He to th'HetruriansJunoes feast commended,
Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

ELEGIA 13

Ad amicam si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet

Seeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
But let not mee poore soule know of thy straying.
Nor do I give thee counsaile to live chaste,
But that thou wouldst dissemble when tis paste.
She hath not trode awne that doth denie it,
Such as confesse, have lost their good names by it.
What madnesse ist to tell night pranks by day,
And hidden secrets openlie to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the roome be deere, and doore put too.
Will you make shipwracke of your honest name,
And let the world be wnesse of the same?
Be more advise, walke as a puritane,
And I shall thinke you chaste, do what you can.
Slippe still, onely denie it when tis done,
And before folke immodest speeches shunne,
The bed is for lascivious toyings meete,
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feete.
When you are up and drest, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have,
Be not ashamed to strippe you being there,
And mingle thighs, yours ever mine to beare.
There in your rosie lippes my tongue intombe,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come,
Forbare no wanton words you there would speake,
And with your pastime let the bedsted creak,
But with your robes, put on an honest face,
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.
Deceive all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,
And like a wittall thinke thee voyde of slight.
Why see I lines so oft receivde and given,
This bed, and that by tumbling made uneven,

Like one start up your haire tost and displast,
And with a wantons tooth, your necke new raste?
Graunt this, that what you do I may not see,
If you wey not ill speeches, yet wey mee:
My soule flectes when I thinke what you have done,
And thorough everie vaine doth cold bloud runne,
Then thee whom I must love I hate in vaine,
And would be dead, but dying with thee remaine.
Ile not sift much, but hold thee soone excusde,
Say but thou wert injurously accusde.
Though while the deede be doing you be tooke,
And I see when you ope the two leavde booke:
Sweare I was blinde, yeeld not, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more then mine eses.
From him that yeelds the garland is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
And being justified by two words, thinke
The cause acquits you not, but I that winke.

ELEGIA 14

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat

Tender loves Mother a new Poet get,
This last end to my Elegies is set,
Which I Pelignis foster-child have framde,
(Nor am I by such wanton toyes defamde)
Heire of an antient house, if helpe that can,
Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman.
In Virgil Mantua joyes: in Catul Verone,
of me Pelignis nation boasts alone,
Whom liberty to honest armes compeld,
When carefull Rome in doubt their prowesse held.
And some guest viewing watry Sulmoes walles,
Where little ground to be inclosd befallles,
How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,
How small so ere, lie you for greatest praise.
Both loves to whom my heart long time did yeeld,
Your golden ensignes plucke out of my field,
Homed Bacchus graver furie doth distill,
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weake Elegies, delightfull Muse farewell;
A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell

AMOURS (PROSE)



Translated by J. Lewis May

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BOOK I

EPIGRAM

*We who of late numbered five books, are now but three. 'Twas Ovid
our author willed it so. If you win no joy from reading us, the
abstraction of two books will at least lessen your displeasure.*

ELEGY I:

THE POET EXPLAINS HOW IT IS HE COMES TO SING OF LOVE INSTEAD OF BATTLES.

WAS about to sing, in heroic strain, of arms and fierce combats. 'Twas a subject suited to my verse, whose lines were all of equal measure. But Cupid, so 'tis said, began to laugh, and stole away one foot. Who was it, cruel boy, gave thee this right to meddle with poetry? We poets belong to the train of the Muses and follow not in thine. What would be said if Venus were to seize upon the arms of golden-haired Minerva, and if golden-haired Minerva were to wave thy lighted torches in the wind? Who would deem it well that Ceres should queen it o'er the wood-crowned heights, and that the tilling of the fields should be the quivered Virgin's care? Shall Apollo, with his glorious tresses, go armed with the spear, what time Mars wakes into song the strings of the Aonian lyre? Too great already are thine empire and thy power; wherefore then, boy, wouldst thou make wider yet the frontiers of thy realm? Is all the world thine? Shall Helicon and the Vale of Tempe call thee master, too? Shall Apollo himself cease to be lord of his own lyre? Brave was the line that sounded the opening of my new poem, but lo! Love comes and stays my soaring flight. No boy have I, nor long-haired girl, to inspire me in these lighter strains.

Such was the burden of my plaint when, on a sudden, Cupid lowered his quiver and drew forth therefrom arrows to pierce my heart. Then, bending his curving bow with a will upon his knee, he said, "Poet, here is matter for thy song." Ah, hapless me, Love's arrow did but all too surely find its mark. On fire am I, and Love, and none but Love now rules my heart that ne'er was slave till now. Now let six feet my book begin, and let it end in five. Farewell fierce War, farewell thy measure too. Only with the myrtle of the salt sea's marge shalt thou bind thy fair head, my Muse, who needs must tune thy numbers to eleven feet.

ELEGY II:

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

WHO is it that can tell me why my bed seems so is hard and why the bedclothes will not stay upon it? Wherefore has this night — and oh, how long it was! — dragged on, bringing no sleep to my eyes? Why are my weary limbs visited with restlessness and pain? If it were Love that had come to make me suffer, surely I should know it. Or stay, what if he slips in like a thief, what if he comes, without a word of warning, to wound me with his cruel arts? Yes, 'tis he! His slender arrows have pierced my heart, and fell Love holds it like a conquered land. Shall I yield me to him? Or shall I strive against him, and so add fuel to this sudden flame? Well, I will yield; burdens willingly borne do lighter weigh. I know that the flames will leap from the shaken torch and die away in the one you leave alone. The young oxen which rebel against the yoke are more often beaten than those which willingly submit. And if a horse be fiery, harsh is the bit that tames him. When he takes to -the fray with a will, he feels the curb less galling. And so it is with Love; for hearts that struggle and rebel against him, he is more implacable and stern than for such as willingly confess his sway.

Ah well, be it so, Cupid; thy prey am I. I am a poor captive kneeling with suppliant hands before my conqueror. What is the use of fighting? Pardon and peace is what I ask. And little, I trow, would it redound to your glory, armed as you are, to strike down a defenceless man. Crown thy brows with myrtle and thy mother's doves yoke to thy car. Thy step-father will give thee the chariot that befits thee, and upon that chariot, amid the acclamations of the throng, thou shalt stand a conqueror, guiding with skill thy harnessed birds. Captives in thy train, youths and maidens shall follow, and splendid shall be thy triumph. And I, thy latest victim, shall be there with my fresh wound, and with submissive mien I will bear my new-wrought fetters. Prudence shall be led captive with hands bound behind her back, and Modesty, and whatsoever else is an obstacle to Love. All things shall be in awe of thee, and stretching forth their

arms towards thee the throng with mighty voice shall thunder "To Triumphe!" Caresses shall be thy escort, and Illusion and Madness, a troop that ever follows in thy train. With these fighting on thy side, nor men nor gods shall stand against thee; but if their aid be lacking, naked shalt thou be. Proud to behold thy triumph, thy mother will applaud thee from High Olympus and scatter roses on thy upturned face. Thy wings and thy locks shall be adorned with precious stones, and all with gold resplendent shalt thou drive thy golden car. Then too, if I know thee well, thou wilt set countless other hearts on fire, and many a wound shalt deal as thou passest on thy way. Repose, even when thou art fain to rest, cometh not to thine arrows. Thy ardent flame turns water itself to vapour. Such was Bacchus when he triumphed over the land of the Ganges. Thou art drawn along by doves; his car was drawn by tigers. Since, then, I am to have a part in thy godlike triumph, lose not the rights which thy victory gives thee over me. Bethink thee of the victories of thy kinsman Cæsar; he shields the conquered with the very hand that conquers them.

ELEGY III:

HE COMMENDS HIMSELF TO HIS MISTRESS BY THE MERITS OF HIS POETRY, THE PURITY OF HIS MORALS, AND BY THE VOW OF HIS UNCHANGEABLE FIDELITY.

My prayer is just: let the fair one who has so lately captivated my heart love me ever, or so act that I shall love her ever. Nay, but 'tis too much I ask! Only let her suffer herself to be loved. May Cytherea incline her ear to all my prayers. Vouchsafe thy favours to a lover who swears that he will serve thee through the years, who knows how to love with pure and lasting fidelity. If I have no long line of famous ancestors to recommend me, if the founder of our family is but a simple Knight; if innumerable ploughs be not required to till my fields; if my father and mother are constrained to husband our resources, at least let Apollo and his choir the Nine, and the discoverer of the vine, plead with thee in my behalf and Love who gives me unto thee, and faith that shall fail not, irreproachable morals, guileless sincerity and modesty that knows how to blush. I am none of those who love a hundred women at a time; I am no fickle philanderer. Thou and only thou, believe me, wilt ever be beloved by me. Whatsoever the tale of years the fates may spin for me, I will pass them at thy side, and, dying, be lamented by thee.

Vouchsafe to be the joyful subject of my song, and my songs shall be worthy their theme. 'Twas poesy that gave renown to the nymph Io, affrighted at her horns, and to the fair Leda whom the divine adulterer seduced by taking on the semblance of a swan, and to Europa who, carried off by a fictitious bull, traversed the sea, grasping in her virgin hands the wide horns of her captor. We too shall be sung throughout the world, and ever my name shall be united with thine own.

ELEGY IV:

**OVID, HIS MISTRESS AND HER HUSBAND ARE ALL
BIDDEN TO THE SAME SUPPER. HE GIVES HIS
MISTRESS, A CODE BY WHICH THEY CAN TESTIFY
THEIR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER, BENEATH HER
HUSBAND'S VERY EYES.**

YOUR husband will be at our supper. May that supper be his last. So I shall only be looking on my beloved as any other of the guests might look on her. The right to caress her belongs to another. Voluptuously lying at another's feet, his is the bosom thou wilt warm. And when he will, he may pat and stroke thy neck. Marvel no more that, her bridal banquet over, the fair Hippodamia excites the monstrous race of the Centaurs to the combat. I dwell not, as do they, in the forests, nor, as they, am I half-man, half-horse; yet it would, I trow, be full hard for me to restrain my ardour and my jealousy. Now learn what it will behove thee to do and suffer not the winds, neither Eurus nor the warm-breathing Notus, to whirl away my words.

See to it that thou comest before thy husband. I do not surely foresee what, if thou dost so, may befall; yet be there before him. When he shall have lain him down beside the table, go thou, with mien demure, and lay thee at his side, but forget not, as thou passest, to rub my foot, but, secretly, so that he shall not see. Never take thine eyes off me; take heed of all my movements and note the discourse of my eyes. Secretly receive, and secretly send forth, these signals of our love. Though they utter no word, my eyebrows shall speak to thee; my fingers, aye, and the very wine itself shall have their language. When thou bethinkest thee of the delights we taste together, thou and I, pass thy dainty hand o'er the roses of thy cheeks, If there is aught wherewith thou wouldst secretly reproach me, softly, with thy fingers, touch the tip of thine ear. When the signs I make, or the words I speak, delight thee, then be sure, my starry one, to twist thy ring about thy finger.

Touch the table as the priest toucheth the altar, when thou wouldst call down well-merited evils on thy husband. When he shall pour out

wine for thee, bid him quaff it himself; then whisper softly to the slave and bid him bring thee the wine thou dost prefer. The cup which thou givest him back, I will drink therefrom, and the place thy lips have touched, there shall my lips touch also. If, peradventure, he offer thee a dish whereof he hath already tasted, put it from, thee. Suffer him not to shower upon thee his unworthy caresses. Lean not thy daintiness head upon his uncouth breast; let not his roving fingers touch thy lovely breast; and above all, see that there be no kissing. If thou but give him a single one, I will proclaim myself thy lover; I will say, "These kisses are mine," and I'll clap a heavy hand upon him.

These caresses at least I shall behold with mine eyes, but the fondlings that the table-cover shall conceal from my sight, they are the hidden things that will put my soul to the rack. Put not thy thighs nor thy legs nigh to thy husband, nor touch with thy dainty toes his hard and clumsy foot.

Ah, hapless me; countless are the things of this kind that I dread, for countless are the times I have myself indulged in them. All that I myself have experienced with thee, comes back to-day to torture me. Often times my mistress and I, feeling with our hands beneath our sheltering raiment, have forestalled the sweet moment of delight. Thus thou shalt not do, but so thou mayest free me from the merest shadow of misgiving, lay bare thy shoulders from the mantle that enshrouds them. Cease not to bid thy husband drink; but add no kisses to thy prayers; and so long as he shall be able to swallow, stint not secretly to fill his cup with strong wine. When he is overcome by sleep and liquor, we ourselves will do what the place and the circumstances permit.

When thou risest up to return home, all the company will rise with thee; remember then to place thyself in the midst of the throng. There shalt thou find me, or I thee, and then whatsoever part of me thou canst touch, lay thy hand upon it.

Ay me! These my behests can serve but for an hour or two. The imperious night is at hand that severs me from my mistress. Her husband will have her in keep and hold till the day cometh, and I, weeping sad tears, can but follow her to that cruel door. He will taste her lips, and anon far more than her lips. What thou grantest me in

secret, he will demand as his right. But this, at least, give him with reluctance, thus much thou canst do, and as one yielding to superior force. Silent be thy caresses and let Venus be niggard with him. If thou fulfillest my behests, he will taste no delight, and thou at least will feel none in his arms. Howbeit, whatsoever may betide to-night, assure me on the morrow that he hath had no joy of thee.

ELEGY V:

HIS DELIGHT AT HAVING OBTAINED CORINNA'S FAVOURS

'T WAS summer, and already past the hour of noon. I flung myself on my couch to rest my limbs. My windows were but half open. The light of my chamber was like the light of the woods, or like the glow which follows after sunset; or rather, like the twilight that comes between departing night and dawning day. Such is the light that is befitting for young women of reserve; in its mystery their timid modesty may find concealment.

Behold Corinna cometh, her shift ungirdled, her tresses hanging loose on either side her snowy neck. In such guise did the fair Semiramis offer herself to the caresses of her spouse, and thus did Lais give welcome to her many lovers. I raised her shift, which withal was of so fine a texture that it was but a flimsy obstacle. Howbeit Corinna was not willing to be deprived of her raiment. She strove, but not as one whose will it is to conquer. Soon she gave up the struggle and consented to be conquered.

When, her apparel laid aside, she stood naked before mine eyes, not a blemish was to be seen on her whole body. What shoulders, what arms it was my privilege to behold and to touch. What bliss to press a bosom shaped so perfectly for such caresses. How soft and smooth her skin beneath her lovely breasts, how divine her figure, how firm and plump her thighs. But wherefore should I here tell o'er the number of her charms? Nought did I see that was not perfect, nor was there aught, how thin so'er, between her lovely body and my own. Need I tell the rest? Wearied, we rested from our toil. May many an afternoon be thus sped by.

ELEGY VI.

HE CONJURES THE PORTER TO OPEN THE DOOR OF HIS MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

HAPLESS porter, laden with unmerited fetters, push me back this cruel door upon its hinges. 'Tis little enough I ask of thee. No, do but open it a little, just enough for me to pass in sideways. I have long been a lover and it has so reduced my body and my limbs that such a thing were easy. 'Tis Love that tells me how to creep in softly in the midst of the guards. 'Tis he that guides me and safeguards my steps.

Time was when I dreaded the night and its empty shadows. I marvelled how anyone could fare forth in the darkness. But Cupid laughed in my face with his gentle mother, and whispered in my ear, "Thou too shalt grow a mettlesome fellow." Love's hour has come; I fear not the mazy shadows of the night, nor weapons uplifted against me. I only fear the slowness of thy movements; thee alone do I cajole; in thy hands thou hold'st the weapon that can undo me. See — and that thou may be the more surely convinced, take down awhile these cruel bars — see how this door is moistened with my tears. This is I, thou knowest it well enough, who seeing that thwackings were about to rain down on thy naked shoulders, interceded for thee with thy mistress. How now! Shall my supplications, which erstwhile proved so powerful in thy behalf, to-day — oh shame! — prove powerless in my own? Come, pay back what thou owest; now mayest thou show thy gratitude to the top of thy bent. The night is passing — slide back the bolts. Open the door, and so may thou be freed for ever from thy long chain and from thy water-drinking serfdom.

Vain are my prayers, O man implacable; harder than iron is thy heart. Thou hearest me and yet thy door of oak is barred against me. That a beleaguered town should need unyielding gates, 'tis well; but in the heyday of peace, what fear hast thou of arms? How wouldst thou treat a foe, if thou repel a lover thus? The night speeds on; slide back the bolts.

I come not as a warrior attended by henchmen. I should be alone,

were not cruel Love beside me. Him, even if I desired it, I could not send away. 'Twere easier to sunder my soul from my body. Love, a little a wine in my head, a chaplet slipping from my perfumed hair, these are the things I bring. Who could be scared at *them*? Who would be daunted by such foes? The night speeds on; slide back the bolts.

Is it thy slowness, is it sleep that is no friend to Love, that makes thee heedless of my prayers and flings them to the winds? Yet, if my memory deceive me not, when, once on a time, I sought to evade thee, I found thee astir in the middle of the night. Peradventure at this moment thine own belovèd is reposing at thy side. If this be so, how preferable is thy lot to mine. If it be so, pass on to me, ye cruel chains! The night speeds on; slide back the bolts.

Do I dream? Did not the door swing upon its hinges? Did it not grunt its signal for me to enter? Alas, I was deceived! 'Twas but an unruly gust of wind that made it creak. Ah, hapless me! How far away that gust doth bear my hopes. If, O Boreas, thou dost bethink thee of the ravished Orithya, come swiftly hither and, with thy blast, beat down this heedless door. All is quiet in the city. Moist with diamond dew, the night speeds on; slide back the bolts.

Open, I say, open, or I, better prepared than thou, with my sword and with the fire I bear within my torch, will break into this disdainful house. Night, Love and Wine counsel no half-hearted measures. Night knoweth not shame. Love and Wine know not fear. Everything, prayers, threats have I essayed, but all in vain, nought could avail to move thee, O man more deaf than the door thou guardest! Thou wast not made to guard a lovely woman's door. Thy office should be to keep the key of a loathsome dungeon. But see, the morning star is risen, and the cock's shrill trumpet calls the labourer to his task. And, flowery wreath, which from my brows sadly I disengage, lie there upon this heartless threshold through the night. When on the morrow my mistress shall descry thee trailing there, tell her the hours that, sick at heart, I wasted at her door. Farewell, porter; in spite of all, I say to thee, farewell. Mayest thou thyself suffer the agony of unrequited love. Muddy-mettled villain, who wouldst not give admittance to a lover, fare thee well. And ye too, ye cruel doors with your pitiless hinges, and threshold more slavish than

the churl that guards thee, to all I say farewell.

ELEGY VII:

HE CURSES HIMSELF FOR HAVING MALTREATED HIS MISTRESS.

LOAD my guilty hands with fetters, if thou be my friend, now that my anger has departed. Rage it was, look you, that made me raise my hand against my mistress. O madman that I was I To think it was my hand that made her weep! At that moment I would have struck my father and mother; nay, I would have rained blows upon the gods themselves.

But say. Did not Ajax, armed with his sevenfold shield, slaughter the flocks that he seized in the broad meads? And the ill-fated Orestes who, in his mother, wrought vengeance on his father, did he not take arms against the Dark Sisters? And could I, I of all men, dishevel her rangéd tresses? And did this mar my mistress's beauty? Not so, she only looked the lovelier. In such guise they say the daughter of Schœneus, armed with her bow, pursued the beasts on Mænalus. In such a plight did Ariadne mourn, when she beheld the swift south winds bearing away both the sails and the promises of her perjured Theseus. Thus too, O chaste Minerva, but for the sacred fillets that bound her head, Cassandra had lain upon thy temple's floor.

Who would not have called me a madman? Who would not have called me a barbarian? But never a word said she. Her tongue was paralysed with fear. Howbeit I read the mute reproach upon her face, and, though she spake not, her tears were my accusers. Oh, why did not my arms fall from my shoulders? It had been better had I lost a limb. 'Tis against myself that my violence hath turned, and my vigour hath been the instrument of my own torture. Wherefore do I need you more, ye ministers of crime and slaughter? Avaunt, ye sacrilegious hands, and with the fetters ye deserve, be laden. Why, had I struck the humblest Roman, I should have had to answer for it. Have I then more right to strike my mistress? The son of Tydeus left a hideous memorial of his wickedness. He was the first to raise his hand against a goddess. I am the second. And withal, his sin was not

so black as mine. I struck the woman whom I said I loved; he did but wreak his fury on a foe.

Now, mighty conqueror, go and prepare thy triumph. Set the victor's laurel crown about thy brows and on thy knees give thanks to Jove, and let the vast throng that grace thy chariot shout aloud, "To triumph!" And let thy poor victim fare sadly before thee, her hair unbraided, pale from head to foot but for the bruises on her cheeks.

Better it had been to have left upon her lips the imprint of my own, better that her neck should bear the traces of my loving teeth. Then, even though I was as violent as a mountain torrent, even if I was beneath the sway of blind rage, was it not enough to shout at the poor girl, without roaring out a torrent of horrible threats and tearing her dress from neck to girdle? 'Twas there my violence stopped? Nay, so hardened was my heart, that I dragged her along by the hair and in my barbarous rage I left the mark of my nails upon her dainty cheek. There she stood distraught, her face as white as Parian marble. I beheld her deathlike look, and her limbs trembling like the poplar leaf stirred by the sighing wind, like the slender reed which bends beneath 'the zephyr's breath, like the wave whose surface is ruffled by the warm south wind. Her tears, long restrained, coursed down her face as the water floweth from the melting snows. 'Twas then I 'gan to feel the blackness of my guilt. Those tears of hers, what were they but my blood? Thrice I essayed to fling myself, a suppliant, at her knees. Thrice she thrust away my dreaded hands. "Lay on," I cried, "and spare not. Vengeance will alleviate thy pain. Tear my face with thy nails, spare not mine eyes, no, nor my hair. Let rage lend strength to thy hands, weak though they be; or at least, to obliterate the sad traces of my crime, braid once more the tresses that my hand so cruelly dishevelled."

ELEGY VIII:

HE CURSES A CERTAIN OLD WOMAN OF THE TOWN WHOM HE OVERHEARS INSTRUCTING HIS MISTRESS IN THE ARTS OF A COURTESAN.

THERE exists (give ear, all ye who are fain to know a prostitute), there exists a certain old hag named Dipsas. Her name she deriveth from her calling. Never, in a sober state, does she behold dark Memnon's daughter with her steeds of roseate hue. Learned in magic and in the Ææan arts, she hath power to turn the swiftest rivers and make them flow backwards towards their sources. Skilled is she in the virtues of herbs, of linseed twisted on the cabalistic wheel, and of hippomanes. She needeth but to wish, and lo, the heavens grow dark with heavy clouds; to wish again, and lo, the heavens shine in purest splendour. I have seen, Wouldst thou believe it, blood drip from the stars. I have seen red blood overspread the face of the moon.

I suspect that she, living though she be, flies through the shadows of the night, and that her hag's body is covered with feathers. That is what I suspect, and such is the report. In her eyes shines a double pupil whence rays of fiery light dart forth. She calleth forth the dead from the graves, our grandsires and great-grandsires. At the sound of her incantations, the solid earth doth open. She delighteth to profane the chastity of the marriage bed, and her poisoned tongue is not lacking in eloquence. Chance, on a day, made me a witness of her lessons. I was able, thanks to our double doors, to hear unseen. Thus, then, she spake:

“Dost know, my fair one, that yesterday thou didst please the eye of one of our young favourites of fortune? He spied thee and his eyes never wandered from thy face. And whom, indeed, wouldst thou fail to attract? Thou yieldest in loveliness to none. But, alas, thy raiment is not worthy of thy beauty. Would thou wert rich as thou art fair. Win thou riches, and I shall no more be poor. The star of Mars in opposition hath been unkindly to thee; but Mars hath departed; and now Venus, the protectress of thy sex, hath taken his place. See how favourable to thee his advent is. A wealthy lover desireth thee and is

fain to know what thou dost lack. His face and figure as thine own are fair, and if he fain would buy thy charms, so shouldst thou purchase his.”

The girl blushed as she heard this. “Modesty,” the crone went on, “becometh a fair cheek, but ‘tis useless, save when feigned. Real modesty is nearly always harmful. When, with downcast eyes, thou gazest modestly on thy bosom, look at none save in proportion to the price he offereth. Maybe, when Tatius was king, the heavy Sabine dames refused to give themselves to more men than one. Nowadays Mars employs our gallants in foreign wars; but Venus reigns in the City of her beloved Æneas. Enjoy yourselves, my pretty ones. She is chaste whom none hath courted. Or, if coyness doth not hold her back, she herself maketh the first advances. Come now, efface these frowns that delve their lines upon thy brow; with those wrinkles many a failing will be removed. ‘Twas with a bow that Penelope tested the strength of her young lovers; and that bow, the index of their prowess, was of horn. Time hurries on, by us unheeded. It fleets away even as a river whose waters ever flow. Bronze is made bright by rubbing; what availeth fair apparel, if it be not worn. The palace that is tenantless decays beneath the moss that moulders it. So beauty, if there be none to enjoy, waxeth swiftly old. Nor do one or two lovers suffice. The more there be, the greater is the pay, and the more readily obtained. Rich is the booty that falls to the hoary wolves who seek their prey from a whole flock. Now tell me, what dost thou get from this poet of thine save his latest verses? A few thousand verses, such is the coin in which thy lover payeth. The god of poesy himself, robed in a mantle gold inwrought, touches the chords of a golden lyre. Let him who hath gold to give thee be greater in thy sight than great Homer himself. Mark my words, it does a man good to give. Scorn not the slave who has bought his freedom. ‘Tis no crime to have thy foot marked with chalk, nor shouldst thou suffer thyself to be dazzled with the lordly display of a long line of ancestors. Begone and take thy forefathers with thee, thou needy lover. And how now? Here is another who would fain lie a night with thee, because he is comely. Ah, no indeed! Let him go and beg some money for thee from his own admirer.

“Be not over-exacting whilst thou art spreading thy nets, for fear

lest the prey should escape thee; but once he is in thy power, fleece him as thou wilt. Simulated love is often no bad thing. Let him think thou lovest. But see thou love not for nothing. Sometimes withhold thy favours. As for a pretext, why, maybe thy head doth ache, or else the festival of Isis compels thee to abstain; but hold not thyself too long aloof, lest he grow used to the lack of thee, or lest love, by dint of being rebuffed, at length grow cold. Let thy door, closed to the needy, be open to the rich. Let the laments of the rejected reach the ears of the favoured lover. If thou woundest thy lover, be wroth with him as if he had hurt thee first. Forestall his upbraidings with thine own; but indulge not over-long thine anger. Anger too far prolonged hath oft engendered hate. Let thine eyes learn the secret of shedding tears at will and moistening thy cheek. If thou wouldst deceive, fear not to forswear thyself. Venus makes the gods deaf to the complaints of the deceived lover. Take into thy service a clever man and maid who may indicate what presents you would welcome. Let them also beg a few things for themselves. If they ask a little of many, each separate ear of corn will soon make up a rick. Let thy sister and thy mother and thy nurse lay thy lover under contribution. There will soon be a goodly heap of booty, when several hands labour at the task. Thou lackest a pretext for soliciting a present? Show him a cake and say it is thy birthday.

“Above all, never let thy lover think that he hath no rival; love, without rivalry, endureth not. Let him see upon thy bed the traces of another possessor of thy charms, and on thy neck the marks of his lascivious embraces; and above all, let him behold the gifts his rival hath bestowed on thee. If he brings nought with him, tell him of the novelties they are showing in the Via Sacra. When thou hast dragged from him a goodly tale of presents, bid him not despoil himself entirely, but ask him for a loan — that thou wilt ne’er repay. Let thy tongue beguile him, to conceal thy scheming; caress him, the more surely to lure him to his doom. Sweet honey hides the subtlest poison. If thou followest my lesson, which long experience has taught me, if thou tосsest not my words to the winds, how oft, when I am dead, wilt thou pray the gods to let the earth lie lightly upon me.”

Thus she was speaking, when my shadow betrayed me. ‘Twas with difficulty I kept myself from tearing her last grey hairs, her eyes

that were shedding drunken tears, and her cheeks furrowed all over with wrinkles. “May the gods,” I said, “reject thee, and send thee a miserable old age, endless winters and an everlasting thirst.”

ELEGY IX:

HE COMPARETH LOVE WITH WAR.

THY lover is a soldier, and Cupid hath his camp. Aye, believe me, Atticus, every lover is a soldier. The age which suiteth war is also favourable to Venus. A fig for an elderly soldier! A fig for an elderly lover! The age which generals demand in a brave soldier is the age which a fair young woman demands in the possessor of her charms. Soldier and lover have, each, their vigil to keep; both couch upon the hard ground; both have their watch to keep, the one at the door of his mistress, the other at the door of his general. What a weary way the soldier hath to march! And the lover, when his mistress is exiled, will follow her, with a stout heart, to the uttermost limits of the world. He will fare over the loftiest mountains and over rivers swollen with rains; he will cleave his way through the snowdrifts. Is he compelled to cross the seas? He will not plead that the tempests are let loose; nor will he wait till the weather be propitious for setting sail. Who but a soldier or a lover will brave the chill nights and the torrents of mingled snow and rain? The one is sent forward as a scout towards the enemy; the other keepeth watch upon his rival as upon a foe. The one lays siege to warlike cities, the other to the dwelling of his inexorable mistress. One beats down gates, the other doors.

Oftentimes it hath brought victory to catch the foe asleep, and to slaughter, sword in hand, an unarmed host. Thus did the fierce battalions of Thracian Rhesus fall and you, ye captured steeds, forsook your lord. So, too, a lover oft is able to profit by the husband's slumbers and to turn his arms against the sleeping foe. To elude the vigilance of watchmen and sentinels is ever the perilous task alike of the soldier and the lover.

Mars is uncertain and in Venus there is nothing sure. The conquered rise up again, and those you would deem could never be o'erthrown, fall in their turn. No longer then let love be held a little thing. Love demandeth a resourceful mind. Achilles burns for Briseis torn from his embraces. Trojans, while his grief allows, smite ye the Grecian host. Fresh from Andromache's embraces, Hector went forth

to battle. 'Twas his spouse who placed his helmet on his head. When he beheld the daughter of Priam, her tresses floating in the wind, the son of Atreus, the first of all the Grecian chiefs, stood, they say, lost in admiration. Mars himself was caught in the chains which Vulcan had forged. No tale made a greater stir in heaven than this. I myself was slothful and not born for work. My bed and sleep had softened my spirit. But love for a comely young woman set a term to my indolence. She enjoined me to make my first campaign in her service. Since then, thou seest. me ever active and always busy with some nocturnal adventure. Thou wouldst not be a sluggard? Well then, love a woman.

ELEGY X.

HE ENDEAVOURS TO DISSUADE HIS MISTRESS FROM BECOMING A COURTESAN.

SUCH as she who, snatched away from the banks of the Eurotas in the Phrygian ships, was for her two husbands the cause of so long a war; such as was Leda when cunning Jupiter, hidden beneath the deceptive disguise of a white-plumed swan, seduced her and made her his paramour; such as Amymone wandering in the parched fields of Argos, her urn upon her head; such wast thou in my eyes. I feared for thee the divers wiles that Love suggested to almighty Jove, I feared for thee the metamorphosis of the Eagle and the Bull. But now I fear no more. I am cured of my malady, no more mine eyes are blinded by thy loveliness. How came this change, thou askest? Why, 'tis that thou settest a price upon thy favours. This is the reason why thou pleasest me no more. So long as thou wast art less and free from guile I loved thee body and soul; but now this blemish on thy soul hath robbed thy body of its charms. Love is a child and Love is naked. The years have not corrupted him and he wears no clothes, that he may be without guile, Wherefore dost thou ask the child of Venus to sell his favours at a price? He wears no robe wherein to put the coin. The hard calling of a soldier suits neither Venus nor her son; how befits it, then, that divinities so unused to war should serve for pay?

“A courtesan selleth herself for a given price to the first customer; by yielding her body she gaineth her miserable pay. Yet withal she curseth the tyranny of the greedy whoremaster, and what thou doest for thy pleasure, she doth because she must.

Take, for an example, the beasts devoid of reason. Thou wilt blush to find the brutes possessed of finer feelings than thyself. The mare asks no gift of the stallion, nor the heifer of the bull; the ram payeth not the ewe on whom he wreaks his passion. Woman alone loves to flaunt the spoils she wrests from man. She alone setteth a price upon her favours; she alone offereth herself for hire. She selleth a pleasure that bringeth delight to both, a pleasure which both have

longed for, and she maketh him pay for the bliss he giveth her. When love hath equal charms for both, wherefore should one sell it and the other buy? Wherefore should I lose, and thou win at a game wherein we both minister to our mutual bliss?

A witness may not sell his testimony for money; nor must a judge take bribes. It is a disgrace for an advocate to sell his services to a pauper or for a tribunal to grow fat on the proceeds of justice. So, too, it is shameful for a woman to augment her patrimony by bartering her charms and by selling her body to the highest bidder. Gratitude we owe for a favour freely given, but none for the sordid hiring of a woman and a bed. Once thou hast received thy pay, thy, hire — love and gratitude are at an end.

Ah, dear women, never set a price on the favours ye bestow. Ill-gotten gains will never prosper. Of what value were the bracelets of the Sabines to the young vestal who was crushed beneath the weight of their armour? A son plunged his sword into the loins that bore him; a necklace lured him to his crime.

Not that thou shouldst refrain from asking presents of a rich man. He hath the wherewithal to satisfy thy demands. Pluck the grapes that hang from the loaded vines; gather thy apples in the fruitful orchards of Alcinoüs. And for the poor man, bethink thee of the good he doeth thee, of his zeal and his fidelity. Let every man give what he hath unto his mistress. My wealth consists in celebrating in my verse the women who render themselves worthy of that honour. She who maketh me desire, her my art exalteth. Precious gifts and costly raiment will perish; gems set in gold will one day shattered be, but my verses shall endure for ever. What disgusts and enrages me is not giving, but seeing thee ask for pay. What I refuse thee when thou askest, I will freely give thee when thou askest not.

ELEGY XI:

HE ASKS NAPE TO DELIVER A LOVE-LETTER TO HER MISTRESS.

O THOU who with such happy art dost bind and range thy mistress's hair, thou whom 'twere unjust to place in the ranks of ordinary servants, Nape, as skilful in contriving nocturnal assignations as in conveying missives to my beloved, thou hast often persuaded the hesitating Corinna to come to my arms; thou whose loyalty hath oftentimes saved me in a crisis, take these tablets and deliver them this very morning to my mistress. May thine ingenuity prove triumphant over eve obstacle. Thy breast is not made of adamant or steel; nor dost thou carry simplicity to excess. Thou too, methinks hath felt boy Cupid's darts. Fight then and defend the flag 'neath which we both do march. If she ask thee how I fare, tell her the hopes of spending a night with her keep me alive. For the rest, my passionate hand hath writ it on this waxen tablet.

Even as I speak, time fleeteth way. Go and choose a moment when she's free and give her these; but see to it that she read them straightway. Note her eyes, her brow while she doth read. Her mute expression will inform thee of my fate As soon as she hath read my words, ask her to indite a long reply. I hate to see blank spaces on the wax. Let her lines be close together, let her writing fill up the margins, so I may feast my eyes upon her letters. Yet wherefore should she weary herself with writing? Let me read but a single word, *Come*, and swiftly I will deck my tablets with the laurels of victory, hang them as a votive offering in Venus' temple, and inscribe them thus: Unto Venus doth Ovid consecrate you, faithful ministers of his love which, but a while ago, were but a fragment of worthless maple."

ELEGY XII:

HE CALLS DOWN CURSES ON THE TABLETS WHICH BRING HIM WORD OF HIS MISTRESS'S REFUSAL.

MOURN and lament with me! My tablets have come back, with this one sad word upon them scored: *Impossible!* I have some belief in omens. Just now, as she went out, Nape struck her foot against the threshold. Henceforth, when thou art sent anywhere, remember to walk more warily and pick up thy feet. Away with you, ye ill-omened tablets, away, thou sullen wood, and as for thee, thou wax that bringest her refusal, thou wast sucked from the flower of the towering hemlock; surely thou art the dregs of the vile honey of some Corsican bee. Thou seemest to have been stained with vermilion, and truly thou art of bloody hue. Go and kiss the ground, ye useless things; may the heavy wheel of the first cart that passes crush you into atoms. No, the fellow that hacked you from the tree to shape and fashion had filthy hands. That same tree must have served as a gibbet for some unlucky wretch, and furnished the crosses of death to the executioner; beneath its mournful shade the howlet shrieked, and amid its branches the vulture and the, screech-owl laid their eggs. To such wood as this was I mad enough to confide the secrets of my heart. Such was the wood I bade carry to my mistress the tenderest words of love. This wax would more appropriately have served for some crusty lawyer's writ, or for the diary wherein a miser might record the payments that wrung his heart. O lying tablets, little wonder that men call ye double; faith, 'twas a number of evil augury. What is the worst fate my wrath can wish you? May time devour you and rot you, and may the wax which covers you grow damp and foul with mildew!

ELEGY XIII:

HE ENTREATS THE DAWN TO HASTEN NOT HER COMING.

O, over the Ocean doth she come, from the arms of her aged husband. Over the waves she cometh, the bright goddess whose car brings back the day. O beautiful Aurora, whither dost thou hasten? Stay, O stay thy flight. So, yearly, may the birds make solemn offering to the shades of Memnon. This is the time when I love to lie in my sweet one's sheltering arms; this, if ever, is the moment when 'tis sweet to press her softly to my side. Now, too, sleep is pleasant and the air cool, and the birds discourse sweet music from their tender throats. Whither fleetest thou, with a speed to men and to their mistresses unwelcome? Draw in with thy shining hand the dewy reins of thy swift coursers.

Ere thou risest, the mariner can clearly see the stars, and wandereth not at random over the wide seas. When thou dost appear, the traveller, for all his weariness, must quit his couch, and the soldier seize his fighting gear. Thou art the first to behold the husbandman shouldering his mattock; the first to call the lagging oxen to the yoke. 'Thou robbest children of their sleep and handest them over to the master for their tender fingers to suffer the blows of his cruel ferule. Thou bringest the surety to the court, where a single word may make or mar him. To advocate and to judge thou art alike unfriendly, for each is forced to rise to take up a case. 'Tis thou who, when a woman would fain taste the sweets of repose, callest her to spin the wool with unwearying hands. All this I could endure; but who would bear that young women should rise thus early in the morning, save the man that hath no mistress of his own? How often have I longed that night would not make way for thee, that the stricken stars would not flee before thee! How often have I longed for the winds to shatter thy car, or for one of thy steeds to founder in the hollow of a cloud! Ah, cruel one, whither dost thou hasten? Since thou had'st a son whose skin was black, such was the colour of his mother's heart. Would that Tithonus were free to speak his mind

about thee, the heavens I trow would ne'er have known a more lascivious woman. Thou fleest from thine aged spouse, because old age hath chilled him, and leavest the old man betimes to mount thy hateful car. But if in thine arms thou heldst thy favourite, Cephalus, thou wouldst cry, "Go slow, go slow, ye coursers of the Night!"

And though thy spouse be wasted with old age, wherefore should my love pay the penalty? Was it I that led thee to mate an old man? See how many hours of sleep the Moon gave to the youth she loved; and her beauty is no whit inferior to thine. The father of the gods himself, that he might not behold thy face so often, joined two nights in one, so as to let his passions have full play.

Thus did I upbraid her; be sure she heard me, for she blushed. Howbeit the day appeared no later than his wont.

ELEGY XIV:

TO HIS MISTRESS, WHO, CONTRARY TO HIS COUNSEL, DYED HER HAIR WITH NOXIOUS COMPOSITIONS, AND HAS NEARLY BECOME BALD.

DID I not say to thee, "Cease to dye thy hair?" And now thou hast no longer any hair to dye. Nevertheless, hadst thou not been stubborn, where was there anything more beautiful than thy hair? It came down to thy knees, so fine thou wast afraid to comb it. No finer is the tissue with which the dark-skinned Seres clothe themselves; no finer is the thread which, with her dainty legs, the spider, swaying from her lonely beam, draws out to weave her airy web. Howbeit its colour was not black as ebony, nor was it golden. 'Twas a mixture of the two. Such is the colour of the tall cedar in the cool valleys of Mount Ida, when its bark is stripped away.

So soft, so tractable it was that thou couldst bind it in countless different ways, without the smallest trouble. Never did the comb's tooth tear thy tresses; thy tire-woman was never fearful of a slapping. Many a time have I been present at my mistress's toilet and never did she seize the bodkin to prick her woman's arms. Sometimes of a morning, her hair still in disorder, she would lie, half turned over, on the purple bed. And even then, in her careless abandon, she was lovely, lovely with the loveliness of an o'er-wearied Bacchanal who has cast herself, heedless of her posture, on the green grass.

Then her tresses were soft as down. How often, alas, have I seen them put to the torture, compelled patiently to endure both iron and fire, to make them stay in little rounded curls. "'Tis a crime," I cried, "a crime to scorch that hair of thine; it falls beautifully of its own accord. Cruel one, have mercy on thine own head. Away with such violent treatment. This is not the sort of hair to scorch. Thy hair itself instructs the bodkin where to go."

Gone are those lovely tresses which Apollo, which Bacchus, might have envied; such tresses as Dione, coming naked from the foam, upheld with her dripping hands.

Why, since they pleased thee not, dost thou lament the ruin of thy

tresses? Wherefore, stupid one, dost thou thrust aside so mournfully thy mirror? No longer doth it please thee, remembering what thou wast, to gaze therein.

Howbeit 'tis not to magic herbs culled by a jealous rival, nor to water drawn by some treacherous witch from Hæmonian springs, that their fall is due. 'Tis not the effect of some dire malady (the gods keep thee from that), no, nor a rival's jealous tongue, envious of their beauty. No, thine is the crime, and thine own the hand that wrought the loss thou mournest; thine own the hand that poured the poison on thy head. Now Germany will send you some slave-girl's hair; a vanquished nation shall furnish thy adornments. Alas, how oft, when thou shalt hear men praise the beauty of thy hair, wilt thou tell thyself with a blush, "'Tis purchased merchandise that makes me comely in their sight to-day; of some unknown Sygambrian girl my friends the praises sing. Yet I remember the day when that glory was my own."

Heavens, what have I said? See, she can scarce restrain her tears. She buries her face in her hands, and look how she is blushing. She steals a glance at one of her fallen tresses lying in her lap, a treasure, alas I not fitted for that place. Nay, come then, soothe thy heart and clear thy brow. The loss is not irreparable. Ere long with thine own hair, thou wilt be beauteous as of yore.

ELEGY XV:

THE POETS ALONE ARE IMMORTAL.

WHEREFORE dost thou blame me, gnawing Envy, for consuming my days in slothfulness; wherefore callest thou my verses the employment of an idle mind? Why dost thou reproach me for not following in the footsteps of my forefathers, for not seeking, while vigorous youth permits, to crown my brows with the dusty laurels of war, for not studying the jargon of the law, or for not prostituting my words in a dingy court of justice? Mortal are the works whereof thou pratest; my aim is glory that shall not perish, so that in every time and in every place I may be celebrated throughout the world. Mæonides shall live so long as Tenedos and Ida shall endure, so long as Simois shall roll his hurrying waters to the sea. The Ascræan bard, too, shall live while the grape ripens on the vine, while the corn shall fall beneath the sickle's curving blade. The song of Battus shall be sung throughout the world, albeit his art, rather than his genius, is his title deed to fame. The tragic buskin of Sophocles shall never grow old. So long as the sun and the moon shall shine, Aratus will live on. So long as slaves are rogues, as fathers storm, as pimps deceive and strumpets wheedle, Menander will not die. Ennius, for all his artlessness, and Accius, with his lusty speech, possess a name that Time shall not lay low. When shall there dawn an age that shall know not Varro, or the first ship to sail the seas, or the Golden Fleece brought home by Æson's son? When the world perisheth, then, and not till then, shall the works of the high-souled Lucretius perish too. Tityrus and the garnered crops, Æneas and his doughty deeds, will be read so long as Rome shall wield her sceptre o'er the conquered world. So long as Cupid wields his fires and bends his bow, thy numbers, skilled Tibullus, will remembered be. In the West and in the East the name of Gallus shall be known to fame, and because of Gallus, the name of Lycoris shall live on. What though devouring time wear down the flint, and blunt the share of the enduring plough, yet poetry shall never die. Let kings, then, and all their train of conquests, yield to poetry, to poetry let the happy shores of the

golden Tagus give place. Let the vulgar herd set their hearts on dross if they will. For myself, let Apollo bestow on me cups overflowing with the waters of Castaly; let the myrtle that dreads the cold adorn my brow and let my verses ever be scanned by the eager lover. While we live we serve as food for Envy; when we are dead we rest within the aureole of the glory we have earned. So, when the funeral fires have consumed me, I shall live on, and the better part of me will have triumphed over death.

BOOK II

ELEGY I:

HE TELLS WHEREFORE, INSTEAD OF THE WARS OF THE GIANTS, WHICH HE HAD COMMENCED, HE IS CONSTRAINED TO SING OF LOVE.

BEHOLD here another work of Ovid, who was born in the moist land of the Peligni, of Ovid who singeth to the world of his own follies. This time, again, 'twas Love that willed it. Hence! Avaunt! ye prim and prudish ones. No fitting audience, ye, to strains that sing of tender love. I would be read of none save the maiden that grows warm when she beholds her lover, and of the boy till now unvisited by Love. I pray, too, that some young man, wounded by an arrow sped from the same bow that hath stricken me, may recognise in my verse the image of the flames whereby he is consumed. Long may he marvel, and then at last exclaim, "How comes it that this poet singeth the very story of my love? Who is it hath informed him?"

I was, I remember, making bold to sing of the Wars of Heaven and Gyges of the hundred hands, and verily I was well equipped for that great argument. I was about to sin the fell revenge of Tellus and the fall of Pelion with Ossa crashing down from high Olympus whereon they were empyred. In my hands I held the clouds, Jove and his thunderbolts, wherewith he would not have failed to defend his heavenly realms. And then my mistress slammed her door against me. Forthwith I dropped Jupiter and his lightnings; aye, Jupiter himself clean vanished from my mind. Forgive me, Jupiter thy weapons were of no avail to me. That close-shut door moved me more than all thy thunderbolts. Back to my love songs and my gentle elegies went I; those are the arms for me, and ere long my gentle plaint moved to compassion the unfeeling doors. Poetry hath power to bring the blood-red moon to earth; poetry stayeth in mid-career the snow-white coursers of the sun. Poetry robbeth the serpent of his poisoned fang, and maketh the rivers to flow backward to their sources. Poetry hath battered down doors, it hath forced back locks, how tight soever they were welded to the massy oak. What had it booted me to sing Achilles fleet of foot; what would the sons of

Atreus have done for me, or he who waged fierce war for ten long years and then wandered ten more upon his homeward way; or hapless Hector, dragged by the Hæmonian steeds across the dusty plain? But as soon as ever I pipe the praises of a sweet young girl, she cometh in person to pay the singer for his song. And that, methinks, is no small recompense. So farewell, ye heroes with illustrious names; not yours to bestow, the favours that I crave. But as for you, my charmers, look sweetly on the songs which rosy Cupid singeth in mine ear.

ELEGY II:

TO THE EUNUCH BAGOAS, BEGGING HIM TO GIVE HIM ACCESS TO THE FAIR ONE COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE.

THOU, Bagoas, who art entrusted with the task of guarding thy mistress, lend me thine ear. I have but a couple of words to say to you, but they are weighty ones. Yesterday I saw a lady walking in the portico beneath the temple of Apollo. At once I fell in love with her and importuned her in writing. In answer, with a trembling hand, she wrote: "Impossible." And why is it impossible? I asked. And she replied that you keep too strict a watch on her.

Now listen to me, my over-watchful friend; if you are wise you will give up getting yourself hated. If people fear you, they will long for you to die. Her husband, too, is a fool, for why be at such pains to guard a thing whereof, even if you watch it not, no part is lost? Still, if he is madman enough, let him indulge his passion to the full, and believe her chaste who gives her charms to all. But for thee, vouchsafe her, in secret, a modicum of freedom. What you give her in that direction she will repay. Just let her take you into her confidence a little, and the mistress will do what the slave shall bid. Afraid of conniving a little? Why, you've only got to shut your eyes. Is she reading a letter in secret? Well, take it that it's from her mother. A stranger comes to call? Take him for some old acquaintance. She goes to see a sick friend who isn't sick at all? Why, pretend she *is* sick. Is she a long time coming? Let your head droop on your breast, and snore away to your heart's content. Don't go worrying your head about what they're doing in the temple of Isis, or what's going on in the theatres.

A discreet accomplice wins a deal of glory, and after all, what is simpler than to hold your tongue? Such a man is liked, he rules the household and never gets a beating. He is a man of power; the others, scurvy fellows, merely slaves. In order to keep the husband sweet, he stuffs him with fairy tales and, masters both, they both approve of what delights the woman. A husband may frown and furrow his brow

with wrinkles, a wheedling woman always gets her way. Still, every now and then she must seem to have a grudge against you, pretend to cry and say you are a brute. Your cue is then to accuse her of some fault that she can readily disprove. In taxing her with what is false, you blind her husband to the real truth. This if you do, honours and money will be showered upon you. Act as I bid you, and you'll soon be a slave no more.

You see informers laden with heavy chains, you see false-hearted knaves shut up in gloomy dungeons. Tantalus is thirsty, with water all about him; surrounded by fruit, of fruit he cannot taste. That's all because he was a blabber. Because he gave too strict effect to Juno's bidding, Io's guard died ere his prime, and Io is a goddess.

I have seen a fellow loaded with chains that were making his legs black and blue, because he had insisted on telling a husband of his wife's amours. He merited a weightier doom; his prating tongue had killed the happiness of two. He filled the husband's heart with grief and slew his wife's good rime.

Mark what I say; there never was a husband yet that liked such charges brought against his spouse. Hear them he may, but he'll never hear them with pleasure. If he be indifferent, all your precious tale is wasted; if he love her, then 'tis you who kill his peace of mind. Nay, howsoever clear a woman's fault may be, it takes a deal of proving. The judge's sympathies are all for her. Even if he had seen the whole thing with his own eyes, he would still believe her, if she denied it. He would say his eyes deceived him; that he himself had been at fault. Let her but fall a-weeping, he'll mingle his tears with hers and say, "This babbling ass shall get it hot for this." You see, the odds are nearly all against you, and if you lose, you get a thrashing, while she's being dandled on the judge's knee.

It is no crime we meditate. It is not to mix a poisoned draught that we desire to meet. No naked dagger flashes in our hand. All we ask is that, by your good offices, we may love in safety; and what request could be more innocent than that?

ELEGY III:

HE APPEALS ONCE MORE TO BAGOAS, WHO HAD PROVED INFLEXIBLE.

AH me, that my mistress should be entrusted to thy care, thou who art nor man nor woman, thou who can'st never know the mutual joy that lovers give — and take. He who was the first to rob little boys of that which makes a man, deserved, himself, to suffer a like fate. Thou wouldst be less unbending, thou wouldst incline more willingly thine ear to my request, if ever thou hadst loved a woman. Thou art not made to mount the fiery steed, to handle heavy arms, or, in thy right hand, wield the warlike spear. It needs a man for that; and to do aught manly thou must never hope. Follow no standard but the standard of thy mistress. 'Tis she that thou must wait on hand and foot; make the most of her favours. If thou lose her, what purpose wilt thou serve? Her face, her youth invite to dalliance. 'Twere ill her loveliness should fade and perish in base neglect. She may have hoodwinked thee, however troublesome thou may'st appear. What lovers want, they'll find the means to get; but since, perhaps, 'twere best to see what prayers will do, we do entreat you now, while yet there's time, to give our prayers effect.

ELEGY IV:

HE CONFESSES HIS INCLINATION FOR LOVE AND HIS ADMIRATION FOR ALL MANNER OF WOMEN.

I MAKE no pretence of justifying the laxity of my morals; I never resort to untruthful pretexts to excuse my wanderings from the path of virtue. I freely confess my faults, if such avowals can serve any useful purpose. Now I have acknowledged my guilt in general terms, I mean to make a clean breast of all my follies. I curse my failings, yet I cannot help finding pleasure in the very faults that I deplore. How burdensome is the yoke that one would fain cast off. I have not the strength nor the will-power to govern my passions; they bear me along with them, even as the swift tide hurries away the slender bark.

It is not any particular type of beauty that sets my heart on fire. A hundred motives compel me to be always in love. Here is a girl that drops her gaze demurely. That is enough, my heart catches fire and her modesty is the lure that ensnares me. And here is one that is out for booty. To her I fall a willing victim because she is no novice and because she bids fair to be keen and enterprising on a downy couch. And then, if I see one with an expression that recalls to me the Sabine dames, I forthwith tell myself that she has longings but knows how to conceal them. Are you a learned lady? I fall in love with your rare accomplishments. Unlearned? Your *naïveté* enthralls me. This one finds Callimachus a sorry poet compared with me. I please her, and lo, straightway she pleases me. This one finds fault with my verses and tells me I am no poet. Despite her strictures I fain would have her in my arms. This one walks languorously. Her gait enchants me. This one is prim. Peradventure, if she had a lover 'twould soften her. This one sings delightfully, and breathes from her soft throat the most melodious strains. I long to steal a kiss from her parted lips. Another lightly fingers the trembling chords of her lyre; where is he who could help adoring such skilful fingers? Here is one that wins me with her dancing. I feast my eyes on her seductive poses, on the rhythmic movements of her arms, on the swaying of her whole body as she moves in time to the music. But never mind me, whom anyone

can set on fire. Let Hippolytus see her; even he would become a Priapus. You, my tall beauty, recall the heroines of olden days and the bed is not a whit too long for you. And you, my dainty little treasure; I love you, too, just as much. Both are enchanting. Tall and short, I love them both. Here is one that wears no finery; I muse how jewels would enhance her beauty. Here is one tricked out with gems; how dazzling are her charms. Of fair and dark I am alike the slave; white-skinned or sunburnt, I adore them all. Black tresses flutter on a snowy neck? Leda's loveliness lay in her raven hair. Is she fair, the girl I see yonder? Why, 'twas to her golden hair Aurora owed her beauty. Everywhere history helps me to justify my love. A young woman delights me, an older one enthralls me. The one has the beauty of her body, the other experience and richness of mind, to recommend her. In a word, of all the beauties they rave about in Rome, there's none whose lover I am not fain to be.

ELEGY V:

HE UPBRAIDS HIS MISTRESS WHOM HE HAS DETECTED ACTING FALSELY TOWARDS HIM.

AWAY with thee, Cupid and thy quiver! Love's not such a priceless thing that I should so often and so desperately long for death. Aye, for death I long, when I bethink me of thy perfidy, thou thankless girl, born to be a lasting grief to me. 'Tis not thy tablets carelessly effaced that reveal thy conduct to me; 'tis not the presents secretly received that tell me thy misdeeds. Would to heaven I could fail to prove the accusation that I bring against thee. Ah, hapless me, why is my cause so good! Happy the lover who can boldly defend the woman he adores; happy he to whom his mistress may say, "Free of all guilt am I!" Hard of heart is he, and too indulgent of his grief, who would seek to win a sanguinary triumph by bringing home a crime to the woman that he loves.

Alas, I saw it all when you thought I was asleep. Aye, with these eyes did I behold your treason, for the wine beside me had not dulled my vision. I saw you making eyes at him, I saw your nods of the head, and read it all as plainly as if it had been written down in words. Your eyes were not silent; I saw letters writ in wine upon the table, even thy fingers had their tale to tell. Try as you would to hide it, I read the meaning of your discourse, and guessed the cipher of your secret code. And now the throng of guests had left the table and only two remained, both young, both drunk with wine. And then I saw you both exchange most wanton kisses, kisses in which, as I too plainly saw, your tongues were intermingled. Not such kisses as a sister gives her sober-minded brother, but such as a loving mistress might bestow upon her eager lover; not such kisses as Phœbus to Diana gives, but such, we may believe, as Venus often lavished on her darling Mars.

"How now!" cried I. "On whom dost thou bestow the favours that are mine? Nay, these things are mine by right. My right I'll hold, my right I will defend. Thy kisses are for me and mine for thee, alone. What does this interloper, then, coming between us twain?"

In such-like words did I outpour my grief. The blush of shame o'erspread her guilty cheeks. So flushes the eastern sky when Tithonus' spouse arises from his bed, and so doth blush the maiden when her betrothed resteth his gaze upon her. So roses shine when lilies round them blow; so turns the pale moon red when by some magic spell her course in heaven is stayed; so gleams Assyrian ivory that a Mæonian dame has dyed with crimson so that it may not yellow grow with years. Such then, or as near as may be, was the colour of the wench's cheeks, and never had I seen her look more lovely. She looked on the ground; the look became her. Sad was her countenance; the sadness suited her. Her hair, and deftly was it braided, I nearly tore out by the roots. Her dainty cheeks, I all but laid rude hands upon. But when I saw her face, my arms fell strengthless at my side; by weapons of her own was my mistress defended. I who a moment since she had seen so fierce and menacing, now cast myself at her feet and begged her to give me kisses no less tender. She smiled, and then, with all her heart and soul, gave me a kiss, and never was kiss more sweet. 'Twas such a kiss as would have filched the thunderbolt from the hand of angry Jove. Yet how my breast is tortured now, lest another may have tasted kisses just as sweet; I hope that those were not of this celestial quality. These last kisses that she gave me were better far than those which I had taught her; she hath, methinks, acquired some novel art. It bodes no good, this too, too luscious sweetness; it bodes no good that all your tongue within my mouth was thrust, all mine within your own. And 'tis not this alone that grieves me; not only of these voluptuous kisses that I complain, albeit complain I do, but what rankles most is the thought that lessons such as those could have been given nowhere but in bed, and I know not who is the instructor that has received such rich remuneration.

ELEGY VI:

HE LAMENTS THE DEATH OF THE PARROT HE HAD GIVEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

OUR parrot, winged mimic of the human voice, sent from farthest Ind, is dead. Come ye in flocks, ye birds, unto his obsequies. Come, ye pious denizens of the air; beat your bosoms with your wings and with your rigid claws, score furrows on your dainty heads. Even as mourners rend their hair, rend ye your ruffled plumes. Since the far-sounding clarion is silent, sing ye a doleful song. Wherefore, O Philomel, mourn ye the dark deed of the Ismarian tyrant? Time should have ended that lament. Keep it to mourn for the passing of the rarest of thy kind. The fate of Itys was once a mighty theme of sorrow; but all that was long ago. All ye who float with outspread wings in the liquid air, and thou before all others, loving turtle, breathe forth your mournful plaint. He was, all his life long, a faithful friend to thee and never did he waver in his loyalty. What young Pylades the Phocian was to Argive Orestes, such, my parrot, was the turtle-dove to thee, so long as thou didst live.

But how did this fidelity bestead thee, and what availed the brilliant colours of thy plumage rare? or that voice so skilled in mimicking the tones of human speech? What did it boot thee to win the affection of my mistress from the very moment thou wast given her? O hapless one, thou wast the glory of birds, and now thou art no more! With thy wondrous plumage, thou couldst outshine the green fire of the emerald, and the hue of thy beak was of the richest red. No bird on earth could speak so well as thou, so great thy skill in imitating, with thy nasal tones, the sounds that thou hadst heard.

Now envious death hath stricken thee; never wast thou at war with any bird. Thou wast garrulous and didst love the piping times of peace. See, the quails are for ever at war; that, perchance, is why they live so long. Thou didst ask for very little; and sith you loved so much to gossip, your beak had very little time for food. A nut was all thy dinner, a poppy-seed or two would bring thee sleep, and with a sip of water thou wouldst quench thy thirst. The hungry vulture lives,

and the kite that weaves his circles in the air, and the rain-foretelling daw. The raven, whom the panoplied Minerva hates, lives on — nine generations will hardly see it die. But he is dead, this bird, this babbling echo of the human voice, this gift so rare brought from the utmost limits of the world. 'Tis nearly always so; the greedy hands of death strike first at what is best upon the earth, and things of little worth accomplish to the full their destined tale of years. Thersites beheld the melancholy obsequies of Protesilaus. Hector came to dust and ashes while yet his brothers lived.

What boots it to recall how, with fear at her breast, my mistress prayed for thee — prayers caught up by the swift wingèd South and carried o'er the seas? The seventh day had come, the seventh, and thy last. Fate had unwound thy thread of days. Howbeit even then thou spakest, crying, with thy dying breath, "Corinna, fare thee well!"

There, in Elysium, on a hill-side's gentle slope there stands a forest of broad, shady oaks, and over the moist soil the rich grass spreads its coverlet of green. Here, if the fabled tale we may believe, abide all innocent birds, and here no fowl of evil omen ever comes. Here range the harmless swans, and here the one undying Phoenix dwells. Here doth the peacock proudly show his gorgeous plumage and the crooning dove showers kisses on her eager mate. Here in their midst, here in these pleasant woody places, our parrot speaks and calls around him all birds of gentle soul. His bones a mound doth cover, a little mound as doth befit his size, and on it is a little stone that bears this little legend:

From this memorial, you may see
What love my mistress bore to me.
Whene'er to her I spake, my words
Meant more than any other bird's.

ELEGY VII:

HE ASSURES CORINNA THAT HE HAS NEVER HAD ANY GUILTY COMMERCE WITH CYPASSIS, HER MAID.

Oh, are you always going to be bringing some charge against me? No sooner have I succeeded in rebutting one than you trump up another. I'm sick of this perpetual bickering. If I happen to run my eye along the topmost tier of the theatre, you'll be sure to pick one woman out of the crowd there and make her a pretext for some more nagging. If a woman merely glances in my direction, and I don't look back at her, my indifference, you'll say, is all put on; there's something between us right enough. If I say anything nice about a woman, you immediately start tearing your hair; if I say anything nasty, well, you say it's just a blind. If I'm looking well, it's because I leave you alone; and if I'm not, I'm dying of love for someone else. I shouldn't so much mind if I had really done something. It's easier to put up with troubles you've brought on yourself; but you upbraid me without rhyme or reason, and your fatal proclivity for believing the worst about everybody, weakens whatever effect your fulminations might otherwise have had. Look at that poor old long-eared donkey there; he doesn't mend his pace, for all their whackings.

And now you've got another grievance. It's your smart little maid, Cypassis, with whom I am supposed to have misconducted myself this time, is it? And in your bed, too. Now if ever I feel inclined to go astray, the gods forbid that I should do so with a servant-girl. What man would ever willingly have relations with a slave or want to fondle a back all covered with weals? And, mark you, this particular slave is the one that gives the finishing touches to your hair, whose clever fingers make you look so irresistible; and I am supposed to go philandering with someone who thinks there's not a woman like you in the world? Is it likely? I should only get snubbed for my pains, and she'd tell you all about it. No, I swear by Venus and by the bow of her wingèd boy, I'm innocent of the charge you bring against me.

ELEGY VIII

HE ASKS CYPASSIS HOW IN THE WORLD CORINNA COULD HAVE FOUND THEM OUT.

YOU wonderful little hair-dresser, who only ought to have goddesses' hair to tend, Cypassis, whom in a stolen moment of delight I found by no means unexpert, you who suit your mistress so well, and me better still, tell me who has given our secret away? How did Corinna get wind of our clandestine delights? Did I turn red? Did I let fall a single word that could have betrayed our hidden pleasures a' Nay, didn't I swear that for a man to hanker after a servant-girl he couldn't have all his wits about him.

And yet the Thessalian hero burned with desire for the lovely Briseis, and she was but a slave. No more than a slave was she, the priestess that cast her lures about the King of Mycenæ. Am I then greater than Achilles, greater than the son of Tantalus? Shall I blush at what was deemed a fitting portion for a king?

Nevertheless, when she turned that angry look upon you, I saw you blush red all over. I was not anything like so flustered. I, if you remember, swore by great Venus herself that I was innocent. But you, my goddess, ordain that this beneficent lie may be swept by the warm South over the Carpathian deep.

In payment for these my services, my dusky Cypassis, grant me the sweet pleasure of lying with you to-day. Why do you say no? Why, ungrateful girl, why pretend you are afraid? It will be enough to have deserved well of one of your masters. If you are silly enough to refuse, I shall confess all we have done, I shall become my own accuser, and I shall tell your mistress—yes, I shall, Cypassis — where and how often we have met, what we did, in how many ways, And what they were.

ELEGY IX

HE BESEECHES CUPID NOT TO DISCHARGE ALL HIS ARROWS AT HIM ALONE.

O THOU who dost never weary of tormenting me, who never givest me any peace of mind, why, Cupid, dost thou treat me thus, who never ceased to march beneath thy banner? Why dost thou wound me thus? Why scorchest thou thine own friends with that torch of thine; why doth thy bow transfix them with its shafts? 'Twere better thou should'st prove thy might on one who resisteth thee. Did not the hero of Hæmonia, after piercing Telephus with his spear, heal with that same spear the wound that he had made? The huntsman chaseth the quarry that flees before him, yet once he hath seized it, he setteth it at liberty, and hasteneth after a fresh prey. 'Tis for us, thy loyal followers, that thou dost keep thy weapons, albeit thy sluggish arm smiteth not the foe that resisteth. Wherefore spend thine arrows on these fleshless bones? For in truth Love hath left me nought but skin and bones. Loveless live so many maidens, so many youths know nought of love. Over these, then, should be thy victory.

Rome, had she not extended her might throughout the world, would be to-day nought but a huddled group of straw-thatched huts. The war-worn veteran lays down his arms and tills his allotted fields. The courser, freed from his stall, leapeth in the meadow; vast docks shelter the vessel that hath returned to port, and the gladiator yieldeth up his weapons for the wand that quits him of his toils. And I who have fought so many campaigns in Love's service, is it not time that I should live in peace?

Yet if some god should come to me and say, "Henceforth thou shalt live a loveless life," I should demur to his decree, so sweet a plague is woman. When I have had my fill of love, when I feel its fires no more, I am driven I know not whither by an indescribable tumult of the mind. just as the horseman, tugging vainly at the foam-flecked bridle, sees himself hurried to the abyss's edge; just as the pinnacle, nearing the shore and about to bound into port, is suddenly carried out to sea again by a gust of wind; so am I blown hither and

thither by Cupid's changeful breath, and Love of the rosy cheeks makes me once more the target for his arrows.

Shoot on, my little one! I have laid down my arms; naked I stand, shoot on! Here show off thy strength; here display thy skill. Here in this spot, without awaiting thy command, thy arrows come and bury themselves; the quiver is scarcely more familiar to them than is my heart.

Foul fall the man who can slumber the whole night through and thinks so much of sleep. Fool! What is sleep but the image of cold Death. Thou shalt sleep long enough one of these days.

As for me, I would that my mistress should sometimes cheat me with lying promises. The anticipation of bliss I hold to be a boon in itself; I would have her sometimes caress, sometimes upbraid me. I like her to surrender often, and often to resist. If Mars is inconstant, Cupid, 'tis thanks to thee. Yea, 'tis after thy example that thy mother's lover bears his arms now here, now there. Thou art fickle, far lighter than thy wings, and as the fancy takes thee, thou givest and withholdest the delights of love. Howbeit if thou and thy gracious mother will but hearken to my prayers, thou wilt come and reign in my heart and never quit it more. May all the too inconstant host of fair ones rally to my banner. Thus of both sexes at once shalt thou adorèd be.

ELEGY X

HE TELLS GRÆCINUS HOW, DESPITE WHAT HE SAYS TO THE CONTRARY, IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE IN LOVE WITH TWO WOMEN AT THE SAME TIME.

TWAS thou, oh, yes, I mind me well, 'twas thou, Græcinus, who wast wont to say a man could never love two women at a time. 'Tis, then, through thee that I have been deceivèd, through thee that, all defenceless and unarmed, I've fallen into the snare, for here in me — oh, scoundrel that I am — thou dost behold a man in love with two fair charmers at a time. Lovely are both and both in love with dress. In artifice I scarcely know which one the other doth surpass. Now doth the first the second one outshine, and now the second doth eclipse the first; yes, sometimes one, and then, anon, the other, taketh my fancy most. My heart, like to a barque tossed by opposing winds, veers sometimes hither, sometimes thither, between these rival loves. Oh, wherefore, Erycina, wherefore dost thou everlastingly increase my torments. Did not one mistress suffice to keep me busy? Wherefore to the trees add leaves, stars to the starry sky, or water to the boundless deep?

Howbeit 'twere better so, than live a loveless life. The life that scorns delights and lives laborious days I'll leave my enemies. Let them sleep soundly in their lonely beds, lie in the middle and stretch themselves to their heart's content. As for myself, I'd liefer cruel love should break my downy slumbers; I would not be my bed's sole burden, no, not I. Let my mistress, without let or hindrance, ease me of love's pangs if she alone be equal to the task. If she be not, then I'll have two of them. My body's thin, but strong; it lacks not strength, but flesh. Besides, Love's joys my prowess will sustain. Never a woman have I disappointed yet, and often after battling all the night, the morn hath found me ready to renew the fray. Happy he who dies in the lists of Love. I pray the gods that such may be my end. The soldier, if he will, may oppose his breast to the foemen's spears, and buy undying glory with his blood. The miser may roam the world in search of wealth, and when he's shipwrecked, let his

lying mouth choke with the seas his vessel's keel hath ploughed. Be it *my* lot softly to fade away doing Love's service, to die in the very crisis of the fray. And may some gentle soul, shedding a tear upon my grave, exclaim "in sooth thy death did well become thy life."

ELEGY XI

HE SEEKS TO DISSUADE CORINNA FROM GOING TO BALÆ.

YES, it was the ship of pine hewn on Mount Pelion, that first opened a path over the wonder-stricken billows — a path beset with perils and bestrewn with reefs — the ship of pine which, amid the clashing rocks, bore away the ram famed for its golden fleece. Would to heaven that the Argo had been swallowed up in the depths of the sea so that never mortal man should vex the wide ocean with his oars. For see now, here is Corinna leaving her own dear bed and all her household gods, and making ready to trust herself to the deceiving deep. Wherefore dost thou make thy hapless lover tremble for thy sake at every wind that blows, the West wind and the East, the icy North and the warm South? Thou'lt find no cities on thy way, no woods to enchant thy gaze, only and always the blue-grey waters of the treacherous main. Not on the open sea wilt thou discover dainty shells and pebbles many-hued; they are the pastime of the sandy shore; leave on the sands, my sweet ones, the imprint of your lovely feet; there doth safety lie; beyond, who knows what perils lurk? Let others tell thee of the warring winds, what seas by Scylla and Charybdis are infested, and on what rocks enthroned the grim Ceraunian peaks tower o'er the main, and where the Syrtes hidden lie, where Malea lurks. These things let others tell. Whate'er they say, give credence to their tales; for tempests the believer never harm. When once the cable's loosed and the carven ship sweeps out on to the wide, salt sea, 'tis long ere one beholds the land again. Then doth the anxious sailor dread the wrath of the winds and sees the face of death in every wave. What will become of you if Triton stirs his waves to fury. You'll look a pretty pallid object then. Then you'll cry for succour to the sons of fruitful Leda and exclaim, "Happy the woman that's safe on her native shore." It's a far safer thing to snuggle down in bed, to read diverting tales, or wake the music of the Thracian lyre. But if my words be vain and wind-dispersed, may Galatea look with favour on thy ship. If so precious

and so fair a freight were lost, heavy on you, daughters divine of Nereus, heavy on thee, old Nereus thyself, would lie the blame. Go then, and take me with thee in thy thoughts; go thou, and soon return with prospering gales, and stronger be the winds that on thy homeward way shall swell thy sails. Let mighty Nereus roll the billows toward these shores, let all the winds breathe hither, and hither let the moon the waters draw. Pray thou thyself the Zephyrs to breathe full upon thy sails, and with thine own hand shake the canvas out.

I, gazing seawards from the shore, shall be the first to see thy vessel dear, and I shall cry, "That barque brings home my heaven." I'll fold thee in my arms, and with a riot of wild kisses smother thee; the victim, consecrate to thy return, shall slaughtered be; the sands of the shore I'll fashion like a couch, and any mound will serve us for a table. There, with the wine beside us, thou shalt all thy tale narrate; thou shalt tell me how thy vessel almost foundered mid the waves; thou shalt tell how, in hastening home to me, thou didst not fear the cold, dark nights, no, nor the stormy southern gales. They may be travellers' tales, yet I'll believe them, every one. Wherefore should I not smile on what I long for most? Oh, may the Morning Star, that has no rival in the fields of night, spur on his steed and bring with speed that happy day.

ELEGY XII

HE REJOICES AT HAVING AT LAST WON THE FAVOURS OF CORINNA.

COME, bind ye my brows, ye laurels of victory, for I have conquered; lo, in my arms I hold her, this wonderful Corinna, whom husband, watchman, oaken door and all such enemies to love, were guarding from the invader. This is a victory specially deserving of triumphal honours, since the prize, without bloodshed, has been gained. No lowly ramparts, nor towns with narrow moats begirt, but a woman it is that my generalship has won.

When, after twice five years of war, Troy fell, what, among so many claimants for reward, was the prize that fell to Atreus' son? But now, the glory of the day is mine and mine alone; no other can demand his share of the spoils. I was the leader, I the host, that took the citadel by storm. Cavalry, infantry and standard-bearer I. By no mischance did Fortune mar my feats. A Triumph then for me, the guerdon of my efforts! The cause of my campaign is no new thing. Had not the daughter of Tyndarus been carried off, the peace of Europe and of Asia had not been disturbed. 'Twas a woman who, when the wine was going the rounds, stirred up to mutual strife the fierce Lapithæ and the monstrous race of the Centaurs. 'Twas a woman who, in thy kingdom, good Latinus, forced the Trojans to begin fresh wars; 'twas woman who, when the City was but newly founded, did cause the bloody conflict when the Romans had to battle with the fathers of their wives. Bulls I have seen fighting for a snow-white heifer, which, looking on at the fray, stirred them to fresh exploits. Me too, as others oft before me, hath Cupid bidden march to battle under his banners, but mine was a bloodless victory.

ELEGY XIII

HE BESEECHES ISIS TO COME TO THE AID OF CORINNA IN HER CONFINEMENT.

MY rash Corinna, seeking to rid herself of the burden she bears in her womb, hath risked the loss of her own life. For having thus, unknown to me, courted so great a danger, she merits all my wrath; but wrath gives way to fear. Howbeit it was by me that she conceived, or such, at least, is my belief; for oftentimes my facts are only peradventures.

Isis, thou who in Parætonium dost dwell, and in Canopus' kindly meads and Memphis and palm-bearing Pharos and those plains where the Nile, quitting its mighty bed, flows and bears through seven channels its hurrying waters to the sea. By thy timbrels I entreat thee, and by the head of dread Anubis — so may the pious Osiris ever accept thy offerings, so may the drowsy serpent glide round about thine altars, and the hornèd Apis march in the procession; look mercifully on Corinna, and spare two lives in one, for thou to my mistress wilt give life; she will give life to me. Full often, on days appointed for thy worship, hath she sat within thy temple at the hour when thy priests enwreathè their brows with laurel.

And thou who takest pity on women who are suffering the pangs of childbirth when they seek to be delivered of the burden that stirs within them, come, propitious Ilithyia, and hearken to my prayers. She merits that thou shouldst count her among thy favoured ones; and I, apparelled all in white, will offer incense at thine altars. I at thy feet will lay my votive gifts, and this inscription will I add: "Ovid for Corinna's safety makes this offering." And all I pray thee is to justify these same offerings and inscription.

And as for thee, Corinna, if, in my panic, I may give thee such advice, I'll say to thee, once safely out of the wood this time, take heed thou enter not again therein.

ELEGY XIV

ON CORINNA'S RECOVERY HE WRITES TO HER AGAIN CONCERNING HER ATTEMPT AT ABORTION AND TELLS HER HOW NAUGHTY SHE HAS BEEN.

WHAT avails it that our women should be free from the perils of the field, that they should not be called upon, buckler in hand, to march with our doughty troops if, though far from the dangers of war, they wound themselves with their own shafts and with rash hands seek to compass their own destruction? She who first essayed to expel from her womb the tender fruit she bore therein, deserved to perish in the struggle she had invited. What, to avoid a few wrinkles on thy stomach, must the sand be strewed for a veritable scene of carnage?

If in the childhood of the world mothers had followed this wicked custom, the human race would have vanished from the face of the earth, and to re-people the world by sowing those stones whence our ancestors were born, a second Deucalion had been required. Who would have overthrown the kingdom of Priam if Thetis, goddess of the seas, had not been willing to bear her fruit until the term allotted by nature? If Ilia had smothered the twins she bore within her, the founder of the ruling city of the world would never have been born. If Venus had slain Æneas in the womb, the earth would have been bereft of the Cæsars. And thou, who wast born so fair, wouldst have perished had thy mother done that act thou hast just essayed. And I, who am more fitted to die of love, would never have existed.

Wherefore despoil the fruitful vine of the swelling grape? Wherefore, with cruel hand, tear away the fruit ere it be ripe? When ripe it will drop of its own accord, and once 'tis borne, let it increase at will; to bring new life into the world is meet reward for a few months of patience.

O women, why will ye desecrate your entrails with the instruments of death? Why offer dread poisons to infants yet unborn? We curse the Colchian damsel spattered with the blood of her own children; we bewail the fate of Itys, slain by her own mother. Ay, these were fell and cruel women; but their cruelty had its motive.

Each took vengeance on her husband by shedding his children's blood. Tell me, then, what Tereus, what Jason prompts you to rend your body with such desperate hand?

The Armenian tigresses behave not thus, nor dares the lioness destroy an offspring of her own. Such acts by dainty women are performed, yet not always with impunity. Many a time she slays herself who slays her offspring in the womb. She dies herself and with dishevelled hair is borne away upon her bed of anguish, and all who see her cry, "Well was her doom deserved."

But let my empty words be borne away on the wind; let my forebodings all be vain. Ye gods, be kind to her and punish not Corinna for her first misdeed. 'Tis all I ask; let your chastisement be reserved for her second lapse.

ELEGY XV

TO THE RING WHICH HE IS SENDING TO HIS MISTRESS.

O LITTLE ring that art going to encircle my fair mistress's finger, thou that no value hast save the giver's love that goes with thee, be charming in her sight. May she with delight receive thee and straightway slip thee on her finger. May thou fit her, as well as she fits me; and may thy circle, nor over-tight nor yet too loose, softly gird her finger.

Happy ring, thou wilt be touched by her I love. Ah me, already I begin to envy my own gift's happy lot. Would that the enchantress of the Ææan Isle or the Old Man of Carpathos would change me to a ring. Then, lady, I should wish that you should touch thy breasts and slip thy left hand underneath thy tunic. Off from your finger I should glide, however tight and clinging. As by some wizard's art, would I grow loose and slip into your bosom. Aye, and when she would seal her secret missives, so that the wax should not cling to the dry stone, I first should touch my fair mistress's moist lips, so only that I might never seal a word that would to myself bring grief. If she were fain to lay me in the casket, I'd refuse to leave her finger. I'd small and smaller grow so as to clip her the more closely. Never, my love, my life, may I give thee cause to blush for me, or grow too heavy for thy dainty finger. Wear me e'en when you take your bath, nor fear the water will unloose the gem. And yet, methinks, if naked I beheld thee, I should be consumed with desire, and that ring would like a man acquit itself.

Ah me! Why do I long for things that cannot be? Go forth, little gift, upon thy way, and may my mistress see in thee the symbol of my changeless love,

ELEGY XVI

TO CORINNA, BESEECHING HER TO VISIT HIM IN HIS COUNTRY HOME AT SULMO.

BEHOLD me at Sulmo, in the land of the Peligni. It is a little spot, but bright and clean with its streams of sparkling water. Though the scorching sun may crack the earth, though the Dog Star shine his fiercest, limpid streamlets wind their way across the fields of the Peligni and there the grass is always green. The land with corn is rich, and with the vine is richer still. The olive, too, flourishes in profusion on this light, loose soil. The rivulets meandering among the meadows clothe the moist earth with shadowy verdure.

But there my love is not. Or stay — my love is there, but not the object of my love. Nay, if betwixt Castor and Pollux you should set me, I would not dwell in heaven itself without you.

Let death be bitter and let the earth lie heavy upon them, who first drave their roads into the far-off regions of the earth. At least they should have bidden their mistresses go with them, if indeed they were compelled to furrow the world with their interminable tracks. So, even if I, benumbed with cold, had had to cross the windswept Alps, that journey, painful though it be, would have been sweet to me, if only my love had borne me company. With my mistress at my side, the Libyan quicksands I would boldly cross, and spread my canvas to the treacherous southern gales; with her beside me, I'd not fear the monsters that yelp at Scylla's side, nor yet thy narrow straits, O tortuous Malea, no, nor the waters which the unwearying Charybdis, sated with sunken wrecks, spews forth and swallows up again.

But if the might of the winds prevail, if the billows bear away the gods who would fain come to our assistance, fling thou thy snowy arms about my neck and freely the sweet burden will I sustain. Many a time and oft, to behold his Hero, Leander swam the straits; nor would he have perished, had not the darkness blotted out the distance from his sight.

Here, of my darling one bereft, though I gaze upon rich vineyards,

on fields watered with limpid streams, though I behold the river, at the husbandman's behest, unravelling itself in many channels, and see the leaves of the trees lightly stirred by cooling breezes, I seem not to be dwelling in the fair land of the Pelignians; nor in the familiar home of my ancestors, the place which saw my birth. Nay, I seem to be in the heart of Scythia, or among the grim Cilicians, or the Britons who paint themselves with green, or the rocks red with the blood of Prometheus.

The elm loves the vine, the vine clings to the elm; why, then, am I so often sundered from my mistress? And yet thou shouldst never leave me, for thou wast wont to swear, both by myself and by your eyes, my stars, that thou wouldst never quit my side. Lighter than autumn leaves, the empty promises of woman are whirled away and scattered on the bosom of the winds and the waters.

Howbeit, if thou hast any pity for me in my lonely state, begin to make thy words bear fruit in deeds. Quick, up with you into your little chaise, and with your own hands shake the reins about your horses' flying manes. And you, ye swelling hills, abase yourselves before her as she comes; ye paths in the winding vales, be smooth beneath her feet.

ELEGY XVII

HE COMPLAINS TO CORINNA THAT SHE IS TOO CONCEITED ABOUT HER GOOD LOOKS.

IF anyone deems it a disgrace to be the slave of a beautiful woman, well then, I will plead guilty to the charge. Let him declare me an infamous fellow if he will, only let the goddess who rules over Paphos and wave-girt Cythera treat me a little more gently. Alas, would that I had fallen captive to a sweet and gentle woman, since I was fated to fall to a lovely one. Beauty engenders pride. Corinna is so fair, there's no managing her. Poor devil that I am, would she did not know how lovely she is! It is her mirror that makes her so conceited, and she never looks in it until her toilet is complete. Even if your charms do make you proud and promise conquests, charms that were born to captivate my eyes, that is no reason why you should treat me with disdain. High and low may mate together. They tell that the nymph Calypso, fired with love for a mortal, made him tarry with her against his will. 'Tis well known, too, that a daughter of Nereus did not disdain to lie with the King of Phthia, Egeria with Numa the just, and Venus with Vulcan, limping withal and dirty as he came straight from his forge. These lines are not of equal length, yet the heroic metre matches well its shorter fellow.

Dear heart, take me on whatsoever terms thou wilt. Throned high upon thy bed, be pleased to let me know thy laws. I'll never raise an accusing finger at you; you'll never have to disavow our love.

Let my verses be to you instead of riches. More than one woman owes her fame to me. I know of one who everywhere gives out that she's Corinna. What would she not give to be Corinna in very sooth? But even as we see not the cool Eurotas and the poplar-fringed Po gliding along between the self-same banks, so none but thou shalt be the subject of my song, and thou alone shalt be my inspiration.

ELEGY XVIII

TO MACER: TO WHOM HE EXCUSES HIMSELF FOR GIVING HIMSELF UP WHOLLY TO EROTIC VERSE.

WHILST in your verse you are depicting the wrath of Achilles, and are investing with their first arms the heroes who are bound by their oaths, I, Macer, am tasting the sweets of repose in the shade of Venus, and tender love restrains the daring flight of my genius. More than once I have said to my mistress, "Enough of this, now go thy ways." And forthwith she would seat herself on my knees. Often I have said to her, "Verily, I grow ashamed," and she, scarce able to restrain her tears, would cry, "Oh, hapless me! Art thou ashamed of me already?" Then, flinging her arms about me, she would shower kisses upon me, kisses that are my undoing. Then it is all over with me. My mind is occupied with anything but fighting. The things I sing are deeds performed within four walls, my private wars.

Howbeit I have handled the sceptre; high tragic themes my pen has dared essay, nor did my powers prove too weak for that emprise. But Love did laugh to see my splendid cloak, my painted buskin and my sceptre wielded with such address by hands ne'er made to grasp it. Again did my mistress' needs drag me from these labours, and the buskined poet by Cupid was undone.

Since, then, it is my lot, the art of love I'll sing and try no other themes. Behold I am urged on amain by the force of my own precepts. Either I tell what Penelope wrote to Ulysses or paint thy tears, Phyllis, when thou knewest thyself abandoned. I write to Paris and to Macareus, to the churlish Jason, to the father of Hippolytus, to Hippolytus himself. I sing the lamentations of the hapless Dido, armed with her threatening sword; I sing the sighs of the Lesbian heroine that loved the Aonian lyre.

With what speed has my friend Sabinus hastened o'er the world and brought from countless divers places the answer to these letters! The chaste Penelope recognised Ulysses' seal, and the step-mother of Hippolytus hath scanned the reproaches which he addresses to her. Jason's sad adieux have reached Hypsipyle, and Sapho, lover of

Apollo, has but to lay at the feet of the lyre which she consecrated to him.

But you, too, Macer, who, sing of battles and the deeds of Mars, you, too, have told, so far as thy task allowed, of love and its treasures. Paris in thy poem hath a place, and the fair adulteress whose crime made such a bruit in the world, and Laodamia, who quitted not her slaughtered lord. If I know thee well, thou treatest of these subjects as freely as thou singest of battles, and from thine own camp often strayest into mine.

ELEGY XIX

TO A MAN WITH WHOSE WIFE HE WAS IN LOVE.

FOOL, if you don't want to keep an eye on your wife for your own sake, at least do so for mine, that it may whet my desire for her. What we can have for the asking we never want; to forbid a thing adds ardour to our longing.

He must have a heart like iron, who loves a woman he is free to love. As for us, who are versed in the art, we must have our hopes and fears, and we must have a few rebuffs to give zest to our appetite.

I don't want to hear about the happiness that never deceives. None of your steady-going, placid loves for me. My mistress must have something of the devil in her. That's a weakness of mine, and that, Corinna, cunning little minx, knew perfectly well. She knew only too thoroughly how to take me in her snare. How often, alas, have I known her, the lying jade, to say she had a dreadful headache, so as to keep me at arm's length, and how many times have I, despite the pangs it cost me, ruefully taken my departure. How many a time has she upbraided me, playing the injured innocent, when all the time it was she herself that was at fault. And when she had sufficiently tormented me, when she had revived the dying embers of my passion, she would relent and pander to my longings. How she would twine her arms about me, what loving words she'd lavish on me. How she would smother me with kisses, and, oh, ye gods, what luscious ones they were!

And thou, who just now charmed my vision, do thou too be cunning; turn often. a deaf ear to my entreaties; suffer me) lying at thy door, to endure the biting cold of a long winter's night. 'Tis the only way to make my love endure. 'Tis that that's needed, 'tis that that adds fuel to my passion. I

For me a plain straightforward love-affair's devoid of savour. 'Tis like a dish with too much sugar in it. My gorge doth rise at it. If Danaë within a brazen tower had never been immured, Jupiter would ne'er have made her great with child. Juno, by setting strict watch on

Io with her horned brow, made her, in Jupiter's regard, more precious than before.

He who desires the safe and easy way, let him go pluck the leaves of the trees and drink of the open river. Ah, my dears, if you would keep your hold upon your lovers, learn to misuse them oft. Alas! And must I give you lessons to my own undoing. It matters not. Let him who will, love the pattern woman who will always do as she's told; I can't abide her. I flee who chases me, and chase who flees me.

Now, you, good sir, who think your wife so very safe; from this day forth bolt up your door at night-fall; ask who it is that comes so often and taps so cautiously; what makes your dogs bark at the dead of night; what notes are those with which that servant girl so slyly comes and goes; ask why your fair one wants so often to have her bed to herself. Let these gnawing fears at length invade the marrow of your bones, and thus compel me to use some stratagem.

He's only fit to pilfer the sand of the lonely shore who can love the wife of a complacent fool. I give you solemn warning, if you don't keep watch upon your wife, she soon will cease to be my mistress. I have been a long-suffering individual. I hoped the day would come when your jealous watch would put me on my mettle. But you don't bestir yourself at all. You bear what never husband in the world should bear. Well, 'tis I myself will put an end to this too facile love.

Oh, luckless that I am! Will you never shut your door against me? Shall I never have, o' nights, to risk your vengeance? Shall I never have anything to fear from you? Will never the gasping intake of the breath disturb my sleep? You'll ne'er do aught would make me wish you dead. Do I, of all men, want an easy-going husband, a husband who would prostitute his wife? You poison my pleasure by your feeble acquiescence. Why don't you look for someone to whom such meekness would be welcome? If you wish that I should be your rival, then swear your rival I shall never be.

BOOK III

ELEGY I

THE TRAGIC AND THE ELEGIAC MUSE STRIVE FOR THE POSSESSION OF OVID.

HERE is an age-old forest which for many a year the axe has never touched. They say that it is sacred to a god. In its midst is a sacred well sheltered by a grotto, hewn out of the rock; and all around, birds sing their sweet complaint. One day, as I was sauntering in its shady groves, I fell to wondering what task should occupy my Muse.

And making her way towards me I beheld Elegy. All perfumed was her hair and right cunningly braided, and, if I saw aright, one of her feet was longer than the other. Her mien was staid, her form was comely; her dress of thinnest gauze, and, in her eyes, the light of love, and even her maimèd foot lent her an added charm. And Tragedy also I beheld, advancing with measured strides and vehement gesture, her hair dishevelled, her mantle sweeping the ground. In her left hand she proudly bore the royal sceptre, and on her feet she wore the Lydian buskin.

First of the twain she spake to me and said, "When wilt thou have finished with thy loves, O poet, heedless of thy great calling? At drunken revels they talk of thy wild doings, and at the crossways, too, thou art a byword. Often, as you pass by, men point you out and say, 'There goes the man whom cruel Love consumes.' Knowest thou not thou art the talk of the whole town, thou who with shameless tongue vauntest thy exploits in the lists of love? High time it is to essay a higher theme. Long enough hast thou been idle; take up a loftier argument. The subject-matter of thy songs hampers thy genius; sing the noble deeds of war. 'This,' wilt thou say, 'is the field that befits my genius.' The songs the fair may sing, thy Muse has gaily told, and to such wanton trifles thy early youth didst thou devote. But now to me thy genius consecrate, so unto thee my name of Roman Tragedy I may owe. Thy genius is equal to this lofty task." She spake, and leaning proudly on her brodered buskins, thrice, nay four times, she shook her head, shadowed with cloudy hair.

Elegy, if my memory serves me, gave me a sidelong glance and

smiled. She had — or do I dream? — a branch of myrtle in her hand. “Why, haughty Queen,” she said, “dost thou rebuke me with such weighty words? Canst thou never lay aside thine austere air? For the nonce, at least, thou hast deigned to combat me in verses of unequal length, and with the measure that belongs to me. Not that I dare compare thy stately verse with mine; thy lofty palace quite o’erwhelms my lowly dwelling. Light as the air am I, and just as light is Cupid with whom I love to sport. I’m just as airy as the subject-matter of my song. Were it not for me, even Cupid’s mother would lack something of her charm. I am the helpmeet and confederate of that goddess. The door that would never open for thy buskin, swings wide at the gentle accents of my voice; still, if in this respect my power is mightier than thine, I owe it to the patience with which I suffer many things which thou wouldst be too haughty to endure. It was from me that Corinna learned to hoodwink her guard, to force the lock of a well-fastened door, to steal quietly from her bed clad in a short chemise and to find her way noiselessly in the darkness of night.

“How often have I beheld myself hung on an unfriendly door, caring not a whit whether I was read by the passersby. Nay more; I remember that Corinna’s maid received me and kept me hidden in her bosom till her mistress’s grim guardian had turned his back on us. Shall I remind thee how, to celebrate thy fair one’s birthday, thou didst send me to her as a present, and how she tore me into fragments and cast me pitilessly into the water? ‘Twas I who first made stir within thee the fertile seeds of poetry; to me thou owest the happy talent which my rival would claim for herself.”

At length the Muses both were silent, and in these words I addressed them: “By your own selves,” I said, “I conjure you. With friendly ears, I pray, list to my faltering words. Thou offerest me, thou, the sceptre and the stately buskin, and even now from contact with thy lips, accents sublime have issued from my mouth; whilst thou, even thou, upon my loves bestowest immortality. Hear then my prayers and suffer me to wed the greater with the lesser verse; grant me, proud Tragedy, a little respite. Thy service needeth years, thy rival’s, merely hours. She was not deaf to my regrets; now may the tender loves make haste to profit by the time thus granted me; for, in

my rear, a far more weighty task is pressing on.”

ELEGY II

THE CIRCUS.

THOUGH I am sitting here, it's not in the least because I am interested in the racing; all the same! I want your favourite to win. What I've come here for is to talk to you, to sit near you and to tell you how tremendously I love you. So you are looking at the races, I am looking at you. Let us both enjoy the sight that pleases, both drink our fill of delight. He's a lucky fellow, the man you back; he has the good fortune to enlist your interest. I wish I had his chance; like a flash I should be at the starting-post, and let my horses run clean away with me. Here, I'd shake the reins about their necks, here, I'd let them feel the whip, then round I'd go within a hair's breadth of the turning-post. But if, in my headlong career, I chanced to catch sight of you, I should pull up and the reins would drop from my hands. Ah, how narrowly Pelops escaped falling by a spear at Pisa, through gazing on thy face, Hippodamia! Nevertheless, he won because his mistress favoured him. May all lovers thus triumph when their ladies want them to.

Why do you keep trying to edge away from me? You can't do it; we've got to sit close because of the seats. That's an advantage I owe to the Circus arrangements. But you, there, who are sitting on the other side of this lady, mind what you're about; don't lean on her like that. And you behind there; don't thrust out your legs like that; don't let your hard knee dig into her back. Mind, darling, you're letting your dress drag on the ground. Pull it up a little, or I shall have to do it for you. Ah, jealous dress, how you liked to cover her beautiful legs. Aye, and the longer you looked — oh, you jealous dress, you! Atalanta's legs must have looked like yours, when she was running — no wonder Milanion wanted to catch hold of them — and Diana's too, when, with uplifted dress, she pursueth the wild beasts in the forests, beasts less fearless than herself. Though I never saw them, those legs set me on fire. What would happen if I saw yours? You will be adding fuel to fire, water to the ocean. I can just imagine, from what I've seen, what those other charms are like that you

conceal so well under your dainty dress.

Would you like to have a little cool air in your face? If I wave this tablet a little it will refresh you, unless it's the warmth of my passion rather than the warmth of the air that is heating you, and lighting up such a charming flame in your heart. While I've been speaking, a horrid black smut has come and settled on your white dress. Begone, base smudge, from those snowy shoulders. But here they come; keep still and drink it all in. Now's the time to clap; the procession is coming in all its splendour.

First of all comes Victory, with wings outspread. Be kind to me, O goddess, and help my love to win. Three cheers for Neptune, you rash people that put your trust in the sea. As for me, I don't like it. I prefer my own bit of land. You, my soldier friend, shout loud for Mars, he is your god. I loathe fighting. I love peace and love that thrives with peace. Let Phœbus be propitious to the augurs, and Phoebe to the huntsmen, and you, Minerva, receive the salutations of the craftsmen. And you, ye tillers of the soil, give hail to Ceres and to kindly Bacchus. May Pollux hearken to the gladiators' prayers and Castor to the horseman's. For us, 'tis thee, sweet Venus, thee and the Loves, thy bowmen, that we greet with cheers. Oh, help me, tender goddess; change thou my fair one's heart, that she may let herself be loved. See, Venus nods, and seems to tell me I shall win. What she foretells, tell me yourself, I pray. Hear thou my prayer and — Venus forgive me — you will be greater than that goddess herself. I swear it, and all the gods that shine in that procession I call to witness, you shall ever be my darling mistress. But you've nowhere to rest your legs. Put your toes, if you like, on these bars. They've cleared the course now, and the big races are going to begin. The prætor's just given the signal. The four-horsed chariots are off. I see your favourite. Whoever you favour is bound to win. The very horses seem to guess your wishes. Ye gods, how wide he takes them round the turning-post. Wretched creature, what are you about? Now you've let your rival get ahead of you. He went round ever so much more closely. What arc you up to, foolish one? What's the use of a woman's backing you. For heaven's sake pull your left rein hard. Oh, he's an idiot, our man. Come on, Romans, have him back, wave your togas there. See they're calling him back. But mind they don't ruffle

your hair, waving their togas about like that; come and hide your head in the folds of mine.

Look, now they're starting again, the bars are down. Here they come, with their different colours, driving like mad. Beat them this time, anyhow; you've got a clear field in front of you. See that my mistress has her way, and see that I have mine. Well, she's got hers; but I must wait. He's won. Now I must see what I can do. She smiled, the darling, and there was a promise in her look. That's enough for here. Elsewhere you'll let me have the rest.

ELEGY III

TO HIS MISTRESS, WHOM HE HAS FOUND TO BE FORSWORN.

SHALL I believe any longer that the gods exist? She has broken her sworn oath, and her loveliness is unimpaired. Long was her hair before she took the gods to witness. Now that she has deceived them, it is just as long. The whiteness of her skin was suffused with the hue of the rose, and the rose still blooms on her snowy check. She had a little foot; her foot is still the daintiest thing on earth. Tall was she, and graceful. Tall and graceful is she still. Her eyes shone like stars; many a time with them has she deceived me.

And so the gods themselves allow beautiful women to break their vow, and Beauty herself is a goddess. It was, I remember, only the other day that she swore by her own eyes and by mine; it was mine that felt the smart. Ye gods, if the deceitful little thing has hoodwinked you, how is it you have punished me for her crime? It is true you did not hesitate to decree death to the daughter of Cepheus, in punishment for her mother's pride. If I have found you vain and ineffectual witnesses, if she plumes herself on having fooled us both, have I got to suffer for her perjury, have I to be at once her scapegoat and her dupe?

Either the gods exist in name alone, a mere chimæra invented to terrify the silly credulous rabble, or, if exist they do, they display gross favouritism towards women, and let them do what they like. It is only against us men that Mars is armed with his death-dealing sword; only against us that Pallas turns her fatal spear. At us Apollo aims his arrows. At us, and us alone, the thunderbolt is sped from sovran Jove's right hand. The gods have not the courage to punish the misdeeds of women, and not being able to terrify them, are themselves in terror of them. And are, we going on burning incense on their altars? No, men ought to have more spirit.

Jupiter demolishes sacred woods and citadels, but he withholds his wrath from perjured women. Out of the whole host of lying jades, only Semele perished by the flames. And that was because she was

so willing. If she had evaded the attentions of her lover, the father of Bacchus would never have had to do a mother's duties.

And why do I thus fall out with all the company of heaven? The gods have eyes, as we have, they have hearts like ours. If I were a god myself, I should never quarrel with a woman because she took my name in vain. I should swear that the jade swore truly, and I'd never be known for a crusty god.

But you, my dear, use the gods a little more sparingly; or at all events have a thought for your lover's eyes.

ELEGY IV

HE URGES A HUSBAND NOT TO KEEP SO STRICT A WATCH ON HIS WIFE.

IMPOSSIBLE man, you have set someone to watch the doings of your young wife. It is quite useless. A woman's only armour is her virtue. She alone is chaste who is not kept Chaste by fear. She who sins not because she must not, sins, just the same. You may keep her body intact, but she's a rake at heart. You can't keep watch upon a woman's thoughts. Nor, indeed, though you bolt and bar every door, can you safeguard her body. Though you think to keep the whole world out, there'll be a traitor within. Whoso is free to err, to err is less inclined. The very power to sin weakens the seed of vice. Do not, I pray you, prick on her desire by putting restraints upon her. Be easy with her and you'll gain your end more readily,

It was only the other day I saw a horse, impatient of the curb, rushing along with the speed of lightning; and then, no sooner did he feel the reins lying loose upon his neck, than he calmly came to a standstill. We are always eager for forbidden things, and yearn for what is denied us, like the sick man who longs for water because his doctor forbids him to drink it.

A hundred eyes had Argus in his forehead, a hundred eyes behind, but Love was often one too many for him. Danaë was immured a virgin in her eternal chamber of rock and bronze, yet Danaë became a mother. Penelope, though there was none to guard her, remained undefiled among a host of young and lusty suitors.

The more carefully a thing is guarded, the more we long for it. All this watchfulness and fuss is merely inviting the attentions of the robber. Few people want the pleasures they are free to take. It's not your wife's good looks, it's the fuss you make of her that makes men want your wife. They think she must be wonderful indeed thus to have captivated you. She may be a faithless baggage, the woman whom her husband guards so jealously; she may be a strumpet; she's, all the same, a treasure. The risks one runs in order to possess her count even more than the object possessed. A fig for your

indignation! I tell you, I only love forbidden pleasures. The only woman I care to have is the one that says "I'm terrified." Moreover, you've no right to treat a freeborn woman like a slave. You should only use foreign importations so. Doubtless you want her keeper to say, "I kept her chaste." You want your slave, I suppose, to get all the credit.

A man must really be a bumpkin who takes his wife's unfaithfulness to heart. He can't know much about the morals of the Capital. Why Ilia, who bore both Romulus and Remus after her affair with Mars, was not exactly a paragon of virtue. Why go and marry a pretty woman, if you want a virtuous wife? Good looks and virtue don't go hand in hand.

If you're a wise man, you'll give her a little more rope; you'll look a bit more amiable and not be always playing the stern husband and preaching about your rights. And cultivate the friends your wife will bring you; there will be no lack of them. You'll thus get the maximum of credit with the minimum of cost. Thus you'll always have plenty of gay young sparks around you and see about the house all manner of nice things you never had to pay for.

ELEGY V

A DREAM.

TWAS night, and sleep had weighed down my weary eyelids, when this vision came to terrify my soul.

On the side of a hill looking towards the south was a grove thickly planted with oaks, and multitudes of birds found shelter amid their branches. Beneath was a wide expanse clad in freshest green, watered by a stream which flowed on with a sweet murmur.

Beneath the shade of a leafy oak I was endeavouring to avoid the heat, but it was hot even in the tree's shade. And lo, grazing on the jewelled meadow, a white heifer came in sight, a heifer whiter than fresh-fallen snow ere it has melted into clear water; whiter than the foam on the milk of the ewe that has just been milked.

Near her was a bull, her happy mate. He lay down beside her on the thick green carpet; and as he lay thus at his ease, he slowly chewed the cud of tender grass. Soon, sleep robbing him of his strength, methought he lay his hornèd head upon the ground for very weariness.

Hither came a crow swiftly cleaving the air and, croaking hoarsely, lighted upon the green sward. Thrice did she plunge her ravening beak into the breast of the snow-white heifer, and then at length she flew away. But a black stain was on the breast of the heifer. And when she saw afar off bulls browsing on the pastures (for afar off other bulls were browsing on the pastures) she rushed away and mingled with them and sought out a spot where the soil was more fertile.

"Come," I cried, "come, interpreter of dreams, and tell me what, if indeed it hath a meaning, this dream of mine betokens." Then did the interpreter of the dreams of night ponder upon my dream, and thus at length he made reply. "The heat which thou wast fain to escape in the leafy shade, and which thou couldst not avoid, was the heat of love. The heifer is thy mistress, for of such whiteness is she. Thou thyself art the bull which was following his mate. The crow whose sharp beak tore at the heifer's breast was that old procuress who will

corrupt thy loved one. The long hesitation of the heifer and her final abandonment of the bull means that thou wilt be left cold on thy solitary couch. The wound and the dark stains beneath her breast show that she is not free from the soilure of adultery.”

Thus spake the reader of dreams; my cheeks were white and cold and the drear night spread out before mine eyes.

ELEGY VI

TO A RIVER WHICH HAS OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND HINDERED THE POET, WHO WAS HASTENING TO HIS MISTRESS.

RIVER, whose soft, muddy banks are overgrown with reeds, I am hastening to my mistress. Stay thy course a while. No bridge hast thou, nor oarless bark to ferry me with a rope across thy stream.

But lately thou wast just a rivulet, I mind me well, and fearlessly I traversed thee on foot, and in thy deepest part thou scarce did wet my ankles. Now, swollen by the melting snows from yonder mountain, thou rushest wildly on and along thy muddy course pourest a foaming mass of waters.

What did it boot me so to press my speed, to have snatched such scanty rest, to have turned night into day, if here I needs must halt, if to the farther bank I have no means to cross? Oh, wherefore, do I lack the wings which bore the heroic son of Danaë when he carried off Medusa's head swarming with dreadful serpents? Now long I for the chariot whence came the seed of Ceres, scattered o'er the stubborn soil. Alas these wonders, save in a poet's dream, were never wrought. Never were they seen of man, and never man will see them. But thou, O stream that overflowest thy wide banks, flow on within thy bounds, and so flow on for ever. Ne'er couldst thou bear the weight of public shame, if it were known thou stayedst a lover's steps.

Verily rivers should help an eager lover on his way, for rivers themselves have known the pangs of love. Pale Inachus, they say, was smitten with the charms of Melie, the Bithynian nymph, and his chill waters warmed with his love for her. Troy had not borne its ten long years of siege, O Xanthus, when Neaera drew thy gaze. What made Alpheus wander through so many lands if not his passion for a maid of Arcady? And thou, Peneus, when Creusa unto Xanthus was betrothed, hid her so 'tis held, within the land of the Phthiotians.

Why should I tell of Asopus, whom warlike Thebe took to her bosom, Thebe fated to give five daughters to the world? And thou, O

Acheloüs, if I ask of thee to-day, "Where are thy horns?" thou wouldst with sorrow make reply and say that in his wrath Hercules did break them off. What Hercules would not have done for Calydon, would not have done for all Ætolia, he did for Dejanira and for her alone. The Nile itself, the mighty river that through seven mouths flows to the sea and hides so well the secret of its source, could not with all its waters overwhelm the flame with which he burned for Evadne, Asopus' daughter. Enipeus, so he might embrace the daughter of Salmoneus, commanded his waters to recede, and, obedient to his command, those waters did recede. Nor thee will I forget who, flowing down thy rocky bed, waterest with thy foaming stream the fruitful fields of Argive Tibur; nor thee whom Ilia charmed, albeit in sorry plight was she, her hair, her features torn with her own nails, mourning her uncle's sacrilegious crimes, and the outrage wrought by Mars, wandering bare-footed in solitary places. Her, from his swift-flowing waters, the generous river saw, and raising his head above the flood called hoarsely to her, saying, "Wherefore in sorrow wanderest thou by my banks, O Ilia, seed of Laomedon of Ida? Whither hath thy raiment gone? Whither bendest thou thy lonely steps? Wherefore doth the white fillet bind not thy rangèd hair? Wherefore dost thou weep and mar thy brimming eyes with tears? Why thus in frenzy beat thy naked breast? A heart of stone or brass that man must have, who on a lovely face all stained with tears can look unmoved by pity. Ilia, fear no more; for thee my palace will fling wide its portals, my waters from all harm shall keep thee. Ilia, fear no more; over a hundred nymphs or more thou shalt be queen, for a hundred nymphs or more beneath my waters dwell. Oh, spurn me not, I pray, thou seed of Troy; gifts richer than my promises thou shalt have."

He spake; and Ilia, with downcast eyes, bathed with tears her heaving bosom. Thrice she essayed to fly; thrice she stayed her steps by the edge of the deep waters, for fear would not suffer her to flee. Howbeit, at last, tearing her hair with hostile hand, with trembling lips thus sorrowfully she spake: "O would to heaven my bones had been gathered up and laid in the tomb of my fathers while yet I was a virgin. Wherefore to marriage dost thou invite me, a vestal yesterday, to-day unworthy to tend the sacred fire of Ilium? Why should I

longer tarry? Fen now they point at me with scornful finger and exclaim, 'Behold the adulteress.' Let me die, and with me die the shame that suffers me not to raise my eyes without a blush." She said, and veiling with her robe her lovely weeping eyes, she cast herself despairingly into the swirling flood. The River, so 'tis said, upstayed her, placing his hand beneath her breast, and took her as a bride to the bridal bed.

And thou, like enough, hast burned with love for a maiden; but thou hast woods and forests to hide thy little failings. Even as I speak, thy waters swell still more, and thy bed, broad though it be, is not wide enough to hold the tributary streams that flow to thee from every side. What grievance hast thou against me, thou angry river; why dost thou delay the pleasures of a pair of lovers; why hold me up so roughly on my way? If only thou didst flow with waters of thine own, if only thou wert a river with a name, if thy fame throughout the world were known! But name hast thou none; thy waters come from little tributary brooks; thy source and even thy course are uncertain. Thy spring is the rain and melted snow, and these thou owest to sluggish winter. Either in winter-tide thou rollest thy turgid waters, or else, in summer, thy bed is but a dry and sandy track. What traveller then has e'er found water enough to quench his thirst and say to thee in thankfulness of heart, "Flow on, flow on for ever!"

Onward thou flowest, harmful to flocks and herds, more harmful still to crops. For these things let others grieve, my own ills suffice for me. Fool that I am, this stream I told how rivers love. It shames me to have spoken of names so great before so miserable a brook. What was I dreaming of, to speak to it of Acheloüs and of Inachus, and of thee, wide-flowing Nile?

Out on thee, muddy torrent. Scorching summers and rainless winters ever be thy lot!

ELEGY VII

THE POET REPROACHES HIMSELF FOR HAVING FAILED IN HIS DUTY TOWARDS HIS MISTRESS.

IS she not fair, is she not accomplished? Have I not long hungered to possess her? Yet she, yes, she of all women in the world, I have held in my arms and to no purpose. To my shame I confess it, I have lain like a lifeless hulk upon her couch, strengthless and still. Despite my longings, despite my loved one's longings, I could not stir myself into life. In vain about my neck she twined her ivory arms, dear arms, more white than Thracian snows. In vain her tongue she thrust and thrust against my tongue, and slipped her amorous thigh beneath my own; vainly she lavished on me all her sweetest names, called me her conqueror and said the things that women ire wont to say in such a pass; it was as though my members had been rubbed with chilling hemlock and knew no more the way to do their duty. Like to a trunk I lay, like to a lifeless statue, a useless mass, so that indeed she might have doubted whether I were in sooth a man, or but the simulacrum of a man.

What shall I do when I am old, supposing that I live so long, if I fail so lamentably now that I am young? Alas, I blush for my youth. I am young, I am a man, and I could not prove to my mistress that I was either. She left her bed, even as the holy priestess that watches the everlasting flame of Vesta, or as a chaste sister saying farewell to a beloved brother. Howbeit, it was but lately that I paid my debt twice over with the fair-haired Chloe; thrice with the white-skinned Pitho; thrice again with Libas; and, by Corinna urged, nine times in one short night I fought with honour in the lists of love.

Was it some magic philtre that benumbed my limbs to-day? Was it some incantation, or some poisonous herb that put me in such a sorry plight? Was it some witch that wrote my name on the crimson wax and plunged a needle into my liver? The corn, stricken by a witch's curse, soon dwindles into sterile grass, the springs run dry, the acorn falls from the oak, the grape from the vine and the fruit drops from the tree, though no one shake the bough. Since this is so,

why should not magic numb the nerves? Perchance 'twas magic that turned me into ice. And then, think on the shame of the thing! Yes, my very shame robbed me of my strength. Shame was the secondary cause of my undoing.

How fair, withal, was she on whom I was free to look, and whom I was free to touch, for I touched her, even as the shift she wore. At that sweet contact the King of Pylos would have grown young again, Tithonus would have felt strange promptings for his years. In her I found a woman; she found not in me a man. To what fresh vows, to what new prayer shall I have recourse to-day? Doubtless the gods regret they ever gave me such a prize, seeing the shameful use I made of it.

I longed with feverish longing to be admitted to her house; I was admitted; to kiss her, and I kissed her; to lie with her, I lay with her. What availed me my good fortune? To be a king and wield no sceptre? Like a miser in the midst of wealth, I owned my riches, but I could not use them. Thus was the prying Tantalus consumed with thirst, with water all around; thus saw the fruit on which he ne'er could lay his hand; thus in the morning, the husband leaves his wife in order to go stainless to the altar of the gods.

Maybe, you'll say, she did not shower on me kisses most passionate and most sweet; she did not do her utmost to excite me. The stoutest oaks, the hardest adamant, the sternest rocks would have been moved by her caresses. She would have moved any living thing, anything you could dub a man. But then, alas, I was neither living nor a man. What pleasure would the songs of Phemius bring to ears that could not hear? What pleasure would a picture give to sightless Thamyras?

What delights, withal, I had secretly promised myself, what different ways of enjoying her had I imagined. And yet my body, shame on it, was like a dead thing, more drooping than a rose of yesterday. And look at it now, and high time it is, see how it is coming back to life again; see how it is asking to be up and doing, to get to work once more. Why are you not overcome with shame, thou vilest part of me? That was how you made a fool of me before, promising what you did not fulfil. Through you my mistress was deceived, through you I found myself a defaulter, through you I

suffered the most painful affront, the most grievous damage.

And yet my mistress disdains not to incite me with her dainty hand. But seeing that all her arts were vain, that my body, forgetful of its former prowess, would give no sign of life, cried, “Why do you play the fool with me? Who asked you, madman that you are, to come to bed with me against your will? Or has some enchantress of *Ææa*, with her needle and her wool, bewitched you? Or have you been spending your strength on some other woman?”

So saying, she leapt from the bed with nothing on but her flimsy shift, and fled away bare-footed. And, as she would not have her servants know she had come unscathed from the combat, she went and laved herself with water to dissemble the affront.

ELEGY VIII

TO HIS MISTRESS, COMPLAINING THAT SHE HAS GIVEN PREFERENCE TO A WEALTHIER RIVAL.

A ND who now attaches any value to the liberal arts, or looks on poetry as worth a straw? Time was when genius was held more precious than gold; now, if you've no money, you are accounted the veriest barbarian! My books have the good fortune to please my mistress. They have the entrée to her; I, alas, have not. She has given high praise to the poetry, but on the poet she has shut her door. I am told that I'm a genius, yet they leave me to cool my heels where I can. Any rich parvenu who has swash-bucklered his way to wealth is set above me.

Can you, my life, really be so scatter-brained as to put your arms about him? Can you, my life, let him put his arms about you? Let me tell you, in case you know it not, that that head of his was recently covered by a helmet, and that a sword hung from that side which now is so devoted to you. His left hand, with the gold ring which fits it so ill, bore a shield; touch his Tight hand, and you'll find it bathed with blood. The man's a murderer! Can you really hold his hand? What has become of that soft heart of yours? Count those scars, the records of the fights that he's been through. All that he has, he won at the price of his blood. Perhaps he will tell you how many throats he has cut. And are you so greedy for money that you can touch such cruel hands, while I, innocent priest of Apollo and the Muses, vainly lay my verses at your unheeding door?

You, who are wise, learn not our useless poet's lore; learn rather to march with noisy troops and to follow the career of war. Instead of trying to be a poet, learn to be a soldier. Even if you were Homer himself, only thus could you obtain the favours of the fair. Jupiter knew well enough that nothing is so powerful as gold, and he won the virgin on whom he had cast his eye by changing himself to gold. So long as gold was not forthcoming he found himself face to face with an obdurate father, an inflexible damsel, doors of brass and a tower of iron; but no sooner did the would-be seducer arrive with

presents than she unveiled her bosom, and forthwith gave — what she was asked to give.

It was not thus in aged Saturn's reign. Then all the metals were buried deep within the bowels of the earth. Bronze and silver, gold and heavy iron to the shades he had committed. In those olden days no treasure heaps were seen. But better things earth gave than that, rich harvests from the unlaborious earth, fruits in abundance and stores of honey laid in the hollow oak. None ever broke the soil with the patient plough, no land surveyor parcelled out the soil; no oars smote the tossing waves. For mortals, then, the shores of the sea were barriers impassable. Against thyself, O Man, hast thou turned thy powers of invention, and used thy genius to invent evils untold. What hath it availed thee to girdle your cities round with towers and ramparts, and among men to stir up armed war? What is the sea to thee? The earth might have sufficed thee. There is another realm to conquer — the sky; wherefore attack it not? To the heavens, too, thou dost aspire, so far as thou mayest. Quirinus, Bacchus, Alcides, and, now, Cæsar have each their temple.

We dig the earth for gold instead of golden harvests. The soldier possesses wealth obtained by blood. The Senate shuts its doors against the poor; money paves the way to honours. Money makes the solemn judge, the haughty knight. Let them have everything; let them lord it over the Campus Martius and the Forum; let them decide on peace or war; but in their greediness let them draw the line at robbing me of my mistress, and I shall be content. They must leave something to the poor man.

But nowadays, any woman, be she as prudish as the Sabines, is treated like a chattel-slave by any man who can throw about his money. Now, I'm always stopped by this keeper fellow, and she says that she's in mortal terror of her husband. If I could afford costly presents, both of them would disappear as by magic. Oh, if there be a god who will avenge the unrequited lover, let him reduce such ill-gotten wealth to dust.

ELEGY IX

ON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

IF the mother of Memnon, if the mother of Achilles, mourned for their dead sons; if the mighty goddesses are not insensible to the blows of, Fate, then, plaintive Elegy, unbind thy sorrowing tresses; never, alas, did thy name so well befit thee as at this hour. Tibullus, whom thou didst inspire, Tibullus thy glory, is but a lifeless corpse that the flames of the pyre will soon consume. See how Venus' son goes with his quiver reversed, with broken bow and extinguished torch. Look you how sadly he fares, with drooping wings; and how with cruel hand he strikes his naked breast. The tear-drops fall amid his floating hair; his mouth gives forth the sound of broken sobs. So from thy palace went he forth, gracious Iulus, to mourn for the death of Æneas, his brother. Venus herself grieved no less for the death of Tibullus, than for the death of her young lover, whose groin was pierced by a wild boar, before her eyes.

And yet we poets are called sacred, the favourites of the gods. And some there are who behold in us a hint of the divine. Nevertheless, inexorable death profanes all hallowed things, and lays on all that lives his unseen hand. What could his mother, what could his father do, for Ismarian Orpheus? What did it avail him that he had tamed and softened with his song the creatures of the wilds? Linus came of the same father, and Apollo is said to have mourned him in the deep forest on his reluctant lyre. Then there is the Mæonian bard, the unfailing spring where the poets ever draw nigh to drink the Pierian spring. For him also came the day of death, the day that hurled him to the depths of dark Avernus. 'Tis poetry alone that 'scapes the all-consuming pyre. The work of the poet knows not death; the story of Troy's siege and all its toils and the unfinished web will ever be remembered. So Nemesis and Delia shall have a lasting name, the one his last, the other his first love.

What now can sacrifices offered to the gods avail thee? What can the *sistra* of Egypt do for thee now? What boots it to lie apart in a lonely bed? When I see how even the most virtuous are snatched

away by cruel fate, forgive me when I say I am tempted to believe that the gods do not exist. Live a holy life; despite your sanctity, you will surely die. Pay service to the gods; for all your piety, death will tear you from the temple and hurry you into the grave. Think you your poetry will save you? See how Tibullus lies low. With all that remains of so great a poet, you scarce could fill a tiny urn.

What, is it thou, O sacred poet, that the flames of the pyre have just consumed? They have not feared to feast upon thy vitals. They might have devoured the gilded temples of the mightiest of the gods, seeing that to thee they were so cruel. Venus turned away her head, and some aver that she could not restrain her tears.

Yet was the poet's lot less lamentable than if he had died among the Phæacians and had been buried unhonoured and unknown. Here at least a mother closed his misty eyes, and paid him the last sad rites. Here at least a sister shared her unhappy mother's grief, and with dishevelled locks came to sorrow over his grave. Nemesis and Delia both printed on thy lips a final kiss and quitted not thy pyre. Delia, as at length she turned away, said, "'Tis I was made the happier by your love; thou didst live while yet I was the object of your flame!" "What is that thou sayest?" said Nemesis. "What need for thee to bewail my loss? 'Twas me, as he lay dying, he clasped with his failing hand."

Still if aught remains of us but a name and a shadow, Tibullus will live on in the valleys of Elysium. Come forth to meet him, learned Catullus, come with thy Calvus, and wreath thy youthful brow with ivy. And Gallus come thou too (if they wrong thee who say thou wrongedst a friend), prodigal of thy blood and of thy life. Of these thy shade is the companion, and if a shade be aught, thou hast swelled the blessed throng, gracious Tibullus. Rest ye, his bones, at peace within the quiet urn, and may the earth lie lightly on his ashes.

ELEGY X

HE COMPLAINS TO CERES THAT, DURING HER FESTIVAL, HE IS NOT SUFFERED TO SHARE HIS MISTRESS' COUCH.

HERE is the yearly festival of Ceres come round again: and my lady has to sleep in a lonely bed. Golden-tressèd Ceres, with thy fine hair adorned with ears of corn, wherefore, on thy feast day, dost thou deny us our pleasure? All the world over, the nations laud thy generosity and no other divinity looks upon us mortals with more favouring eye.

In the earliest times the rude inhabitants of the countryside never baked their bread, and the threshing floor was for them a name unknown. But upon the oaks, the earliest oracles, grew acorns; these and the tender shoots of grass were the food of man. It was Ceres who first taught him how to plant the seed in the earth so that it should swell and, with the sickle, to reap the golden corn; she it was who first compelled the bulls to bear the yoke and clove, with the plough's sharp tooth, the ground that too long had been lying fallow. Can anyone believe that she delights in the tears of lovers, and that the way to her favour is to lie in lonely misery? Nay, though she takes pleasure in the labour of the fields, she is not coy and awkward, nor is her heart impervious to love. I call the Cretans to witness, and 'tis not all fable that you hear in Crete, so proud of having nurtured mighty Jove. There was reared the Sovereign of the starry realms; 'twas there that with his baby lips he sucked the sweet milk. Here the witnesses are worthy of credence; their foster-child will vouch for the truth of what they tell and Ceres, I think, will confess to a frailty of which the whole world knows.

At the foot of Mount Ida the goddess had perceived the youthful Iasius, who, with unerring aim, was slaying the wild beasts. She saw, and suddenly she felt her marrow on fire with a secret flame. On one side shame, on the other love, were striving to possess her heart. Love triumphed over shame. Thenceforth you might have seen the furrows grow dry, and the earth produced scarcely as many grains of

corn as had been sown. When, with the mattock, he had thoroughly turned over the soil and with the plough had broken the stubborn glebe, when he had scattered the seed evenly over his wide fields, the hopes of the husbandman were brought to nought.

The goddess who watches over the crops was dallying in the deep forests. The wreaths of corn had fallen from her long tresses. Only in Crete was the year fruitful and the harvests abundant. Wheresoever the goddess had passed, the earth was thick with crops. Ida, so rich in trees, grew white with corn and the wild boat cropped the corn in the woodlands. Minos, the lawgiver, wished for many such years and longed for the love of Ceres to endure.

The pain thou wouldst have endured, O fair-tressed goddess, if thou hadst been compelled to sleep away from thy lover, I am forced to undergo on this day that is hallowed to thy mysteries. Wherefore must I be sad, when thou hast found again a daughter, a queen only less exalted than Juno herself? Such a holiday invites to Love, to Song and to Wine. Such are the offerings it behoves us to make to the gods that rule the world.

ELEGY XI

WEARY AT LENGTH OF HIS MISTRESS' INFIDELITIES, HE SWEARS THAT HE WILL LOVE HER NO LONGER.

I HAVE had a lot to put up with, and I've put up with it a great deal too long. I am completely out of patience with you. My heart is tired out. Away with you, base Love! My slavery is over; I have escaped my fetters, and what I bore without shame, it now shames me to have borne at all. I've won the day; Love is vanquished. I trample it beneath my feet. True, I've been a long time plucking up courage. Fight on, my soul, and faint not. It is a wrench, indeed, but some day you'll be glad you bore this present pain. A bitter potion has oftentimes brought succour to the sick.

How could I have sunk so low, after so many rebuffs, as to he down on the hard ground outside your door? Could I for some other lover you had with you there, act the slave and play the watchman outside the door that was shut against me? I have seen him coming away from your house, looking a very worn-out warrior indeed. Seeing him was not so bad as being seen by him, all the same. May such a disgrace befall my enemies. Tell me when I have ever failed to be at your side, your escort, your lover, and your friend. You owe your popularity to going about with me. It's because I loved you that you got so many lovers. What's the use of my telling you about your lying tongue, and all the solemn oaths you've broken to deceive me? What's the good of referring to the ogling and winking that went on at dinner between you and your young admirers, and the code words employed to conceal the true sense of what you were saying. One day they told me she was ill. I nearly had a fit, and off I rushed. I get there and find-well, that she isn't too ill to entertain my rival.

There! there are plenty of other instances I could give, but that's the sort of thing I've had to put up with. Look and see if you can find another man who would stand what I have stood. Already I can hear the water rippling behind my vessel's stern, hung with the votive wreath. Farewell. No, I don't want any more kisses; and it's no good talking like that any more; it's waste of time; your words don't move

me now. I'm not the madman I used to be.-Yet oh, this wavering heart of mine! How it is torn this way and that, wrung simultaneously by love and hate; and love, I think, is winning the day. I will hate, if I am able; if not, I will love, but not willingly. The ox, too, loves not the yoke. He hates it; but still he bears it. Even as I fly your perfidy, your beauty draws me back. I hate the depravity of your soul; I love your body. Thus I can live neither with you nor without you, and I know not what I want myself I would that you were less fair or less wicked. Such loveliness goes ill with such evil ways. Your conduct bids me hate; your beauty bids me love. Hapless indeed am I; her charms outweigh the evil deeds of their possessor.

Forgive me, I beseech you, by the laws of our mutual love; forgive me by all the gods who lend themselves so often to thy false oaths; by that face that seems to me a thing divine, and by thine eyes which have made captives of mine. Whatever you may be, you ever will be mine. Thine it is to say whether you would have me a willing or unwilling lover. Ah, let us spread our sails and profit by the prospering gales, that, though against my will, I shall yet be forced to love.

ELEGY XII

HE LAMENTS THAT HIS POEMS HAVE MADE HIS MISTRESS TOO WELL KNOWN.

WHAT day was that, ye birds of mournful plumage, when ye sang things of evil. presage to my love-affairs? What star shall I suspect is moving counter to my fate, what gods shall I complain are making war against me? The woman who but now confessed herself my own, of whom I was the first the only lover, to-day I fear I share with many rivals.

Am I at fault, or is it my verses that have made her the talk? 'Tis even so. My genius hath made of her a wanton. And I deserve it. For why did I vaunt her beauty? If she sells herself to-day, mine is the fault. I am the power that hath made her please; 'tis I who have brought her lovers; these hands have opened the door to them.

Whether verses are good for aught, I much misdoubt me; they have always wrought me ill. 'Twas they excited envy of my treasure.

Though of Thebes I might sing, and Troy and Cæsar's mighty deeds, Corinna alone could fire my genius. Would to heaven that the Muses had been unfavourable to my songs and that Phœbus had deserted me when my task was but begun. Yet since it is the custom to give ear to what the poets say, I should not have wished my verses to have had no weight.

'Tis we who sang of Scylla stealing from her father's head his treasured locks and hiding in her womb the raging dogs. 'Tis we who have given wings to the feet and serpents to the hair, our song gave victory to Abos' child and the wingèd horse. 'Tis we gave Tityos his mighty stature, and to Cerberus gave his triple mouths and his serpent-crownèd head. Enceladus we made hurling the spear with a thousand arms, and through us a youthful sorceress overcame heroes by her magic spells. We imprisoned the winds of Æolus in the wine-skins of the Ithacan king; we made the prying Tantalus go mad with thirst, with water all around him; Niobe we changed into a rock, and a young maiden into a bear. 'Tis thanks to us that the bird of Cecrops sings Odrysian Itys; that Jove transforms himself into a bird, or into

gold, or, taking on the semblance of a bull, cleaves the waters with a maiden on his back. Why tell of Proteus and those dragon's teeth whence sprang the Thebans? Shall I tell of the bulls that spewed forth flames, and of the tears of amber that flowed, Orega, from thy sister's cheeks; of ships changed into sea goddesses; of the sun shrinking in horror from the sight of Atreus' dreadful feast and of the rocks that followed the music of the lyre?

Unceasing the genius of the poets pours forth, and recks not of the trammels of historic truth. Thus the praises of my mistress should have been looked upon as false. I have been undone by your credulity.

ELEGY XIII

THE FESTIVAL OF JUNO AT FALISCI.

AS my wife was born at fruitful Falisci, we went to visit those walls which long ago were conquered, Camillus, by thee. The priestesses were making ready to celebrate the festival of the chaste Juno by holding solemn games and by the sacrifice of a heifer native to the place. It was a strong motive for lingering there awhile, to witness the rite, though full steep is the path that leads to the scene of its performance.

It is an immemorial grove, and so dense is the foliage there that the daylight cannot penetrate the gloom. One needs but to behold it, to realise that it is the abode of a divinity. An altar receives the prayers and incense offered by the faithful, a rough-hewn altar made by the artless folk of olden days. From this spot, once a year, as soon as the trumpet has given forth its solemn note, the procession sets out and makes its way along the carpeted paths. Snow-white heifers are led along amid the plaudits of the throng, heifers nourished by the grass of their native fields, and calves whose brows are not yet armed with threatening horns, and the humble pig, a lowlier victim, and the leader of the herd with horns curved back over his stubborn head. The goat alone is hateful to the lady goddess, ever since the day when by a goat her presence was betrayed in a deep wood and she was forced to abandon her flight. And so, even now, the boys pursue her with their darts and she is given as a prize to the one that brings her low.

All along the way the goddess is to pass, boys and shy maidens strew the paths with carpets. Gold and gems sparkle in their virgin hair and the proud mantle hides their gold-decked feet. In the Grecian manner of their ancestors they pass on, Clad in white, and on their head they bear the sacred vessels entrusted to their care. Peep silence holds the people while the stately procession is passing by, and after her priestesses, follows the goddess herself.

The whole procession tells of Greece. After the murder of Agamemnon, Halesus fled the scene of his crime and the rich lands

of his forefathers. It was only after many adventures, both by land and sea, that with auspicious hands he reared a high-walled city. 'Twas he that taught the Falisci to celebrate the rites of Juno. May they to me, and to her own people, ever be propitious.

ELEGY XIV

TO HIS MISTRESS.

NAY, seeing how very beautiful you are, I won't deny you a few frailties. But what I don't want, and can't stand, is to know about them. No, I'm not going to take high moral ground; I'm not going to insist on your being a paragon of virtue and all that; but I want you to appear as if you were. A woman isn't guilty if she can deny the imputed delinquency. It's only confession that puts her out of court. How idiotic it is to prate every morning about what you did the night before, to proclaim in daylight what you did in the darkness.

Why, even a strumpet, before she attends to her customers, takes care to see that the street door is securely fastened. But you go blabbing about your misdeeds all over the place and seem to take a pride in putting yourself in the pillory. In future, if you can't be good, at least be cautious — assume a virtue if you have it not. Let me think you're running straight, even if you're not. You went off the lines yesterday — go off 'em again to-day, only don't go and cackle about it, and don't blush to talk like a decent woman. The time and place invite, we'll say; and you really feel as if you must. Well then, let yourself go completely; do everything you can think of; fling modesty to the winds; but only while you're there. When you come away, no more naughtiness. Let your doings be buried under the bedclothes. But while you *are* there, slip off your chemise without a blush and let him get his thigh well over yours. And let him thrust his tongue as far as it will go into your coral mouth and let passion prompt you to all manner of pretty devices. Talk lovingly. Say all sorts of naughty things, and let the bed creak and groan as you writhe with pleasure. But as soon as you have got your things on again, look the nice demure little lady you ought to be, and let your modesty belie your wantonness. Bamboozle society, bamboozle me; but don't let me know it, that's all; and let me go on living in my fool's paradise.

Why are you for ever sending and receiving letters under my very nose? Why is your bed creased and crumpled in every direction?

How is it your hair is in such a tousled state? You don't get it like, that in your sleep; and that mark. on your neck there, as though someone had had his teeth in it, what's that? Very soon you'll be at it under my very eyes. If you don't care what people say and think about you, be a little thoughtful about me. I feel like crumpling up altogether every time you come and tell me these things. I feel as if my blood had all turned to ice. Then how I love! And how I try to hate what I can't help loving; then I wish I was dead but with you dead beside me.

I shan't do any spying; I shan't keep on at you, when I see you ready to deny my charge. Your disavowal shall be your innocence. And even if I catch you in the act, even if I see you with my very eyes, just tell me it wasn't so and your words shall be more convincing than my eyes. It will be easy enough for you to vanquish a foe who only asks to be vanquished. But don't, oh don't, forget to let your tongue say "not guilty." When you can win so easily with those two words, well — just win, if not by the merits of your cause, at all events by the softness of your judge.

ELEGY XV

HE BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS WANTON MUSE, TO COURT ONE, MORE AUSTERE.

SEEK a new Poet, mother of tender Loves. I'm now rounding the last mark with my elegies. Those songs which I, a child of the Pelignian countryside, have written, have been a delight to me and they have not put me to shame. If it's anything to boast about, my title of Knight is an old ancestral one. I'm not a parvenu of the latest war. Mantua delights in Virgil, Verona in Catullus; I shall be called the glory of the Pelignians, of the people who so loved freedom that they did not hesitate to fight and die for it when Rome was menaced by confederate hosts. Some day when he sees Sulmo of many streams, close girdled by her narrow ramparts, the traveller will exclaim, "Little town, for all thy littleness, I'll call thee great, because thou wast able to produce so great a poet."

Lovely boy, and thou, Venus, his mother, pluck from my fields your golden standards, The god of the hornèd brow, Lyæus, hath struck me with a mightier thyrsus, and bids me urge my steeds over a wider plain. Farewell, ye dainty elegies, and thou, my kindly Muse, farewell; when I am gone, my work will still live on.

HEROIDES



Translated by Grant Showerman

This is a collection of 21 poems in elegiac couplets, taking the form of letters addressed by famous mythological characters to their partners, expressing their emotions at being separated from them, pleas for their return and allusions to their future actions within their own mythology. Although the authenticity of the collection has been questioned, most scholars consider *Heroides* as genuinely the work of Ovid. A new type of generic composition without parallel in earlier literature, the collection's first 14 letters are written by the heroines Penelope, Phyllis, Briseis, Phaedra, Oenone, Hypsipyle, Dido, Hermione, Deianeira, Ariadne, Canace, Medea, Laodamia, and Hypermestra to their absent male lovers. Letter 15 features the voice of the historical poet Sappho to Phaon, and the final five letters are paired compositions comprising a letter to a lover and a reply, with Paris and Helen, Hero and Leander, and Acontius and Cydippe.

The letters have been admired for their psychological depth of character, use of rhetoric and their unique attitude to the classical tradition of mythology.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)



'Odysseus and Penelope' by Francesco Primaticcio (1563). The first epistle in the 'Heroides' is written from Penelope to her long-absent husband Odysseus.

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I. PENELOPE TO ULYSSEUS

This missive your Penelope sends to you, O Ulysses, slow of return that you are – yet write nothing back to me; yourself come! Troy, to be sure, is fallen, hated of the daughters of Greece; but scarcely were Priam and all Troy worth the price to me. O would that then, when his ship was on the way to Lacedaemon, the adulterous lover had been overwhelmed by raging waters! Then had I not lain cold in my deserted bed, nor would now be left alone complaining of slowly passing days; nor would the hanging web be wearying now my widowed hands as I seek to beguile the hours of spacious night.

When have I not feared dangers graver than the real? Love is a thing ever filled with anxious fear. It was upon you that my fancy ever told me the furious Trojans would rush; at mention of the name of Hector my pallor ever came. Did someone begin the tale of Antilochus laid low by the enemy, Antilochus was cause of my alarm; or, did he tell of how the son of Menoetius fell in armour not his own, I wept that wiles could lack success. Had Tlepolemus' with his blood made warm the Lycian spear, in Tlepolemus' fate was all my care renewed. In short, whoever it was in the Argive camp that was pierced and fell, colder than ice grew the heart of her who loves you.

But good regard for me had the god who looks with favour upon chaste love. Turned to ashes is Troy, and my lord is safe. The Argolic chieftains have returned, our altars are a-smoke; before the gods of our fathers is laid the barbarian spoil. The young wife comes bearing thank-offering for her husband saved; the husband sings of the fates of Troy that have yielded to his own. Righteous elder and trembling girl admire; the wife hangs on the tale that falls from her husband's lips. And someone about the board shows thereon the fierce combat, and with scant tracing of wine pictures forth all Pergamum: "Here flowed the Simois; this is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of Priam the ancient. Yonder tented the son of Aeacus; yonder, Ulysses; here, in wild course went the frightened steeds with Hector's mutilated corpse."

For the whole story was told your son, whom I sent to seek you;

ancient Nestor told him, and he told me. He told as well of Rhesus' and Dolon's fall by the sword, how the one was betrayed by slumber, the other undone by guile. You had the daring – O too, too forgetful of your own! – to set wily foot by night in the Thracian camp, and to slay so many men, all at one time, and with only one to aid! Ah yes, you were cautious, indeed, and ever gave me first thought! My heart leaped with fear at every word until I was told of your victorious riding back through the friendly lines of the Greeks with the coursers of Ismarus.

But of what avail to me that Ilion has been scattered in ruin by your arms, and that what once was wall is now level ground – if I am still to remain such as I was while Troy endured, and must live to all time bereft of my lord? For other Pergamum has been brought low; for me alone it still stands, though the victor dwell within and drive there the plow with the ox he took as spoil. Now are fields of corn where Troy once was, and soil made fertile with Phrygian blood waves rich with harvest ready for the sickle; the half-buried bones of her heroes are struck by the curvèd share, and herbage hides from sight her ruined palaces. A victor, you are yet not here, nor am I let know what causes your delay, or in what part of the world hard-heartedly you hide.

Whoso turns to these shores of ours his stranger ship is plied with many a question ere he go away, and into his hand is given the sheet writ by these fingers of mine, to render up should he but see you anywhere. We have sent to Pylos, the land of ancient Nestor, Neleus' son; the word brought back from Pylos was nothing sure. We have sent to Sparta, too; Sparta also could tell us nothing true. In what lands are you abiding, or where do you idly tarry? Better for me, were the walls of Phoebus still standing in their place – ah me inconstant, I am wroth with the vows myself have made! Had they not fallen, I should know where you were fighting, and have only war to fear, and my plaint would be joined with that of many another. But now, what I am to fear I know not – yet none the less I fear all things, distraught, and wide is the field lies open for my cares. Whatever dangers the deep contains, whatever the land, suspicion tells me are cause of your long delay. While I live on in foolish fear of things like these, you may be captive to a stranger

love – such are the hearts of you men! It may be you even tell how rustic a wife you have – one fit only to dress fine the wool. May I be mistaken, and this charge of mine be found slight as the breeze that blows, and may it not be that, free to return, you will to be away!

As for me – my father Icarius enjoins on me to quit my widowed couch, and ever chides me for my measureless delay. Let him chide on – yours I am, yours must I be called; Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, ever shall I be. Yet is he bent by my faithfulness and my chaste prayers, and of himself abates his urgency. The men of Dulichium and Samos, and they whom high Zacynthus bore – a wanton throng – come pressing about me, suing for my hand. In your own hall they are masters, with none to say them nay; my heart is being torn, your substance spoiled. Why tell you of Pisander, and of Polybus, and of Medon the cruel, and of the grasping hands of Eurymachus and Antinous, and of others, all of whom through shameful absence you yourself are feeding fat with store that was won at cost of your blood? Irus the beggar, and Melanthius, who drives in your flocks to be consumed, are the crowning disgrace now added to your ruin.

We number only three, unused to war – a powerless wife; Laertes, an old man; Telemachus, a boy. He was of late all but waylaid and taken from me, while making ready, against the will of all of them, to go to Pylos. The gods grant, I pray, that our fated ends may come in due succession – that he be the one to close my eyes, the one to close yours! To sustain our cause are the guardian of your cattle and the ancient nurse, and, as a third, the faithful ward of the unclean sty; but neither Laertes, unable as he is to wield arms now, can sway the sceptre in the midst of our foes – Telemachus, indeed, so he live on, will arrive at years of strength, but now should have his father's aid and guarding – nor have I strength to repel the enemy from our halls. Do you yourself make haste to come, haven and altar of safety for your own! You have a son – and may you have him ever, is my prayer – who in his tender years should have been trained by you in his father's ways. Have regard for Laertes; in the hope that you will come at last to close his eyes, he is withstanding the final day of fate.

As for myself, who when you left my side was but a girl, though you should come straightway, I surely shall seem grown an aged

dame.

II. PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOON

I, your Phyllis, who welcomed you to Rhodope, Demophoon, complain that the promised day is past, and you not here. When once the horns of the moon should have come together in full orb, our shores were to expect your anchor – the moon has four times waned, and four times waxed again to her orb complete; yet the Sithonian wave brings not the ships of Acte. Should you count the days – which we count well who love – you will find my plaint come not before its time.

Hope, too, has been slow to leave me; we are tardy in believing, when belief brings hurt. Even now my love is loath to let me think you wrong me. Oft have I thought the gusty breezes of the south were bringing back your white sails. Theseus I have cursed, because methought he would not let you go; yet mayhap 'tis not he that has stayed your course. At times have I feared lest, while you were holding toward the waters of the Hebrus, your craft had been wrecked and engulfed in the foaming wave. Oft, bending the knee in prayer that you fare well – ah, base, base man! – have I venerated the gods with prayer or with burning of holy incense; oft, seeing in sky and on sea that the winds were favouring, have I said to myself: “If he do fare well, he is on the way.” In a word, all things soever that hinder those in haste to come, my faithful love has tried to image forth, and my wit has been fertile in the finding of causes. But you delay long your coming; neither do the gods by whom you swore bring you back to me, nor does love of mine move your return. Demophoon, to the winds you gave at once both promised word and sails; your sails, alas! have not returned, your promised word has not been kept.

Tell me, what have I done, except not wisely love? – and by the very fault I might well have won you for my own. The one crime which may be charged to me is that I took you, O faithless, to myself; but this crime has all the weight and seeming of good desert. The bonds that should hold you, the faith that you swore, where are they now? – and the pledge of the right hand you placed in mine, and the talk of God that was ever on your lying lips? Where now the

bond of Hymen promised for years of life together – promise that was my warrant and surety for the wedded state? By the sea, all tossed by wind and wave, over which you had often gone, over which you were still to go; and by your grandsire – unless he, too, is but a fiction – by your grandsire, who calms the windwrought wave, you swore to me; yes, and by Venus and the weapons that wound me all too much – one weapon the bow, the other the torch; and by Juno, the kindly ward of the bridal bed; and by the mystical rites of the goddess who bears the torch. Should all the many gods you have wronged take vengeance for the outrage to their sacred names, your single life would not suffice.

Yes, and more, in my madness I even refitted your shattered ships – that the keel might be firm by which I was left behind! – and gave you the oars by which you were to fly from me. Ah me, my pangs are from wounds wrought by weapons of my own! I had faith in your wheedling words, and you had good store of them; I had faith in your lineage, and in the names it shows; I had faith in your tears – or can these also be taught to feign; and are these also guileful, and ready to flow where bidden? I had faith, too, in the gods by whom you swore. To what end, pray, so many pledges of faith to me? By any part of them, however slight, I could have been ensnared.

I am stirred by no regret that I aided you with haven and abiding-place – only, this should have been the limit of my kindness! Shamefully to have added to my welcome of the guest the favours of the marriage-bed is what I repent me of – to have pressed your side to my own. The night before that night I could wish had been the last for me, while I still could have died Phyllis the chaste. I had hope for a better fate, for I thought it my desert; the hope – whatever it be – that is grounded in desert, is just.

To beguile a trustful maid is glory but cheaply earned; my simple faith was worthy of regard. I was deceived by your words – I, who loved and was a woman. May the gods grant that this be your crowning praise! In the midst of your city, even among the sons of Aegeus, go let yourself be statued, and let your mighty father be set there first, with record of his deeds. When men shall have read of Sciron, and of grim Procrustes, and of Sinis, and of the mingled form

of bull and man, and of Thebes brought low in war, and of the rout of the two-framed Centaurs, and of the knocking at the gloomy palace of the darksome god – after all these, under your own image let be inscribed these words:

THIS IS HE WHOSE WILES BETRAYED THE HOSTESS THAT LOVED HIM.

Of all the great deeds in the long career of your sire, nothing has made impress upon your nature but the leaving of his Cretan bride. The only deed that draws forth his excuse, that only you admire in him; you act the heir to your father's guile, perfidious one. She – and with no envy from me – enjoys now a better lord, and sits aloft behind her bridled tigers; but me, the Thracians whom I scorned will not now wed, for rumour declares I set a stranger before my countrymen. And someone says: "Let her now away to learned Athens; to rule in armour-bearing Thrace another shall be found. The event proves well the wisdom of her course." Let him come to naught, I pray, who thinks the deed should be condemned from its result. Ah, but if our seas should foam beneath your oar, then should I be said to have counselled well for myself, then well for my countrymen; but I have neither counselled well, nor will my palace feel your presence more, nor will you bathe again your wearied limbs in the Bistonian wave!

Ever to my sight clings that vision of you as you went, what time your ships were riding the waters of my harbour, all ready to depart. You dared embrace me, and, with arms close round the neck of her who loved you, to join your lips to mine in long and lingering kisses, to mingle with my tears your own, to complain because the breeze was favouring to your sails, and, as you left my side, to say for your last words: "Phyllis, remember well, expect your own Demophoon!"

And am I to expect, when you went forth with thought never to see me more? Am I to expect the sails denied return to my seas? And yet I do expect – ah, return only, though late, to her who loves you, and prove your promise false only for the time that you delay!

Why entreat, unhappy that I am? It may be you are already won by another bride, and feel for her the love that favoured me but ill; and since I have fallen from out your life, I feel you know Phyllis no

more. Ah me! if you ask who I, Pyllis, am, and whence – I am she, Demophoon, who, when you had been driven far in wanderings on the sea, threw open to you the havens of Thrace and welcomed you as guest, you, whose estate my own raised up, to whom in your need I in my plenty gave many gifts, and would have given many still; I am she who rendered to you the broad, broad realms of Lycurgus, scarce meet to be ruled in a woman's name, where stretches icy Rhodope to Haemus with its shades, and sacred Hebrus drives his headlong waters forth – to you, on whom mid omens all sinister my maiden innocence was first bestowed, and whose guileful hand ungirdled my chaste zone! Tisiphone was minister at that bridal, with shrieks, and the bird that shuns the haunts of men chanted her mournful note; Allecto was there, with little serpents coiled about her neck, and the lights that waved were torches of the tomb!

Heavey in soul, none the less do I tread the rocks and the thicket-covered strand, where'er the sea view opens broad before my eyes. Whether by day the soil is loosed by warmth, or whether constellations coldly shine, I look ever forth to see what wind doth sweep the straits; and whatever sails I see approaching from afar, straightway I augur them the answer to my prayers. I rush forth to the waters, scarce halted by the waves where first the sea sends in its mobile tide. The nearer the sails advance, the less and less the strength that bears me up; my senses leave me, and I fall, to be caught up by my handmaids' arms.

There is a bay, whose bow-like lines are gently curved to sickle shape; its outmost horns rise rigid and in rock-bound mass. To throw myself hence into the waves beneath has been my mind; and, since you still pursue your faithless course, so shall it be. Let the waves bear me away, and cast me up on your shores, and let me meet your eyes untombed! Though in hardness you be more than steel, than adamant, than your very self, you shall say: "Not so, Phyllis, should I have been followed by thee!" Oft do I long for poison; oft with the sword would I gladly pierce my heart and pour forth my blood in death. My neck, too, because once offered to the embrace of your false arms, I could gladly ensnare in the noose. My heart is fixed to die before my time, and thus make amends to tender purity. In the choosing of my death there shall be but small delay.

On my tomb shall you be inscribed the hateful cause of my death. By this, or by some similar verse, shall you be known:

DEMOPHOON 'T WAS SENT PYLLIS TO HER DOOM; HER
GUEST WAS HE, SHE LOVED HIM WELL.

HE WAS THE CAUSE THAT BROUGHT HER DEATH TO
PASS; HER OWN THE HAND BY WHICH SHE FELL.

III. BRISEIS TO ACHILLES

From stolen Briseis is the writing you read, scarce characterized in Greek by her barbarian hand. Whatever blots you shall see, her tears have made; but tears, too, have none the less the weight of words.

If 'tis right for me to utter brief complaint of you, my master and my beloved, of you, my master and my beloved, will I utter brief complaint. That I was all too quickly delivered over to the king at his demand is not your fault – yet this, too, is your fault; for as soon as Eurybates and Talthybius came to ask for me, to Eurybates was I given over, and to Talthybius, to go with them. Each, casting eyes into the face of other, inquired in silence where now was the love between us. My going might have been deferred; a stay of my pain would have eased my heart. Ah me! I had to go, and with no farewell kiss; but tears without end I shed, and rent my hair – miserable me, I seemed a second time to suffer the captive's fate!

Oft have I wished to elude my guards and return to you; but the enemy was there, to seize upon a timid girl. Should I have gone far, I feared I should be taken in the night, and delivered over a gift to some one of the ladies of Priam's sons.

But grant I was given up because I must be given – yet all these nights I am absent from your side, and not demanded back; you delay, and your anger is slow. Menoetius' son himself, at the time I was delivered up, whispered into my ear: "Why do you weep? But a short time," he said, "will you be here."

And not to have claimed me back is but a slight thing; you even oppose my being restored, Achilles. Go now, deserve the name of an eager lover! There came to you the sons of Amyntor and Telamon – the one near in degree of blood, the other a comrade – and Laertes' son; in company of these I was to return. Rich presents lent weight to their wheedling prayers: twenty ruddy vessels of wrought bronze, and tripods seven, equal in weight and workmanship; added to these, of gold twice five talents, twice six coursers ever wont to win, and – what there was no need of! – Lesbian girls surpassing fair, maids taken when their home was overthrown; and with all these – though of a bride you have no need – as bride, one of the daughters three of

Agamemnon. What you must have given had you had to buy me back from Atrides with a price, but you refuse as a gift! What have I done that I am held thus cheap by you, Achilles? Whither has fled your light love so quickly from me?

Or can it be that a gloomy fortune still weighs the wretched down, and a gentler hour comes not when woes have once begun? The walls of Lyrnesus I have seen laid in ruin by your soldier band – I, who myself had been great part of my father's land; I have seen fall three who were partners alike in birth and in death – and the three had the mother who was mine; I have seen my wedded lord stretched all his length upon the gory ground, heaving in agony his bloody breast. For so many lost to me I still had only you in recompense; you were my master, you my husband, you my brother. You swore to me by the godhead of your seaborne mother, and yourself said that my captive's lot was gain – yes, that though I come to you with dowry, you may thrust me back, scorning with me the wealth that is tendered you! Nay, 'tis even said that when tomorrow's dawn shall have shone forth, you mean to unfurl your linen sails to the cloud-bringing winds of the south.

When the monstrous tale fell on my wretched and terror-stricken ears, the blood went from my breast, and with it my senses fled. You are going – ah me, wretched! – and to whom do you leave me, O hardened of heart? Who shall afford me gentle solace, left behind? May I be swallowed up, I pray, in sudden yawning of the earth, or consumed by the ruddy fire of careering thunderbolt, e'er that, without me, the seas foam white with Phthian oars, and I am left behind to see your ships fare forth! If it please you now to return to the hearth of your fathers, I am no great burden to your fleet. As captive let me follow my captor, not as wife my wedded lord; I have a hand well skilled to dress the wool. The most beauteous by far among the women of Achaea will come to the marriage-chamber as your bride – and may she come! – a bride worthy of her lord's father, the grandchild of Jove and Aegina, and one whom ancient Nereus would welcome as his grandson's bride. As for me, I shall be a lowly slave of yours and spin off the given task, and the full distaff shall grow slender at the drawing of my threads. Only let not your lady be harsh with me, I pray – for in some way I feel she will not be kind –

and suffer her not to tear my hair before your eyes, while you lightly say of me: "She, too, once was mine." Or, suffer it even so, if only I am not despised and left behind – this is the fear, ah woe is wretched me, that shakes my very bones!

What do you still await? Agamemnon repents him of his wrath, and Greece lies prostrate in affliction at your feet. Subdue your own angry spirit, you who subdue all else! Why does eager Hector still harry the Danaan lines? Seize up your armour, O child of Aeacus – yet take me back first – and with the favour of Mars rout and overwhelm their ranks. For me your anger was stirred, through me let it be allayed; and let me be both the cause and the measure of your gloomy wrath. Nor think it unseemly for you to yield to prayer of mine; by the prayer of his wedded wife was the son of Oeneus roused to arms. 'Tis only a tale to me, but to you well known. Reft of her brothers, a mother cursed the hope and head of her son. There was war; in fierce mood he laid down his arms and stood apart, and with unbending purpose refused his country aid. Only the wife availed to bend her husband. The happier she! – for my words have no weight, and fall for naught. And yet I am not angered, nor have I borne myself as wife because oft summoned, a slave, to share my master's bed. Some captive woman once, I mind me, called me mistress. "To slavery," I replied, "you add a burden in that name."

None the less, by the bones of my wedded lord, ill covered in hasty sepulture, bones ever to be held sacred in my eyes; and by the brave souls of my three brothers, to me now spirits divine, who died well for their country, and lie well with it in death; and by your head and mine, which we have laid each to each; and by your sword, weapon well known to my kin – I swear that the Mycenaean has shared no couch with me; if I prove false, wish never to see me more! If now I should say to you: "Most valiant one, do you swear also that you have tasted no joys apart from me!" you would refuse. Yes, the Danai think you are mourning for me – but you are wielding the plectrum, and a tender mistress holds you in her warm embrace! And does anyone ask wherefore do you refuse to fight? Because the fight brings danger; while the zither, and night, and Venus, bring delight. Safer is it to lie on the couch, to clasp a sweetheart in your arms, to tinkle with your fingers the Thracian lyre, than to take in

hand the shield, and the spear with sharpened point, and to sustain upon your locks the helmet's weight.

Once the deed of renown, rather than safety, was your pleasure, and glory won in warring was sweet to you. Or can it be that you favoured fierce war only till you could make me captive, and that you praise lies dead, o'ercome together with my native land? Ye gods forbend! and may the spear of Pelion go quivering from your strong arm to pierce the side of Hector! Send me, O Danai! I carry many kisses mingled with my message. I shall achieve more than Phoenix, believe me, more than eloquent Ulysses, more than Teucer's brother! It will avail something to have touched your neck with the accustomed arms, to have seen you and stirred your recollection by the light of my bosom. Though you be cruel, though more savage than your mother's waves, even should I keep silence you will be broken by my tears.

Even now – so may Peleus your father fill out his tale of years, so may Pyrrhus take up arms with fortune as good as yours! – have regard for anxious Briseis, brave Achilles, and do not hard-heartedly torment a wretched maid with long drawn out delay! Or, if your love for me has turned to weariness, compel the death of her whom you compel to live without you! And, as you now are doing, you will compel it. Gone is my flesh, and gone my hope in you. If I am left by that, I shall go to rejoin my brothers and my husband – and 'twill be no boast for you to have bid a woman die. And more, why should you bid me die? Draw the steel and plunge it in my body; I have blood to flow when once my breast is pierced. Let me be stricken with that sword of yours, which, had the goddess not said nay, would have made its way into the heart of Atreus' son!

Ah, rather save my life, the gift you gave me! What you gave, when victor, to me your foe, I ask now from you as your friend. Those whom 'twere better you destroyed, Neptunian Pergamum affords; for matter for your sword, go seek the foe. Only, whether you make ready to speed on with the oar your ships, or whether you remain, O, by your right as master, bid me come!

IV. PHAEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS

With wishes for the welfare which she herself, unless you give it her, will ever lack, the Cretan maid greets the hero whose mother was an Amazon. Read to the end, whatever is here contained – what shall reading of a letter harm? In this one, too, there may be something to pleasure you; in these characters of mine, secrets are borne over land and sea. Even foe looks into missive writ by foe.

Thrice making trial of speech with you, thrice hath my tongue vainly stopped, thrice the sound failed at first threshold of my lips. Wherever modesty may attend on love, love should not lack in it; with me, what modesty forbade to say, love has commanded me to write. Whatever Love commands, it is not safe to hold for naught; his throne and law are over even the gods who are lords of all. 'Twas he who spoke to me when first I doubted if to write or no: "Write; the iron-hearted one will yield his hand." Let him aid me, then, and, just as he heats my marrow with his avid flame, so may he transfix your heart that it yield to my prayers!

It will not be through wanton baseness that I shall break my marriage-bond; my name – and you may ask – is free from all reproach. Love has come to me, the deeper for its coming late – I am burning with love within; I am burning, and my breast has an unseen wound. As the first bearing of the yoke galls the tender steer, and as the rein is scarce endured by the colt fresh taken from the drove, so does my untried heart rebel, and scarce submit to the first restrains of love, and the burden I undergo does not sit well upon my soul. Love grows to be but an art, when the fault is well learned from tender years; she who yields her heart when the time for love is past, has a fiercer passion. You will reap the fresh first-offerings of purity long preserved, and both of us will be equal in our guilt. 'Tis something to pluck fruit from the orchard with full-hanging branch, to cull with delicate nail the first rose. If nevertheless the white and blameless purity in which I have lived before was to be marked with unwonted stain, at least the fortune is kind that burns me with a worthy flame; worse than forbidden love is a lover who is base. Should Juno yield me him who is at once her brother and lord, methinks I should prefer

Hippolytus to Jove.

Now too – you will scarce believe it – I am changing to pursuits I did not know; I am stirred to go among wild beasts. The goddess first for me now is the Delian, known above all for her curved bow; it is your choice that I myself now follow. My pleasure leads me to the wood, to drive the deer into the net, and to urge on the fleet hound over the highest ridge, or with arm shot forth to let fly the quivering spear, or to lay my body upon the grassy ground. Oft do I delight to whirl the light car in the dust of the course, twisting with the rein the mouth of the flying steed; now again I am borne on, like daughters of the Bacchic cry driven by the frenzy of their god, and those who shake the timbrel at the foot of Ida's ridge, or those whom Dryad creatures half-divine and Fauns two-horned have touched with their own spirit and driven distraught. For they tell me of all these things when that madness of mine has passed away; and I keep silence, conscious 'tis love that tortures me.

It may be this love is a debt I am paying, due to the destiny of my line, and that Venus is exacting tribute of me for all my race. Europa – this is the first beginning of our line – was loved of Jove; a bull's form disguised the god. Pasiphaë my mother, victim of the deluded bull, brought forth in travail her reproach and burden. The faithless son of Aegeus followed the guiding thread, and escaped from the winding house through the aid my sister gave. Behold, now I, lest I be thought too little a child of Minos' line, am the latest of my stock to come under the law that rules us all! This, too, is fateful, that one hose has won us both; your beauty has captured my heart, my sister's heart was captured by your father. Theseus' son and Theseus have been the undoing of sisters twain – rear ye a double trophy at our house's fall!

That time I went to Eleusis, the city of Ceres, would that the Gnosian land had held me back! It was then you pleased me most, and yet you had pleased before; piercing love lodged in my deepest bones. Shining white was your raiment, bound round with flowers your locks, the blush of modesty had tinged your sun-browned cheeks, and, what others call a countenance hard and stern, in Phaedra's eyes was strong instead of hard. Away from me with your young men arrayed like women! – beauty in a man would fain be

striven for in measure. That hardness of feature suits you well, those locks that fall without art, and the light dust upon your handsome face. Whether you draw rein and curb the resisting neck of your spirited steed, I look with wonder at your turning his feet in circle so slight; whether with strong arm you hurl the pliant shaft, your gallant arm draws my regard upon itself, or whether you grasp the broad-headed cornel hunting-spear. To say no more, my eyes delight in whatsoe'er you do.

Do you only lay aside you hardness upon the forest ridges; I am no fit spoil for you campaign. What use to you to practise the ways of girded Diana, and to have stolen from Venus her own due? That which lacks its alternations of repose will not endure; this is what repairs the strength and renews the wearied limbs. The bow – and you should imitate the weapons of your Diana – if you never cease to bend it, will grow slack. Renowned in the forest was Cephalus, and many were the wild beasts that had fallen on the sod at the piercing of his stroke; yet he did not ill in yielding himself to Aurora's love. Oft did the goddess sagely go to him, leaving her aged spouse. Many a time beneath the ilex did Venus and he that was sprung of Cinyras recline, pressing some chance grassy spot. The son of Oeneus, too, took fire with love for Maenalian Atalanta; she has the spoil of the wild beast as the pledge of his love. Let us, too, be now first numbered in that company! If you take away love, the forest is but a rustic place. I myself will come and be at your side, and neither rocky covert shall make me fear, nor the boar dreadful for the side-stroke of his tusk.

There are two seas that on either side assail an isthmus with their floods, and the slender land hears the waves of both. Here with you will I dwell, in Troezen's land, the realm of Pittheus; yon place is dearer to me now than my own native soil. The hero son of Neptune is absent now, in happy hour, and will be absent long; he is kept by the shores of his dear Pirithous. Theseus – unless, indeed, we refuse to own what all may see – has come to love Pirithous more than Phaedra, Pirithous more than you. Nor is that the only wrong we suffer at his hand; there are deep injuries we both have had from him. The bones of my brother he crushed with his triple-knotted club and scattered o'er the ground; my sister he left at the mercy of wild

beasts. The first in courage among the women of the battle-axe bore you, a mother worthy of the vigour of her son; if you ask where she is – Theseus pierced her side with the steel, nor did she find safety in the pledge of so great a son. Yes, and she was not even wed to him and taken to his home with the nuptial torch – why, unless that you, a bastard, should not come to your father’s throne? He has bestowed brothers on you, too, from me, and the cause of rearing them all as heirs has been not myself, but he. Ah, would that the bosom which was to work you wrong, fairest of men, had been rent in the midst of its throes! Go now, reverence the bed of a father who thus deserves of you – the bed which he neglects and is disowning by his deeds.

And, should you think of me as a stepdame who would mate with her husband’s son, let empty names fright not your soul. Such old-fashioned regard for virtue was rustic even in Saturn’s reign, and doomed to die in the age to come. Jove fixed that virtue was to be in whatever brought us pleasure; and naught is wrong before the gods since sister was made wife by brother. That bond of kinship only holds close and firm in which Venus herself has forged the chain. Nor need you fear the trouble of concealment – it will be easy; ask the aid of Venus! Through her our fault will be covered under name of kinship. Should someone see us embrace, we both shall meet with praise; I shall be called a faithful stepdame to the son of my lord. No portal of a dour husband will need unbolting for you in the darkness of night; there will be no guard to be eluded; as the same roof has covered us both, the same will cover us still. Your wont has been to give me kisses unconcealed, your wont will be still to give me kisses unconcealed. You will be safe with me, and will earn praise by your fault, though you be seen upon my very couch. Only, away with tarrying, and make haste to bind our bond – so may Love be merciful to you, who is bitter to me now! I do not disdain to bend my knee and humbly make entreaty. Alas! where now are my pride, my lofty words? Fallen! I was resolved – if there was aught love could resolve – both to fight long and not to yield to fault; but I am overcome. I pray to you, to clasp your knees I extend my queenly arms. Of what befits, no one who loves takes thought. My modesty has fled, and as it fled it left its standards behind.

Forgive me my confession, and soften your hard heart! That I

have for sire Minos, who rules the seas, that from my ancestor's hand comes hurled the lighting-stroke, that the front of my grandsire, he who moves the tepid day with gleaming chariot, is crowned with palisade of pointed rays – what of this, when my noble name is prostrate under love? Have pity on those who have gone before, and, if me you will not spare, O spare my line! To my dowry belongs the Cretan land, the isle of Jove – let my whole court be slaves to my Hippolytus!

Bend, O cruel one, your spirit! My mother could pervert a bull; will you be fiercer than a savage beast? Spare me, by Venus I pray, who is chiefest with me now. So may you never love one who will spurn you; so may the agile goddess wait on you in the solitary glade to keep you safe, and the deep forest yield you wild beasts to slay; so may the Satyrs be your friends, and the mountain deities, the Pans, and may the boar fall pierced in full front by your spear; so may the Nymphs – though you are said to loathe womankind – give you the flowing water to relieve your parching thirst!

I mingle with these prayers my tears as well. The words of her who prays, you are reading; her tears, imagine you behold!

V. OENONE TO PARIS

Will you read my letter though? or does your new wife forbid? Read – this is no letter writ by Mycenaean hand! It is the fountain-nymph Oenone writes, well-known to the Phrygian forests – wronged, and with complaint to make of you, you my own, if you but allow.

What god has set his will against my prayers? What guilt stands in my way, that I may not remain your own? Softly must we bear whatever suffering is our desert; the penalty that comes without deserving brings us dole.

Not yet so great were you when I was content to wed you – I, the nymph-daughter of a mighty stream. You who are now a son of Priam – let not respect keep back the truth! – were then a slave; I deigned to wed a slave – I, a nymph! Oft among our flocks have we reposed beneath the sheltering trees, where mingled grass and leaves afforded us a couch; oft have we lain upon the straw, or on the deep hay in a lowly hut that kept the hoar-frost off. Who was it pointed out to you the coverts apt for the chase, and the rocky den where the wild beast hid away her cubs? Oft have I gone with you to stretch the hunting-net with its wide mesh; oft have I led the fleet hounds over the long ridge. The beeches still conserve my name carved on them by you, and I am read there OENONE, charactered by your blade; and the more the trunks, the greater grows my name. Grow on, rise high and straight to make my honours known! O poplar, ever live, I pray, that art planted by the marge of the stream and hast in thy seamy bark these verses:

IF PARIS' BREATH SHALL FAIL NOT, ONCE OENONE HE
DOTH SPURN,

THE WATERS OF THE XANTHUS TO THEIR FOUNT SHALL
BACKWARD TURN.

O Xanthus, backward haste; turn, waters, and flow again to your fount! Paris has deserted Oenone, and endures it.

That day spoke doom for wretched me, on that day did the awful storm of changed love begin, when Venus and Juno, and unadorned

Minerva, more comely had she borne her arms, appeared before you to be judged. My bosom leaped with amaze as you told me of it, and a chill tremor rushed through my hard bones. I took counsel – for I was no little terrified – with grandams and long-lived sires. ‘Twas clear to us all that evil threatened me.

The firs were felled, the timbers hewn; your fleet was ready, and the deep-blue wave received the waxèd crafts. Your tears fell as you left me – this, at least, deny not! We mingled our weeping, each a prey to grief; the elm is not so closely clasped by the clinging vine as was my neck by your embracing arms. Ah, how oft, when you complained that you were kept by the wind, did you comrades smile! – that wind was favouring. How oft, when you had taken your leave of me, did you return to ask another kiss! How your tongue could scarce endure to say “Farewell!”

A light breeze stirs the sails that hang idly from the rigid mast, and the water foams white with the churning of the oar. In wretchedness I follow with my eyes the departing sails as far as I may, and the sand is humid with my tears; that you may swiftly come again, I pray the sea-green daughters of Nereus – yes, that you may swiftly come to my undoing! Expected to return in answer to my vows, have you returned for the sake of another? Ah me, ‘twas for the sake of a cruel rival that my persuasive prayers were made!

A mass of native rock looks down upon the unmeasured deep – a mountain it really is; it stays the billows of the sea. From here I was the first to spy and know the sails of your bark, and my heart’s impulse was to rush through the waves to you. While I delayed, on the highest of the prow I saw the gleam of purple – fear seized upon me; that was not the manner of your garb. The craft comes nearer, borne on a freshening breeze, and touches the shore; with trembling heart I have caught the sight of a woman’s face. And this was not enough – why was I mad enough to stay and see? – in your embrace that shameless woman clung! Then indeed did I rend my bosom and beat my breast, and with the hard nail furrowed my streaming cheeks, and filled holy Ida with wailing cries of lamentation; yonder to the rocks I love I bore my tears. So may Helen’s grief be, and so her lamentation, when she is deserted by her love; and what she was first to bring on me may she herself endure!

Your pleasure now is in jades who follow you over the open sea, leaving behind their lawful-wedded lords; but when you were poor and shepherded the flocks, Oenone was your wife, poor though you were, and none else. I am not dazzled by your wealth, nor am I touched by thought of your palace, nor would I be called one of the many wives of Priam's sons – yet not that Priam would disdain a nymph as wife to his son, or that Hecuba would have to hide her kinship with me; I am worthy of being, and I desire to be, the matron of a puissant lord; my hands are such as the sceptre could well beseem. Nor despise me because once I pressed with you the beechen frond; I am better suited for the purpled marriage-bed.

Remember, too, my love can bring no harm; it will beget you no wars, nor bring avenging ships across the wave. The Tyndarid runaway is now demanded back by an enemy under arms; this is the dower the dame brings proudly to your marriage-chamber. Whether she should be rendered back to the Danai, ask Hector your brother, if you will, or Deiphobus and Polydamas; take counsel with grave Antenor, find out what Priam's self persuades, whose long lives have made them wise. 'Tis but a base beginning, to prize a stolen mistress more than your native land. Your case is one that calls for shame; just are the arms her lord takes up.

Think not, too, if you are wise, that the Laconian will be faithful – she who so quickly turned to your embrace. Just as the younger Atrides cries out at the violation of his marriage-bed, and feels his painful wound from the wife who loves another, you too will cry. By no art may purity once wounded be made whole; 'tis lost, lost once and for all. Is she ardent with love for you? So, too, she loved Menelaus. He, trusting fool that he was, lies now in a deserted bed. Happy Andromache, well wed to a constant mate! I was a wife to whom you should have clung after your brother's pattern; but you – are lighter than leaves what time their juice has failed, and dry they flutter in the shifting breeze; you have less weight than the tip of the spear of grain, burned light and crisp by ever-shining suns.

This, once upon a time – for I call it back to mind – your sister sang to me, with locks let loose, foreseeing what should come: "What art thou doing, Oenone? Why commit seeds to sand? Thou art ploughing the shores with oxen that will accomplish naught. A Greek

heifer is one the way, to ruin thee, thy home-land, and thy house! Ho, keep her far! A Greek heifer is coming! While yet ye may, sink in the deep the unclean ship! Alas, how much of Phrygian blood it hath aboard!”

She ceased to speak; her slaves seized on her as she madly ran. And I – my golden locks stood stiffly up. Ah, all too true a prophetess you were to my poor self – she has them, lo, the heifer has my pastures! Let her seem how fair soever of face, none the less she surely is a jade; smitten with a stranger, she left behind her marriage-gods. Theseus – unless I mistake the name – one Theseus, even before, had stolen her away from her father’s land. Is it to be thought she was rendered back a maid, by a young man and eager? Whence have I learned this so well? You ask. I love. You may call it violence and veil the fault in the word; yet she who has been so often stolen has surely lent herself to theft. But Oenone remains chaste, false though her husband prove – and, after your own example, she might have played you false.

Me, the swift Satyrs, a wanton rout with nimble foot, used to come in quest of – where I would lie hidden in covert of the wood – and Faunus, with hornèd head girt round with sharp pine needles, where Ida swells in boundless ridges. Me, the builder of Troy, well known for keeping faith, loved, and let my hands into the secret of his gifts. Whatever herb potent for aid, whatever root that is used for healing grows in all the world, is mine. Alas, wretched me, that love may not be healed by herbs! Skilled in an art, I am left helpless by the very art I know.

The aid that neither earth, fruitful in the bringing forth of herbs, nor a god himself, can give, you have the power to bestow on me. You can bestow it, and I have merited – have pity on a deserving maid! I come with no Danai, and bear no bloody armour – but I am yours, and I was your mate in childhood’s years, and yours through all time to come I pray to be!

VI. HYPsipYLE TO JASON

You are said to have touched the shores of Thessaly with safe-returning keel, rich in the fleece of the golden ram. I speak you well for your safety – so far as you give me chance; yet of this very thing I should have been informed by message of your own. For the winds might have failed you, even though you longed to see me, and kept you from returning by way of the realms I pledged to you; but a letter may be written, howe'er adverse the wind. Hypsipyle deserved the sending of a greeting.

Why was it rumour brought me tidings of you, rather than lines from your hand? – tidings that the sacred bulls of Mars had received the curving yoke; that at the scattering of the seed there sprang forth the harvest of men, who for their doom had no need of your right arm; that the spoil of the ram, the deep-gold fleece the unsleeping dragon guarded, had nevertheless been stolen away by your bold hand. Could I say to those who are slow to credit these reports, "He has written me this with his own hand," how proud should I be!

But why complain that my lord has been slow in his duty? I shall think myself treated with all indulgence, so I remain yours. A barbarian poisoner, so the story goes, has come with you, admitted to share the marriage-couch you promised me. Love is quick to believe; may it prove that I am hasty, and have brought a groundless charge against my lord! Only now from Haemonian borders came a Thessalian stranger to my gates. Scarce had he well touched the threshold, when I cried, "How doth my lord, the son of Aeson?" Speechless he stood in embarrassment, his eyes fixed fast upon the ground. I straight leaped up, and rent the garment from my breast. "Lives he?" I cried, "or must fate call me too?" "He lives," was his reply. Full of fears is love; I made him say it on his oath. Scarce with a god to witness could I believe you living.

When calm of mind returned, I began to ask of your fortunes. He tells me of the brazen-footed oxen of Mars, how they ploughed, of the serpent's teeth scattered upon the ground in way of seed, of men sprung suddenly forth and bearing arms – earth-born peoples slain in combat with their fellows, filling out the fates of their lives in the

space of a day. He tells of the dragon overcome. Again I ask if Jason lives; hope and fear bring trust and mistrust by turns.

While he tells the details of his story, such are the eagerness and quickness of his speech that of his own nature he reveals the wounds that have been dealt me. Alas! where is the faith that was promised me? Where the bonds of wedlock, and the marriage torch, more fit to set ablaze my funeral pile? I was not made acquainted with you in stealthy wise; Juno was there to join us when we were wed, and Hymen, his temples bound with wreaths. And yet neither Juno nor Hymen, but gloomy Erinys, stained with blood, carried before me the unhallowed torch.

What had I with the Minyae, or Dodona's pine? What had you with my native land, O helmsman Tiphys? There was here no ram, sightly with golden fleece, nor was Lemnos the royal home of old Aeëtes. I was resolved at first – but my ill fate drew me on – to drive out with my women's ban the stranger troop; the women of Lemnos know – yea, even too well – how to vanquish men. I should have let a soldiery so brave defend my cause.

But I looked on the man in my city; I welcomed him under my roof and into my heart! Here twice the summer fled for you, here twice the winter. It was the third harvest when you were compelled to set sail, and with your tears poured forth such words as these: "I am sundered from thee, Hypsipyle; but so the fates grant me return, thine own I leave thee now, and thine own will I ever be. What lieth heavy in thy bosom from me – may it come to live, and may we both share in its parentage!"

Thus did you speak; and with tears streaming down your false face I remember you could say no more.

You are the last of your band to board the sacred Argo. It flies upon its way; the wind bellies out the sail; the dark-blue wave glides from under the keel as it drives along; your gaze is on the land, and mine is on the sea. There is a tower that looks from every side upon the waters round about; thither I betake myself, my face and bosom wet with tears. Through my tears I gaze; my eyes are gracious to my eager heart, and see farther than their wont. Add thereto pure-hearted prayers, and vows mingled with fears – vows which I must now fulfil, since you are safe.

And am I to absolve these vows – vows but for Medea to enjoy? My heart is sick, and surges with mingled wrath and love. Am I to bear gifts to the shrines because Jason lives, though mine no more? Is a victim to fall beneath the stroke for the loss that has come to me?

No, I never felt secure; but my fear was ever that your sire would look to an Argolic city for a bride to his son. 'Twas the daughters of Argolis I feared – yet my ruin has been a barbarian jade! The would I feel is not from the foe whence I thought to see it come. It is neither by her beauty nor by her merits that she wins you, but by the incantations she knows and the baneful herbs she cuts with enchanted knife. She is one to strive to draw down from its course the unwilling moon, and to hide in darkness the horses of the sun; she curbs the waters and stays the down-winding streams; she moves from their places the woods and the living rocks. Among sepulchres she stalks, ungirded, with hair flowing loose, and gathers from the yet warm funeral pyre the appointed bones. She vows to their doom the absent, fashions the waxen image, and into its wretched heart drives the slender needle – and other deeds 'twere better not to know. Ill sought by herbs is love that should be won by virtue and by beauty.

A woman like this can you embrace? Can you be left in the same chamber with her and not feel fear, and enjoy the slumber of the silent night? Surely, she must have forced you to bear the yoke, just as she forced the bulls, and has you subdued by the same means she uses with fierce dragons. Add that she has her name writ in the record of your own and your heroes' exploits, and the wife obscures the glory of the husband. And someone of the partisans of Pelias imputes your deeds to her poisons, and wins the people to believe: "This fleece of gold from the ram of Phrixus the son of Aeson did not seize away, but the Phasian girl, Aeëtes child." Your mother Alcimede – ask counsel of your mother – favours her not, nor your sire, who sees his son's bride come from the frozen north. Let her seek for herself a husband – from the Tanais, from the marshes of watery Scythia, even from her own land of Phasis!

O changeable son of Aeson, more uncertain than the breezes of springtime, why lack your words the weight a promise claims? My own you went forth hence; my own you have not returned. Let me be

your wedded mate now you are come back, as I was when you set forth! If noble blood and generous lineage move you – lo, I am known as daughter of Minoan Thoas! Bacchus was my grandsire; the bride of Bacchus, with crown-encircled brow, outshines with her stars the lesser constellations. Lemnos will be my marriage portion, land kindly-natured to the husbandman; and me, too, you will possess among the subjects my dowry brings.

And now, too, I have brought forth; rejoice for us both, Jason! Sweet was the burden that I bore – its author had made it so. I am happy in the number, too, for by Lucina's kindly favour I have brought forth twin offspring, a pledge for each of us. If you ask whom they resemble, I answer, yourself is seen in them. The ways of deceit they know not; for the rest, they are like their father. I almost gave them to be carried to you, their mother's ambassadors; but thought of the cruel stepdame turned me back from the path I would have trod. 'Twas Medea I feared. Medea is more than a stepdame; the hands of Medea are fitted for any crime.

Would she who could tear her brother limb from limb and strew him o'er the fields be one to spare my pledges? Such is she, such the woman, O madman swept from your senses by the poisons of Colchis, for whom you are said to have slighted the marriage-bed with Hypsipyle! Base and shameless was the way that mad became your bride; but the bond that gave me to you, and you to me, was chaste. She betrayed her sire; I rescued from death my father Thoas. She deserted the Colchians; my Lemnos has me still. What matters aught, if sin is to be set before devotion, and she has won her husband with the very crime she brought him as her dower?

The vengeful deed of the Lemnian women I condemn, Jason, I do not marvel at it; passion itself drives the weak, however powerless, to take up arms. Come, say, what if, driven by unfriendly gales, you had entered my harbours, as 'twere fitting you had done, you and your companion, and I had come forth to meet you with my twin babes – surely you must have prayed earth to yawn for you – with what countenance could you have gazed upon your children, O wretched man, with what countenance upon me? What death would you not deserve as the price of your perfidy? And yet you yourself would have met with safety and protection at my hands – not that

you deserved, but that I was merciful. But as for your mistress – with my own hand I would have dashed my face with her blood, and your face, that she stole away with her poisonous arts! I would have been Medea to Medea!

But if in any way just Jupiter himself from on high attends to my prayers, may the woman who intrudes upon my marriage-bed suffer the woes in which Hypsipyle groans, and feel the lot she herself now brings on me; and as I am now left alone, wife and mother of two babes, so may she one day be reft of as many babes, and of her husband! Nor may she long keep her ill-gotten gains, but leave them in worse hap – let her be an exile, and seek a refuge through the entire world! A bitter sister to her brother, a bitter daughter to her wretched sire, may she be as bitter to her children, and as bitter to her husband! When she shall have no hope more of refuge by the sea or by the land, let her make trial of the air; let her wander, destitute, bereft of hope, stained red with the blood of her murders! This fate do I, the daughter of Thoas, cheated of my wedded state, in prayer call down upon you. Live on, a wife and husband, accursed in your bed!

VII. DIDO TO AENEAS

Thus, at the summons of fate, casting himself down amid the watery grasses by the shallows of Maeander, sings the white swan.

Not because I hope you may be moved by prayer of mine do I address you – for with God's will adverse I have begun the words you read; but because, after wretched losing of desert, of reputation, and of purity of body and soul, the losing of words is a matter slight indeed.

Are you resolved none the less to go, and to abandon wretched Dido, and shall the same winds bear away from me at once your sails and your promises? Are you resolved, Aeneas, to break at the same time from your moorings and from your pledge, and to follow after the fleeting realms of Italy, which lie you know not where? and does new-founded Carthage not touch you, nor her rising walls, nor the sceptre of supreme power placed in your hand? What is achieved, you turn you back upon; what is to be achieved, you ever pursue. One land has been sought and gained, and ever must another be sought, through the wide world. Yet, even should you find the land of your desire, who will give it over to you for your own? Who will deliver his fields to unknown hands to keep? A second love remains for you to win, and a second Dido; a second pledge to give, and a second time to prove false. When will it be your fortune, think you, to found a city like to Carthage, and from the citadel on high to look down upon peoples of your own? Should your every wish be granted, even should you meet with no delay in the answering of your prayers, whence will come the wife to love you as I?

I am all ablaze with love, like torches of wax tipped with sulphur, like pious incense placed on smoking altar-fires. Aeneas my eyes cling to through all my waking hours; Aeneas is my heart through the night and through the day. 'Tis true he is in ingrate, and unresponsive to my kindnesses, and were I not fond I should be willing to have him go; yet, however ill his thought of me, I hate him not, but only complain of his faithlessness, and when I have complained I do but love more madly still. Spare, O Venus, the bride of thy son; lay hold of thy hard-hearted brother, O brother Love, and make him to serve

in thy camp! Or make him to whom I have let my love go forth – I first, and with never shame for it – yield me himself, the object of my care!

Ah, vain delusion! the fancy that flits before my mind is not the truth; far different his heart from his mother's. Of rocks and mountains were you begotten, and of the oak sprung from the lofty cliff, of savage wild beasts, or of the sea – such a sea as even now you look upon, tossed by the winds, on which you are none the less making ready to sail, despite the threatening floods. Whither are you flying? The tempest rises to stay you. Let the tempest be my grace! Look you, how Eurus tosses the rolling waters! What I had preferred to owe to you, let me owe to the stormy blasts; wind and wave are juster than your heart.

I am not worth enough – ah, why do I not wrongly rate you? – to have you perish flying from me over the long seas. 'Tis a costly and a dear-bought hate that you indulge if, to be quit of me, you account it cheap to die. Soon the winds will fall, and o'er the smooth-spread waves will Triton course with cerulean steeds. O that you too were changeable with the winds! – and, unless in hardness you exceed the oak, you will be so. What could you worse, if you did not know of the power of raging seas? How ill to trust the wave whose might you have so often felt! Even should you loose your cables at the persuasion of calm seas, there are none the less many woes to be met on the vasty deep. Nor is it well for those who have broken faith to tempt the billows. Yon is the place that exacts the penalty for faithlessness, above all when 'tis love has been wronged; for 'twas from the sea, in Cytherean waters, so runs the tale, that the mother of the Loves, undraped, arose.

Undone myself, I fear lest I be the undoing of him who is my undoing, lest I bring harm to him who brings harm to me, lest my enemy be wrecked at sea and drink the waters of the deep. O live; I pray it! Thus shall I see you worse undone than by death. You shall rather be reputed the cause of my own doom. Imagine, pray, imagine that you are caught – may there be nothing in the omen! – in the sweeping of the storm; what will be your thoughts? Straight will come rushing to your mind the perjury of your false tongue, and Dido driven to death by Phrygian faithlessness; before your eyes will

appear the features of your deceived wife, heavy with sorrow, with hair streaming, and stained with blood. What now can you gain to recompense you then, when you will have to say: “‘Tis my desert; forgive me, ye gods!” when you will have to think that whatever thunderbolts fall were hurled at you?

Grant a short space for the cruelty of the sea, and for your own, to subside; your safe voyage will be great reward for waiting. Nor is it you for whom I am anxious; only let the little Iulus be spared! For you, enough to have the credit for my death. What has little Ascanius done, or what your Penates, to deserve ill fate? Have they been rescued from fire but to be overwhelmed by the wave? Yet neither are you bearing them with you; the sacred relics which are your pretext never rested on your shoulders, nor did your father. You are false in everything – and I am not he first your tongue has deceived, nor am I the first to feel the blow from you. Do you ask where the mother of pretty Iulus is? – she perished, left behind by her unfeeling lord! This was the story you told me – yes, and it was warning enough for me! Burn me; I deserve it! The punishment will be less than befits my fault.

And my mind doubts not that you, too, are under condemnation of your gods. Over sea and over land you are now for the seventh winter being tossed. You were cast ashore by the waves and I received you to a safe abiding-place; scarce knowing your name, I gave to you my throne. Yet would I had been content with these kindnesses, and that the story of our union were buried! That dreadful day was my ruin, when sudden downpour of rain from the deep-blue heaven drove us to shelter in the lofty grot. I had heard a voice; I thought it a cry of the nymphs – ‘twas the Eumenides sounding the signal for my doom!

Exact the penalty of me, O purity undone! – the penalty due Sychaeus. To absolve it now I go – ah me, wretched that I am, and overcome with shame! Standing in shrine of marble is an image of Sychaeus I hold sacred – in the midst of green fronds hung about, and fillets of white wool. From within it four times have I heard myself called by a voice well known; ‘twas he himself crying in faintly sounding tone: “Elissa, come!”

I delay no longer, I come; I come thy bride, thine own by right; I

am late, but 'tis for shame of my fault confessed. Forgive me my offence! He was worthy who caused my fall; he draws from my sin its hatefulness. That his mother was divine and his aged father the burden of a loyal son gave hope he would remain my faithful husband. If 'twas my fate to err, my error had honourable cause; so only he keep faith, I shall have no reason for regret.

The lot that was mine in days past still follows me in these last moments of life, and will pursue to the end. My husband fell in his blood before the altars in his very house, and my brother possesses the fruits of the monstrous crime; myself am driven into exile, compelled to leave behind the ashes of my lord and the land of my birth. Over hard paths I fly, and my enemy pursues. I land on shores unknown; escaped from my brother and the sea, I purchase the strand that I gave, perfidious man, to you. I established a city, and lay about it the foundations of wide-reaching walls that stir the jealousy of neighbouring realms. Wars threaten; hardly can I rear rude gates to the city and make ready my defence. A thousand suitors cast fond eyes on me, and have joined in the complaint that I preferred the hand of some stranger love. Why do you not bind me forthwith, and give me over to Gaetulian Iarbas? I should submit my arms to your shameful act. There is my brother, too, whose impious hand could be sprinkled with my blood, as it is already sprinkled with my lord's. Lay down those gods and sacred things; your touch profanes them! It is not well for an impious right hand to worship the dwellers in the sky. If 'twas fated for you to worship the gods that escaped the fires, the gods regret that they escaped the fires.

Perhaps, too, it is Dido soon to be mother, O evil-doer, whom you abandon now, and a part of your being lies hidden in myself. To the fate of the mother will be added that of the wretched babe, and you will be the cause of doom to your yet unborn child; with his own mother will Iulus' brother die, and one fate will bear us both away together.

"But you are bid to go – by your god!" Ah, would he had forbidden you to come; would Punic soil had never been pressed by Teucrian feet! Is this, forsooth, the god under whose guidance you are tossed about by unfriendly winds, and pass long years on the surging seas? 'Twould scarce require such toil to return again to

Pergamum, were Pergamum still what it was while Hector lived. 'Tis not the Simois of your fathers you seek, but the waves of the Tiber – and yet, forsooth, should you arrive at the place you wish, you will be but a stranger; and the land of your quest so hides from your sight, so draws away from contact with your keels, that 'twill scarce be your lot to reach it in old age.

Cease, then, your wanderings! Choose rather me, and with me my dowry – these peoples of mine, and the wealth of Pygmalion I brought with me. Transfer your Ilion to the Tyrian town, and give it thus a happier lot; enjoy the kingly state, and the sceptre's right divine. If your soul is eager for war, if Iulus must have field for martial prowess and the triumph, we shall find him foes to conquer, and naught shall lack; here there is place for the laws of peace, here place, too, for arms. Do you only, by your mother I pray, and by the weapons of your brother, his arrows, and by the divine companions of your flight, the gods of Dardanus – so may those rise above fate whom savage Mars has saved from out your race, so may that cruel war be the last of misfortunes to you, and so may Ascanius fill happily out his years, and the bones of old Anchises rest in peace! – do you only spare the house which gives itself without condition into your hand. What can you charge me with but love? I am not of Phthia, nor sprung of great Mycenae, nor have I had a husband and a father who have stood against you. If you shame to have me your wife, let me not be called bride, but hostess; so she be yours, Dido will endure to be what you will.

Well do I know the seas that break upon African shores; they have their times of granting and denying the way. When the breeze permits, you shall give your canvas to the gale; now the light seaweed detains your ship by the strand. Entrust me with the watching of the skies; you shall go later, and I myself, though you desire it, will not let you to stay. Your comrades, too, demand repose, and your shattered fleet, but half refitted, calls for a short delay; by your past kindnesses, and by that other debt I still, perhaps, shall owe you, by my hope of wedlock, I ask for a little time – while the sea and my love grow calm, while through time and wont I learn the strength to endure my sorrows bravely.

If you yield not, my purpose is fixed to pour forth my life; you can

not be cruel to me for long. Could you but see now the face of her who writes these words! I write, and the Trojan's blade is ready in my lap. Over my cheeks the tears roll, and fall upon the drawn steel – which soon shall be stained with blood instead of tears. How fitting is your gifts in my hour of fate! You furnish forth my death at a cost but slight. Nor does my heart now for the first time feel a weapon's thrust; it already bears the wound of cruel love.

Anna my sister, my sister Anna, wretched sharer in the knowledge of my fault, soon shall you give to my ashes the last boon. Nor when I have been consumed upon the pyre, shall my inscription read:
ELISSA, WIFE OF SYCHAEUS; yet there shall be one the marble of my tomb these lines:
FROM AENEAS CAME THE CAUSE OF HER DEATH, AND
FROM HIM THE BLADE;
FROM THE HAND OF DIDO HERSELF CAME THE STROKE
BY WHICH SHE FELL.

VIII. HERMIONE TO ORESTES

Pyrrhus, Achilles' son, in self-will the image of his sire, holds me in durance against every law of earth and heaven. All that lay in my power I have done – I have refused consent to be held; farther than that my woman's hands could not avail. "What art thou doing, son of Aeacus? I lack not one to take my part!" I cried. "This is a woman, I tell thee, Pyrrhus, who has a master of her own!" Deafer to me than the sea as I shrieked out the name of Orestes, he dragged me with hair all disarrayed into his palace. What worse my lot had Lacedaemon been taken and I been made a slave, carried away by the barbarian rout with the daughters of Greece? Less misused by the victorious Achaeans was Andromache herself, what time the Danaän fire consumed the wealth of Phrygia.

But do you, if your heart is touched with any natural care for me, Orestes, lay claim to your right with no timid hand. What! should anyone break open your pens and steal away your herds, would you resort to arms? and when your wife is stolen away will you be slow to move? Let your father-in-law Menelaus be your example, he who demanded back the wife taken from him, and had in a woman righteous cause for war. Had he been spiritless, and drowsed in his deserted halls, my mother would still be wed to Paris, as she was before.

Yet make not ready a thousand ships with belying sails, and hosts of Danaän soldiery – yourself come! Yet even thus I might well have been sought back, nor is it unseemly for a husband to have endured fierce combat for love of his marriage-bed. Remember, too, the same grandsire is ours, Atreus, Pelops' son, and, were you not husband to me, you would still be cousin. Husband, I entreat, succour your wife; brother, your sister! Both bonds press you on to your duty.

I was given to you by Tyndareus, weighty of counsel both for his life and for his years; the grandsire was arbiter of the grandchild's fate. But my father, it might be said, had promised me to Aeacus' son, not knowing this; yet my grandsire, who is first in order, should also be first in power. When I was wed to you, my union brought harm to none; if I wed with Pyrrhus, I shall deal a wound to you. My

father Menelaus, too, will pardon our love – he himself succumbed to the darts of the wingèd god. The love he allowed himself, he will concede to his daughter's chosen; my mother, loved by him, will aid with her precedent. You are to me what my sire is to my mother, and to the part which once the Dardanian stranger played, Pyrrhus now plays. Let him be endlessly proud because of his father's deeds; you, too, have a sire's achievements of which to boast. The son of Tantalus was ruler over all, over Achilles himself. The one was but a part of the soldier band; the other was chief of chiefs. You, too have ancestors – Pelops, and the father of Pelops; should you care to count more closely, you could call yourself fifth from Jove.

Nor are you without prowess. The arms you wielded were hateful – but what were you to do? – your father placed them in your hand. I could wish that fortune had given you more excellent matter for courage; but the cause that called forth your deed was not chosen – it was fixed. The call you none the less obeyed; and the pierced throat of Aegisthus stained with blood the dwelling your father's blood had reddened before. The son of Aeacus assails your name, and turns your praise to blame – and yet shrinks not before my gaze. I burst with anger, and my face swells with passion no less than my heart, and my breast burns with the pains of pent-up wrath. Has anyone in hearing of Hermione said aught against Orestes, and have I no strength, and no keen sword at hand? I can weep, at least. In weeping I let pour forth my ire, and over my bosom course the tears like a flowing stream. These only I still have, and still do I let them gush; my cheeks are wet and unsightly from their neverending found.

Can it be some fate has come upon our house and pursued it through the years even to my time, that we Tantalid women are ever victims ready to the ravisher's hand? I shall not rehearse the lying words of the swan upon the stream, nor complain of Jove disguised in plumage. Where the sea is sundered in two by the far-stretched Isthmus, Hippodamia was borne away in the car of the stranger; she of Taenarus, stolen away across the seas by the stranger-guest from Ida, roused to arms in her behalf all the men of Argos. I scarcely remember, to be sure, yet remember I do. All was grief, everywhere anxiety and fear; my grandsire wept, and my mother's sister Phoebe, and the twin brothers, and Leda fell to praying the gods above, and

her own Jove. As for myself, tearing my locks, not yet long, I began to cry aloud: "Mother, will you go away, and will you leave me behind?" For her lord was gone. Lest I be thought none of Pelops' line, lo, I too have been left a ready prey for Neoptolemus!

Would that Peleus' son had escaped the bow of Apollo! The father would condemn the son for his wanton deed; 'twas not of yore the pleasure of Achilles, nor would it be now his pleasure, to see a widowed husband weeping for his stolen wife. What wrong have I done that heaven's hosts are against me? or what constellation shall I complain is hostile to my wretched self? In my childhood I had no mother; my father was ever in the wars – though the two were not dead, I was reft of both. You were not near in my first years, O my mother, to receive the caressing prattle from the tripping tongue of the little girl; I never clasped about your neck the little arms that would not reach, and never sat, a burden sweet, upon your lap. I was not reared and cared for by your hand; and when I was promised in wedlock I had no mother to make ready the new chamber for my coming. I went out to meet you when you came back home – what I shall say is truth – and the face of my mother was unknown to me! That you were Helen I none the less knew, because you were most beautiful; but you – you had to ask who your daughter was!

This one favour of fortune has been mine – to have Orestes for my wedded mate; but he, too, will be taken from me if he does not fight for his own. Pyrrhus holds me captive, though my father is returned and a victor – this is the boon brought me by the downfall of Troy! Yet my unhappy soul has the comfort, when Titan is urging aloft his radiant steeds, of being more free in its wretchedness; but when the dark of night has fallen and sent me to my chamber with wails and lamentation for my bitter lot, and I have stretched myself prostrate on my sorrowful bed, then springing tears, not slumber, is the service of mine eyes, and in every way I can I shrink from my mate as from a foe. Oft I am distraught with woe; I lose sense of where I am and what my fate, and with witness hand have touched the body of him of Scyrus; but when I have waked to the awful act, I draw my hand from the base contact, and look upon it as defiled. Oft, instead of Neoptolemus the name of Orestes comes forth, and the mistaken word is a treasured omen.

By our unhappy line I swear, and by the parent of our line, he who shakes the seas, the land, and his own realms on high; by the bones of your father, uncle to me, which owe it to you that bravely avenged they lie beneath their burial mound – either I shall die before my time and in my youthful years be blotted out, or I, a Tantalid, shall be the wife of him sprung from Tantalus!

IX. DEIANIRA TO HERCULES

I render thanks that Oechalia has been added to the list of our honours; but that the victor has yielded to the vanquished, I complain. The rumour has suddenly spread to all the Pelasgian cities – a rumour unseemly, to which your deeds should give the lie – that on the man whom Juno's unending series of labours has never crushed, on him Iole has placed her yoke. This would please Eurystheus, and it would please the sister of the Thunderer; stepdame that she is, she would gladly know of the stain upon your life; but 'twould give no joy to him for whom, so 'tis believed, a single night did not suffice for the begetting of one so great.

More than Juno, Venus has been your bane. The one, by crushing you down, has raised you up; the other has your neck beneath her humbling foot. Look but on the circle of the earth made peaceful by your protecting strength, wherever the blue waters of Nereus wind round the broad land. To you is owing peace upon the earth, to you safety on the seas; you have filled with worthy deeds both abodes of the sun. The heaven that is to bear you, yourself one bore; Hercules bent to the load of the stars when Atlas was their stay. What have you gained but to spread the knowledge of your wretched shame, if a final act of baseness blots your former deeds? Can it be you that men say clutched tight the serpents twain while a tender babe in the cradle, already worthy of Jove? You began better than you end; your last deeds yield to your first; the man you are and the child you were are not the same. He whom not a thousand wild beasts, whom not the Stheneleian foe, whom not Juno could overcome, love overcomes.

Yet I am said to be well mated, because I am called the wife of Hercules, and because the father of my lord is he who thunders on high with impetuous steeds. As the ill-mated steer yoked miserably at the plough, so fares the wife who is less than her mighty lord. It is not honour, but mere fair-seeming, and brings dole to us who bear the load; would you be wedded happily, wed your equal. My lord is ever absent from me – he is better known to me as guest than husband – ever pursuing monsters and dreadful beasts. I myself, at home and widowed, am busied with chaste prayers, in torment lest

my husband fall by the savage foe; with serpents and with boars and ravening lions my imaginings are full, and with hounds three-throated hard upon the prey. The entrails of slain victims stir my fears, the idle images of dreams, and the omen sought in the mysterious night. Wretchedly I catch at the uncertain murmurs of the common talk; my fear is lost in wavering hope, my hope again in fear. Your mother is away, and laments that she ever pleased the potent god, and neither your father Amphitryon is here, nor your son Hyllus; the acts of Eurystheus, the instrument of Juno's unjust wrath, and the long-continued anger of the goddess – I am the one to feel.

Is this too little for me to endure? You add to it your stranger loves, and whoever will may be by you a mother. I will say nothing of Auge betrayed in the vales of Parthenius, or of thy travail, nymph sprung of Ormenus; nor will I charge against you the daughters of Teuthras' son, the throng of sisters from whose number none was spared by you. But there is one love – a fresh offence of which I have heard – a love by which I am made stepdame to Lydian Lamus. The Meander, so many times wandering in the same lands, who oft turns back upon themselves his wearied waters, has seen hanging from the neck of Hercules – the neck which found the heavens but slight burden – bejewelled chains! Felt you no shame to bind with gold those strong arms, and to set the gem upon that solid brawn? Ah, to think 'twas these arms that crushed the life from the Nemean pest, whose skin now covers your left side! You have not shrunk from binding your shaggy hair with a woman's turban! More meet for the locks of Hercules were the white poplar. And for you to disgrace yourself by wearing the Maeonian zone, like a wanton girl – feel you no shame for that? Did there come to your mind no image of savage Diomedes, fiercely feeding his mares on human meat? Had Busiris seen you in that garb, he whom you vanquished would surely have reddened for such a victor as you. Antaeus would tear from the hard neck the turban-bands, lest he feel shame at having succumbed to an unmanly foe.

They say that you have held the wool-basket among the girls of Ionia, and been frightened at your mistress' threats. Do you not shrink, Alcides, from laying to the polished wool-basket the hand that triumphed over a thousand toils; do you draw off with stalwart

thumb the coarsely spun strands, and give back to the hand of a pretty mistress the just portion she weighed out? Ah, how often, while with dour finger you twisted the thread, have your too strong hands crushed the spindle! Before your mistress' feet . . . and told of the deeds of which you should now say naught – of enormous serpents, throttled and coiling their lengths about your infant hand; how the Tegeaeon boar has his lair on cypress-bearing Erymanthus, and afflicts the ground with his vast weight. You do not omit the skulls nailed up in Thracian homes, nor the mares made fat with the flesh of slain men; nor the triple prodigy, Geryones, rich in Iberian cattle, who was one in three; nor Cerberus, branching from one trunk into a three-fold dog, his hair inwoven with the threatening snake; nor the fertile serpent that sprang forth again from the fruitful wound, grown rich from her own hurt; nor him whose mass hung heavy between your left side and left arm as your hand clutched his throat; nor the equestrian array that put ill trust in their feet and dual form, confounded by you on the ridges of Thessaly.

These deeds can you recount, gaily arrayed in a Sidonian gown? Does not your dress rob from your tongue all utterance? The nymph-daughter of Jardanus has even tricked herself out in your arms, and won famous triumphs from the vanquished hero. Go now, puff up your spirit and recount your brave deeds done; she has proved herself a man by a right you could not urge. You are as much less than she, O greatest of men, as it was greater to vanquish you than those you vanquished. To her passes the full measure of your exploits – yield up what you possess; your mistress is heir to your praise. O shame, that the rough skin stripped from the flanks of the shaggy lion has covered a woman's delicate side! You are mistaken, and know it not – that spoil is not from the lion, but from you; you are victor over the beast, but she over you. A woman has borne the darts blackened with the venom of Lerna, a woman scarce strong enough to carry the spindle heavy with wool; a woman has taken in her hand the club that overcame wild beasts, and in the mirror gazed upon the armour of her lord!

These things, however, I had only heard; I could distrust men's words, and the pain hit on my senses softly, through the ear – but now my very eyes must look upon a stranger-mistress led before

them, nor may I now dissemble what I suffer! You do not allow me to turn away; the woman comes a captive through the city's midst, to be looked upon by my unwilling eyes. Nor comes she after the manner of captive women, with hair unkempt, and with becoming countenance that tells to all her lot; she strides along, sightly from afar in plenteous gold, apparelled in such wise as you yourself in Phrygia. She looks straight out at the throng, with head held high, as if 'twere she had conquered Hercules; you might think Oechalia standing yet, and her father yet alive. Perhaps you will even drive away Aetolian Deianira, and her rival will lay aside the name of mistress, and be made your wife. Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, and Aonian Alcides will be basely joined in shameful bonds of Hymen. My mind fails me at the thought, a chill sweeps through my frame, and my hand lies nerveless in my lap.

Me, too, you have possessed among your many loves – but me with no reproach. Regret it not – twice you have fought for the sake of men. In tears Achelous gathered up his horns on the wet banks of his stream, and bathed in its clayey tide his mutilated brow; the half-man Nessus sank down in lotus-bearing Euenus, tingeing its waters with his equine blood. But why am I reciting things like these? Even as I write comes rumour to me saying my lord is dying of the poison from my cloak. Alas me! what have I done? O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

Shall thy lord be torn to death on midmost Oeta, and shalt thou, the cause of the monstrous deed, remain alive? If I have yet done aught to win the name of wife of Hercules, my death shall be the pledge of our union. Thou, Meleager, shalt also see in me a sister of thine own! O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

Alas, for my devoted house! Agrius sits on the lofty throne; Oeneus is reft of all, and barren old age weighs heavy on him. Tydeus my brother is exiled on an unknown shore; my second brother's life hung on the fateful fire; our mother drove the steel through her own heart. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

This one thing I deprecate, by the most sacred bonds of our marriage-bed – that I seem to have plotted for your doom. Nessus, stricken with the arrow in his lustful heart, "This blood," he said, "has power over love." The robe of Nessus, saturated with poisonous

gore, I sent to you. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

And now, fare ye well, O aged father, and O my sister Gorge, and O my native soil, and brother taken from thy native soil, and thou, O light that shinest to-day, the last to strike upon mine eyes; and thou my lord, O fare thou well – would that thou couldst! – and Hyllus, thou my son, farewell to thee!

X. ARIADNE TO THESEUS

Gentler than you I have found every race of wild beasts; to none of them could I so ill have trusted as to you. The words you now are reading, Thesues, I send you from that shore from which the sails bore off your ship without me, the shore on which my slumber, and you, so wretchedly betrayed me – you, who wickedly plotted against me as I slept.

‘Twas the time when the earth is first besprinkled with crystal rime, and songsters hid in the branch begin their plaint. Half waking only, languid from sleep, I turned upon my side and put forth hands to clasp my Theseus – he was not there! I drew back my hands, a second time I made essay, and o’er the whole couch moved my arms – he was not there! Fear struck away my sleep; in terror I arose, and threw myself headlong from my abandoned bed. Straight then my palms resounded upon my breasts, and I tore my hair, all disarrayed as it was from sleep.

The moon was shining; I bend my gaze to see if aught but shore lies there. So far as my eyes can see, naught to they find but shore. Now this way, and now that, and ever without plan, I course; the deep sand stays my girlish feet. And all the while I cried out “Theseus!” alone the entire shore, and the hollow rocks sent back your name to me; as often as I called out for you, so often did the place itself call out your name. The very place felt the will to aid me in my woe.

There was a mountain, with bushes rising here and there upon its top; a cliff hangs over from it, gnawed into by deep-sounding waves. I climb its slope – my spirit gave me strength – and thus with prospect broad I scan the billowy deep. From there – for I found the winds cruel, too – I beheld your sails stretched full by the headlong southern gale. As I looked on a sight methought I had not deserved to see, I grew colder than ice, and life half left my body. Nor does anguish allow me long to lie thus quiet; it rouses me, it stirs me up to call on Theseus with all my voice’s might. “Whither doest fly?” I cry aloud. “Come back, O wicked Theseus! Turn about thy ship! She hath not all her crew!”

Thus did I cry, and what my voice could not avail, I filled with beating of my breast; the blows I gave myself were mingled with my words. That you at least might see, if you could not hear, with might and main I sent you signals with my hands; and upon a long tree-branch I fixed my shining veil – yes, to put in mind of me those who had forgotten! And now you had been swept beyond my vision. Then at last I let flow my tears; till then my tender eyeballs had been dulled with pain. What better could my eyes do than weep for me, when I had ceased to see your sails? Alone, with hair loose flying, I have either roamed about, like to a Bacchant roused by the Ogygian god, or, looking out upon the sea, I have sat all chilled upon the rock, as much a stone myself as was the stone I sat upon. Oft do I come again to the couch that once received us both, but was fated never to show us together again, and touch the imprint left by you – ‘tis all I can in place of you! – and the stuffs that once grew warm beneath your limbs. I lay me down upon my face, bedew the bed with pouring tears, and cry aloud: “We were two who pressed thee – give back two! We came to thee both together; why do we not depart the same? Ah, faithless bed – the greater part of my being, oh, where is he?”

What am I to do? Whither shall I take myself – I am alone, and the isle untilld. Of human traces I see none; of cattle, none. On every side the land is girt by sea; nowhere a sailor, no craft to make its way over the dubious paths. And suppose I did find those to go with me, and winds, and ship – yet where am I to go? My father’s realm forbids me to approach. Grant I do glide with fortunate keel over peaceful seas, that Aeolus tempers the winds – I still shall be an exile! ‘Tis not for me, O Crete composed of the hundred cities, to look upon thee, land known to the infant Jove! No, for my father and the land ruled by my righteous father – dear names! – were betrayed by my deed when, to keep you, after your victory, from death in the winding halls, I gave into your hand the thread to direct your steps in place of guide – when you said to me: “By these very perils of mine, I swear that, so long as both of us shall live, thou shalt be mine!”

We both live, Theseus, and I am not yours! – if indeed a woman lives who is buried by the treason of a perjured mate. Me, too, you should have slain, O false one, with the same bludgeon that slew my

brother; then would the oath you gave me have been absolved by my death. Now, I ponder over not only what I am doomed to suffer, but all that any woman left behind can suffer. There rush into my thought a thousand forms of perishing, and death holds less of dole for me than the delay of death. Each moment, now here, now there, I look to see wolves rush on me, to rend my vitals with their greedy fangs. Who knows but that this shore breeds, too, the tawny lion? Perchance the island harbours the savage tiger as well. They say, too, that the waters of the deep cast up the mighty seal! And who is to keep the swords of men from piercing my side?

But I care not, if I am but not left captive in hard bonds, and not compelled to spin the long task with servile hand – I, whose father is Minos, whose mother the child of Phoebus, and who – what memory holds more close – was promised bride to you! When I have looked on the sea, and on the land, and on the wide-stretching shore, I know many dangers threaten me on land, and many on the waters. The sky remains – yet there I fear visions of the gods! I am left helpless, a prey to the maws of ravening beasts; and if men dwell in the place and keep it, I put no trust in them – my hurts have taught me fear of stranger-men.

O, that Androgeos were still alive, and that thou, O Cecropian land, hadst not been made to atone for thy impious deeds with the doom of thy children! and would that thy upraised right hand, O Theseus, had not slain with knotty club him that was man in part, and in part bull; and I had not given thee the thread to show the way of thy return – thread oft caught up again and passed through the hands led on by it. I marvel not – ah, no! – if victory was thine, and the monster smote with his length the Cretan earth. His horn could not have pierced that iron heart of thine; thy breast was safe, even didst thou naught to shield thyself. There barest thou flint, there barest thou adamant; there hast thou a Theseus harder than any flint!

Ah, cruel slumbers, why did you hold me thus inert? Or, better had I been weighed down once for all by everlasting night. You, too, were cruel, O winds, and all too well prepared, and you breezes, eager to start my tears. Cruel the right hand that has brought me and my brother to our death, and cruel the pledge – an empty word – that you gave at my demand! Against me conspiring were slumber, wind,

and treacherous pledge – treason three-fold against one maid!

Am I, then, to die, and, dying, not behold my mother's tears; and shall there be no one's finger to close my eyes? Is my unhappy soul to go forth into stranger-air, and no friendly hand compose my limbs and drop them on the unguent due? Are my bones to lie unburied, the prey of hovering birds of the shore? Is this the entombment due to me for my kindnesses? You will go to the haven of Cecrops; but when you have been received back home, and have stood in pride before your thronging followers, gloriously telling the death of the man-and-bull, and of the halls of rock cut out in winding ways, tell, too, of me, abandoned on a solitary shore – for I must not be stolen from the record of your honours! Neither is Aegeus your father, nor are you the son of Pitheus' daughter Aethra; they who begot you were the rocks and the deep!

Ah, I could pray the gods that you had seen me from the high stern; my sad figure had moved your heart! Yet look upon me now – not with eyes, for with them you cannot, but with your mind – clinging to a rock all beaten by the wandering wave. Look upon my locks, let loose like those of one in grief for the dead, and on my robes, heavy with tears as if with rain. My body is a-quiver like standing corn struck by the northern blast, and the letters I am tracing falter beneath my trembling hand. 'Tis not for my desert – for that has come to naught – that I entreat you now; let no favour be due for my service. Yet neither let me suffer for it! If I am not the cause of your deliverance, yet neither is it right that you should cause my death.

These hands, wearied with beating of my sorrowful breast, unhappy I stretch toward you over the long seas; these locks – such as remain – in grief I bid you look upon! By these tears I pray you – tears moved by what you have done – turn about your ship, reverse your sail, glide swiftly back to me! If I have died before you come, 'twill yet be you who bear away my bones!

XI. CANACE TO MACAREUS

If aught of what I write is yet blotted deep and escapes your eye, 'twill be because the little roll has been stained by its mistress' blood. My right hand holds the pen, a drawn blade the other holds, and the paper lies unrolled in my lap. This is the picture of Aeolus' daughter writing to her brother; in this guise, it seems, I may please my hard-hearted sire.

I would he himself were here to view my end, and the deed were done before the eyes of him who orders it! Fierce as he is, far harsher than his own east-winds, he would look dry-eyed upon my wounds. Surely, something comes from a life with savage winds; his temper is like that of his subjects. It is Notus, and Zephyrus, and Sithonian Aquilo, over whom he rules, and over thy pinions, wanton Eurus. He rules the winds, alas! but his swelling wrath he does not rule, and the realms of his possession are less wide than his faults. Of what avail for me through my grandsires' names to reach even to the skies, to be able to number Jove among my kin? Is there less deadlines in the blade – my funeral gift! – that I hold in my woman's hand, weapon not meet for me?

Ah, Macareus, would that the hour that made us two as one had come after my death! Oh why, my brother, did you ever love me more than brother, and why have I been to you what a sister should not be? I, too, was inflamed by love; I felt some god in my glowing heart, and knew him from what I sued to hear he was. My colour had fled from my face; wasting had shrunk my frame; I scarce took food, and with unwilling mouth; my sleep was never easy, the night was a year for me, and I groaned, though stricken with no pain. Nor could I render myself a reason why I did these things; I did not know what it was to be in love – yet in love I was.

The first to perceive my trouble, in her old wife's way, was my nurse; she first, my nurse, said: "Daughter of Aeolus, thou art in love!" I blushed, and shame bent down my eyes into my bosom; I said no word, but this was sign enough that I confessed. And presently there grew apace the burden of my wayward bosom, and my weakened frame felt the weight of its secret load. What herbs and

what medicines did my nurse not bring to me, applying them with bold hand to drive forth entirely from my bosom – this was the only secret we kept from you – the burden that was increasing there! Ah, too full of life, the little thing withstood the arts employed against it, and was kept safe from its hidden foe!

And now for the ninth time had Phoebus' fairest sister risen, and for the tenth time the moon was driving on her light-bearing steeds. I knew not what caused the sudden pangs in me; to travail I was unused, a soldier new to the service. I could not keep from groans. "Why betray thy fault?" said the ancient dame who knew my secret, and stopped my crying lips. What shall I do, unhappy that I am? The pains compel my groans, but fear, the nurse, and shame itself forbid. I repress my groans, and try to take back the words that slip from me, and force myself to drink my very tears. Death was before my eyes; and Lucina denied her aid – death, too, were I to die, would fasten upon me heavy guilt – when leaning over me, you tore my robe and my hair away, and warmed my bosom back to life with the pressure of your own, and said: "Live, sister, sister O most dear; live, and do not be the death of two beings in one! Let good hope give thee strength; for now thou shalt be thy brother's bride. He who made thee mother will also make thee wife."

Dead that I am, believe me, yet at your words I live again, and have brought forth the reproach and burden of my womb. But why rejoice? In the midst of the palace hall sits Aeolus; the sign of my fault must be removed from my father's eyes. With fruits and whitening olive-branches, and with light fillets, the careful dame attempts to hide the babe, and makes pretence of sacrifice, and utters words of prayer; the people give way to let her pass, my father himself gives way. She is already near the threshold – my father's ears have caught the crying sound, and the babe is lost, betrayed by his own sign! Aeolus catches up the child and reveals the pretended sacrifice; the whole palace resounds with his maddened cries. As the sea is set a-trembling when a light breeze passes o'er, as the ashen branch is shaken by the tepid breeze from the south, so might you have seen my blanching members quiver; the couch was a-quake with the body that lay upon it. He rushes in and with cries makes known my shame to all, and scarce restrains his hand from my

wretched face. Myself in my confusion did naught but pour forth tears; my tongue had grown dumb with the icy chill of fear.

And now he had ordered his little grandchild thrown to the gods and birds, to be abandoned in some solitary place. The hapless babe broke forth in wailings – you would have thought he understood – and with what utterance he could entreated his grandsire. What heart do you think was mine then, O my brother – for you can judge from your own – when the enemy before my eyes bore away to the deep forests the fruit of my bosom to be devoured by mountain wolves? My father had gone out of my chamber; then at length could I beat my breasts and furrow my cheeks with the nail.

Meanwhile with sorrowful air came one of my father's guards, and pronounced these shameful words: "Aeolus sends this sword to you" – he handed me the sword – "and bids you know from your desert what it may mean." I do know, and shall bravely make use of the violent blade; I shall bury in my breast my father's gift. Is it presents like this, O my sire, you give me on my marriage? With this dowry from you, O father, shall your daughter be made rich? Take away afar, deluded Hymenaeus, they wedding-torches, and fly with frightened foot from these nefarious halls! Bring for me the torches ye bear, Erinyes dark, and let my funeral pyre blaze bright from the fires ye give! Wed happily under a better fate, O my sisters, but yet remember me though lost!

What crime could the babe commit, with so few hours of life? With what act could he, scarce born, do harm to his grandsire? If it could be he deserved his death, let it be judged he did – ah, wretched child, it is my fault he suffers for! O my son, grief of thy mother, prey of the ravening beasts, ah me! torn limb from limb on thy day of birth; O my son, miserable pledge of my unhallowed love – this was the first of days for thee, and this for thee the last. Fate did not permit me to shed o'er thee the tears I owed, nor to bear to thy tomb the shorn lock; I have not bent o'er thee, nor culled the kiss from thy cold lips. Greedy wilds beasts are rending in pieces the child my womb put forth.

I, too, shall follow the shades of my babe – shall deal myself the stroke – and shall not long have been called or mother or bereaved. Do thou, nevertheless, O hoped for in vain by thy wretched sister,

collect, I entreat, the scattered members of thy son, and bring them again to their mother to share her sepulchre, and let one urn, however scant, possess us both! O live, and forget me not; pour forth thy tears upon my wounds, nor shrink from her thou once didst love, and who loved thee. Do thou, I pray, fulfil the behests of the sister thou didst love too well; the behest of my father I shall myself perform!

XII. MEDEA TO JASON

And yet for you, I remember, I the queen of Colchis could find time, when you besought that my art might bring you help. Then was the time when the sisters who pay out the fated thread of mortal life should have unwound for aye my spindle. Then could Medea have ended well! Whatever of life has been lengthened out for me from what time forth has been but punishment.

Ah me! why was the ship from the forests of Pelion ever driven over the seas by strong young arms in quest of the ram of Phrixus? Why did we Colchians ever cast eye upon Magnesian Argo, and why did your Greek crew ever drink the water of the Phasis? Why did I too greatly delight in those golden locks of yours, in your comely ways, and in the false graces of your tongue? Yet delight too greatly I did – else, when once the strange craft had been beached upon our sands and brought us her bold crew, all unanointed would the unremembering son of Aeson have gone forth to meet the fires exhaled from the flame-scorched nostrils of the bulls; he would have scattered the seeds – as many as the seeds were the enemy, too – for the sower himself to fall in strife with his own sowing! How much perfidy, vile wretch, would have perished with you, and how many woes been averted from my head!

‘Tis some pleasure to reproach the ungrateful with favours done. That pleasure I will enjoy; that is the only delight I shall win from you. Bidden to turn the hitherto untried craft to the shores of Colchis, you set foot in the rich realms of my native land. There I, Medea, was what here your new bride is; as rich as her sire is, so rich was mine. Hers holds Ephyre, washed by two seas; mine, all the country which lies along the left strand of the Pontus e’en to the snows of Scythia.

Aeëtes welcomes to his home the Pelasgian youths, and you rest your Greek limbs upon the pictured couch. Then ‘twas that I saw you, then began to know you; that was the first impulse to the downfall of my soul. I saw you, and I was undone; nor did I kindle with ordinary fires, but like the pine-torch kindled before the mighty gods. Not only were you noble to look upon, but my fates were

dragging me to doom; your eyes had robbed mine of their power to see. Traitor, you saw it – for who can well hide love? Its flame shines forth its own betrayer.

Meanwhile the condition is imposed that you press the hard necks of the fierce bulls at the unaccustomed plow. To Mars the bulls belonged, raging with more than mere horns, for their breathing was of terrible fire; of solid bronze were their feet, wrought round with bronze their nostrils, made black, too, by the blasts of their own breath. Besides this, you are bidden to scatter with obedient hand over the wide fields the seeds that should beget peoples to assail you with weapons born with themselves; a baneful harvest, that, to its own husbandman. The eyes of the guardian that know not yielding to sleep – by some art to elude them is your final task.

Aeëtes has spoken; in gloom you all rise up, and the high table is removed from the purple-spread couches. How far away then from your thought were Creusa's dowry-realm, and the daughter of great Creon, and Creon the father of your bride! With foreboding you depart; and as you go my moist eyes follow you, and in faint murmur comes from my tongue: "Fare thou well!" Laying myself on the ordered couch within my chamber, grievously wounded, in tears I passed the whole night long; before my eyes appeared the bulls and the dreadful harvest, before my eyes the unsleeping serpent. On the one hand was love, on the other, fear; and fear increased my very love. Morning came, and my dear sister, admitted to my chamber, found me with loosened hair and lying prone upon my face, and everywhere my tears. She implores aid for your Minyae. What one asks, another is to receive; what she petitions for the Aesonian youth, I grant.

There is a grove, sombre with pine-trees and the fronds of the ilex; into it scarce can the rays of the sun find way. There is in it – there was, at least – a shrine to Diana, wherein stands the goddess, a golden image fashioned by barbaric hand. Do you know the place? or have places fallen from your mind along with me? We came to the spot. You were the first to speak, with those faithless lips, and these were your words: "To thy hand fortune has committed the right of choosing or not my deliverance, and in thy hand are the ways of life and death for me. To have power to ruin is enough, if anyone delight

in power for itself; but to save me will be greater glory. By our misfortunes, which thou hast power to relieve, I pray, by thy line, and by the godhead of thy all-seeing grandsire the sun, by the three-fold face and holy mysteries of Diana, and by the gods of that race of thine – if so be gods it have – by all these, O maiden, have pity upon me, have pity on my men; be kind to me and make me thine for ever! And if it chance thou dost not disdain a Pelasgian suitor – but how can I hope the gods will be so facile to my wish? – may my spirit vanish away into thin air before another than thou shall come a bride to my chamber! My witness be Juno, ward of the rites of wedlock, and the goddess in whose marble shrine we stand!”

Words like these – and how slight a part of them is here! – and your right hand clasped with mine, moved the heart of the simple maid. I saw even tears – or was there in the tears, too, part of your deceit? Thus quickly was I ensnared, girl that I was, by your words. You yoke together the bronze-footed bulls with your body unharmed by their fire, and cleave the solid mould with the share as you were bid. The ploughed fields you sow full with envenomed teeth in place of seed; and there rises out of the earth, with sword and shield, a warrior band. Myself, the giver of the charmed drug, sat pallid there at sight of men all suddenly arisen and in arms; until the earth-born brothers – O deed most wonderful! – drew arms and came to the grapple each with each.

Then, lo and behold! all a-bristle with rattling scales, come the unsleeping sentinel, hissing and sweeping the ground with winding belly. Where then was your rich dowry? Where then your royal consort, and the Isthmus that sunders the waters of two seas? I, the maiden who am now at last become a barbarian in your eyes, who now am poor, who now seem baneful – I closed the lids of the flame-like eyes in slumber wrought by my drug, and gave into your hand the fleece to steal away unharmed. I betrayed my sire, I left my throne and my native soil; the reward I get is leave to live in exile! My maidenly innocence has become the spoil of a pirate from overseas; beloved mother and best of sisters I have left behind.

But thee, O my brother, I did not leave behind as I fled! In this one place my pen fails. Of the deed my right hand was bold enough to do, it is not bold enough to write. So I, too, should have been torn

limb from limb – but with thee! And yet I did not fear – for what, after that, could I fear? – to trust myself to the sea, woman though I was, and now with guilt upon me. Where is heavenly justice? Where the gods? Let the penalty that is our due overtake us on the deep – you for your treachery, me for my trustfulness!

Would the Stymplegades had caught and crushed us out together, and that my bones were clinging now to yours; or Scylla the ravening submerged us in the deep to be devoured by her dogs – fit were it for Scylla to work woe to ingrate men! And she who spews forth so many times the floods, and sucks them so many times back in again – would she had brought us, too, beneath the Trinacrian wave! Yet unharmed and victorious you return to Haemonia's towns, and the golden fleece is laid before your fathers' gods.

Why rehearse the tale of Pelias' daughters, by devotion led to evil deeds – of how their maiden hands laid knife to the members of their sire? I may be blamed by others, but you perforce must praise me – you, for whom so many times I have been driven to crime. Yet you have dared – O, fit words fail me for my righteous wrath! – you have dared to say: “Withdraw from the palace of Aeson's line!” At your bidding I have withdrawn from your palace, taking with me our two children, and – what follows me evermore – my love for you. When, all suddenly, there came to my ears the chant of Hymen, and to my eyes the gleam of blazing torches, and the pipe poured forth its notes, for you a wedding-strain, but for me a strain more tearful than the funeral trump, I will filled with fear; I did not yet believe such monstrous guilt could be; but all my breast none the less grew chill. The throng pressed eagerly on, crying “Hymen, O Hymenaeus!” in full chorus – the nearer the cry, for me the more dreadful. My slaves turned away and wept, seeking to hide their tears – who would be willing messenger of tidings so ill? Whatever it was, 'twas better, indeed, that I not know; but my heart was heavy, as if I really knew, when the younger of the children, at my bidding, and eager for the sight, went and stood at the outer threshold of the double door. “Here, mother, come out!” he cries to me. “A procession is coming, and my father Jason leading it. He's all in gold, and driving a team of horses!” Then straight I rent my cloak and beat my breast and cried aloud, and my cheeks were at the mercy of my nails. My heart

impelled me to rush into the midst of the moving throng, to tear off the wreaths from my ordered locks; I scarce could keep from crying out, thus with hair all torn, "He is mine!" and laying hold on you.

Ah, injured father, rejoice! Rejoice, ye Colchians whom I left! Shades of my brother, receive in my fate your sacrifice due; I am abandoned; I have lost my throne, my native soil, my home, my husband – who alone for me took the place of all! Dragons and maddened bulls, it seems, I could subdue; a man alone I could not; I, who could beat back fierce fire with wise drugs, have not the power to escape the flames of my own passion. My very incantations, herbs, and arts abandon me; naught does my goddess aid me, naught the sacrifice I make to potent Hecate. I take no pleasure in the day; my nights are watches of bitterness, and gentle sleep is far departed from my wretched soul. I, who could charm the dragon to sleep, can bring none to myself; my effort brings more good to any one else soever than to me. The limbs I saved, a wanton now embraces; 'tis she who reaps the fruit of my toil.

Perhaps, too, when you wish to make boast to your stupid mate and say what will pleasure her unjust ears, you will fashion strange slanders against my face and against my ways. Let her make merry and be joyful over my faults! Let her make merry, and lie aloft on the Tyrian purple – she shall weep, and the flames that consume her will surpass my own! While sword and fire are at my hand, and the juice of poison, no foe of Medea shall go unpunished!

But if it chance my entreaties touch a heart of iron, list now to words – words too humble for my proud soul! I am as much a suppliant to you as you have often been to me, and I hesitate not to cast myself at your feet. If I am cheap in your eyes, be kind to our common offspring; a hard stepdame will be cruel to the fruitage of my womb. Their resemblance to you is all too great, and I am touched by the likeness; and as often as I see them, my eyes drop tears. By the gods above, by the light of your grandsire's beams, by my favours to you, and by the two children who are our mutual pledge – restore me to the bed for which I madly left so much behind; be faithful to your promises, and come to my aid as I came to yours! I do not implore you to go forth against bulls and men, nor ask your aid to quiet and overcome a dragon; it is you I ask for, -

you, whom I have earned, whom you yourself gave to me, by whom I became a mother, as you by me a father.

Where is my dowry, you ask? On the field I counted it out – that field which you had to plough before you could bear away the fleece. The famous golden ram, sightly for deep flock, is my dowry – the which, should I say to you “Restore it!” you would refuse to render up. My dowry is yourself – saved; my dowry is the band of Grecian youth! Go now, wretch, compare with that your wealth of Sisyphus! That you are alive, that you take to wife one who, with the father she brings you, is of kingly station, that you have the very power of being ingrate – you owe to me. Whom, hark you, I will straight – but what boots it to foretell your penalty? My ire is in travail with mighty threats. Whither my ire leads, will I follow. Mayhap I shall repent me of what I do – but I repent me, too, of regard for a faithless husband’s good. Be that the concern of the god who now embroils my heart! Something portentous, surely, is working in my soul!

XIII. LAODAMEIA TO PROTESILAUS

Greetings and health Haemonian Laodamia sends her Haemonian lord, and desires with loving heart they go where they are sent.

Report says you are held in Aulis by the wind. Ah, when you were leaving me behind, where then was this wind? Then should the seas have risen to stay your oars; that was the fitting time for the floods to rage. I could have given my lord more kisses and laid upon him more behests; and many are the things I wished to say to you. But you were swept headlong hence; and the wind that invited forth your sails was one your seamen longed for, not I; it was a wind suited to seamen, not to one who loved. I must needs loose myself from your embrace, Protesilaus, and my tongue leave half unsaid what I would enjoin; scarce had a time to say that sad "Farewell!"

Boreas came swooping down, seized on and stretched your sails, and my Protesilaus soon was far away. As long as I could gaze upon my lord, to gaze was my delight, and I followed your eyes ever with my own; when I could no longer see you, I still could see your sails, and long your sails detained my eyes. But after I descried no more either you or your flying sails, and what my eyes rested on was naught but only sea, the light, too, went away with you, the darkness rose about me, my blood retreated, and with failing knee I sank, they say, upon the ground. Scarce your sire Iphiclus, scarce mine, the aged Acastus, scarce my mother, stricken with grief, could bring me back to life with icy-cold. They did their kindly task, but it had no profit for me. 'Tis shame I had not in my misery the right to die!

When consciousness returned, my pain returned as well. The wifely love I bore you has torn at my faithful heart. I care not now to let my hair be dressed, nor does it pleasure me to be arrayed in robes of gold. Like those who he of the two horns is believed to have touched with his vine-leafed rod, hither and thither I go, where madness drives. The matrons of Phylace gather about, and cry to me: "Put on they royal robes, Laodamia!" Shall I, then, go clad in stuffs that are saturate with costly purple, while my lord goes warring under the walls of Ilion? Am I to dress my hair, while his head is weighed down by the helm? Am I to wear new apparel while my lord

wears hard and heavy arms? In what I can, they shall say I imitate your toils – in rude attire; and these times of war I will pass in gloom.

Ill-omened Paris, Priam's son, fair at cost of thine own kin, mayst thou be as inert a foe as thou wert a faithless guest! Would that either thou hadst seen fault in the face of the Taenarian wife, of she had taken no pleasure in thine! Thou, Menelaus, who dost grieve o'ermuch for the stolen one, ah me, how many shall shed tears for thy revenge! Ye gods, I pray, keep from us the sinister omen, and let my lord hang up his arms to Jove-of-Safe-Return! But I am fearful as oft as the wretched war comes to my thoughts; my tears come forth like snow that melts beneath the sun. Ilion and Tenedos and Simois and Xanthus and Ida are names to be feared from their very sound. Nor would the stranger have dared the theft if he had not power to defend himself; his own strength he well knew. He arrived, they say, sightly in much gold, bearing upon his person the wealth of Phrygia, and potent in ships and men, with which fierce wars are fought – and how great a part of his princely power came with him? With means like these were you overcome, I suspect, O Leda's daughter, sister to the Twins; these are the things I feel may be working the Danaäns woe.

Of Hector, whoe'er he be, if I am dear to you, be ware; keep his name stamped in ever mindful heart! When you have shunned him, remember to shun others; think that many Hectors are there; and see that you say, as oft as you make ready for the fight: "Laodamia bade me spare herself." If it be fated Troy shall fall before the Argolic host, let it also fall without your taking a single wound! Let Menelaus battle, let him press to meet the foe; to seek the wife from the midst of the foe is the husband's part. Your cast is not the same; do you fight merely to live, and to return to your faithful queen's embrace.

O ye sons of Dardanus, spare, I pray, from so many foes at least one, lest my blood flow from that body! He is not one it befits to engage with bared steel in the shock of battle, to present a savage breast to the opposing foe; his might is greater for in love than on the field. Let others go to the wars; let Protesilaus love!

I confess now, I would have called you back, and my spirit strove;

but my tongue stood still for fear of evil auspice. When you would fare forth from your paternal doors to Troy, your foot, stumbling upon the threshold, gave ill sign. At the sight I groaned, and in my secret heart I said: "May this, I pray, be omen that my lord return!" Of this I tell you now, lest you be too forward with your arms. See you make this fear of mine all vanish to the winds!

There is a prophecy, too, that marks someone for an unjust doom – the first of the Danaäns to touch the soil of Troy. Unhappy she who first shall weep for her slain lord! The gods keep you from being too eager! Among the thousand ships let yours be the thousandth craft, and the last to stir the already wearied wave! This, too, I warn you of: be last to leave your ship; the land to which you haste is not your father's soil. When you return, then speed your keel with oar and sail at once, and on your own shore stay your hurried pace.

Whether Phoebus be hid, or high above the earth he rise, you are my care by day, you come to me in the night; and yet more by night that in the light of day – night is welcome to women beneath whose necks an embracing arm is placed. I, in my widowed couch, can only court a sleep with lying dreams; while true joys fail me, false ones must delight.

But why does your face, all pale, appear before me? Why from your lips comes many a complaint? I shake slumber from me, and pray to the apparitions of night; there is no Thessalian altar without smoke of mine; I offer incense, and let fall upon it my tears, and the flame brightens up again as when wine has been sprinkled o'er. When shall I clasp you, safe returned, in my eager arms, and lose myself in languishing delight? When will it be mine to have you again close joined to me on the same couch, telling me your glorious deeds in the field? And while you are telling them, though it delight to hear, you will snatch many kisses none the less, and will give me many back. The words of well-told tales meet ever with such stops as this; more ready for report is the tongue refreshed by sweet delay.

But when Troy rises in my thoughts, I think of the winds and sea; fair hope is overcome by anxious fear, and falls. This, too, moves me, that the winds forbid your keels to fare forth – yet you make ready to sail despite the seas. Who would be willing to return homeward with the wind saying nay? Yet you trim sail to leave your

homes, though the sea forbids! Neptune himself will open up no way for you against his own city. Whither your headlong course? Return ye all to your own abodes! Whither your headlong course, O Danaäns? Heed the winds that say you nay! No sudden chance, but God himself, sends that delay of yours. What is your quest in so great a war but a shameful wanton? While you may, reverse your sails, O ships of Inachus! But what am I doing? Do I call you back? Far from me be the omen of calling back; may caressing gales second a peaceful sea!

I envy the women who dwell in Troy, who will thus behold the tearful fates of them they love, with the foe not far away. With her own hand the newly wedded bride will set the helmet upon her valiant husband's head, and give into his hands the Dardanian arms. She will give him his arms, and the while she gives him arms will receive his kisses – a kind of office sweet to both – and will lead her husband forth, and lay on him the command to return, and say: "See that you bring once more those arms to Jove!" He, bearing fresh in mind with him the command of his mistress, will fight with caution, and be mindful of his home. When safe returned, she will strip him of his shield, unloose his helm, and receive to her embrace his wearied frame.

But we are left uncertain; we are forced by anxious fear to fancy all things befallen which may befall. None the less, while you, a soldier in a distant world, will be bearing arms, I keep a waxen image to give back your features to my sight; it hears the caressing phrase, it hears the words of love that are yours by right, and it receives my embrace. Believe me, the image is more than it appears; add but a voice to the wax, Protesilaus it will be. On this I look, and hold it to my heart in place of my real lord, and complain to it, as if it could speak again.

By thy return and by thyself, who art my god, I swear, and by the torches alike of our love and our wedding-day, I will come to be thy comrade whithersoever thou dost call, whether that which, alas, I fear, shall come to pass, or whether thou shalt still survive. The last of my missive, ere it close, shall be the brief behest: if thou carest ought for me, then care thou for thyself!

XIV. HYPERMNESTRA TO LYNCEUS

Hypermnestra sends this letter to the one brother left of so many but now alive – the rest of the company lied dead by the crime of their brides. Kept close in the palace am I, bound with heavy chains; and the cause of my punishment is that I was faithful. Because my hand shrank from driving into your throat the steel, I am charged with crime; I should be praised, had I but dared the deed. Better be charged with crime than thus to have pleased my sire; I feel no regret at having hands free from the shedding of blood. My father may burn me with the flame I would not violate, and hold to my face the torches that shone at my marriage rites; or he may lay to my throat the sword he falsely gave me, so that I, the wife, may die the death my husband did not die – yet he will not bring my dying kips to say “I repent me!” She is not faithful who regrets her faith. Let repentance for crime come to Danaus and my cruel sisters; this is the wonted event that follows on wicked deeds.

My heart is struck with fear at remembrance of that night profaned with blood, and sudden trembling fetters the bones of my right hand. She you think capable of having compassed her husband’s death fears even to write of murder done by hands not her own!

Yet I shall essay to write. Twilight had just settled on the earth; it was the last part of day and the first of night. We daughters of Inachus are escorted beneath the roof of great Pelasgus, and our husbands’ father himself receives the armed brides of his sons. On every side shine bright the lamps girt round with gold; unholy incense is scattered on unwilling altar-fires; the crowd cry “Hymen, Hymenaeus!” The god shuns their cry; Jove’s very consort has withdrawn from the city of her choice! Then, look you, confused with wine, they come in rout amidst the cries of their companions; with fresh flowers in their dripping locks, all joyously they burst into the bridal chambers – the bridal chambers, their own tombs! – and with their bodies press the couches that deserve to be funeral beds.

And now, heavy with food and wine they lay in sleep, and deep repose had settled on Argos, free from care – when round about me I

seemed to hear the groans of dying men; nay, I heard indeed, and what I feared was true. My blood retreated, warmth left my body and soul, and on my newly-wedded couch all chill I lay. As the gentle zephyr sets a-quiver the slender stalk of grain, as wintry breezes shake the poplar leaves, even thus – yea even more – did I tremble. Yourself lay quiet; the wine I had given you was the wine of sleep.

Thought of my violent father's mandates struck away my fear. I rise, and clutch with trembling hand the steel. I will not tell you aught untrue: thrice did my hand raise high the piercing blade, and thrice, having basely raised it, fell again. I brought it to your throat – let me confess to you the truth! – I brought my father's weapon to your throat; but fear and tenderness kept me from daring the cruel stroke, and my chaste right hand refused the task enjoined. Rending the purple robes I wore, rending my hair, I spoke with scant sound such words as these: "A cruel father, Hypermnestra, thine; perform thy sire's command, let thy husband there go join his brethren! A woman am I, and a maid, gentle in nature and in years; my tender hands ill suit fierce weapons. But come, while he lies there, do like as the brave sisters – it well may be that all have slain their husbands! Yet had this hand power to deal out murder at all, it would be bloody with the death of its own mistress. They have deserved this end for seizing on their uncle's realms; we, helpless band, must wander in exile with our aged, helpless sire. Yet suppose our husbands have deserved to die – what have we done ourselves? What crime have I committed that I must not be free from guilt? What have swords to do with me? What has a girl to do with the weapons of war? More suited to my hands are the distaff and the wool."

Thus I to myself; and while I utter my complaint, my tears follow forth the words that start them, and from my eyes fall down upon your body. While you grope for my embrace and toss your slumberous arms, your hand is almost wounded by my blade. And now fear of my father seized on me, and of my father's minions, and of the light of dawn; I drove away your sleep with these words of mine: "Rise up, away, O child of Belus, the one brother left of so many but now alive! This night unless you haste, will be forever night to you!" In terror you arise; all sleep's dullness flies away; you behold the strenuous weapon in my timorous hand. You ask the

cause. "While night permits," I answer, "fly!" While the dark night permits, you fly, and I remain.

'Twas early morn, and Danaus counted o'er his sons-in'-aw that lay there slain. You alone lack to make the crime complete. He bears ill the loss of a single kinsman's death, and complains that too little blood was shed. I am seized by the hair, and dragged from my father's feet – such reward my love for duty won! – and thrust in gaol.

Clear it is that Juno's wrath endures from the time the mortal maid became a heifer, and the heifer became a goddess. Yet it is punishment enough that the tender maid was a lowing beast, and, but now so fair, could not retain Jove's love. On the banks of her sire's stream the new-created heifer stood, and in the parental waters beheld the horns that were not her own; with mouth that tried to complain, she gave forth only lowings; she felt terror at her form, and terror at her voice. Why rage, unhappy one? Why gaze at thyself in the water's shadow? Why count the feet thou hast for thy new-created frame? Thou art the mistress of great Jove, that rival to be dreaded by his sister – and must quiet thy fierce hunger with the leafy branch and grassy turf, drink at the spring, and gaze astonished on thine image there, and fear lest the arms thou bearest may wound thyself! Thou, who but now wert rich, so rich as to seem worthy even of Jove, liest naked upon the naked ground. Over seas, and lands, and kindred streams dost thou course; the sea opens a way for thee, and the rivers, and the land. What is the cause of thy flight? Why dost thou wander over the long seas? Thou wilt not be able to fly from thine own features. Child of Inachus, whither dost thou haste? Thou followest and fliest – the same; thou art thyself guide to thy companion, thou art companion to thy guide!

The Nile, let flow to the sea through seven mouths, strips from the maddened heifer the features loved of Jove. Why talk of far-off things, told me by hoary eld? My own years, look you, give me matter for lament. My father and my uncle are at war; we are driven from our realms and from our home; we are cast away to the farthest parts of earth. Of the number of the brothers but a scantest part remains. For those who were done to death, and for those who did the deed, I weep; as many brothers as I have lost, so many sisters

also have I lost. Let both their companies receive my tears! Lo, I, because you live, am kept for the torments of punishment; but what shall be the fate of guilt, when I am charged with crime for deeds of praise, and fall, unhappy that I am, once the hundredth member of a kindred throng, of whom one brother only now remains?

But do thou, O Lynceus, if thou carest aught for thy sister, and art worthy of the gift I rendered thee, come bear me aid; or, if it pleases thee, abandon me to death, and, when my body is done with life, lay it in secret on the funeral pile, and bury my bones moistened with faithful tears, and let my sepulchre be graved with this brief epitaph: "Exiled Hypermnestra, as the unjust price of her wifely deed, has herself endured the death she warded from her brother!"

I would write more; but my hand falls with the weight of my chains, and very fear takes away my strength.

XV. SAPPHO TO PHAON

Tell me, when you looked upon the characters from my eager right hand, did your eye know forthwith whose they were – or, unless you had read their author's name, Sappho, would you fail to know whence these brief words come?

Perhaps, too, you may ask why my verses alternate, when I am better suited to the lyric mode. I must weep, for my love – and elegy is the weeping strain; no lyre is suited to my tears.

I burn – as burns the fruitful acre when its harvests are ablaze, with untamed east-winds driving on the flame. The fields you frequent, O Phaon, lie far away, by Typhoean Aetna; and I – heat not less than the fires of Aetna preys on me. Nor can I fashion aught of song to suit the well-ordered string; songs are the labour of minds care-free! Neither the maids of Pyrrha charm me now, nor they of Methymna, nor all the rest of the throng of Lesbian daughters. Naught is Anactorie to me, naught Cydro, the dazzling fair; my eyes joy not in Atthis as once they did, nor in the hundred other maids I have loved here to my reproach; unworthy one, the love that belonged to many maids you alone possess.

You have beauty, and your years are apt for life's delights – O beauty that lay in ambush for my eyes! Take up the lyre and quiver – you will be Apollo manifest; let horns but spring on your head – you will be Bacchus! Phoebus loved Daphne, and Bacchus, too, loved the Gnosian maid, and neither one nor other knew the lyric mode; yet for me the daughters of Pegasus dictate sweetest songs; my name is already sun abroad in all the earth. Not greater is the praise Alcaeus wins, the sharer in my homeland and in my gift of song, though a statelier strain he sounds. If nature, malign to me, has denied the charm of beauty, weigh in the stead of beauty the genius she gave. I am slight of stature, yet I have a name fills every land; the measure of my name is my real height. If I am not dazzling fair, Cepheus' Andromeda was fair in Perseus' eyes, though dusky with the hue of her native land. Besides, white pigeons oft are mated with those of different hue, and the black turtle-dove, too, is loved by the bird of green. If none shall be yours unless deemed worthy of you for her

beauty's sake, then none shall be yours at all.

Yet, when I read you my songs, I seemed already beautiful enough; you swore 'twas I alone whom speech forever graced. I would sing to you, I remember – for lovers remember all – and while I snag you stole kisses from me. My kisses too you praised, and I pleased in every way – but then above all when we wrought at the task of love. Then did my playful ways delight you more than your wont – the quick embrace, the jest that gave spice to our sport, and, when the joys of both had mingled into one, the deep, deep languor in our wearied frames.

Now new prey is yours – the maids of Sicily. What is Lesbos now to me? I would I were a Sicilian maid. Ah, send me back my wanderer, ye Nisaeen matrons and Nisaeen maids, nor let the lies of his bland tongue deceive you! What he says to you, he had said before to me. Thou too, Erycina, who doest frequent the Sicanian mountains – for I am thine – protect thy singer, O lady! Can it be my grievous fortune will hold the ways it first began, and ever remain bitter in its course? Six natal days had passed for me, when I gathered the bones of my father, dead before his time, and let them drink my tears. My untaught brother was caught in the flame of harlot love, and suffered loss together with foul shame; reduced to need, he roams the dark blue seas with agile oar, and the wealth he cast away by evil means once more by evil means he seeks. As for me, because I often warned him well and faithfully, he hates me; this has my candour brought me, this my duteous tongue. And as if there were lack of things to weary me endlessly, a little daughter fills the measure of my cares.

Last cause of all are you for my complaint. My craft is not impelled by a propitious gale. Lo, see, my hair lies scattered in disorder about my neck, my fingers are laden with no sparkling gems; I am clad in garment mean, no gold is in the strands of my hair, my locks are scented with no gifts of Araby. For whom should I adorn myself, or whom should I strive to please? He, the one cause for my adornment, is gone. Tender is my heart, and easily pierced by the light shaft, and there is ever cause why I should ever love – whether at my birth the Sisters declared this law and did not spin my thread of life with austere strand, or whether tastes change into

character, and Thalia, mistress of my art, is making my nature soft. What wonder if the age of first down has carried me away, and the years that stir men's love? Lest thou steal him in Cephalus' place, I ever feared, Aurora – and so thou wouldst do, but that thy first prey holds thee still. Him should Phoebe behold, who beholds all things, 'twill be Phaon she bids continue in his sleep; him Venus would have carried to the skies in her ivory car, but that she knows he might charm even her Mars. O neither yet man nor still boy – meet age for charm – O ornament and great glory of thy time, O hither come; sail back again, O beauteous one, to my embrace! I do not plead for thee to love, but to let thyself be loved.

I write, and my eyes let fall the springing tears like drops of dew; look, how many a blot obscures this place! If you were so resolved to leave my side, you could have gone in more becoming wise. You might at least have said to me: "O Lesbian mistress, fare you well!" You did not take with you my tears, you did not take my kisses; indeed, I felt no fear of the pangs I was to suffer. You have left me nothing, nothing except my wrong; and you – you have no token of my love to put you in mind of me. I gave you no behests – nor would I have given any, save not to be unmindful of me. O by our love – and may it never far depart! – and by the heavenly Nine who are my deities, I swear to you, when someone said to me: "Your joys are flying from you!" for a long time I could not weep, and could not speak! Tears failed my eyes, and words my tongue; my breast was fast frozen with icy chill. After my grief had found itself, I felt no shame to beat my breast, and rend my hair, and shriek, not otherwise than when the loving mother of a son whom death has taken bears to the high-built funeral pile his empty frame. Joy swells my brother Charaxus' heart as he sees my woe; he passes before my eyes, and passes again; and, purposing to make the cause of my grief appear immodest, he says: "Why does she grieve? Surely her daughter lives!" Modesty and love are not at one. There was no one did not see me; yet I rent my robe and laid bare my breast.

You, Phaon, are my care; you, my dreams bring back to me – dreams brighter than the beauteous day. In them I find you, though in space you are far away; but not long enough are the joys that slumber gives. Often I seem with the burden of my neck to press your arms,

often to place beneath your neck my arms. I recognize the kisses – close caresses of the tongue – which you were wont to take and wont to give. At times I fondle you, and utter words that seem almost the waking truth, and my lips keep vigil for my senses. Further I blush to tell, but all takes place; I feel the delight, and cannot rule myself.

But when Titan shows his face and lights up all the earth, I complain that sleep has deserted me so soon; I make for the grots and the wood, as if the wood and the grots could aid me – those haunts were in the secret of my joys. Thither in frenzied mood I course, like one whom the maddening Enyo has touched, with hair flying loose about my neck. My eyes behold the grots, hanging with rugged rock – grots that to me were like Mygdonian marble; I find the forest out which oft afforded us a couch to lie upon, and covered us with thick shade from many leaves – but I find not the lord both of the forest and myself. The place is but cheap ground; he was the dower that made it rich. I have recognised the pressed-down grass of the turf I knew so well; the sod was hollowed from our weight. I have laid me down and touched the spot, the place you rested in; the grass I once found gracious has drunk my tears. Nay, even the branches have laid aside their leafage, and no birds warble their sweet complaint; only the Daulian bird, most mournful mother who wreaked unholy vengeance on her lord, laments in son Ismarian Itys. The bird sings of Itys, Sappho sings of love abandoned – that is all; all else is silent as midnight.

There is a sacred spring, bright and more transparent than any crystal – many think a spirit dwells therein – above which a watery lotus spreads its branches wide, a grove all in itself; the earth is green with tender turf. Here I had laid my wearied limbs and given way to tears, when there stood before my eyes a Naiad. She stood before me, and said: “Since thou art burning with unrequited flame, Ambracia is the land thou needs must seek. There Phoebus from on high looks down on the whole wide stretch of sea – of Actium, the people call it, and Leucadian. From here Deucalion, inflamed with love for Pyrrha, cast himself down, and struck the waters with body all unharmed. Without delay, his passion was turned from him, and fled from his tenacious breast, and Deucalion was freed from the fires of love. This is the law of yonder place. Go straightway seek the high Leucadian

cliff, nor from it fear to leap!”

Her warning given, she ceased her speech, and vanished; in terror I arose, and my eyes could not keep back their tears. I shall go, O nymph, to seek out the cliff thou toldst of; away with fear – my maddening passion casts it out. Whatever shall be, better ‘twill be than now! Breeze, come – bear me up; my limbs have no great weight. Do thou, too, tender Love, place thy pinions beneath me, lest I die and bring reproach on the Leucadian wave! Then will I consecrate to Phoebus my shell, our common boon, and under it shall be writ one verse, and a second:

SAPPHO THE SINGER, O PHOEBUS, HATH GRATEFULLY
BROUGHT THEE A ZITHER:

TOKEN WELL SUITED TO ME, TOKEN WELL SUITED TO
THEE.

Yet why do you send me to the shores of Actium, unhappy that I am, when you yourself could turn back your wandering steps? You can better help my state than the Leucadian wave; both in beauty and in kindness you will be a Phoebus to me. Or, if I perish, O more savage than any cliff or wave, you can endure the name of causing my death? But how much better for my bosom to be pressed to yours than headlong to be hurled from the rocks! – the bosom, Phaon, of her whom you were wont to praise, and who so often seemed to you to have the gift of genius. Would I were eloquent now! Grief stops my art, and all my genius is halted by my woes. My old-time power in song will not respond to the call; my plectrum for grief is silent; mute for grief is my lyre. Lesbian daughters of the wave, ye who are to wed and ye already wed, ye Lesbian daughters, whose names have been sung to the Aeolian lyre, ye Lesbian daughters whom I have loved to my reproach cease thronging to me more to hear my shell! Phaon has swept away all that ye loved before – ah, wretched me, how nearly I came then to saying “my Phaon”! Accomplish his return; your singer, too, will then return. My genius had its powers from him; with him they were swept away.

But do my prayers accomplish aught, or is his churl’s heart moved? or is it cold and hard, and do the zephyrs bear away my idly

falling words? Would that the winds that bear away my words might bring your sails again; this deed were fitting for you, tardy one, had you a feeling breast. If you intend return, and are making for your stern the votive gift, why tear my heart with delay? Weigh anchor! Venus who rose from the sea makes way on the sea for her lover. The wind will speed you on your course; do you but weigh anchor! Cupid himself will be helmsman, sitting upon the stern; himself with tender hand will spread and furl the sail. But if your pleasure be to fly afar from Pelasgian Sappho – and yet you will find no cause for flying from me – ah, at least let a cruel letter tell me this in my misery, that I may seek my fate in the Leucadian wave!

XVI. PARIS TO HELEN

I, son of Priam, send you, Leda's daughter, this wish for welfare – welfare that can fall to me through your gift alone.

Shall I speak, or is there no need to tell of a flame already known, and is my love already clearer than I could wish? I should indeed prefer to keep it hid, until the time came when my joy could be unmixed with fears, but I can ill disguise; for who could conceal a fire that ever betrays itself by its own light? If, none the less, you look for me to add word to fact – I am on fire with love! There you have the words that bring the message of my heart. Pardon, I entreat, my having confessed, and do not read the rest with face that is hard, but with one that suits your beauty.

Long now have I had cheer, for your welcoming my letter begets the hope that I also may be likewise welcomed. What the mother of Love, who persuaded me to this journey, has fixed upon, I deeply hope may be, and that she has not promised you to me in vain; for at divine behest – lest you sin unawares – I sail hither, and no slight godhead favours my undertaking. The prize I seek indeed is great, but I ask naught that is not my due; you have been promised for my marriage-chamber by her of Cythera. With her for pilot, from the Sigeian strand I have sailed in Pherecleon stern the dubious paths of the far-stretching flood. It is she who has given me gentle breezes and favouring wind – of a surety she has dominion over the sea, for she rose from the sea. May she still favour me, and calm my heart's tide as she calmed the wave's; and bring my bows to their desired haven.

My passion for you I have brought; I did not find it here. It is that which was the cause of so long a voyage, for neither gloomy storm has driven me hither, nor a wandering course; Taenaris is the land toward which my ships were steered. Nor think I cleave the seas with a keel that carries merchandise – what goods I have, may the gods only keep for me! Nor am I come as one to see the sights of Grecian towns – the cities of my own realm are wealthier. It is you I come for – you, whom golden Venus has promised for my bed; you were my heart's desire before you were known to me. I beheld your features

with my soul ere I saw them with my eyes; rumour, that told me of you, was the first to deal my wound.

Yet it is not strange if I am prey to love, as 'tis fitting I should be, stricken by darts that were sped from far. Thus have the fates decreed; and lest you try to say them nay, listen to words told faithfully and true. I was still in my mother's bosom, tardy of birth; her womb already was duly heavy with its load. It seemed to her in the vision of a dream that she put forth from her full womb a mighty flaming torch. In terror she rose up, and told the dread vision of opaque night to ancient Priam; he told it to his seers. One of the seers sang that Ilion would burn with the fire of Paris – that was the torch of my heart, as now has come to pass!

My beauty and my vigour of mind, though I seemed from the common folk, were the sign of hidden nobility. There is a place in the woody vales of midmost Ida, far from trodden paths and covered over with pine and ilex, where never grazes the placid sheep, nor the she-goat that loves the cliff, nor the wide-mouthed, slowly-moving kine. From there, reclining against a tree, I was looking forth upon the walls and lofty roofs of the Dardanian city, and upon the sea, when lo! it seemed to me that the earth trembled beneath the tread of feet – I shall speak true words, though they will scarce have credit for truth – and there appeared and stood before my eyes, propelled on pinions swift, the grandchild of mighty Atlas and Pelione – it was allowed me to see, and may it be allowed to speak of what I saw! – and in the fingers of the god was a golden wand. And at the self-same time, three goddesses – Venus, and Pallas, and with her Juno – set tender feet upon the sward. I was mute, and chill tremors had raised my hair on end, when “Lay aside thy fear!” the winged herald said to me; “thou art the arbiter of beauty; put an end to the strivings of the goddesses; pronounce which one deserves for her beauty to vanquish the other two!” And, lest I should refuse, he laid command on me in the name of Jove, and forthwith through the paths of ether betook him toward the stars.

My heart was reassured, and on a sudden I was bold, nor feared to turn my face and observe them each. Of winning all were worthy, and I who was to judge lamented that not all could win. But, none the less, already then one of them pleased me more, and you might know

it was she by whom love is inspired. Great is their desire to win; they burn to sway my verdict with wondrous gifts. Jove's consort loudly offers thrones, his daughter, might in war; I myself waver, and can make no choice between power and the valorous heart. Sweetly Venus smiled: "Paris, let not these gifts move thee, both of them full of anxious fear!" she says; "my gift shall be of love, and beautiful Leda's daughter, more beautiful than her mother, shall come to thy embrace." She said, and with her gift and beauty equally approved, retraced her way victorious to the skies.

Meanwhile – I suppose because fate had turned to prosper me – I am found by well approved signs to be a child of the royal line. The son, after long time, is taken back to his home, the house is glad, and Troy adds this day, too, to its festivals. And as I long for you, so women have longed for me; alone, you can possess the object of many women's prayers! And not only have the daughters of princes and chieftains sought me, but even the nymphs have felt for me the cares of love. Whose beauty was I to admire more than Oenone's? – after you, the world contains none more fit than she to be bride to Priam's son. But I am weary of all of them, Tyndaris, since hope was made mine of winning you. It was you that filled my vision as I waked, and you my soul saw in the night, when eyes lie overcome in peaceful slumber. What will you be face to face, you who won me yet unseen? I was fired with love, though here, far away, was the flame. I could not longer cheat myself of the hope of you, but started on the dark blue path to seek the object of my vows.

The Trojan groves of pine are felled by the Phrygian axe, and whatsoever tree will serve on the billowy seas; the steep of Gargara are spoiled of their lofty woods, and far-stretched Ida gives up to me unnumbered beams. The oak is bent to make the frame for the speedy ship, and the curving keel is woven with the ribbed sides. We add the yards, and the sails that hang to the mast; the hook-shaped stern, too, receives its painted gods; on the one which carries me stands painted – and, with her, tiny Cupid – the goddess who is sponsor for your wedding me. After the last hand has been laid to the ships, and all is complete, forthwith I am eager to sail the Aegean main – but my father and lady mother hold me back from my purpose with their prayers, and with fond words delay the journey I propose. My sister

Cassandra, too, all as she was, with hair let loose, when my vessels were eager now to spread the sail, cried out: "Whither thy headlong course? Thou wilt bring conflagration back with thee! How great the flames thou seekest over these waters, thou dost not know!" A truthful prophetess was she; I have found the fires of which she spoke, and flames of fierce love rage in my helpless breast!

I sail forth from the harbour, and with favouring winds disembark upon your shores, O nymph of Oebalus' line. Your lord receives me as befits a guest – this, too, an act not without the counsel and approval of the gods! He showed me, of course, whatever in all Lacedaemon was worthy to be shown and sightly to be seen; but I was eager to behold your much-praised charms, and there was nothing else by which my eyes could be held. When I did look on them, I was astonished mute, and felt new cares swelling big in my inmost breast. Features like those, as near as I recall, were Cytherea's own when she came to be judged by me. If you had come to that contest together with her, the palm of Venus would have come in doubt! Fame has indeed made great heralding of you, and there is no land that knows not of your beauty; no other among fair women has a name like yours – nowhere in Phrygia, nor from the rising of the sun!

Will you believe me when I say this, too? – your glory is less than the truth, and fame has all but maligned your charms; I find more here than the goddess promised me, and your glory is exceeded by its cause. And so Theseus rightly felt love's flame, for he was acquainted with all your charms, and you seemed fit spoil for the great hero to steal away, when, after the manner of your race, you engaged in the sports of the shining palaestra, a nude maid mingled with nude men. His stealing you away, I commend; my marvel is that he ever gave you back. So fine a spoil should have been kept with constancy. Sooner would this head have left my bloody neck than you have been dragged from marriage-chamber of mine. One like you, would ever these hands of mine be willing to let go? One like you, would I, alive, allow to leave my embrace? If you must needs have been rendered up, I should first at least have taken some pledge from you; my love for you would not have been wholly for naught. Either your virgin flower I should have plucked, or taken what could be stolen

without hurt to your virgin state.

Only give yourself to me, and you shall know of Paris' constancy; the flame of the pyre alone will end the flames of my love. I have placed you before the kingdoms which greatest Juno, bride and sister of Jove, once promised me; so I could only clasp my arms about your neck, I have held but cheap the prowess that Pallas would bestow. And I have no regret, nor shall I ever seem in my own eyes to have made a foolish choice; my mind is fixed and persists in its desire. I only pray, O worthy to be sought with such great toils! that you will not allow my hopes to fall to earth. I am no seeker after marriage ties with the nobly born, while myself of lowly line, nor will you find it disgrace, believe me, to be my wife. A Pleiad, if you will search, you will find in our line, and a Jove, to say naught of our ancestry since their time; my father wields the sceptre over Asia, land than which none other has more wealth, with bounds immense, scarce to be traversed. Unnumbered cities and golden dwellings you will see and temples you would say fit well their gods. Ilion you will look upon, and its walls made strong with lofty towers, reared to the tunefulness of Phoebus' lyre. Why tell you of our thronging multitudes of men? Scarce does that land sustain the dwellers in it. In dense line the Trojan women will press forward to meet you, and our palace halls will scarce contain the daughters of Phrygia. Ah, how often will you say: "How poor is our Achaia!" One household, any one you choose, will show a city's wealth.

And yet let me not presume to look down upon your Sparta; the land in which you were born is rich for me. But a niggard land is Sparta, and you deserve keeping in wealth; with fairness such as yours this place is not in accord. Beauty like yours it befits to enjoy rich adornment without end, and to wanton in ever new delights. When you look on the garb of the men of our race, what garb, think you, must be that of the daughters of Dardanus? Only be compliant, and do not disdain a Phrygian for your lord, you who were born in rural Therapnae. A Phrygian, and born of our blood, was he who now is with the gods, and mingles water with the nectar for their drinking. A Phrygian was Aurora's mate; yet he was carried away by the goddess who sets the last bound to the advance of night. A Phrygian, too, Anchises, with whom the mother of the wingèd loves rejoices to

consort on Ida's ridge. Nor do I think that Menelaus, when you compare our beauty and our years, will find higher place in your esteem than I. I shall at least not give you a father-in-law who puts to flight the clear beams of the sun, and turns away from the feast his affrightened steeds; nor has Priam a sire who is stained with blood from the murder of his bride's father, or who marks the Myrtoan waters with his crime; nor does ancestor of mine catch at fruits in the Stygian wave, or seek for water in the midst of waters.

Yet what avails me this, if one sprung from them possesses you, and Jove perforce is father-in-law to this house? Ah, crime! Throughout whole nights that unworthy husband possesses you, enjoying your embrace; but I – I look on you only when at last the board is laid, and even this time brings many things that pain. May our enemies have such repasts as often I endure when the wine has been set before us! I regret my being a guest, when before my eyes that rustic lays his arms about your neck. I burst with anger and envy – for why should I not tell everything? – when he lays his mantle over your limbs to keep you warm. But when you openly give him tender kisses, I take up my goblet and hold it before my eyes; when he holds you closely pressed, I let my gaze fall, and the dull food grows big within my unwilling mouth. Many a time I have let forth groans; and you – ah, mischief that you are! – I have marked you unable to keep from laughing when I groaned. Oft I would have quenched the flame of love in wine, but it grew instead, and drinking was but fire upon the fire. That I may miss the sight of much, I recline with head turned from you; but you yourself straightway recall my eyes again.

What I shall do, I know not; I suffer when I look upon these things, but I suffer more when I lack the sight of your face. In whatever way I am allowed and have the power, I struggle to conceal my madness; but none the less the love I cover up appears. And I am not deceiving you; you are aware what wounds are mine – you are aware! And would that they were known to you alone! Ah, how often at the coming of my tears I have turned away my face, lest that man should ask the reasons why I wept! Ah, how often, when in wine, I have told the tale of some amour, speaking straight to your face each single word, and have given you hint of myself under the made-up

name! I was the real lover – if you do not know. Nay, indeed, that I might be able to use more froward speech, not once alone have I feigned I was in wine.

You bosom once, I remember, was betrayed by your robe; it was loose, and left your charms bare to my gaze – breasts whiter than pure snows, or milk, or Jove when he embraced your mother. While I sat in ecstasy at the sight – I changed to have my goblet in hand – the twisted handle fell from my fingers. If you had bestowed kisses on your child Hermione, I forthwith snatched them with joy from her tender lips. And now I would sing of old amours, lying careless on my back; and again I would nod, making signs I should have kept hid. The first of your companions, Clymene and Aethra, I lately ventured to approach with flattering words; who said naught else than that they were afraid, and left me in the midst of my entreaties.

Ah, might the gods make you the prize in a mighty contest, and let the victor have you for his couch! – as Hippomenes bore off, the prize of his running, Schoeneus' daughter, as Hippodamia came to Phrygian embrace, as fierce Hercules broke the horns of Achelous while aspiring to thy embraces, Deianira. My daring would have boldly made its way in the face of conditions such as these, and you would know well how to be the object of my toils. Now nothing is left me but to entreat you, beauteous one, and to embrace your feet, so you suffer it. O honour, O present glory of the twin brethren, O worthy of Jove to husband were you not the child of Jove – either I shall return to the haven of Sigeum with you as my bride, or here, an exile, be covered with Taenarian earth! It is not slightly that my breast has been pierced, only by the arrow's point; my wound is deep – to the very bones! This – for I recall it – was what my truthful sister prophesied – that I should be transfixed by a heavenly dart. Do not, O Helen, despise a love ordained by fate – so may you find the gods gracious to your prayers!

Many things indeed come to my mind; but, that we may say more face to face, welcome me to your couch in the silent night. Or do you feel shame and fear to violate your wedded love, and to be false to the chaste bonds of a lawful bed? Ah, too simple – nay, too rustic – Helen! do you think that beauty of yours can be free from fault? Either you must change your beauty, or you must needs not be hard;

fairness and modesty are mightily at strife. Jove's delight, and the delight of Venus, are in stealthy sins like these; such stealthy sins, indeed, gave you Jove for sire. If power over character be in the seed, it scarce can be that you, the child of Jove and Leda, will remain chaste. Be chaste, nevertheless – but when my Troy shall hold you; and let your guilt, I beg, be with me alone. Let our sin now be one the hour of marriage will correct – if only what Venus promised me is not in vain!

But even your husband presses you on to this – by deed, if not by word. That his guest may find no bar to theft, he absents himself. He could find no time more suited for him to see the realms of Crete – O husband marvellously shrewd! “I enjoin upon you in my stead the care of my affairs, and of our guest from Ida,” he said, making ready to depart. I call you witness; you neglect the injunction of your absent lord; you are not caring for your guest at all. Do you hope, Tyndaris, that so senseless a man as this can know well the riches of your beauty? You are deceived – he does not know; if he thought great the possessions that he holds, he would not entrust them to an outlander. Though neither my words should move you, nor my ardour, I am driven to take the advantage he himself gives – or I shall be foolish, even to surpassing him, if I let so safe a time go idly by. Almost with his own hands he has brought your lover to you; profit by the behests of your artless lord!

You lie alone through the long night in a companionless couch; in a companionless bed I, too, lie alone. Let mutual delights join you to me, and me to you; brighter than mid of day will that night be. Then I will swear to you by whatever gods you choose, and bind myself by my oath to observe the rites of your choice; then, if confidence does not beguile me, with a plea in person I will make you wish to seek my realms. If you feel shame and fear lest you seem to have followed me, I myself will meet this charge without you; for I will imitate the deed of Aegeus' son and of your brothers. You can be touched by no examples nearer than these. Theseus stole you away, and they the twin daughters of Leucippus; I shall be counted fourth among such examples. The Trojan fleet is ready, equipped with arms and men; soon oar and breeze will make swift our way. Like a great queen you will make your progress through the Dardanian towns, and the

common crowd will think a new goddess come to earth; wherever you advance your steps, flames will consume the cinnamon, and the slain victim will strike the bloody earth. My father and my brothers and my sisters, with their mother, and all the daughters of Ilion, and Troy entire, will bring you gifts. Ah me! I am telling you scarce any part of what will be. You will receive more than my letter tells.

And do not fear lest, if you are stolen away, fierce wars will follow after us, and mighty Greece will rouse her strength. Of so many who have been taken away before, tell me, has any one ever been sought back by arms? Believe me, that fear of yours is vain. In the name of Aquilo the Thracians took captive Erechtheus' child, and the Bistonian shore was safe from war; Pegasaeon Jason in his new craft carried away the Phasian maid, and the land of Thessaly was never harmed by Colchian band. Theseus, too, he who stole you, stole Minos' daughter; yet Minos called the Cretans ne'er to arms. The terror in things like these is wont to be greater than the danger itself, and where 'tis our humour to fear, we shame to have feared too much.

Imagine none the less, if you wish, that a great war is set on foot – I, too, have power, and my weapons, too, are deadly. Nor is the resource of Asia less than that of your land; in men is that country rich, and richly abounds in horses. Nor will Menelaus, Atreus' son, have spirit more than Paris, or be esteemed before him in arms. While yet almost a child, I slew the enemy and got back our herds, and from the exploit received the name I bear; while yet almost a child, I overcame young men in varied contest, and among them Ilioneus and Deiphobus; and, lest you think me not to be feared but in the thick of the fight, my arrow is fixed in any spot you choose. Can you bespeak for him such deeds of first young manhood? can you claim for the son of Atreus skill like mine? If you should claim for him everything, could you give him Hector for a brother? He alone will have the might of unnumbered warriors! My powers you do not know, and my prowess you have never seen. You do not know the man whose bride you are to be.

Either, then, you will be demanded back with no tumult of war, or the Doric camp will yield to my soldiery. Nor yet would I disdain to take up arms for such a bride. Great prizes stir great strife. And you,

besides, if the whole world shall content for you, will attain to fame among men, forever more! Only, take hope, cast off your fears, and leave this place, for the gods are with us; exact with full confidence the promised boon.

XVII. HELEN TO PARIS

Now that your letter has profaned my eyes, the glory of writing no reply has seemed to me but slight. You have dared, stranger, to violate the sacred pledge of hospitality, and to tamper with the faith of a lawful wife! Of course it was for this that the Taenarian shore received you into its haven when tossed on the windy tides, and that, come though you were from another race, our royal home did not present closed doors to you – for this, that wrong should be the return for kindness so great! You who so entered, were you guest, or were you enemy?

I doubt not that, just though it is, this complaint of mine is called rustic in your judgment. Let me by all means be rustic, only so I forget not my honour, and the course of my life be free from fault. If I do not feign a gloomy countenance, nor sit with stern brows grimly bent, my good name is nevertheless clear, and thus far I have lived without reproach, and no false lover makes his boast of me. For this I wonder the more what confidence inspires your enterprise, and what cause has given you hope to share my couch. Because the Neptunian hero employed violence with me, can it be that, stolen once, I seem fit to be stolen, too, a second time? The blame were mine, had I been lured away; but seized, as I was, what could I do, more than refuse my will? Yet he did not reap from his deed the fruitage he desired; except my fright, I returned with no harm. Kisses only, and few, the wanton took, and those despite my struggles; father than that, he possesses naught of mine. Such villainy as yours would not have been content with this – ye gods do better by me! he was not a man like you. He gave me back untouched, and moderation lessened his blame; the youth repented of his deed, 'tis plain. Did Theseus repent but for Paris to follow in his steps, lest my name should sometime cease from the lips of men? Yet I am not angered – for who grows offended with a lover? – if only what you profess is not pretended love. For I doubt of this too – not that I lack ground for confidence, or that my beauty is not well known to me; but that quick belief is wont to bring harm upon a woman, and your words are said to lack in faith.

You say that others yield to sin, and the matron is rare that is chaste. Who is to keep my name from being among the rare? For, as to my mother's seeming to you a fit example, and your thinking you can turn me, too, by citing it, you are mistaken there, since she fell through being deceived by a false outside; her lover was disguised by plumage. For me, if I should sin I can plead ignorance of nothing; there will be no error to obscure the crime of what I do. Her error was well made, and her sin redeemed by its author. With what Jove shall I be called happy in my fault?

But you boast your birth, your ancestry, and your royal name. This house of mine is glorious enough with its own nobility. To say naught of Jove, forefather of my husband's sire, and all the glory of Pelops, Tantalus' son, and of Tyndareus, Leda makes Jove my father, deceived by the swan, false bird she cherished in her trusting bosom. Go now, and loudly tell of remote beginnings of the Phrygian stock, and of Priam with his Laomedon! Them I esteem; but he who is your great glory and fifth from you, you will find is first from our name. Although I believe the sceptres of your Troy are powerful, yet I think these of ours not less than they. If indeed this place is surpassed in riches and number of men, yours at any rate is a barbarous land.

Your letter, to be sure, promises gifts so great they could move the goddesses themselves; but, were I willing to overstep the limit of my honour, yourself would have been a better cause of fault. Either I shall hold forever to my stainless name, or I shall follow you rather than your gifts; and if I do not scorn them, it is because those gifts are ever most welcome whose giver makes them precious. It is much more than you love me, that I am the cause of your toils, that your hope of me has led your over waters so wide.

What you do now when our board has been spread, oh, shameless one! I also note, though I try to feign – when now you look on me, wanton, with those bold eyes which my own can scarcely meet when they assail me, and now sigh, and now again take up the goblet nearest me, and yourself, too, drink from the part where I have drunk. Oh, how often have I noted the covert signals you made with your fingers, how often those from your almost speaking brows! And oft I have been in terror lest my husband see it, and have reddened at the signs you did not well conceal. Oft in lowest murmur, or, rather,

with no sound at all, I have said: "He has no shame for anything!" and this word of mine was not false. On the round surface of the table, too, I have read beneath my name, which had been writ with the tracing of wine: I LOVE. I could not believe you, none the less, and signified it with my eyes – ah me, already I have learned that thus one may speak! These are the blandishments, had I been disposed to sin, by which I could be bent; by these my heart could be taken prisoner. Your beauty, too, I confess, is rare, and a woman might well wish to submit to your embrace; but let another be happy without reproach rather than my honour fall before a stranger's love. Learn from my example how to live without the fair; there is virtue in abstinence from what delights. How many youths, think you, desire what you desire, and yet are wise? Or are you, Paris, the only one with eyes? You see no more clearly: your daring is only more rash; nor have you more spirit, but less of modesty.

I would the time of your swift keel's coming had been when my maiden hand was sought by a thousand suitors; had I seen you, of the thousand you would have been the first. My husband himself will pardon this judgment of mine. YOU come late – to joys already seized on and possessed; your hope has been tardy; what you seek, another has. Grant, none the less, that I longed to become your bride at Troy, even so think not Menelaus holds me against my will. Cease, I pray, to pluck with your words at my faltering heart, and do not give pain to her you say you love; but allow me to keep the lot that fortune has given, and do not covet to my shame the spoil of my honour.

You say Venus gave her word for this; and that in the vales of Ida three goddesses presented themselves unclad before you; and that when one of them would give you a throne, and the second glory in war, the third said: "The daughter of Tyndareus shall be your bride!" I can scarce believe that heavenly beings submitted their beauty to you as arbiter: and, grant that this is true, surely the other part of your tale is fiction, in which I am said to have been given you as reward for your verdict. I am not so assured of my charms as to think myself the greatest gift in the divine esteem. My beauty is content to be approved in the eyes of men; the praise of Venus would bring envy on me. Yet I attempt no denial; I am even pleased with the praises of

your report – for why should my words deny what I much desire? Nor be offended that I am over slow to believe in you; faith is wont to be slow in matters of great moment.

My first pleasure, then, is to have found favour in the eyes of Venus; the next, that I seemed the greatest prize to you, and that you placed first he honours neither of Pallas nor of Juno when you had heard of Helen's parts. So, then, I mean valour to you, I mean a far-famed throne! I should be or iron, did I not love such a heart. Of iron, believe me, I am not; but I fight against my love for one who I think can hardly become my own. Why should I essay with curvèd plough to furrow the watery shore, and to follow a hope which the place itself denies? I am not practised in the theft of love, and never yet – the gods are my witnesses – have I artfully made sport of my lord. Even now, as I entrust my words to the voiceless page, my letter performs an office all unwonted. Happy they who are no novices! I, ignorant of the world, dream that the path of guilt is hard.

My very fear is a burden, I am in confusion even now, and think that the eyes of all are on my face. Nor do I think so groundlessly; I have caught the evil murmurs of the crowd, and Aethra has brought back certain words to me. But you – do you feign, unless you choose rather to desist! Yet why should you desist? – you have the power to feign. Keep on with your play, yet secretly! Greater, yet not the greatest, freedom is given me by Menelaus' absence. He is away, to be sure, on a far journey, for so his affairs compelled; he had great and just cause for his sudden setting forth – or so it seemed to me. 'Twas I, when he was doubting whether to go, that said: "Go, but see that you return as soon as may be!" Glad at the omen, he kissed me, and, "Look you to my affairs, and to the household, and to our guest from Troy," he says. I scarce could hold my laughter; and, while I struggled to keep it back, could say to him nothing except "I will."

Yes, he has spread sail for Crete with favouring winds; but think not for this that everything may be as you choose! My lord is away, but in such wise that he guards me, even though away – or know you not that monarchs have far-reaching hands? My fame, too, is a burden to me; for, the more you men persist in your praise of me, the more justly does he fear. The glory that is my delight, just now is a bane as well, and it were better I had cheated fame. Nor let his

absence cause you to wonder that I have been left here with you; my character and way of life have taught him trust. My face makes him fearful, my life makes him sure; he feels secure in my virtue, my charms rouse his fear.

You urge on me that opportunity freely offered should not be wasted, and that we should profit by the obliging ways of a simple husband. I both desire it and am afraid. So far my will is not determined; my heart is wavering in doubt. Both my lord is away from me, and you are without companion for your sleep, and your beauty takes me, and mine in turn you; the nights, too, are long, and we already come together in speech, and you – wretched me! – are persuasive, and the same roof covers us. May I perish if all things do not invite me to my fall; and yet some fear still holds me back! What you basely urge on me, would that you could in honour compel me to! You should have cast out by force the scruples of my rustic heart. Wrong sometimes brings gain even to those themselves who suffer it. In this way, surely I could have been compelled to happiness.

While it is new, let us rather fight against the love we have begun to feel. A new-kindled flame dies down when sprinkled with but little water. Uncertain is the love of strangers; it wanders, like themselves, and when you expect nothing to be more sure, 'tis gone. Hypsipyle is witness, witness is the Minoan maid, both mocked in their unacknowledged marriage-beds. You, too, faithless one, they say have abandoned your Oenone, beloved for many years. Nor yet do you yourself deny it; and, if you do not know, to inquire into all concerning you has been my greatest care. Besides, though you should long to remain constant in love, you have not the power. The Phrygians are even now unfurling your sails; while you are speaking with me, while you are making ready for the hoped-for night, already the wind to bear you homeward will be here. In their mid course you will abandon joys yet full of freshness; away with the winds will go your love of me.

Of shall I follow as you urge, and look upon the Pergamum your praise, and be a bride of the grandchild of Laomedon? I do not so despise the heraldings of the winged talk of men that I would let it fill the earth with my reproach. What will Sparta find to say of me, what all Achaia, what other peoples, what your Troy? What will

Priam think of me, what Priam's wife, and all your many brothers and their Dardanian wives? You, too, how will you be able to hope that I shall keep faith and not be troubled by your own example? Whatever stranger shall have entered the harbours of Ilion will be the cause of anxious fears for you. You yourself, how often in anger will you say to me: "Adulteress!" forgetful that your own reproach is linked with mine! You will be at the same time the censor and the author of my fault. Ere that, I pray, may earth lie heavy o'er my face!

But you say I shall enjoy the wealth of Ilion and a life of all things rich, and shall have gifts more splendid even than your promise; yes, purple and precious webs will be given me, and I shall be rich with heaped-up weight of gold! Forgive me if I say it – your gifts are not worth so much; I know not how, my land itself still holds me back. Who will succour me on Phrygian shores if I meet with harm? Where shall I look for brothers, where for a father's aid? All things false Jason promised to Medea – was she the less thrust forth from the house of Aeson? There was no Aeëtes to receive the scorned maid home, no mother Idyia, no sister Chalciope. Naught like this do I fear – but neither did Medea fear! Fair hope is often deceived in its own augury. For every ship tossed now upon the deep, you will find that the sea was gentle as it left the harbour.

The torch, too, starts my fears – the bloody torch your mother brought forth in vision before the day of her travail; and I shrink at the words of the seers who they say forewarned that Ilion would burn with Pelasgian fire. And, just as Cytherea favours you, because she was victorious and has a twofold trophy won from the verdict you gave, so I fear those two that – if your boast be true – lost their causes by your judging; and I do not doubt that, should I follow you, war would be set on foot. Through swords, ah me! our love will have to make its way. Or did Hippodamia of Atrax compel Haemonia's men to declare fierce war on the Centaurs – and do you think that Menelaus and my twin brethren and Tyndareus will be slow to act in such righteous wrath?

As for your loud vaunting and talk of brave deeds, that face belies your words. Your parts are better suited for Venus than for Mars. Be the waging of wars for the valiant; for you, Paris, ever to love! Bid Hector, whom you praise, go warring in your stead; 'tis the other

campaigning befits your prowess. That prowess, were I wise or something bolder, I would employ; employed it will be by whatever maid is wise – or I perchance, forgetting modesty, shall learn wisdom and, overcome by time, yield in tardy surrender.

You ask that we speak of these things in secret, face to face. I know what it is you court, and what you mean by speech with me; but you are over hasty, and your harvest is still in the green. This delay perhaps may be friendly to your wish.

Thus far now; let the writing that shares the secret of my heart now stay its furtive task, for my hand is wearied. The rest let us say through my companions Clymene and Aethra, the two who attend and counsel me.

XVIII. LEANDER TO HERO

He of Abydos sends to you, Maid of Sestos, the greetings he would rather bring, if the waves of the sea should fall. If the gods are kindly toward me, if they favour me in my love, you will read with unwilling eye these words of mine. But they are not kindly; for why do they delay my vows, nor suffer me to haste though the well-known waters? You yourself see how the heavens are blacker than pitch, and the straits turbid with winds, and how the hollowed ships can scarce set sail upon them. One seaman only, and he a bold one – he by whom this letter is brought to you – has put out from the harbour; I had embarked with him, but that, as he loosed the cables from the prow, Abydos all was looking down on him. I could not evade my parents, as before, and the love we wish to keep hid would have come to light.

Forthwith writing these words, “Go, happy letter!” I said; “soon she will reach forth for thee her beautiful hand. Perchance thou wilt even be touched by her approaching lips as she seeks to break thy bands with her snowy tooth.” Speaking such words as these in lowest murmur, the rest I let my right hand say upon the sheet. But ah! how much rather would I have it swim than write, and eagerly bear me through the accustomed waves! It is more fit, I grant, for plying the stroke upon the tranquil deep; yet also apt minister of what I feel.

It is now the seventh night, space longer than a year to me, that the troubled sea has been boiling with hoarse-voiced waters. If in all these nights I have had sleep soothe my breast, may I be long kept from you by the raging deep! Sitting upon some rock, I look sadly on your shores, carried in my thoughts to where in body I cannot go. Nay, my vision even sees – or thinks it sees – lights waking in the topmost of your tower. Thrice have I laid down my garments upon the dry sand; thrice, naked have I tried to enter on the heavy way – the swollen billows opposed the bold attempts of youth, and their waters, surging upon me as I swam, rolled over my head.

But thou, most ungentle of the sweeping winds, why art thou bent on waging war with me? It is I, O Boreas, if thou dost not know, and not the waves, against whom thou ragest! What wouldst thou do,

were it not that love is known to thee? Cold as thou art, canst thou yet deny, base wind that of yore thou wert aflame with Actaeon fires? I If, when eager to seek thy joys, someone were to close to thee the paths of air, in what wise wouldst thou endure it? Have mercy on me, I pray; be mild, and stir a more gentle breeze – so may the child of Hippotes lay upon thee no harsh command.

Vain is my petition; my prayers are met by his murmurings, and the waves tossed up by him he nowhere curbs. Now would that Daedalus could give me his daring wings – though the Icarian strand is not far hence! Whatever might be I would endure, so I could only raise into air the body that oft has hung upon the dubious wave.

Meantime, while wind and wave deny me everything, I ponder in my heart the first times I stole to you. Night was but just beginning – for the memory has charm for me – when I left my father's doors on the errand of love. Nor did I wait, but, flinging away my garments, and with them my fears, I struck out with pliant arm upon the liquid deep. The moon for the most shed me a tremulous light as I swam, like a duteous attendant watchful over my path. Lifting to her my eyes, "Be gracious to me, shining deity," I said, "and let the rocks of Latmos rise in thy mind! Endymion will not have thee austere of heart. Bend, O I pray, thy face to aid my secret loves. Thou, a goddess, didst glide from the skies and seek a mortal love; ah, may it be allowed me to say the truth! – she I seek is a goddess too. To say naught of virtues worthy of heavenly breast, beauty like hers falls to none but the true divine. After the beautiful face of Venus, and thine own, there is none before hers; and, that thou mayst not need to trust my words, look thou thyself! As much as all the stars are less than thy bright fires when thy silvery gleam goes forth with pure rays, so much more fair is she than all the fair. If thou dost, doubt it, Cynthia, thy light is blind."

These words I spake, or words at least not differing much from these, and was borne along in the night through waters that made way before my stroke. The wave was radiant with the image of the reflected moon, and there was a splendour as of day in the silent night; no note came anywhere to my ears, no sound but the murmur of the waters my body thrust aside. The Halcyons only, their hearts still true to beloved Ceyx, I heard in what seemed to my some sweet

lament.

And now my arms grow tired below the shoulder-joint, and with all my strength I raise myself aloft on the summit of the waters. Beholding, far off, a light, "It is my love shines in yonder flame," I cried; "it is my light yon shores contain!" And straight the strength came back to my wearied arms, and the wave seemed easier to me than before. To keep me from the chill of the cold deep, love lends his aid, hot in my eager breast. The nearer I approach, and the nearer draw the shores, and the less of the way remains, the greater my joy to hasten on. When in truth I can be seen as well as see, by your glance you straightway give me heart, and make me strong. Now, too, I strain in my course to pleasure my lady, and toss my arms in the stroke for you to see. Your nurse can scarce stay you from rushing down into the tide – for I saw this, too, and you did not cheat my eye. Yet, though she held you as you went, she could not keep you from wetting your foot at the water's edge. You welcome me with your embrace, share happy kisses with me – kisses, O ye great gods, worth seeking across the deep! –and from your own shoulders you strip the robes to give them over to me, and dry my hair all dripping with the rain of the sea.

For the rest – night knows of that, and ourselves, and the tower that shares our secret, and the light that guides me on my passage through the floods. The joys that that dear night may no more be numbered than the weeds of the Hellespontic sea; the briefer the space that was ours for the theft of love, the more we made sure it should not idly pass.

And now Aurora, the bride of Tithonus, was making ready to chase the night away, and Lucifer had risen, forerunner of the dawn; in haste we ply our kisses, all disorderly, complaining that the night allows brief lingering. So, tarrying till the nurse's bitter warnings bid me go, I leave the tower and make for the chilly shore. We part in tears, and I return to the Maiden's sea, looking ever back to my lady while I can. Believe me, it is true: going hence, I seem a swimmer, but, when I return, a shipwrecked man. This too, is true, will you but believe: toward you, my way seems ever inclined; away from you, when I return, it seems a steep of lifeless water. Against the wish of my heart I regain my own land – who could believe? Against the

wish of my heart I tarry now in my own town.

Ah me! why are we joined in soul and parted by the wave; two beings of one mind, but not of one land? Either let your Sestos take me, or my Abydos you; your land is as dear to me as mine is dear to you. Why must my heart be troubled as oft as the sea is troubled? Why must the wind, slight cause, have power to hinder me? Already the curving dolphins have learned our loves, and I think the very fishes know me. Already my accustomed path through the waters is well trod, like to the road pressed on by many a wheel. That there was no other way open than this was my complaint before; but now, because of the winds, I complain that this way, too, has failed. The sea of Athamas' child is foaming white with immense billows, and scarcely safe is the keel that remains in its own harbour; such were these waters, I judge, when first they got from the drowned maid the name they bear. This place is of evil fame enough for the loss of Helle, and, though it spare me, its name reproaches it.

I envy Phrixus, whom the ram with gold in its woolly fleece bore safely over the stormy seas; yet I ask not the office of ram or ship, if only I may have the waters to cleave with my body. I need no art; so only I am allowed to swim, I will be at once ship, seaman, passenger! I guide myself neither by Helice, nor by Arctos, the leading-star of Tyre; my love will none of the stars in common use. Let another fix his eyes on Andromeda and the bright Crown, and upon the Parrhasian Bear that gleams in the frozen pole; but for me, I care not for the loves of Perseus, and of Liber and Jove, to point me on my dubious way. There is another light, far surer for me than those, and when it leads me through the dark my love leaves not its course; while my eyes are fixed on this, I could go to Colchis or the farthest bounds of Pontus, and where the ship of Thessalian pine held its course; and I could surpass the young Palaemon in my swimming, and him whom the wondrous herb made suddenly a god.

Often my arms grow heavy from the unceasing stroke, and scarce can drag their weary way through the endless floods. When I say to them: "No slight reward for toil shall be yours, for soon you shall have my lady's neck to hang about," forthwith they take on strength, and stretch forward to the winning of their prize, like the swift steed let go from the Elean starting-chamber. And so I myself keep eyes on

the love that burns me, and guide myself by you, maid worthy rather of the skies. For worthy of the skies you are – yet tarry still on earth, or tell me where I also may find a way to the gods above! You are here, yet your wretched lover has but small part in you, and when he sea grows turbid my heart is turbid, too. Of what avail to me that the billows are not broad that sunder us? Is this brief span of waters less an obstacle to me? I almost would that I were distant from you the whole world, so that my hopes were far removed, together with my lady. Now, the nearer you are, the nearer is the flame that kindles me, and hope is always with me, not always she I hope for. I can almost touch her with my hand, so near is she I love; but oft, alas! this “almost” starts my tears. What else than this was the catching at elusive fruits, and pursuing with the lips the hope of a retreating stream?

Am I, then, never to embrace you except when the wave so wills, and shall no tempest see me happy? and, though nothing is less certain than the wind and wave, must winds and water ever by my hope? And yet it still is summer. What when the seas have been assailed by the Pleiad, and the guardian of the Bear, and the Goat of Olenos? Either I know not how rash I am, or even then a love not cautious will send me forth on the deep. And, lest you deem I promise this because the time is not yet come, I will give you no tardy pledge of what I promise. Let the sea be swollen still for these few nights, and I shall essay to cross despite the waves; either happy daring shall leave me safe, or death shall be the end of my anxious love! Yet I shall pray to be cast up on yonder shores, and that my shipwrecked limbs may come into your haven; for you will weep over me, and not disdain to touch my body, and you will say: “Of the death he met, I was the cause!”

You are hurt, no doubt, by this omen of my death, and my letter in this part stirs your displeasure. I cease – no more complain; but, that the sea, too, may end its anger, add, I beseech, your prayers to mine. I need a brief space of calm until I cross to you; when I shall have touched your shore, let the storm rage on! Yonder with you is an apt ship-yard for my keel, and in no waters rests my bark more safe. There let Boreas shut me in, where tarrying is sweet! Then will I be slow to swim, then will I be ware, nor cast revilement on the

unhearing floods again, nor complain that the sea is rough when I
fain would swim. Let me be stayed alike by the winds and your
tender arms, and let there be double cause to keep me there!

When the storm permits, I shall make use of the oarage of my
arms; do you only keep ever the beacon-light where I shall see!
Meanwhile, my letter in my stead be with you throughout the night. I
pray to follow it myself with least delay!

XIX. HERO TO LEANDER

That I may enjoy in very truth the greeting you have sent in words, Leander, O come! Long to me is all delay that defers our joys. Forgive me what I say – I cannot be patient for love! We burn with equal fires, but I am not equal to you in strength; men, methinks, must have stronger natures. As the body, so is the soul of tender women frail – delay but a little longer, and I shall die!

You men, now in the chase, and now husbanding the genial acres of the country, consume long hours in the varied tasks that keep you. Either the market-place holds you, or the sports of the supple wrestling-ground, or you turn with bit the neck of the responsive steed; now you take the bird with the snare, now the fish with the hook; and the later hours you while away with the wine before you. For me who am denied these things, even were I less fiercely aflame, there is nothing left to do but love. What there is left, I do; and you, O sole delight of mine, I love with even greater love than could be returned to me! Either with my dear nurse I whisper of you, and marvel what can keep you from your way; or, looking forth upon the sea, I chide the billows stirred by the hateful wind, in words almost your own; or, when the heavy wave has a little laid aside its fierce mood, I complain that you indeed could come, but will not; and while I complain tears course from the eyes that love you, and the ancient dame who shares my secret dries them with tremulous hand. Often I look to see whether your footprints are on the shore, as I the sand would keep the marks impressed on it; and, that I may inquire about you, and write to you, I still am asking if anyone has come from Abydos, or if anyone is going to Abydos. Why tell how many times I kiss the garments you lay aside when making ready to stem the waters of the Hellespont?

Thus, when the light is done and night's more friendly hour has driven out day and set forth the gleaming stars, straightway I place in the highest of our abode my watchful lamps, the signals to guide you on the accustomed way. Then, drawing with whirling spindle the twisted thread, with woman's art we beguile the slow hours of waiting.

What, meanwhile, I say through so long a time, you ask? Naught but Leander's name is on my lips. "Do you think my joy has already come forth from his home, my nurse? Or are all waking, and does he fear his kin? Now do you think he is putting off the robe from his shoulders, and now rubbing the rich oil into his limbs?" She signs assent, most likely; not that she cares for my kisses, but slumber creeps upon her and lets nod her ancient head. Then, after slightest pause, "Now surely he is setting forth on his voyage, " I say, "and is parting the waters with the stroke of his pliant arms." And when I have finished a few strands and the spindle has touched the ground, I ask whether you can be mid way of the strait. And now I look forth, and now in timid tones I pray that a favouring breeze will give you an easy course; my ears catch at uncertain notes, and at every sound I am sure that you have come.

When the greatest part of the night has gone by for me in such delusions, sleep steals upon my wearied eyes. Perhaps, false one, you yet pass the night with me, though against your will; perhaps you come, though yourself you do not wish to come. For now I seem to see you already swimming near and now to feel your wet arms about my neck, and now to throw about your dripping limbs the accustomed coverings, and now to warm our bosoms in the close embrace – and many things else a modest tongue should say naught of, whose memory delights, but whose telling brings a blush. Ah me! brief pleasures these, and not the truth; for you are ever wont to go when slumber goes. O more firmly let our eager loves be knit, and our joys be faithful and true! Why have I passed so many cold and lonely nights? Why, O tardy loiterer, are you so often away from me? The sea, I grant, is not yet fit for the swimmer; but yesternight the gale was gentler. Why did you let it pass? Why did you fear what was not to come? Why did so fair a night go by for naught, and you not seize upon the way? Grant that like chance for coming be given you soon; this chance was the better, surely, since 'twas the earlier.

But swiftly, you may say, the face of the storm-tossed deep was changed. Yet you often come in less time, when you are in haste. Overtaken here, you would have, methinks, no reason to complain, and while you held me close no storm would harm you. I surely should hear the sounding winds with joy, and should pray for the

waters never to be calm. But what has come to pass, that you are grown more fearful of the wave, and dread the sea you before despised? For I call to mind your coming once when the flood was not less fierce and threatening – or not much less; when I cried to you: “be ever rash with such good fortune, lest wretched I may have to weep for your courage!” Whence this new fear, and whither has that boldness fled? Where is that mighty swimmer who scorned the waters?

But no, be rather as you are than as you were wont to be before; make your way when the sea is placid, and be safe – so you are only the same, so we only love each other, as you write, and that flame of ours turn not to chill ashes. I do not fear so much the winds that hinder my vows as I fear that like the wind your love may wander – that I may not be worth it all, that your perils may outweigh their cause, and I seem a reward too slight for your toils.

Sometimes I fear my birthplace may injure me, and I be called no match, a Thracian maid, for a husband from Abydos. Yet could I bear with greater patience all things else than have you linger in the bonds of some mistress’s charms, see other arms clasped round your neck, and a new love end the love we bear. Ah, may I rather perish than be wounded by such a crime, may fate overtake me ere you incur that guilt! I do not say these words because you have given sign that such grief will come to me, or because some recent tale has made me anxious, but because I fear everything – for who that loved was ever free from care? The fears of the absent, too, are multiplied by distance. Happy they whom their own presence bids know the true charge, and forbids to fear the false. Me wrongs imaginary fret, while the real I cannot know, and either error stirs equal gnawings in my heart. O, would you only come! Or did I only know that the wind, or your father – at least, no woman – kept you back! Were it a woman, and I should know, I should die of grieving, believe me; sin against me at once, if you desire my death!

But you will not sin against me, and my fears of such troubles are vain. The reason you do not come is the jealous storm that beats you back. Ah, wretched me! with what great waves the shores are beaten, and what dark clouds envelop and hide the day! It may be the loving mother of Helle has come to the sea, and is lamenting in

downpouring tears the drowning of her child – or is the step-dame, turned to a goddess of the waters, vexing the sea that is called by her step-child’s hated name? This place, such as ‘tis now, is aught but friendly to tender maids; by these waters Helle perished, by them my own affliction comes. Yet, Neptune, wert thou mindful of thine own heart’s flames, thou oughtst let no love be hindered by the winds – if neither Amymone, nor Tyro much bepraised for beauty, are stories idly charged to thee, nor shining Alcyone, and Calyce, child of Hecataeon, nor Medusa when her locks were not yet twined with snakes, nor golden-haired Laodice and Celaeno taken to the skies, nor those whose names I mind me of having read. These, surely, Neptune, and many more, the poets say in their songs have mingled their soft embraces with thine own. Why, then, dost thou, who hast felt so many times the power of love, close up with whirling storm the way we have learned to know? Spare us, impetuous one, and mingle thy battles out upon the open deep! These waters, that separate two lands, are scant. It befits thee, who art mighty, either to toss about the mighty keel, or to be fierce even with entire fleets; ‘tis shame for he god of the great sea to terrify a swimming youth – that glory is less than should come from troubling any pond. Noble he is, to be sure, and of famous stock, but he does not trace his line from the Ulysses thou dost not trust. Have mercy on him, and save us both! It is he who swims, but he limbs of Leander and all my hopes hang on the selfsame wave.

My lamp has sputtered, see! – for I am writing with it near – it has sputtered and given us favouring sign. Look, nurse is pouring drops into auspicious fires. “To-morrow,” she says, “we shall be more,” and herself drinks of the wine. Ah, do make us more, glide over the conquered wave, O you whom I have welcomed to all my inmost heart! Come back to camp, deserter of your ally love; why must I lay my limbs in the mid space of my couch? There is naught for you to fear! Venus’ self will smile upon your venture; child of the sea, the paths of the sea she will make smooth. Oft am I prompted myself to go through the midst of the waves, but ‘tis the wont of this strait to be safer for men. For why, though Phrixus and Phrixus’ sister both rode this way, did the maiden alone give name to these wide waters?

Perhaps you fear the time may fail you for return, or you may not

endure the effort of the twofold toil. Then let us both from diverse ways come together in mid sea, and give each other kisses on the waters' crest, and so return again each to his own town; 'twill be little, but more than naught! Would that either this shame that compels us to secret loving would cease, or else the love that fears men's speech. Now, two things that ill go together, passion and regard for men, are at strife. Which I shall follow is in doubt; the one becomes, the other delights. Once had Jason of Pagasae entered Colchis, and he set the maid of the Phasis in his swift ship and bore her off; once had the lover from Ida come to Lacedaemon, and he straight returned together with his prize. But you, as oft as you seek your love, so oft you leave her, and whene'er 'tis peril for boats to go, you swim.

Yet, O my young lover, though victor over the swollen waters, so spurn the sea as still to be in fear of it! Ships wrought with skill are overwhelmed by the wave; do you think your arms more powerful than oars? What you are eager for, Leander – to swim is the sailor's fear; 'tis that follows ever on the wreck of ships. Ah, wretched me! I am eager not to persuade you to what I urge; may you be too strong, I pray, to yield to my admonition – only so you come to me, and cast about my neck the wearied arms oft beaten by the wave!

But, as often as I turn my face toward the dark blue wave, my fearful breast is seized by some hidden chill. Nor am I the less perturbed by a dream I had yesternight, though I have cleared myself of its threat by sacrifice. For, just before dawn, when my lamp was already dying down, at the time when dreams are wont to be true, my fingers were relaxed by sleep, the threads fell from them, and I laid my head down upon the pillow to rest. There in vision clear I seemed to see a dolphin swimming through the wind-tossed waters; and after the flood had cast it forth upon the thirsty sands, the wave, and at the same time life, abandoned the unhappy thing. Whatever it may mean, I fear; and you – nor smile at my dreams, nor trust your arms except to a tranquil sea! If you spare not yourself, spare the maid beloved by you, who never will be safe unless you are so! I have hope none the less that the waves are broken and peace is near; do you cleave their paths while placid with all your might! Meanwhile, since the billows will not let the swimmer come, let the letter that I send you soften the

hated hours of delay.

XX. ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE

Lay aside your rears! here you will give no second oath to your lover; that you have pledged yourself to me once is enough. Read to the end, and so may the languor leave that body of yours; that it feel pain in any part is pain to me!

Why do your blushes rise before you read? – for I suspect that, just as in the temple of Diana, your modest cheeks have reddened. It is wedlock with you that I ask, and the faith you pledged me, not a crime; as your destined husband, not as a deceiver, do I love. You may recall the words which the fruit I plucked from the tree and threw to you brought to your chaste hands; you will find that in them you promise me what I pray that you, maiden, rather than the goddess, will remember, I am still as fearful as ever, but my fear has grown keener than it was; for the flame of my love has waxed with being delayed, and taken on strength, and the passion that was never slight has now grown great, fed by long time and the hope that you had given. Hope you had given; my ardent heart put trust in you. You cannot deny that this was so – the goddess is my witness. She was there and, present as she was, marked your words, and seemed, by the shaking of her locks, to have accepted them.

I will give you leave to say you were deceived, and by wiles of mine, if only of those wiles my love be counted cause. What was the object of my wiles but the one thing – to be united with you? The thing you complain of has power to join you to me. Neither by nature nor by practice am I so cunning; believe me, maid, it is you who make me skilful. It was ingenious Love who bound you to me, with words – if I, indeed, have gained aught – that I myself drew up. In words dictated by him I made our betrothal bond; Love was the lawyer that taught me knavery. Let wiles be the name you give my deed, and let me be called crafty – if only the wish to possess what one loves be craft!

Look, a second time I write, inditing words of entreaty! A second stratagem is this, and you have good ground for complaint. If I wrong you by loving, I confess I shall wrong you for ever, and strive to win you; though you shun my suit, I shall ever strive. With the

sword have others stolen away the maids they loved; shall this letter, discreetly written, be called a crime? May the gods give me power to lay more bonds on you, so that your pledge many nowhere leave you free! A thousand wiles remain – I am only perspiring at the foot of the steep; my ardour will eave nothing unessayed. Grant 'tis doubtful whether you can be taken; the taking shall at least be tried. The issue rests with the gods, but you will be taken none the less. You may evade a part, but you will not escape all the nets which Love, in greater number than you think, has stretched for you.

If art will not serve, I shall resort to arms, and you will be seized and borne away in the embrace that longs for you. I am not the one to chide Paris for what he did, nor any one who, to become a husband, has been a man. I, too – but I say nothing! Allow that death is fit punishment for this theft of you, it will be less than not to have possessed you. Or you should have been less beautiful, would you be wooed by modest means; 'tis by your charms I am driven to be bold. This is your work – your work, and that of your eyes, brighter than the fiery stars, and the cause of my burning love; this is the work of your golden tresses and that ivory throat, and the hands which I pray to have clasp my neck, and your comely features, modest yet not rustic, and feet which Thetis' own methinks could scarcely equal. If I could praise the rest of your charms, I should be happier; yet I doubt not that the work is like in all its parts. Compelled by beauty such as this, it is no cause for marvel if I wished the pledge of your word.

In fine, so only you are forced to confess yourself caught, be, if you will, a maid caught by my treachery. The reproach I will endure – only let him who endures have his just reward. Why should so great a charge lack its due profit? Telamon won Hesione, Briseis was taken by Achilles; each of a surety followed the victor as her lord. You may chide and be angry as much as you will, if only you let me enjoy you while you are angry. I who cause it will likewise assuage the wrath I stirred, let me but have a slight chance of appeasing you. Let me have leave to stand weeping before your face, and my tears have leave to add their own speech; and let me, like a slave in fear of bitter stripes, stretch out submissive hands to touch your feet! You know not your own right; call me! Why am I accused in absence? Bid me come, forthwith, after the manner of a mistress. With your

own imperious hand you may tear my hair, and make my face livid with your fingers. I will endure all; my only fear perhaps will be lest that hand of yours be bruised on me.

But bind me not with shackles nor with chains – I shall be kept in bonds by unyielding love for you. When your anger shall have had full course, and is sated well, you will say to yourself: “How enduring is his love!” You will say to yourself, when you have seen me bearing all: “He who is a slave so well, let him be slave to me!” Now, unhappy, I am arraigned in my absence, and my cause, though excellent, is lost because no one appears for me.

This further – however much that writing of mine was a wrong to you, it is not I alone, you must know, of whom you have cause to complain. She of Delos was not deserving of betrayal with me; if faith with me you cannot keep, keep faith with the goddess. She was present and saw when you blushed at being ensnared, and stored away your word in a remembering ear. May your omens be groundless! Nothing is more violent than she when she sees – what I hope will not be! – her godhead wronged. The boar of Calydon will be my witness – fierce, yet so that a mother was found to be fiercer than he against her own son. Actaeon, too, will witness, once on a time thought a wild beast by those with whom himself had given wild beasts to death; and the arrogant mother, her body turned to rock, who still sits weeping on Mygdonian soil.

Alas me! Cydippe, I fear to tell you the truth, lest I seem to warn you falsely, for the sake of my plea; yet tell it I must. This is the reason, believe me, why you oft lie ill on the eve of marriage. It is the goddess herself, looking to your good, and striving to keep you from a false oath; she wishes you kept whole by the keeping whole of your faith. This is the reason why, as oft as you attempt to break your oath, she corrects your sin. Cease to invite forth the cruel bow of he spirited virgin; she still may be appeased, if only you allow. Cease, I entreat, to waste with fevers your tender limbs; preserve those charms of yours for me to enjoy. Preserve those features that were born to kindle my love, and the gentle blush that rises to grace your snowy cheek. May my enemies, and any who would keep you from my arms, so fare as I when you are ill! I am alike in torment whether you wed, or whether you are ill, nor can I say which I should

wish the less; at times I waste with grief at thought that I may be cause of pain to you, and my wiles the cause of your wounds. May the false swearing of my lady come upon my head, I pray; mine be the penalty, and she thus be safe!

Nevertheless, that I may not be ignorant of how you fare, now here, now there, I oft walk anxiously in secret before your door; I follow stealthily the maid-slave and the lackey, asking what change for good your sleep has brought, or what your food. Ah me, wretched, that I may not be the one to carry out the bidding of your doctors, and may not stroke your hands and sit at the side of your bed! and again wretched, because when I am far removed from you, perhaps that other, he whom I least could wish, is with you! He is the one to stroke those dear hands, and to sit by you while ill, hated by me and by the gods above – and while he feels with his thumb your throbbing artery, he oft makes this the excuse for holding your fair, white arm, and touches your bosom, and, it may be, kisses you. A hire like this is too great for the service given!

Who gave you leave to reap my harvests before me? Who laid open the road for you to enter upon another's hopes? That bosom is mine! mine are the kisses you take! Away with your hands from the body pledged to me! Scoundrel, away with your hands! She whom you touch is to be mine; henceforth, if you do that, you will be adulterous. Choose from those who are free one whom another does not claim; if you do not know, those goods have a master of their own. Nor need you take my word – let the formula of our pact be recited; and, lest you say 'tis false, have her read it herself! Out with you from another's chamber, out with you, I say! What are you doing there? Out! That couch is not free! Because you, too, have the words of a second pact, the twin of mine, your case will not on that account be equal with mine. She promised herself to me, her father her to you; he is first after her, but surely she is nearer to herself than her father is. Her father but gave promise of her, while she, too, made oath – to her lover; he called men to witness, she a goddess. He fears to be called false, she to be called forsworn also; do you doubt which – this or that – is the greater fear? In a word, even grant you could compare their hazards, regard the issue – for she lies ill, and he is strong. You and I, too, are entering upon a contest with different

minds; our hopes are not equal, nor are our fears the same. Your suit is without risk; for me, repulse is heavier than death, and I already love her whom you, perhaps, will come to love. If you had cared for justice, or cared for what was right, you yourself should have given my passion the way.

Now, since his hard heart persists in its unjust course, Cydippe, to what conclusion does my letter come? It is he who is the cause of your lying ill and under suspicion of Diana; he is the one you would forbid your doors, if you were wise. It is his doing that you are facing such dire hazards of life – and would that he who causes them might perish in your place! If you shall have repulsed him and refused to love on the goddess damns, then straightway you – and I assuredly – will be whole. Stay your fears, maiden! You will possess abiding health, if only you honour the shrine that is witness of your pledge; not by slain oxen are the spirits of heaven made glad, but by good faith, which should be kept even though without witness. To win their health, some maids submit to steel and fire; to others, bitter juices bring their gloomy aid. There is no need of these; only shun false oaths, preserve the pledge you have given – and so yourself, and me! Excuse for past offence your ignorance will supply – the agreement you read had fallen from your mind. You have but now been admonished not only by word of mine, but as well by those mishaps of health you are wont to suffer as oft as you try to evade your promise. Even if you escape these ills, in child-birth will you dare pray for aid from her light-bringing hands? She will hear these words – and then, recalling what she has heard, will ask of you from what husband comes those pangs. You will promise a votive gift – she knows your promises are false; you will make oath – she knows you can deceive the gods!

‘Tis not a matter of myself; the care I labour with is greater. It is concern for your life that fills my heart. Why, but now when your life was in doubt, did your frightened parents weep with fear, whom you keep ignorant of your crime? And why should they be ignorant? – you could tell your mother all. What you have done, Cydippe, needs no blush. See you relate in order how you first became known to me, while she was herself making sacrifice to the goddess of the quiver; how at sight of you, if perchance you noticed, I straight stood still

with eyes fixed on your charms; and how, while I gazed on you too eagerly – sure mark of love’s madness – my cloak slipped from my shoulder and fell; how, after than, in some way came the rolling apple, with its treacherous words in clever character; and how, because they were read in holy Diana’s presence, you were bound by a pledge with deity to witness. For fear that after all she many not know the import of the writing, repeat now again to her the words once read by you. “Wed, I pray,” she will say, “him to whom the good gods join you; the one you swore should be, let be my son-in-law. Whoever he is, let him be our choice, since he was Diana’s choice before!” Such will be your mother’s word, if only she is a mother.

And yet, see that she seeks out who I am, and of what ways. She will find that the goddess had you and yours at heart. An isle once thronged by he Corycian nymphs is girdled by the Aegean sea; its name is Cea. That is the land of my fathers; nor, if you look with favour on high-born names, am I to be charged with brith from grandsires of no repute. We have wealth, too, and we have a name above reproach; and, though there were nothing else, I am bound to you by Love. You would aspire to such a husband even though you had not sworn; now that you have sworn, even though he were not such, you should accept him.

These words Phoebe, she of the darts, bade me in my dreams to write you; these words in my waking hours Love bade me write. The arrows of the one of them have already wounded me; that the darts of the other wound not you, take heed! Your safety is joined with mine – have compassion on me and on yourself; why hesitate to aid us both at once? If you shall do this, in the day when the sounding signals will be given and Delos be stained with votive blood, a golden image of the blessed apple shall be offered up, and the cause of its offering shall be set forth in verses twain:

**BY THIS IMAGE OF THE APPLE DOTH ACONTIUS DECLARE
THAT WHAT ONCE WAS WRITTEN ON IT NOW HATH HAD
FULFILMENT FAIR.**

That too long a letter may not weary your weakened frame, and

hat it may close with the accustomed end: fare well!

XXI. CYDIPPE TO ACONTIUS

All fearful, I read what you wrote without so much as a murmur, lest my tongue unwittingly might swear by some divinity. And I believe you would have tried to snare me a second time, did you not know, as you yourself confess, that one pledge from me was enough. I should not have read at all; but had I been hard with you, the anger of the cruel goddess might have grown. Though I do everything, though I offer duteous incense to Diana, she none the less favours you more than your due, and, as you are eager for me to believe, avenges you with unforgetting anger; scarce was she such toward her own Hippolytus. Yet the maiden goddess had done better to favour the years of a maiden like me – years which I fear she wishes few for me.

For the languor clings to me, for causes that do not appear; worn out, I find no help in the physician's art. How thin and wasted am I now, think you, scarce able to write this answer to you? and how pale the body I scarce can raise upon my arm? And now I feel an added fear, lest someone besides the nurse who shares my secret may see that we are interchanging words. She sits before the door, and when they ask how I do within, answers, "She sleeps," that I may write in safety. Presently, when sleep, the excellent excuse for my long retreat, no longer wins belief because I tarry so, and now she sees those coming whom not to admit is hard, she clears her throat and thus gives me the sign agreed upon. Just as they are, in haste I leave my words unfinished, and the letter I have begun is hid in my trembling bosom. Taken thence, a second time it fatigues my fingers; how great the toil to me, yourself can see. May I perish if, to speak truth, you were worthy of it; but I am kinder than is just or your deserve.

So, then, 'tis on your account that I am so many times uncertain of health, and 'tis for your lying tricks that I am and have been punished? Is this the reward that falls to my beauty, proud in your praise? Must I suffer for having pleased? If I had seemed misshapen to you – and would I had! – you would have thought ill of my body, and now it would need no help; but I met with praise, and now I

groan; now you two with your strife are my despair, and my own beauty itself wounds me. While neither you yield to him nor he deems him second to you, you hinder his prayers, he hinders yours. I myself am tossed like a ship which steadfast Boreas drives out into the deep, and tide and wave bring back, and when the day longed for by my parents dear draws nigh, at the same time unmeasured burning seizes on my frame – ah me, at the very time of marriage cruel Persephone knocks at my door before her day! I already am shamed, and in fear, though I feel no guilt within, lest I appear to have merited the displeasure of the gods. One contends that my affliction is the work of chance; another says that my destined husband finds not favour with the gods; and, lest you think yourself untouched by what men say, there are also some who think you the cause, by poisonous arts. Their source is hidden, but my ills are clear to see; you two stir up fierce strife and banish peace, and the blows are mine!

Tell me now, and deceive me not in your wonted way: what will you do from hatred, when you harm me so from love? If you injure one you love, 'twill be reason to love your foe – to save me, I pray you, will to wish my doom! Either you care no longer for the hoped-for maid, whom with hard heart you are letting waste away to an unworthy death, or if in vain you beseech for me the cruel goddess, why boast yourself to me? – you have no favour with her! Choose which case you will; you do not wish to placate Diana – you have forgotten me; you have no power with her – 'tis she has forgotten you!

I would I had either never – or not at that time – known Delos in the Aegean waters! That was the time my ship set forth on a difficult sea, and I entered on a voyage in ill-omened hour. With what step I came forth! With what step I started from my threshold! The painted deck of the swift ship – with what step I trod it! Twice, none the less, my canvas put about before an adverse wind – ah, senseless that I am, I lie! – a favouring wind was that! A favouring wind it was that brought me back from my going, and hindered the way that had little happiness for me. Ah, would it had been constant against my sails – but it is foolish to complain of fickle winds.

Moved by the fame of the place, I was in eager haste to visit

Delos, and the craft in which I sailed seemed spiritless. How oft did I chide the oars for being slow, and complain that sparing canvas was given to the wind! And now I had passed Myconos, now Tenos and Andros, and Delos gleamed before my eyes. When I beheld it from afar, “Why doest thou fly from me, O isle?” I cried; “Art thou afloat in the great sea, as in days of yore?”

I had set foot upon land; the light was almost gone, and the sun was making ready to take their yokes from his shining steeds. When he has likewise called them once more to their accustomed rising, my hair is dressed at the bidding of my mother. With her own hand she sets gems upon my fingers and gold in my tresses, and with her own hand places the robes about my shoulders. Straightway setting forth, we greet the deities to whom the isle is consecrate, and offer up the golden incense and the wine; and while my mother stains the altars with votive blood, and piles the solemn entrails on the smoking altar-flames, my busy nurse conducts me to other temples also, and we stray with wandering step about the holy precincts. And now I walk in the porticoes, now look with wonder on the gifts of kings, and the statues everywhere; I look with wonder, too, on the altar built of countless horns, and the tree that stayed the goddess in her throes, all things else that Delos holds – for memory would not serve, nor mood allow, to tell of all I looked on there.

Perhaps, thus gazing, I was gazed upon by you, Acontius, and my simple nature seemed an easy prey. I return to Diana’s temple, with its lofty approach of steps – ought any place to be safer than this? – when there is thrown before my feet an apple with this verse that follows – ah me, now again I almost made oath to you! Nurse took it up, looked in amaze, and “Read it through!” she said. I read your treacherous verse, O mighty poet! At mention of the name of wedlock I was confused and shamed, and felt the blushes cover all my face, and my eyes I kept upon my bosom as if fastened there – those eyes that were made ministers to your intent. Wretch, why rejoice? or what glory have you gained? or what praise have you won, a man, by playing on a maid? I did not present myself before you with buckler in hand, like Penethesilea on the soil of Ilion; no sword-girdle, chased with Amazonian gold, was offered you for spoil by me, as by some Hippolyte. Why exult if your words deceived me,

and I, a girl of little wisdom, was taken by your wiles? Cydippe was snared by the apple, an apple snared Schoeneus' child; you now of a truth will be a second Hippomenes! Yet had it been better for you – if that boy really held you captive who you say has certain torches – to do as good men are wont, and not cheat your hope by dealing falsely; you should have won me by persuasion, not taken me whether or no!

Why, when you sought my hand, did you not think worth declaring those things that made your own hand worth my seeking? Why did you wish to compel me rather than persuade, if I could be won by listening to your suit? Of what avail to you now the formal words of an oath, and the tongue that called on present deity to witness? It is the maid that swears, and I have taken no oath with that; it alone can lend good faith to words. It is counsel and the prudent reasoning of the soul that swear, and, except the bonds of the judgment, none avail. If I have willed to pledge my hand to you, exact the due rights of the promised marriage-bed; but if I have given you naught but my voice, without my heart, you possess in vain but words without a force of their own. I took no oath – I read words that formed an oath; that was no way for you to be chosen to husband by me. Deceive thus other maids – let a letter follow an apple! If this plan holds, win away their great wealth from the rich; make kings take oath to give their thrones to you, and let whatsoever pleases you in all the world be yours! You are much greater in this, believe me, than Diana's self, if your written word has in it such present deity.

Nevertheless, after saying this, after firmly refusing myself to you, after having finished pleading the cause of my promise to you, I confess I fear the anger of Leto's cruel daughter and suspect that from her comes my body's ill. For why is it that, as oft as the sacraments for marriage are made ready, so oft the limbs of the bride-to-be sink down in languor? Thrice now has Hymenaeus come to the altars reared for me and fled, turning his back upon the threshold of my wedding-chamber; the lights so oft replenished by his lazy hand scarce rise again, scarce does he keep the torch alight by waving it. Oft does the perfume distil from his wreathèd locks, and the mantle he sweeps along is splendid with much saffron. When he has touched the threshold, and sees tears and dread of death, and

much that is far removed from the ways he keeps, with his own hand he tears the garlands from his brow and casts them forth, and dries the dense balsam from his glistening locks; he shames to stand forth glad in a gloomy throng, and the blush that was in his mantle passes to his cheeks.

But for me – ah, wretched! – my limbs are parched with fever, and the stuffs that cover me are heavier than their wont; I see my parents weeping over me, and instead of the wedding-torch the torch of death is at hand. Spare a maid in distress, O goddess whose joy is the painted quiver, and grant me the health-bringing aid of thy brother! It is shame to thee that he drive away the causes of doom, and that thou, in contrast, have credit for my death. Can it be that, when thou didst wish to bathe in shady pool, I without witting cast eyes upon thee at thy bath? Have I passed thy altars by, among those of so many deities of heaven? Has thy mother been scorned by mine? I have sinned in naught except that I have read a false oath, and been clever with unpropitious verse.

Do you, too, if your love is not a lie, offer up incense for me; let the hands help which harmed me! Why does the hand which is angered because the maiden pledged you is not yet yours so act that yours she cannot become? While still I live you have everything to hope; why does the cruel goddess take from me my life, your hope of me from you?

Do not believe that he whose destined wife I am lays his hand on me to fondle my sick limbs. He sits by me, indeed, as much as he may, but does not forget that mine is a virgin bed. He seems already, too, to feel in some way suspicion of me; for his tears oft fall for some hidden cause, his flatteries are less bold, he asks for few kisses, and calls me his own in tones that are but timid. Nor do I wonder he suspects, for I betray myself by open signs; I turn upon my right side when he comes, and do not speak, and close my eyes in simulate sleep, and when he tries to touch me I throw off his hand. He groans and sighs in his silent breast, for he suffers my displeasure without deserving it. Ah me, that you rejoice and are pleased by that state of my will! Ah me, that I have confessed my feelings to you? If my tongue should speak my mind, 'twere you more justly deserved my anger – you, for having spread the net for me.

You write for leave to come and see me in my illness. You are far from me, and yet you wrong me even from there. I marvelled why your name was Acontius; it is because you have the keen point that deals a wound from afar. At any rate, I am not yet well of just such a wound, for I was pierced by your letter, a far-thrown dart. Yet why should you come to me? Surely but a wretched body you would see – the mighty trophy of your skill. I have wasted and fallen away; my colour is bloodless, such as I recall to mind was the hue of that apple of yours, and my face is white, with no rising gleam of mingled red. Such is wont to be the fairness of fresh marble; such is the colour of silver at the banquet table, pale with the chill touch of icy water. Should you see me now, you will declare you have never seen me before, and say: “No arts of mine e’er sought to win a maid like that.” You will remit me the keeping of my promise, in fear lest I become yours, and will long for a goddess to forget it all. Perhaps you will even a second time make me swear, but in contrary wise, and will send me words a second time to read.

But none the less I could wish you to look upon me, as you yourself entreated – to look upon the languid limbs of your promised bride! Though your heart were harder than steel, Acontius, you yourself would ask pardon for my uttered words. Yet, that you be not unaware, the god who sings the fates at Delphi is being asked by what means I may grow strong again. He, too, as vague rumour whispers now, complains of the neglect of some pledge he was witness to. This is what the god says, this his prophet, and this the verses I read – surely, the wish of your heart lacks no support in prophetic verse! Whence this favour to you? – unless perhaps you have found some new writing the reading whereof ensnares even the mighty gods. And since you hold bound the gods, I myself follow their will, and gladly yield my vanquished hands in fulfilment of your prayers; with eyes full of shame held fast on the ground, I have confessed to my mother the pledge my tongue was trapped to give. The rest must be your care; even this, that my letter has not feared to speak with you, is more than a maid should do. Already have I wearied enough with the pen my weakened members, and my sick hand refuses longer its office. What remains for my letter, if I say that I long to be united with you soon? nothing but to add:

FAREWELL.

WOMEN'S COSMETICS



Translated by J. Lewis May

Medicamina Faciei Femineae is a didactic poem written in elegiac couplets, surviving as one hundred extant verses. In the poem, Ovid defends the use of cosmetics by Roman women and even provides five recipes for facial treatments. The date of the poem's composition is known due to a brief mention in Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, in the third book of which he states that he has already written "a small work, a little book" on cosmetics. The poem must then predate the *Ars Amatoria*, a work whose composition has been variously placed between 1 BC and AD 8, the year of Ovid's exile.

The poem is Ovid's first attempt at didactic elegy, a poetic genre perfected in his *Ars Amatoria*. It possesses a curious mixture of a moralising and pedagogical tone, with frivolous subject matter common to Latin elegiac. Instead of using the dactylic hexameters of Hesiod and Virgil, Ovid casts his advice in elegiac couplets, the traditional metre of love poetry. The contrast of serious tone and light-hearted metre transforms the poem into a parody of Virgil's *Georgics*.

[Link for the Latin texts](#)

WOMEN'S COSMETICS

OR

THE ART OF BEAUTY

NOW learn, my dears, the art of beautifying your faces; learn by what means you can retain your charms. Cultivation makes the sterile ground bring forth fruit; it destroys the thorny brambles. Cultivation softens the sourness of the apple, and the grafted tree bears fruit both rich and strange. Art clothes all things with beauty. Lofty ceilings are gilded with gold; the dark soil is hidden by the marble edifices raised upon it. The fleeces are dyed many times in the brazen cauldrons with Tyrian purple, and ivory from India is carved and cut to suit the luxury of our times.

Maybe, in those far-off days, when Tatius was king, the Sabine women thought more of dressing the fields of their forefathers than of dressing themselves. In those times, the red-faced matron, perched clumsily on her high stool, would spin and spin the livelong day. She put into the shed the flocks her daughter brought home from the meadows; she tended the fire herself by heaping furze and faggots on it. But your mothers' daughters are daintier and more refined than that. You must needs have dresses embroidered with gold; you like to do your perfumed hair in countless different ways; you must have sparkling rings upon your fingers. You adorn your necks with pearls brought from the East, pearls so big that your ears can scarcely bear the weight of them. Nevertheless we must not reproach you with the care which you bestow upon your person, since the men, in these days, pay immense attention to their dress.

The men take a leaf out of the women's book, and the wives can hardly outdo their husbands in luxurious attire.

Thus then let every woman strive to look her best. It matters not how love shall spread its lure. Tasteful simplicity no one can find fault with. There are women who, though buried in the country, are yet most careful about their hair. Even if rugged Athos should hide them from view, they would dress well-for Athos. They even take a

pleasure in dressing to please themselves, and every young girl loves to make the most of her attractions. The bird of Juno, when his plumage is praised, spreads out his tail to be admired, and dumb though he be, is proud of his beauty. To kindle in us the fires of love, dress is more potent than the dread arts of the magician. Trust not to herbs, nor to philtres compounded of divers juices, and essay not the flux of the mare on heat. Serpents are not cut in two by the incantations of the Marsians; and rivers no longer flow backwards to their sources. You may bang the brass of Temesa as much as you will, it will never bring down the moon to earth.

Your first preoccupation, my dears, should be your manners. When a woman's manners are good, she never fails to attract. Manners indeed are more than half the battle. Time will lay waste your beauty, and your pretty face will be lined with wrinkles. The day will come when you will be sorry you looked at yourself in the mirror, and regret for your vanished beauty will bring you still more wrinkles. But a good disposition is a virtue in itself, and it is lasting; the burden of the years cannot depress it, and love that is founded on it endures to the end.

Now, when you have had your full of sleep, and your delicate limbs are refreshed, come learn from me how to impart a dazzling whiteness to your skin. Strip of its straw and husk the barley which our vessels bring to our shores from the fields of Libya. Take two pounds of peeled barley and an equal quantity of vetches moistened with ten eggs. Dry the mixture in the air, and let the whole be ground beneath the mill-stone worked by the patient ass. Pound the first horns that drop from the head of a lusty stag. Of this take one-sixth of a pound. Crush and pound the whole to a fine powder, and pass through a deep sieve. Add twelve narcissus bulbs which have been skinned, and pound the whole together vigorously in a marble mortar. There should also be added two ounces of gum and Tuscan spelt, and nine times as much honey. Any woman who smears her face with this cosmetic will make it brighter than her mirror.

Then make haste and bake pale lupins and windy beans. Of these take six pounds each and grind the whole in the mill. Add thereto white lead and the scum of ruddy nitre and Illyrian iris, which must be kneaded by young and sturdy arms. And when they are duly

bruised, an ounce should be the proper weight. If you add the glutinous matter wherewith the Halcyon cements its nest, you will have a certain cure for spots and pimples. As for the dose, one ounce applied in two equal portions is what I prescribe. To bind the mixture and to make it easy of application, add some honey from the honeycombs of Attica.

Although incense is pleasing to the gods and soothes their wrath, it must not be kept exclusively for their altars. A mixture of incense and nitre is good for black-heads. Take four ounces of each. Add an ounce of gum from the bark of a tree, and a little cube of oily myrrh. Crush the whole together and pass through a sieve. Bind the resultant powder by mixing with honey. Some people recommend that fennel should be added to the myrrh; nine scruples of myrrh and five of fennel is the proportion. Add a handful of dried rose-leaves, some sal-ammoniac and male frankincense. Pour on barley-water, and let the weight of the sal-ammoniac and the incense equal the weight of the roses. After employing very few applications of this mixture, you will have a charming complexion.

I have seen a woman pound up poppies soaked in cold water and rub her cheeks with them. . . .

TO ART OF LOVE



Translated by J. Lewis May

The *Ars Amatoria* is a famous didactic elegiac poem in three books, claiming to teach the arts of seduction and love. The first book is addressed to men, instructing them how to seduce women, while the second book teaches men how to keep a lover. The third book is addressed to women and teaches seduction techniques. The poem opens with an invocation to Venus, in which Ovid establishes himself as a teacher of love. Rich in its descriptions of contemporary Roman life, the poem describes the places one can go to find a lover, like the theatre, a triumph and an arena.

The *Ars Amatoria* is a hilarious and entertaining demonstration of Ovid's unparalleled wit. Nevertheless, the poem may well have been the cause of his exile from Rome, never to return. Ovid's writing in the *Ars Amatoria* refers to the serious crime of adultery and he may have been banished for creating works that appeared subversive to Augustus' moral legislation. At a time when the Emperor had been gravely embarrassed by the sexual scandals of his own daughter, Ovid's licentious poem may well have touched a very sensitive point.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)



Augustus (63 BC–14 AD) was Ovid’s most noble patron, but sadly a mysterious ‘disagreement’ between the two resulted in the poet’s much lamented exile from Rome.

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BOOK I

IF there be anyone among you who is ignorant of the art of loving, let him read this poem and, having read it and acquired the knowledge it contains, let him address himself to Love.

By art the swift ships are propelled with sail and oar; there is art in driving the fleet chariots, and Love should by art be guided. Automedon was a skilled charioteer and knew how to handle the flowing reins; Tiphys was the pilot of the good ship Argo. I have been appointed by Venus as tutor to tender Love. I shall be known as the Tiphys and Automedon of Love. Love is somewhat recalcitrant and oftentimes refuses to do my bidding; but 'tis a boy, and boys are easily moulded. Chiron brought up the boy Achilles to the music of the lyre, and by that peaceful art softened his wild nature; he, before whom his enemies were destined so oft to tremble, who many a time struck terror even into his own companions was, so 'tis said, timid and submissive in the presence of a feeble old man, obedient to his master's voice, and held out to him for chastisement those hands whereof Hector was one day destined to feel the weight. Chiron was tutor to Achilles; I am tutor to Love; both of them formidable youngsters, both of them goddess-born. But the fiery bull has to submit to the yoke; the mettled steed vainly champs at the curb that masters him. I, too, will bring Love to heel, even though his arrows pierce my breast and he brandish over my head his flaming torch. The keener his arrows, the fiercer his fires, the more they stir me to avenge my wounds.

I shall not try, O Apollo, to convey the notion that it was from thee I learned the art which I impart; no birds came and sang it in my ear. Clio and her sisters appeared not to me, grazing my herds, O Ascrea, in thy vales. Experience is my guide; give ear to the adept; true are the things I sing. Mother of Love, smile on my undertaking.

Hence, ye narrow frontlets, insignia of chastity, and ye trailing robes that half conceal the feet. I sing of love where danger is not; I sing permitted pilferings; free of all offence my verses are.

You, who for the first time are taking up arms beneath the standard of Venus, find out, in the first place, the woman you are fain

to love. Your next task will be to bend her to your will; your third to safeguard that your love shall endure. This is my plan, my syllabus. This is the course my chariot will pursue; such is the goal that it will endeavour to attain.

Now, that you still are fancy-free, now is the time for you to choose a woman and say to her: "You are the only woman that I care for." She's not going to be wafted down to you from heaven on the wings of the wind. You must use your own-eyes to discover the girl that suits you. The hunter knows where to spread his nets in order to snare the stag; he knows the valley where the wild boar has his lair. The birdcatcher knows where he should spread his lime; and the fisherman, what waters most abound in fish. And thou who seekest out the object of a lasting love, learn to know the places which the fair ones most do haunt. You won't have to put to sea in order to do that, or to undertake any distant journeys. Perseus may bring home his Andromeda from sun-scorched India, and the Phrygian swain may go to Greece to bear away his bride; Rome alone will give you a choice of such lovely women, and so many of them, that you will be forced to confess that she gathers within her own bosom all the treasures that the world can show. As numerous as the ears of corn on Gargarus, grapes in Methymna, fish in the ocean, birds in the thickets, stars in the heavens, so numerous are the beautiful girls you'll find in Rome: Venus has made her seat of empire the city of her beloved Æneas.

If your tastes incline to a young beauty, in the very flower of girlhood, a really inexperienced girl will offer herself to your gaze; if you prefer one rather more mature, there are hundreds of young women who will take your fancy: 'twill be a veritable *embarras de richesses*. But perhaps you would rather have someone still older, still more experienced. In that case you've got a yet larger number to choose from. When the sun begins to enter the sign of the Lion, you've only got to take a stroll beneath the cool shade of Pompey's portico, or near that building adorned with foreign marbles erected by a loving mother who united her offerings to those of a dutiful son. Omit not to visit that portico which, adorned with ancient pictures, is called the portico of Livia, after its foundress. There you will see the Danaides plotting the death of their unhappy kinswomen, and their

fell sire grasping in his hand a naked sword. And do not miss the festival of Adonis, mourned of Venus, and the rites celebrated every seventh day by the Syrian Jews.

Shun not the Temple of the Cow of Memphis, who persuades so many women to play the part she played to Jupiter. Even the Forum, strange though it sound, is propitious to love-making. Lawyers are by no means proof against the fiery shafts of Love. Hard by the marble temple sacred to Venus, where play the waters of the Appian fount, many an advocate has fallen a victim to the snares of Love; for the man who defends his client cannot always defend himself. In such a pass, words sometimes fail even the most learned orator. The tables are turned and he finds himself obliged to plead his own cause. From her temple close at hand, Venus laughs to see him in such a quandary. A patron but a little while ago, he would now rejoice to be a client.

But it is especially at the theatre you should lay your snares; that is where you may hope to have your desires fulfilled. Here you will find women to your taste: one for a moment's dalliance, another to fondle and caress, another to have all for your own. Even as the ants that come and go in long battalions with their stores of food, or as the bees, when they have found plants to plunder of their honey, hover hither and thither among the thyme and the flowers, so, and no less numerous, you may see crowds of lovely women, gaily dressed, hastening away to the theatre. I have often found it difficult to choose from such a galaxy. They come to see and, more important still, to be seen! The theatre's the place where modesty acts a fall.

It was you, Romulus, who first mingled the cares of love with public games, that far-off day when the rape of the Sabine women gave wives to your warriors who had waited for them so long. No curtains then hung in the marble theatre, nor was the stage made red with liquid saffron. In those days branches from the woods of the Palatine were the only adornment of our simple stage. The people sat on seats of turf, their heads canopied with boughs.

As soon as he had sat him down, each Roman looked about, marking the woman whom he most desired, giving free play to the thoughts that surged within him. Whilst to the sound of a rustic pipe an actor strikes his foot three times upon the levelled earth, amid the

unforced applause of the expectant throng (for in those days applause was neither bought nor sold), Romulus signed to his men to seize upon their prey. In a trice, with shouts that made their object clear, they laid their eager hands upon the cowering women. Even as the weak and timid doves flee before an eagle, even as a young lamb quails at the sight of a wolf, so shuddered the Sabine women when they beheld these fierce warriors making towards them. Every one turned pale, terror spread throughout the throng, but it showed itself in different ways. Some tore their hair; some swooned away; some wept in silence; some called vainly for their mothers; some sobbed aloud; others seemed stupefied with fear; some stood transfixed; others tried to flee. Nevertheless, the Romans carry off the women, sweet booty for their beds, and to many of them, terror lends an added charm.

If one shows herself too rebellious and refuses to follow her ravisher, he picks her up and, pressing her lovingly to his bosom, exclaims, "Why with tears do you thus dim the lovely radiance of your eyes? What your father is to your mother, that will I be to you." O Romulus, you are the only one who has ever known how to reward his soldiers; for such pay, I would willingly enrol myself beneath your banners. Ever since those days, the theatres, faithful to this ancient custom, have always been a dangerous lure to loveliness.

Forget not the arena where mettled steeds strive for the palm of Victory. This circus, where an immense concourse of people is gathered, is very favourable to Love. There, if you would express the secret promptings of your heart, there is no need for you to talk upon your fingers, or to watch for signs to tell you what is in your fair one's mind. Sit close beside her, as close as you are able; there's nothing to prevent. The narrowness of the space compels you to press against her and, fortunately for you, compels her to acquiesce. Then, of course, you must think of some means of starting the conversation. Begin by saying the sort of thing people generally do say on such occasions. Some horses are seen entering the stadium; ask her the name of their owner; and whoever she favours, you should follow suit. And when the solemn procession of the country's gods and goddesses passes along, be sure and give a rousing cheer for Venus, your protectress. If, as not infrequently befalls, a speck of

dust lights on your fair one's breast, flick it off with an airy finger; and if there's nothing there, flick it off just the same; anything is good enough to serve as a pretext for paying her attention. Is her dress dragging on the ground? Gather it up, and take special care that nothing soils it. Perchance, to reward you for your kindness, she'll grant you the favour of letting you see her leg. And then again, you must keep an eye on the people seated in the row behind and see that no one thrusts his knee into her soft shoulders. The merest trifle is enough to win these butterfly ladies. Why, hosts of men have succeeded with a woman merely by the attentive manner in which they have arranged a cushion for her, or fanned her with a fan, or put a stool beneath her dainty feet. Both the circus and the forum afford opportunities for a love-affair. Love often delights to try his strength there, and many a man, who came to see another wounded, finds that he has been pinked himself. While he is talking and stroking her hand, asking for the race-card and, having put his money on, is inquiring what has won, an arrow pierces him before he knows where he is; he heaves a sigh and, instead of being a mere spectator of the combat, he finds himself a victim.

Did we not see this happen quite recently, when Caesar offered us the spectacle of a sea-fight showing the Persian and the Athenian ships in action. Then indeed, from both seas, youths and maidens flocked to see the show and the whole world was gathered within the City. Which of us, in that vast throng, found not a woman worthy of his love; and, alas, how many were tortured by a foreign flame.

But lo, Caesar makes ready to complete the conquest of the world! Ye far-off countries of the East, to our laws shall ye submit; and you, ye arrogant Parthians, shall be punished as ye deserve. Rejoice, shades of Crassus, and you, ye Roman Eagles, ashamed at your long sojourn in barbarian hands, be of good cheer, your avenger is at hand. Scarce has he essayed to wield his arms, and yet he proves himself a skilful leader. Though he himself is but a boy, he wages a war unsuited to his boyish years. O, ye of little faith, vex not your souls about the age of the gods! Courage in a Caesar does not wait upon the years. Genius divine outpaces time and brooks not the tedium of tardy growth. Hercules was still no more than a child when he crushed the serpents in his baby hands. Even in the cradle he

proved himself a worthy son of Jove. And you, Bacchus, still glowing with youthful radiance, how mighty wast thou when India trembled at thy conquering Thyrsi! With the auspices and with the courage of thy sire shalt thou wield thine arms, young Caesar; with the courage and with the auspices of thy sire shalt thou overthrow thine enemies. Such a beginning becomes the name thou bearest. To-day thou art Prince of the Youths; one day thou shalt be Prince of the Elders. Since thou hast brothers, avenge thy slaughtered brethren; and since thou hast a sire, defend thy father's rights. It is thy father, thy country's father, who hath armed thee, what time the foe is violently wrestling the sceptre from a parent's struggling hand. Thy sacred cause shall triumph o'er the perjured foe; justice and piety shall march beneath thy standards. The righteousness of our cause shall overcome the Parthians; arms shall drive the victory home, and so to Latium's riches, the wealth of the Orient shall my young hero add. Mars, his sire, and thou Caesar, his sire too, a god the one, the other soon a god to be, watch over him and keep him from all harm. I can read the hidden secrets of the future. Aye, thou wilt conquer. I will sing thy glory in verses consecrate to thee; with a loud voice I will sound thy praise. Standing erect will I depict thee, and urging thy warriors to the combat. Grant that my song be not unworthy of the prowess that it celebrates! I will sing of the Parthian turning to flee, and of the Roman facing the arrows aimed at him by the flying foe. What, Parthian, dost thou leave to the conquered, who seekest victory in flight? Henceforth, for thee Mars forebodeth nought but ill.

That day shall dawn, O fairest of mankind, when, resplendent with gold, by four white horses drawn, thou shalt pass within the City walls. Before thee, laden with chains, shall walk the conquered leaders; nor shall they then, as erst they did, seek safety in flight. Young men and maidens shall with joy behold the sight, and with gladness shall all hearts be filled. Then if some fair one shall ask of thee the name of this or that defeated monarch, what all these emblems mean, what country this, what mountain that, or what that river yonder represents, answer at once, anticipate her questions, speak up with confidence, and even when your mind's a blank, speak up as if you had the knowledge pat. "Here's the Euphrates, with his sedgy crown; and that old fellow there, with sky-blue hair, why, he's

the Tigris; and those? . . hum! . . . well, they're Armenians. That woman yonder? She is Persia, where the son of Danaë was born. That town till lately rose up amid the vales of Achæmenes. That prisoner there, or that other one yonder? Oh, they are captured generals." And if you know them, give their names. If you don't, invent them.

Dinners and banquets offer easy access to women's favour, and the pleasures of the grape are not the only entertainment you may find there; Love, with rosy cheeks, often presses in her frail hands the amphora of Bacchus. As soon as his wings are drenched with wine, Cupid grows drowsy and stirs not from his place. But anon he'll be up and shaking the moisture from his wings, and woe betide the man or woman who receives a sprinkling of this burning dew. Wine fills the heart with thoughts of love and makes it prompt to catch on fire. All troubles vanish, put to flight by copious draughts. Then is the time for laughter, the poor man plucks up courage and imagines he's a millionaire. To the deuce with worries and troubles! Brows unpucker and hearts expand; every tongue's inspired by frankness, and calls a spade a spade. We've often lost our heart to a pretty girl at dinner. Bringing love and wine together is adding fuel to fire indeed. Don't judge a woman by candle-light, it's deceptive. If you really want to know what she's like, look at her by daylight, and when you're sober. It was broad daylight, and under the open sky, that Paris looked upon the three goddesses and said to Venus, "You are lovelier than your two rivals." Night covers a multitude of blemishes and imperfections. At night there is no such thing as an ugly woman! If you want to look at precious stones, or coloured cloth, you take them out into the light of day; and it's by daylight you should judge a woman's face and figure.

But if I'm to mention all the places favourable to woman-hunting, I might as well attempt to number the sands of the seashore. Of course, there's Baïæ, with white sails gleaming out in the bay, and its hot sulphur spring. Many a bather, who has gone there for his health, comes away saying, "Those precious baths are not such healthy things as people make out." Not far from the gates of Rome, behold the temple of Diana shaded by trees, the scene of many a hard-fought contest for the prize of Love. Because she's a virgin and hates the

darts of Love, Diana has inflicted many a wound there, and will inflict many more.

Thus far my Muse, borne in her chariot with wheels of different height, has, told you, would-be lover, where to seek your prey, and how to lay your snares. Now I'll teach you how to captivate and hold the woman of your choice. This is the most important part of all my lessons. Lovers of every land, lend an attentive ear to my discourse; let goodwill warm your hearts, for I am going to fulfil the promises I made you.

First of all, be quite sure that there isn't a woman who cannot be won, and make up your mind that you will win her. Only you must prepare the ground. Sooner would the birds cease their song in the springtime, or the grasshopper be silent in the summer, or the hare turn and give chase to a hound of Mænalus, than a woman resist the tender wooing of a youthful lover. Perhaps you think she doesn't want to yield. You're wrong. She wants to in her heart of hearts. Stolen love is just as sweet to women as it is to us. Man is a poor dissembler; woman is much more skilful in concealing her desire. If all the men agreed that they would never more make the first advance, the women would soon be fawning at our feet. Out in the springy meadow the heifer lows with longing for the bull; the mare neighs at the approach of the stallion. With men and women love is more restrained, and passion is less fierce. They keep within bounds. Need I mention Byblis, who burned for her brother with an incestuous flame, and hanged herself to expiate her crime? Or Myrrha, who loved her father, but not as a father should be loved, and now her shame is hidden by the bark of the tree that covered her. O sweetly scented tree, the tears which she distils, to us give perfume and recall the ill-fated maid's unhappy name.

One day in wood-crowned Ida's shady vale, a white bull went wandering by. The pride of all the herd was he. Between his horns was just a single spot of black; save for that mark, his body was as white as milk; and all the heifers of Gnosus and of Cydonia sighed for the joy of his caress. Pasiphaë conceived a passion for him and viewed with jealous eye the loveliest among the heifers. There's no gainsaying it, Crete with her hundred cities, Crete, liar though she be, cannot deny it. 'Tis said that Pasiphaë, with hands unused to

undertake such toil, tore from the trees their tenderest shoots, culled from the meadows bunches of sweet grass and hastened to offer them to her beloved bull. Whithersoever he went, she followed him; nothing would stay her. She recked not of her spouse; the bull had conquered Minos. "What avails it, Pasiphaë, to deck yourself in costly raiment? How can your lover of such riches judge? Wherefore, mirror in hand, dost thou follow the wandering herd up to the mountain top? Wherefore dost thou for ever range thy hair? Look in thy mirror: 'twill tell thee thou art no meet mistress for a bull. Ah, what wouldst thou not have given if Nature had but armed thy brow with horns! If Minos still doth hold a corner in thy heart, cease this adulterous love; or if thou must deceive thy spouse, at least deceive him with a man." She hearkens not, but, fleeing from his royal couch, she ranges ever on and on, through forest after forest, like to a Bacchante full of the spirit that unceasingly torments her. How often, looking with jealous anger on a heifer, did she exclaim, "How then can she find favour in his sight? See how she prances before him on the green. Fool, she doubtless deems that thus she is lovelier in his eyes." Then, at her command, the hapless beast is taken from the herd and sent to bow her head beneath the yoke; or else, pretending to offer sacrifice to the gods, she orders her to be slain; at the altar; and then with joy fingers o'er the entrails of her rival. How often, under the guise of one who offers sacrifice, hath she appeased the alleged displeasure of the gods, and waving the bleeding trophies in her hand exclaimed, "Go, get thee to my lover, please him now!" Now she would be Europa; now she would be Io; the one because she was a heifer, the other because a bull bore her on his back. Howbeit, deceived by the image of a cow of maple wood, the king of the herd performed with her the act of love, and by the offspring was the sire betrayed.

Had that other Cretan girl been able to forego her passion for Thyestes (but how hard it is for a woman to love one man alone), Phoebus would not have been compelled to stay his steeds in mid-career, and to have driven his chariot back again towards the Dawn. The daughter of Nisus, because she had stolen from the father's head the fatal lock of hair, is evermore beset by ravening dogs. The son of Atreus, though he escaped the perils of the battlefield and the ocean,

died beneath the dagger of his cruel spouse. Who has listened to the love story of Creusa? Who has not hated the mad fury of Medea, a mother stained with her children's blood? Phoenix, the son of Amyntor, wept with his sightless orbs. You, ye steeds, in your terror, tore Hippolytus in pieces. Wherefore, Phineus, didst thou put out the eyes of thy innocent sons? Upon thine own head will that punishment return.

Such are the consequences of woman's unbridled passion. Fiercer it is than ours, with more of frenzy in it.

Be, then, of good cheer, and never doubt that you will conquer. Not one woman in a thousand will seriously resist. Whether a pretty woman grants or withholds her favours, she always likes to be asked for them. Even if you are repulsed, you don't run any danger. But why should a woman refuse? People don't resist the temptation of new delights. We always deem that other people are more fortunate than ourselves. The crop is always better in our neighbour's field; his cows more rich in milk.

Now the first thing you have to do is to get on good terms with the fair one's maid. She can make things easy for you. Find out whether she is fully in her mistress's confidence, and if she knows all about her secret dissipations. Leave no stone unturned to win her over. Once you have her on your side, the rest is easy. Let her watch for a favourable time (that's a precaution that doctors do not neglect); let her take advantage of the moment when her mistress may more easily be persuaded, when she is more likely to surrender to a lover's solicitations. At such times, the whole world seems *couleur de rose* to her; gaiety dances in her eyes as the golden wheat-ears dance in a fertile field. When the heart is glad, when it is not gripped by sorrow, it opens and expands. Then it is that Love slips gently into its inmost folds. So long as Ilion was plunged in mourning, her warriors kept the Greeks at bay; it was when she was rejoicing and making merry that she received within her walls the fatal horse with its armed freight. Choose, too, the moment when your charmer is smarting from the insult of a rival; make her see in you a means of wiping off the score. When, in the morning, she is doing her mistress's hair, let the maid foment her anger, let her press on with sail and oar and, sighing, murmur, "Why not, Madam, pay him out in his own coin?"

Then let her talk of you; let her adroitly sing your praises and swear that you, poor fellow, are wildly in love with her. But don't lose any time, for fear the wind should drop and the sails hang limp. Fragile as ice, a woman's anger is a transient thing.

"What about the maid herself?" you ask. "Is it well to win her favours first?" Now that's a ticklish business. Sometimes it stimulates their zeal; sometimes the opposite's the case. One girl will do her utmost for her mistress, another will want to keep you for herself. The only thing is just to try, and see how it turns out. On the whole, my advice to you is "Don't." I shouldn't risk these steep and dangerous by-ways myself. If you keep with me, you'll be on the right road. If, however, you are taken with the servant's charms, if you find her as pretty as she's zealous, win the mistress first, and afterwards turn your attention to the maid; but don't begin with her. Only I warn you, if you have any faith in my teaching, if my words are not dispersed by the winds over the seas, don't make the attempt at all unless you carry it right through. Once she herself is well involved, she won't give *you* away. The bird, with its wings well limed, won't fly far; the boar can't escape from the nets; once a fish is on the hook, he can't get away. So my advice to you is, push your attack well home, and don't be in a hurry to withdraw your forces when the victory's won. Thus she'll be your companion in crime, and she'll never betray you; she'll tell you everything you want to know about her mistress. The great thing is to be careful. If you keep your goings-on with the maid quite dark, you'll hear about everything her mistress does.

Some people think that time and the seasons only concern farmers and seafaring men. They're wrong; just as there's a time to sow, and a time to sail, so there's a time to begin on a pretty girl. Success often depends on your seizing the right moment to open the attack. Keep clear of her birthday, for example, and shun the Kalends of March. Don't begin when there's a big show on at the circus. That would prove the winter of your discontent, when the stormy winds would blow, and you'd do well to hold off. If you launch the ship then, you'll be lucky if you're washed ashore clinging to a spar. If you want a really good opportunity, wait for the anniversary of the fatal day when Roman blood incarnadined the waters of the Allia, or

for that one day out of the seven on which the Syrian Jew will do no manner of work. Above all, don't go near her on her birthday; or indeed on any day when you're expected to give a present. However much you try to wriggle out of it, she'll make you buy her something. A woman always knows how to exploit an ardent lover. Some pedlar fellow will be sure to turn up, and since buying's a mania with them all, she'll be sure to find the very things she wants. She'll ask you to look at 'em; then she'll kiss you, and say, "Oh, do buy me that. It'll last for years; it's just the very thing I want, and you couldn't buy me anything I should like more." It's no good saying you haven't got the money on you; she'll ask you to draw a cheque, and then you'll curse the day you learned to write. And how many times you'll have to give her something for her birthday! Every time she wants anything very special, she'll have a birthday. And then she'll come grieving some pretended loss; she'll come to you with eyes all red with weeping and tell you she's lost one of her precious ear-rings. That's the little game they play. Then they'll keep on asking you to lend them money; and once they've got it, I wouldn't give much for your chances of getting it back. You can look on that as gone, and they won't give you so much as a "thank you." Why, if I'd got ten mouths and ten tongues, I couldn't tell you all the tricks our ladies of the *demi-monde* get up to.

In the first place, it's best to send her a letter, just to pave the way. In it you should tell her how you dote on her; pay her pretty compliments and say all the nice things lovers always say. Achilles gave way to Priam's supplications. Even the gods are moved by the voice of entreaty. And promise, promise, promise. Promises will cost you nothing. Everyone's a millionaire where promises are concerned. Hope, if only she is duly fostered, holds out a long time. She's a deceitful goddess, but a very useful one. If you give your mistress something, she may give you your *congé*. She will have had her *quid pro quo*. Always make her think you're just about to give, but never really do so. Thus your farmer will keep on manuring a barren field, hoping it will produce a crop some day. Your gambler will keep throwing good money after bad, in hopes of redeeming all his losses; and thus his greed falls a victim to his hope of gain. The really great problem, the problem that takes all a man's skill to solve, is to win a

woman's favours without making her a present. If you succeed in that, she will go on giving, so as not to lose the guerdon of the favours she has already bestowed. So send off your letter and couch it in the sweetest terms; it should be a sort of preliminary reconnaissance and pave the way to her heart. A few characters written on an apple led the young Cydippe astray and, when she had read them, the rash girl found she was ensnared by her own words.

Take my advice, my youthful fellow-citizens, and study the fine arts, not only that you may champion the cause of some trembling dependent. The common herd, the austere judge, and those superior people, the senators, are not the only people who are moved by eloquence. But don't show your hand, and don't be in too much of a hurry to display your powers of speech. And don't put on the professorial style. Who but an idiot would write to his mistress as though he were addressing a meeting. A show-off letter will often turn a woman against you. Be quite natural, quite simple, but engaging. In a word, say just what you would say if you were speaking to her. If she refuses your letter and sends it back unread, don't give up; hope for the best and try again. The unruly bull bows to the yoke in time, and, in time, the most obstreperous colt gets broken in. You can wear through an iron ring by continuous friction; the ploughshare wears away every day against the soil it cleaves. What could you have harder than a rock, or less hard than water? Nevertheless, water will wear away the hardest rock. So keep pegging away, and, given time, you'll get your way with Penelope herself. Troy held out a long time, but it fell at last. Suppose she reads your letter but doesn't answer. So be it. Only keep her busy reading. Since she has condescended to read, she'll answer some fine day. Everything comes gradually and at its appointed hour. Peradventure she'll write in a huff and tell you to cease annoying her. If she does, she's trembling lest you take her at her word. She wants you to go on, although she tells you not to. So go on, and soon you'll have your heart's desire.

If you see your mistress being borne along on her litter, go up to her as if by accident, and say what you've got to say in vague ambiguous language, for fear some busybody should be listening. If you see her hanging about under some portico, as if she didn't know

what to do with herself, go and walk there too. Sometimes get in front of her, and sometimes drop behind. Don't be bashful about getting clear of the crowd and crossing over to her side. Don't, on any account, let her go to the theatre, looking her loveliest, without your being there to see. Her bare shoulders will give you something charming to contemplate. And you can look at her and admire her at your leisure; and speak to her with eyes and gestures. Applaud the actor that plays the girl's part; applaud still more the man that plays the lover. If she stands up, stand up too; and while she is sitting, keep your seat; don't worry about the time, squander it as your mistress may require.

And don't, for heaven's sake, have your hair waved, or use powder on your skin. Leave such foppishness as that to the effeminate priests who wail their Phrygian chants in honour of Cybele. Simplicity in dress is what best befits a man. Theseus conquered Ariadne without troubling about the way his hair was done. Phædra fell in love with Hippolytus, who certainly was not a dandy. Adonis, a simple woodlander, was the idol of a goddess. Study to be clean, let your skin be tanned in the open air, wear well-cut clothes, and see there are no spots on them. Have a clean tongue, and let your teeth be free from tartar; and don't slop about in boots that are two or three sizes too big for you.

Don't let your hair stick up in tufts on your head; see that your hair and your beard are decently trimmed. See also that your nails are clean and nicely filed; don't have any hair growing out of your nostrils; take care that your breath is sweet, and don't go about reeking like a billy-goat. All other toilet refinements leave to the women or to perverts.

But lo, Bacchus is summoning his bard; propitious to lovers, he fosters the fires with which he is consumed himself. Ariadne was wandering distraught along the lonely wave-beaten shores of Naxos. Scarce had sleep departed from her eyes, and she wore but an airy shift her feet were bare and her fair tresses were blowing about her shoulders. To the heedless billows she was crying wildly for her Theseus, and tears flowed in torrents down her cheeks. She cried aloud and wept at the same time. But both enhanced her beauty. "Oh, the faithless one," she cried, beating her tender bosom again and

again, "he has abandoned me. Oh, what will become of me! What will be my fate!" She spake. And on a sudden, drums and cymbals beaten and tossed by frenzied hands resounded along the shore. Stricken with terror, she fell gasping out a few broken words, and the blood faded from her lifeless corpse. But lo, the Mænads, with their hair floating wildly out behind them, and the light-footed Satyrs, the rout that leads the procession of Apollo, came upon the scene. Behold, old Silenus, reeling-ripe as usual, who can scarce keep his seat on the ass that staggers beneath the heavy burden. He pursues the Mænads, who flee from him and mock him as they flee, and as he belabours his long-eared beast with his staff, the unskilful cavalier tumbles head-foremost from his steed. And all the Satyrs shout, "Up with you, old man Silenus, up with you again!"

Meanwhile from his lofty chariot with vine branches all bedecked, the god, handling the golden reins, drives on his team of tigers. The girl, in losing Theseus, had lost her colour and her voice. Thrice she attempted flight, thrice did fear paralyse her steps; she shuddered, she trembled like the tapering stem or the slender reed that sways at the slightest breath. "Banish all thy fears," cried the god. "In me thou findest a tenderer, more faithful lover than Theseus. Daughter of Minos, thou shalt be the bride of Bacchus. Thy guerdon shall be a dwelling in the sky; thou shalt be a new star and thy bright diadem shall be a guide to the pilot uncertain of his course." So saying he leapt from his chariot lest his tigers should affright her. The sand yielded beneath his feet. Claspings to his breast the swooning, unresisting girl, he bore her away. For a god may do as he wills, and who shall say him nay. Then some sang *Hymenæe!* and some *Evion Evoë!* and to these strains the god and his bride consummated their spousals on the sacred couch.

When, then, you find yourself at a feast where the wine is flowing freely, and where a woman shares the same couch with you, pray to that god whose mysteries are celebrated during the night, that the wine may not overcloud thy brain. 'Tis then thou mayest easily hold converse with thy mistress in hidden words whereof she will easily divine the meaning. A drop of wine will enable you to draw sweet emblems on the table wherein she will read the proof of the love you have for her. Fix well thine eyes on her and so confirm the message

of thy love. Ofttimes, without a word being spoken, the eyes can tell a wondrous tale. When she has drunk, be thou the first to seize the cup, and where her lips have touched, there press thine own and drink. Choose thou the dainties that her fingers have lightly touched, and as thou reachest for them, let thy hand softly encounter hers.

Be courteous to her husband too. Nothing could better serve your plans than to be in his good graces. If, when the dice are thrown, chance crowns thee king of the feast, yield him the honour; take off thy wreath and place it on his brow. Whether he be thy equal or inferior matters not. Let him be served the first, and flatter him in everything you say. The surest and most common means to success is to deceive him under the cloak of friendship. But though 'tis sure and common, 'tis none the less a crime. Sometimes in love the ambassador goes too far and doth exceed the terms of his mandate.

Now I will lay down the limits thou shouldst observe in drinking: never drink enough to cloud your brain or make your gait unsteady; avoid the quarrels that are born of wine and be not prompt to take offence. Follow not the example of Eurytion, who, like a fool, gave up the ghost because he had drunk too much. The food and the wine should inspire a gentle gaiety. If you have a voice, sing; and if your limbs are supple, dance; in short, do everything you can to make a good impression. Downright drunkenness is a loathsome thing; simulated inebriety may serve a useful purpose. Let your tongue falter with a cunning stammer; pretend it's difficult for you to pronounce your words, so that whatever you do or say a little on the risky side may be put down to the fact that you've had too much liquor. Drink to your mistress, and do it openly, and drink to the man that shares her bed and, under your breath, curse her lawful spouse. When the guests rise up to go, you'll have a good chance to get very close to your lady. Mingle in the crowd, contrive to get near her, press her side with your fingers and rub your foot against hers.

And now, we'll say, you've got her to yourself. Now you can talk to her. Avaunt then, rustic modesty! Fortune and Venus favour the brave. Don't ask me to tell you what to say; just take and begin, the words will come fast enough without your having to search for them. You must play the lover for all you're worth. Tell her how you are pining for her; do everything you know to win her over. She will

believe you fast enough. Every woman thinks herself attractive; even the plainest is satisfied with the charms she deems that she possesses. And, then, how often it has happened that the man who begins by feigning love ends by falling in love in real earnest. Ah, my fair ones, look with indulgent eye on those that give themselves a lover's airs; the love, now feigned, will soon be love indeed.

By subtle flatteries you may be able to steal into her heart, even as the river insensibly o'erflows the banks which fringe it. Never cease to sing the praises of her face, her hair, her taper fingers and her dainty foot. The coldest beauty is moved by praises of her charms, and even the innocent and greenest girl takes pride and pleasure in the care of her good looks. If it were not so, wherefore should Juno and Minerva blush even now to have failed to carry off the prize for loveliness, in the woods of Ida? See that peacock there; if you belaud his plumage, he'll spread his tail with pride; but if in silence you look at him, he'll never show his treasures. The courser, in the chariot race, is proud of the admiration bestowed on his well-groomed mane and his proudly arched neck. Be not backward in your promises; women are drawn on by promises; and swear by all the gods that you'll be as good as your word. Jove, from his high abode, looks down and laughs on lovers' perfidies, and gives them to Æolus for the winds to sport with. Often he swore to Juno by the Styx that he'd be faithful, and he broke his vows. His example should lend us courage.

'Tis well that the gods should exist and well that we should believe in them. Let us bring offerings of wine and frankincense to their immemorial altars. They are not sunk in indolent repose and slothful ease. Live then in innocence, for the gods are omnipresent. Fulfil the trust that has been reposed in you; observe the precepts of religion; have nought to do with fraud; stain not your hands with blood. If you are wise, practise deceit on women alone, for that you may do with impunity; but in all other matters let your word be your bond. Deceive them that are deceivers; women for the most part are a perfidious race; let them fall into the snares which they themselves have prepared. Egypt, so they tell, being deprived of the rains which fertilise its soil, had suffered nine years of continuous drought when Thrasius came to Busiris and announced that Jove could be

propitiated by the shedding of a stranger's blood. "Then," said Busiris, "thou shalt be the first victim offered to the god; thou shalt be that stranger-guest to whom Egypt shall owe the rain from heaven." Phalaris, too, caused the ferocious Perillus to be burnt within the brazen bull which he had fashioned, and the ill-fated craftsman was the first to put his handiwork to the proof. Both penalties were just; and indeed there is no law more righteous than that the contrivers of death should perish by their own inventions. Wherefore, since a lie should pay for a lie, let woman be deceived and let her blame no one but herself for the treachery whereof she set the example.

Tears, too, are a mighty useful resource in the matter of love. They would melt a diamond. Make a point, therefore, of letting your mistress see your face all wet with tears. Howbeit, if you cannot manage to squeeze out any tears — and they won't always flow just when you want them to — put your finger in your eyes. What lover of experience does not know how greatly kisses add cogency to tender speeches? If she refuse to be kissed, kiss her all the same. She may struggle to begin with. "Horrid man!" she'll say; but if she fights, 'twill be a losing battle. Nevertheless, don't be too rough with her and hurt her dainty mouth. Don't give her cause to say that you're a brute. And if, after you've kissed her, you fail to take the rest, you don't deserve even what you've won. What more did you want to come to the fulfilment of your desires? Oh, shame on you! It was not your modesty, it was your stupid clownishness. You would have hurt her in the struggle, you say? But women like being hurt. What they like to give, they love to be robbed of. Every woman taken by force in a hurricane of passion is transported with delight; nothing you could give her pleases her like that. But when she comes forth scathless from a combat in which she might have been taken by assault, however pleased she may try to look, she is sorry in her heart. Phœbe was raped, and so, too, was her sister Elaira; and yet they loved their ravishers not a whit the less.

A well-known story, but one that may well be told again, is that of Achilles and the maid of Scyros. Venus had rewarded Paris for the homage he had paid to her beauty when at the foot of Mount Ida she triumphed over her two rivals. From a far-off country a new

daughter-in-law has come to Priam, and within the walls of Ilion there dwells an Argive bride. The Greeks swore to avenge the outraged husband; for an affront to one was an affront to all. Howbeit, Achilles (shame on him if he had not yielded to a mother's prayers) had disguised his manhood beneath the garments of a girl. "What dost thou there, descendant of Æacus? Dost thou busy thyself with carding wool? Is that a task for a man? It is by other arts of Pallas that thou shouldst seek for fame. What hast thou to do with work-baskets? Thine arm is made to bear the shield. How comes this distaff in the hand that should lay Hector low? Cast from thee these spindles, and let thy doughty hand brandish a spear from Pelion." Once chance brought Achilles and the royal maiden together in the same bedchamber, and then the onslaught she underwent swiftly revealed to her the sex of her companion. Doubtless she yielded only to superior force; so we must of course believe; but at least she was not angry that force gained the day. "Stay yet awhile," she said entreatingly, when Achilles, eager to be gone, had laid aside the distaff to seize his valiant arms. What then has become of this alleged violence? Wherefore, Deidamia, wilt thou retain with pleading tones the author of thy downfall?

True, if modesty does not permit a woman to make the first advance, it nevertheless delights her to yield when her lover takes the initiative. In truth a lover reposes too much confidence in his good looks if he thinks that a woman will be the first to ask. 'Tis for him to begin, for him to entreat her; and to his supplications she will incline her ear. Ask and thou shalt receive; she only waits to be implored. Tell her the cause and origin of your desire. Jove bent the knee to the heroines of old times, and for all his greatness, none ever came of her own accord to entreat him. If, however, you only get disdain for all your pains, draw back and press your suit no farther. Many women long for what eludes them, and like not what is offered them. Cool off; don't let her think you too importunate. Do not betray the hope of too swift a victory; let Love steal in disguised as Friendship. I've often seen a woman thus disarmed, and friendship ripen into love.

A pale complexion ill becomes a sailor. The rays of the sun and the salt spray should have tanned his features; nor does it suit the husbandman who, with plough or heavy rakes, is for ever turning up

the soil in the open air; and ye who strive for the athlete's crown of olive, it would ill beseem you to have too white a skin. But every lover should be pale; pallor is the symptom of Love, it is the hue appropriate to Love. So, deceived by your paleness, let your mistress be tenderly solicitous for your health. Orion was pale with love when he wandered after Lyrice in the woods of Dirce. Pale, too, was Daphnis for the Naiad that disdained him. Thinness, too, is an index to the feelings; and be not ashamed to veil your shining hair beneath the hood. Sleepless nights make thin a young man's body. So that thou mayest come to the fruition of your desires, shrink not from exciting pity, that all who behold you may exclaim, "Why, poor wretch, you are in love!" Shall I complain aloud or only whisper it, how virtue is on every side confounded with vice? Friendship and constancy are both but empty names. You cannot with safety tell your friend all the charms of the woman you adore; if he believed what you said of her, he would straightway become your rival. But, you will argue, the grandson of Actor stained not the couch of Achilles; Phædra erred not, at least, not in favour of Pirithoüs; Pylades loved Hermione with a love as chaste as that which Phœbus bore for Pallas, or as the love of Castor and Pollux for their sister Helen. But if you count on miracles like that, you might as well expect to cull apples from the tamarisk, or to gather honey in the middle of a river. Vice is so inviting, and each man seeks but to gratify his own pleasure. And pleasure is sweetest when 'tis paid for by another's pain. Shun those men you think you can rely on, and you'll be safe. Beware alike of kinsman, brother, and dear friend. They are the people who generally make the trouble.

I was on the point of ending here; but let me add that women are things of many moods. You must adapt your treatment to the special case. The same soil is not equally good for everything. This land is good for the vine, and this for olives; and here's the place for corn. You'll find as many dispositions in the world as you meet with different figures and faces. A clever man will know how to adapt himself to this diversity of temper and disposition, and suit his conversation to the needs of the hour, even as Proteus, who is now a graceful wave, now a lion, now a tree, and now a boar with bristling hide. It's the same with fish; some you spear, others you take with

the line, and others again in the encircling net. Different methods suit different people. You must vary them according to the age of your mistresses. An old hind will descry your machinations from afar. If you display too much skill to the novice, and too much enterprise to the bashful, you'll frighten her and put her on her guard. Thus it sometimes happens that a woman, who has feared to yield to the caresses of a man of breeding, will fall into the arms of a worthless knave.

A part of my enterprise is now achieved, though more remains behind. Here then let us heave the anchor and give ourselves a little rest.

BOOK II

SING, and sing again Io Pæan! The quarry that I was hot upon hath fallen into my toils. Let the joyous lover set the laurel crown upon my brow and raise me to a loftier pinnacle than Hesiod of Ascrea or the -blind old bard of Mæonia. Thus did Priam's son, crowding on all sail in his flight from warlike Amyclæ, bear with him his ravished bride; and thus, too, Hippodamia, did Pelops, in his victorious chariot, carry thee far from thy native land.

Young man, why wilt thou haste so fast? Thy vessel sails the open sea, and the harbour to which I am steering thee is still far off. It sufficieth not that my verses have brought thy mistress to thine arms; my art hath taught thee how to win her; it must also teach thee how to keep her. Though it be glorious to make conquests, it is still more glorious to retain them. The former is sometimes the work of chance, the latter is always the work of skill.

Queen of Cythera, and thou her son, if ever ye looked with kindly eye upon me, 'tis, above all, to-day that of your succour I have need. And thee too, Erato, I invoke, for 'tis, from love thou dost derive thy name. Great is the enterprise I have in mind. I am going to tell how Love, that fickle child, may captured be; Love that is wandering up and down in this wide world of ours. Airy is he, possessed of wings to fly withal. How shall we stay his flight?

Minos had left no stone unturned to prevent the escape of his stranger-guest. Yet he dared, with wings, to cleave himself a way. When Dædalus had imprisoned the monster half-man, half-bull, that his erring mother had conceived, he spoke to Minos saying, "O thou who art so just, set a term to my exile; let my native land receive my ashes. If the Fates forbid that I should live in my own country, grant at least that I may die there. Grant that my son may return to his home, even if his father beseeches thee in vain. Or if thou hast no pity for the child, let thy compassion light upon the father." Thus spake Dædalus; but in vain he tried with these and many other words like these, to touch the heart of Minos; inexorable, he was deaf to all his prayers. Seeing his supplications were of no avail, he said to himself, "Behold, here is indeed a chance for thee to prove thy

ingenuity. Minos rules the land, and rules the waves; 'tis useless then on sea or land to seek escape. There remains the air; and through the air I'll cleave me a way. Great Jove, pardon the rashness of my under taking. 'Tis not my aim to raise myself to the skyish dwellings of the gods; but there is for me one means, and one alone, whereby I may escape the tyrant. If there were a way across the Styx, the Stygian waters I would not fear to cross. Grant me then to change the laws that rule my nature."

Misfortune oftentimes stimulates invention. Who would ever have thought a man could voyage through the air! Nevertheless, 'tis true that Dædalus wrought himself wings with feathers cunningly disposed like oars, and with thread did fix his flimsy work together. The lower part he bound with wax melted by the fire. And now behold the strange and wondrous work is finished! The boy, with a joyous smile, handles the feathers and the wax, witting not that the wings are destined for his own shoulders. "Behold," cried his father, "the craft that shall bear us to our native land; by its means we shall escape from Minos. Though Minos may have closed all roads to us, he cannot close the highways of the air. Cleave then the air, while still thou mayest, with this my handiwork. But take heed thou draw not too nigh the Virgin of Tegea, or to Orion, who, girt with his sword, doth bear Boötes company. Shape thy course on mine. I will lead the way; be content to follow me; with me to guide thee, thou wilt have nought to fear. For, if in our airy flight we soared too near the sun, the wax of our wings would never bear the heat, and if we flew too low, the moisture of the sea would weight our wings and make them over-heavy for us to move. Fly then midway between; and O, my son, beware the winds. Whithersoever they may blow, thither let them waft thee." Thus he spake, and fitted the wings upon his son's young shoulders and showed him how to move them, even as the mother bird teaches her feeble fledglings how to fly. That done, he fixes wings on to his own shoulders and, half eager, half timid, launches himself on the unfamiliar track. Ere he begins his flight, he kisses his son, and down the old man's cheeks the tears unbidden flow.

Not far from there, stands a hill, which, though less lofty than a mountain, doth yet command the plain. It was from there that they

launched themselves on their perilous flight. Dædalus, as he moves his own wings, gazes back at his son's, yet nevertheless keeps steadily on his airy course. At first the novelty of their flight enchants them; and ere long, casting all fear aside, Icarus grows more daring and essays a bolder sweet. A fisherman, about to land a fish with his slender rod, perceives them, and straightway lets it fall. Already they have left Samos behind on the left, and Naxos, and Paros, and Delos dear to Apollo. On their right they have Lebinthos, Calymna shaded with woods, and Astypalæa girdled with pools where fish abound; when lo, young Icarus, growing rash with boyish daring, steers a loftier course and leaves his father. The bonds of his wings relax, the wax melts as the sun grows near, and vainly he waves his arms, they cannot catch the delicate air. Stricken with terror, he looks down from the lofty heavens upon the sea beneath. A darkness born of panic overspreads his eyes. And now the wax has melted, he tosses his naked arms and quakes with fear, for nought is there to upstay him. Down and down he falls, and in his falling cries, "Father, O Father, all is over with me!" And the green waters sealed his mouth for ever. But the unhappy father — a father now no longer — cried, "Icarus, where art thou? Beneath what regions of the sky steerest thou thy flight? Icarus, Icarus," he cried and cried again, when lo, on the waste of waters he descried his wings. The land received the bones of Icarus; the sea retains his name.

Minos was powerless to stay a mortal's flight. I am essaying to hold a winged god. If anyone deems there is any virtue in magic or in potions, he sadly errs. Neither the herbs of Medea nor the incantations of the Marsi will make love endure. If there were any potency in magic, Medea would have held the son of Æson, Circe would have held Ulysses. Philtres, too, that make the face grow pale, are useless when administered to women. They harm the brain and bring on madness. Away with such criminal devices! If you'd be loved, be worthy to be loved. Good looks and a good figure are not enough for that. Though you were Nireus, praised long ago by Homer; ay, were you young Hylas, snatched away by the guilty Naiads, if you would hold your mistress and not one day to be taken aback and find she's left you, add accomplishments of the mind to advantages of the person. Beauty is a fleeting boon; it fades with the

passing years, and the longer it lives, the more surely it dies. The violets and wide-cupped lilies bloom not for ever, and, once the rose has blown, its naked stem shows only thorns. Thus, my fair youth, thy hair will soon grow white, and wrinkles soon will line thy face with furrows; so set thy beauty off with talents that shall mock at time; 'tis they alone will last unto the grave. Study the refinements of life, and enrich yourself with the treasures of the Greek and Latin tongues. Ulysses was not handsome, but he was eloquent, and two goddesses were tortured with love for him. How often Calypso groaned when she beheld him preparing to depart, and how she kept telling him that the waves would not suffer him to set sail. Times without number she asked him to tell her o'er again the story of the fall of Troy, times without number he would retell it in a new form. One day they were standing on the seashore: the fair nymph was begging him to tell her how the king of Thrace met his cruel death. Ulysses, with a twig which he chanced to have in his hand, drew her a plan upon the sand. "See, here is Troy," he said, tracing the line of the ramparts. "Here runs the Simois. Say this is my camp, farther along is the plain" (and he drew it) "which we stained with the blood of Dolon who tried to steal the horses of Achilles by night. There stood the tents of Rhesus, king of Thrace, and it was along there that I rode back with the horses that had been stolen from him." And so he was going on with his narrative, when suddenly a wave came and washed away Troy and Rhesus, together with his camp. Then said the goddess, "Seest thou what famous names these waves have swept away, and dost thou hope they will be kind to thee when thou settest sail?"

Well then, whoever you may be, put not too great a trust in the deceptive charm of beauty. Take care to possess something more than mere physical comeliness. What works wonders with the women is an ingratiating manner. Brusqueness and harsh words only promote dislike. We hate the hawk because it spends its life in fighting; and we hate the wolf that falls upon the timid flocks. But man snares not the swallow because it is gentle, and he suffers the dove to make its home in towers that he has built. Away with all strife and bitterness of speech. Pleasant words are the food of love. It is by quarrels that a woman estranges her husband, and a husband his

wife. They imagine that in acting so they are paying each other out in their own coin. Leave them to it. Quarrels are the dowry which married folk bring one another. But a mistress should only hear agreeable things. It is not the law that has landed you in bed together. *Your* law, the law for you and her, is Love. Never approach her but with soft caresses and words that soothe her ear, so that she may always rejoice at your coming.

‘Tis is not to the rich that I would teach the art of Love. A man who can give presents has no need of any lessons I can teach him. He has wit enough, and to spare, if he can say when he pleases, “Accept this gift.” I give him best. His means are mightier than mine. I am the poor man’s poet; because I am poor myself and I have known what it is to be in love. Not being able to pay them in presents, I pay my mistresses in poetry. The poor man must be circumspect in his love-affairs; he mustn’t permit himself to use strong language; he must put up with many things that a rich lover would never endure. Once I remember in a fit of ill-temper I ruffled my mistress’s hair. It was a fit that robbed me of many and many a happy day. I did not notice that I had torn her dress, and I do not believe I had; but she said I had, and I was obliged to buy her another one. Good friends, be wiser than your master; don’t do as he does, or, if you do, look out for squalls. Make war on the Parthians to your heart’s content, but live at peace with your mistress; have recourse to playfulness and to whatever may excite love.

If your mistress is ungracious and off-hand in her manner towards you, bear it with patience; she’ll soon come round. If you bend a branch carefully and gently, it won’t break. If you tug at it suddenly with all your might, you’ll snap it off. If you let yourself go with the stream, you’ll get across the river in time, but if you try to swim against the tide, you’ll never do it. Patience will soften tigers and Numidian lions; and slowly and surely you may accustom the bull to the rustic plough. What woman was ever more tameless than Atalanta of Nonacris; yet, for all her arrogance, she yielded at length to a lover’s tender assiduities. They say that many a time, beneath the trees, Milanion wept at his mishaps and at his mistress’s unkindness. Often upon his neck he bore, as he was bid, the treacherous toils; and often with his spear he pierced the savage boars. He was even struck

by the arrows of Hylæus, but other darts, which were, alas, but too well known to him, had dealt him sorer wounds than that.

I do not bid thee climb, armed with thy bow, the woody heights of Mænalus, or carry heavy nets upon thy back. I do not bid thee bare thy breast to a foeman's arrows. If only thou art prudent, thou wilt find my precepts are not over-hard to carry out. If she's obstinate, let her have her way, and you'll get the better of her in the end. Only whatever she tells you to do, be sure you do it. Blame what she blames; like what she likes; say what she says; deny what she denies. If she smiles, smile too; if she sheds tears, shed them too. In a word, model your mood on hers. If she wants to play draughts, play badly on purpose and let her win the game. If you're playing dice, don't let her be piqued at losing, but make it look as though your luck was always out. If your battle-field's the chessboard, see to it that your men of glass are mown down by the foe.

Be sure and hold her parasol over her; and clear a way for her if she's hemmed in by the crowd; fetch a stool to help her on to the couch; and unlace or lace up the sandals on her dainty feet. And then, though you perish with cold yourself, you will often have to warm your mistress's icy hands in your bosom. And you mustn't mind, although it does seem a little undignified, holding up her mirror, like any slave, for her to look in. Why Hercules himself, who performed such mighty feats of bravery and strength, who won a seat in the Olympian realms he had carried on his shoulders, is said to have dwelt among the Ionian maids as one of them, to have held the work-basket and have spun coarse wool. The Tiryntian hero obeyed his mistress's commands; and will you hesitate to endure what he endured?

If your lady-love arranges to meet you in the Forum, be there well before the appointed time, and wait and wait till the very last minute. If she asks you to meet her somewhere else, leave everything and hurry off; don't let the crowd hinder you. If, at night, after she's been dining out, she calls a slave to see her home, be quick, offer your services. If you are in the country, and she writes saying, "Come at once," go to her, for Love brooks no delay. If you can't get a conveyance, then you must foot it. Nothing should stop you: thunder, heat, snow, nothing!

Love is like warfare. "Faint heart never won fair lady"; poltroons are useless in Love's service. The night, winter, long marches, cruel suffering, painful toil, all these things have to be borne by those who fight in Love's campaigns. Apollo, when he tended the herds of Admetus, dwelt, so 'tis said, in a humble cottage. Who would blush to do as Apollo did? If you would love long and well, you must put away pride. If the ordinary, safe route to your mistress is denied you, if her door is shut against you, climb up on to the roof and let yourself down by the chimney, or the skylight. How it will please her to know the risks you've run for her sake! 'Twill be an earnest of your love. Leander could often have done without his mistress, but he swam the strait to prove his courage.

Nor must you think it beneath your dignity to ingratiate yourself with her servants, even the humblest of them; greet each of them by name, and take their servile hands in yours. Give them (it will not cost you much) such presents as you can afford; and when the festival of Juno Caprotina comes round, make a handsome present to the lady's-maid. Get on good terms with the occupants of the servants' hall, and don't forget the porter or the slave that sleeps beside your lady's door.

I don't advise you to make costly presents to your mistress; offer her a few trifles, but let them be well chosen and appropriate to the occasion. When the country is displaying all its lavish riches, and the branches of the trees are bending beneath their load, set some young slave to leave a basket of fruit at her door. You can say they come from your place in the country, though in reality you purchased them in Rome. Send her grapes or chestnuts beloved of Amaryllis; though the modern Amaryllis is no longer satisfied with chestnuts. Or, again, a present of thrushes or pigeons will prove that you have her still in mind. I know, of course, that this same policy is followed by the expectant legatees of some rich and childless dame. Out on such mean and calculating generosity, say I! Shall I also advise you to send poetry as well? Alas, verses don't count for much. Verses come in for praise; but they really like gifts that are more substantial than that. Even a barbarian, if only he is rich, is sure to find favour. This is the golden age in very truth. Gold will buy the highest honours; and gold will purchase love. Homer himself, even if he came attended by

the nine Muses, would promptly be shown the door if he brought no money to recommend him. Nevertheless, there are some cultured women, but they are rare. There are others who are not cultured but who wish to appear so. You must praise them both in your poetry. Whatever the quality of your lines, you may make them sound well if you know how to read them with effect. Indeed, if the lines be well composed and well delivered, the ladies will perhaps deign to regard them as a trifling, a very trifling, present.

Now, when you have determined to do something that you think will be of service, persuade your mistress to ask you to do it. If you have made up your mind to free one of your slaves, see that he addresses his petition to her; if you've resolved not to punish another slave for some neglect of duty, see that it is she who gets the credit for this act of clemency. You'll get the benefit, she'll get the glory. You'll lose nothing, and she'll think she can twist you round her little finger.

If you want to keep your mistress's love, you must make her think you're dazzled with her charms. If she wears a dress of Tyrian purple, tell her there's nothing like Tyrian purple. If she's wearing a gown of Coan stuff, tell her that there's nothing becomes her so enchantingly. If she's ablaze with gold, tell her that you think gold's less brilliant than her charms. If she's clad in winter furs, tell her they're lovely; if she appears in a flimsy tunic, tell her she sets you on fire, and say you hope she won't catch cold. If she wears her hair parted on her forehead, say you like that style. If she has it frizzed and fuzzy, say, "How I love it frizzed!" Praise her arms when she dances, her voice when she sings, and when she ceases, say how sorry you are it came to an end so soon. If she admits you to her bed, adore the seat of all your bliss, and in tones trembling with delight tell her what a heaven she makes for you. Why, even if she were grimmer than the terrible Medusa, she would grow soft and docile for her love. Be a good dissembler and never let your face belie your words. Artifice is a fine thing when it's not perceived; once it's discovered, discomfiture follows. Confidence is gone for ever.

Often when the autumn is at hand, when the earth is adorned with all its charms, when the ruddy grape swells with its purple juice, when we feel alternately a nipping cold or an oppressive heat, this

variation of temperature throws us into a state of languor. May your mistress then retain her health. But if some indisposition should compel her to keep her bed, if she falls a victim to the evil effects of the season, then is the time for you to show her how attentive and loving you can be; then is the time to sow the seeds of the harvest you may gather later on. Be not deterred by the attentions her malady demands. Render her whatever services she will deign to accept; let her behold you shedding tears of compassion; never let her see you do not want to kiss her, and let her parched lips be moistened with your tears; say how you hope she'll soon be well again, and be sure to let her hear you saying it, and always be prepared to tell her you have had a dream of happy augury. Let some old grandam, with trembling hands, come and sweeten her bed and purify her room with sulphur and the expiatory eggs. She will store up the memory of these kindnesses in her heart. Many a time have people had legacies bequeathed them for such trifling things as that. But be careful not to display too much anxiety. Do not be over-busy. Your affection and solicitude should have their limits. Don't make it your business to restrict her diet, or tell her she mustn't eat this or that. Don't bring her nasty medicine to drink; leave all that to your rival.

But the wind to which you spread your sails when leaving port is not the wind you need when you are sailing the open sea. Love is delicate at birth; it becomes stronger with use. Feed it with the proper food, and it will grow sturdy in time. The bull that frightens you to-day, you used to stroke when it was young. The tree that shelters you beneath its shade was once but a frail sapling. A slender rivulet at its source, the river gathers size little by little, and, as it flows, is swollen with innumerable tributaries. See to it that thy mistress grows accustomed to thee: nothing is so potent as habit. To win her heart, let no trouble be too great. Let her see you continually; let her hear none but you. Day and night be present to her sight. But when you are sure that she will long for you, then leave her alone, so that your absence may give her some anxiety. Let her repose awhile: the soil that is given a rest renders with usury the seed that's planted in it, and the ground that is parched greedily soaks in the water from the skies. As long as Phyllis had Demophoön at her side, her love for him was lukewarm. No sooner had he set sail, than she was

consumed with passion for him. Ulysses, shrewd man, tortured Penelope by his absence, and with thy tears, Laodamia, didst thou yearn for the return of Protesilaus.

But be on the safe side; don't stay away too long; time softens the pangs of longing. Out of sight, out of mind. The absent lover is soon forgotten, and another takes his place. When Menelaus had departed, Helen grew weary of her lonely couch and sought warmth and consolation in the arms of her guest. Ah! Menelaus, what a fool wast thou! Alone didst thou depart, leaving thy wife beneath the same roof with a stranger. Fool, 'twas like delivering up the timid dove to the devouring kite, or surrendering the lamb to the hungry wolf. No, Helen was not to blame; her lover was not guilty; she was afraid to lie alone. Let Menelaus think what he will; Helen, in my view, was not to blame; all she did was to profit by her most accommodating husband.

But the fierce boar, in its wildest rage, when, making his last stand, he rolls the fleet hounds over and over; the lioness, when she offers her dugs to the cubs that she is suckling; the viper that the wayfarer has trodden upon with careless foot — all are less redoubtable than the woman who has caught another woman in her husband's bed. Her face is distorted with fury. The sword, the firebrand, anything that comes to her hand, she will seize. Casting all restraint aside, she will rush at her foe like a Mænad driven mad by the Aonian god. The barbarous Medea took vengeance on her own children for Jason's misdeeds and for his violation of the nuptial bond; that swallow that you see yonder was also an unnatural mother. See, her breast still bears the stain of blood. Thus do the happiest, the most firmly welded, unions fail. A cautious lover should beware of exciting these jealous furies.

Do not imagine that I am going to act the rigid moralist and condemn you to love but one mistress. The gods forbid. Even a married woman finds it difficult to keep such a vow as that. Take your fill of amusement, but cast the veil of modesty over your peccadilloes. Never make a parade of your good fortune, and never give a woman a present that another woman will recognise. Vary the time and place of your assignations, lest one of them catch you in some familiar place of rendezvous. When you write, be sure and read

over what you have written; many women read into a letter much more than it is intended to convey.

Venus, when she is wounded, justly retaliates, gives the aggressor blow for blow and makes him feel, in his turn, the pain that he has caused. So long as Atrides was satisfied with his wife, she was faithful to him; her husband's infidelity drove her from the narrow path. She learned that Chryses, staff in hand and wearing the sacred fillet on his brows, had begged that his daughter should be restored to him, and begged in vain. She learned, O Briseis, of the abduction that pierced your heart with grief, and for what shameful reasons the war was dragging on. Still all this was only hearsay. But with her own eyes she had seen the daughter of Priam, she had, O sight of shame, seen the victor become the slave of his captive. From that day forth, the daughter of Tyndarus made Ægisthus free of her heart and bed, and took guilty vengeance for her husband's crime. Yet if, how well soever you may hide them, your secret amours come to light, never hesitate to deny your guilt. Be neither sheepish nor gushing, for these are sure signs of a guilty conscience. But spare no effort and employ all your vigour in the battle of love. It's the only way to win peace; the only way to convince her of the unreality of her suspicions. Some people would advise you to stimulate your powers with noxious herbs, such as savory, pepper mixed with thistle-seed or yellow fever-few steeped in old wine. In my view these are nothing more nor less than poisons. The goddess, who dwells on the shady slopes of Mount Eryx, approves not such strained and violent means to the enjoyment of her pleasures. Nevertheless, you may take the white onion that comes from Megara and the stimulating plant that grows in our gardens, together with eggs, honey from Hymettus, and the apples of the lofty pine.

But wherefore, divine Erato, do we wander into these details of the Æsculapian art? Let my chariot return to its own particular track. Awhile ago I was counselling you to hide your infidelities: well, turn about, blazon abroad the conquests you have made. The curved ship is not always obedient to the same wind; she fleets o'er the waves, driven now by the North wind, now by the East. Turn by turn, the West wind and the South will fill her sails. Look at that driver on his chariot there. Sometimes he lets his reins hang loose, sometimes,

with skilful hand, he restrains the ardour of his fiery steeds. There are lovers whom a hesitant indulgence ill-befriends. Their mistresses begin to languish if the apprehension of a rival comes not to stimulate their affections. Happiness will sometimes make us drunk and render difficult the way of constancy. A little fire will languish if it be not fed, and disappear beneath the grey ashes that accumulate upon it. But add a little sulphur, and lo, fresh flames will leap and sparkle with new splendour! Thus when the heart grows dull and torpid, apply, if you would wake it into life, the spur of jealousy. Give your mistress something to torment her, and bring new heat into her chilly heart. Let her grow pale at the evidence of your inconstancy. What happiness, what untold happiness is his, whose mistress's heart is wrung at the thought of her lover's infidelity. Soon she hears the tidings of his fault; while yet she is fain to hold the news untrue, she swoons and, hapless one, her cheeks grow pale as death, her lips refuse to speak. Oh, would I were that lover! I, whose hair she tears in her wild frenzy, whose face she fiercely scratches with her nails, at whose sight she bursts into floods of tears, but whom she will not, cannot live without! How long, you say, ought one to leave her in despair? Well, hasten to comfort her lest her wrath in the end should harden into bitterness. Hasten to fling thine arms about her snowy neck, and press her tear-stained cheek against thy breast. Kiss away her tears, and with her tears mingle the sweet delights of love. Soon she'll grow calm; that is the only way to soothe her wrath. When her rage is at its height, when it is open war between you, then beg her to ratify a peace upon her bed; she'll soon make friends. 'Tis there that, all unarmed, sweet concord dwells; 'tis there, the cradle of forgiveness. The doves that late were fighting, more tenderly will bill and coo; their murmurs seem to tell how true and tender is their love.

Nature, at first, was but a weltering chaos of sky and land and sea. But soon the heavens rose up above the earth, the sea encircled it with a liquid girdle; and from formless chaos issued forth the divers elements. The woods were peopled with wild things, the air with light-wingèd birds; and the fishes hid themselves beneath the deep waters. In those times men wandered lonely over the face of the earth, and brute strength was their sole resource. The forest was their

dwelling-place, the grass their food, dry leaves their bed, and for a long time each man dwelt in ignorance of his fellows. Then came the sweet delights of love, and softened, so they say, these rugged hearts, bringing together man and woman on a single couch. No tutor did they need to tell them what to do; Venus, without recourse to any art, fulfilled her gentle office. The bird has his beloved mate; the fish beneath the waters finds another fish to share his pleasures; the hind follows the stag; the snake mates with the snake; the dog with the bitch; the ewe and the heifer yield themselves with delight to the caresses of the ram and the bull; the goat, noisome though he be, repels not the caresses of his lascivious fellow; the mare, burning with the frenzy of desire, will speed o'er hill and dale, and even through rivers, to join her stallion. Be of good cheer then and employ this potent remedy to calm the anger of thy mistress; 'tis the only sovran cure for her aching sorrow; 'tis a balm sweeter than the juices of Machaon, and if you happen to have erred a little, it will surely bring you pardon.

Such was the burden of my song, when on a sudden Apollo appeared to me and touched with his fingers the chords of a golden lyre; in his hand he bore a branch of laurel; a laurel wreath encircled his brow. Prophetic was his mien and prophetic the voice with which he bade me lead my disciples into his temple. "There," said he, "you will find this inscription famous throughout the whole world, 'Man, know thyself.' The man who knows himself follows ever in his love-affairs the precepts of wisdom. He alone hath wit to adapt his enterprises to his powers. If he is endowed with comely looks, if he has a beautiful skin, let him lie, when he is in bed, with his shoulders uncovered; if he is an attractive talker, let him not maintain a glum silence. If he can sing, let him sing; if the wine makes him merry, let him drink. But whatever he is, orator, babbler, or fine frenzied poet, don't let him interrupt the conversation in order to declaim his prose or his verse." Thus spake Phœbus, and, lovers, you will do well to obey him; nought but the truth ever issued from his god-like lips.

But, to my subject. Whosoever loves wisely and follows the precepts of my art is sure to conquer and to attain the object of his heart's desire. The furrows do not always repay with interest the seed that has been sown therein; the winds do not always waft the bark -

on its uncertain course. Few pleasures, many pains — such is the lot of lovers. Harsh are the trials which they must expect to face. As numerous as the hares on Athos, as the bees on Hybla, as the olives on the tree of Pallas, as the shells upon the seashore, are the sorrows that Love engenders. The arrows he aims at us are steeped in gall. Perhaps they will tell you that your mistress is out, when you know very well she's in, because you've seen her. Never mind, make believe she is out and that your eyes have deceived you. She has promised to let you in at night, and you find her door shut; be patient and lie down on the cold damp ground. Peradventure, some lying servant will come, and looking at you with an insolent stare, say, "What does this fellow want, always besieging our door like this?" "Then you must turn the other cheek to this grim seneschal and speak him fair, and not him only, but the door as well, and on the threshold lay the roses that adorned your brow. If your mistress gives you, leave, haste to her side; if she will none of you, withdraw. A well-bred man ought never to make himself a burden. Would you compel her to exclaim, "Is there no way of getting rid of this pestilent fellow?" Women often take unreasonable whims into their head. Never mind; put up with all her insults; never mind if she kicks you even; kiss her dainty feet.

But why linger over such minor details? Let us turn to more important themes. I am going to sing of lofty things. Ye lovers all, lend me yours ears. My enterprise is fraught with danger; but without danger, where would courage be? The object I aim at is not easy of attainment. If you have a rival, put up with him without a murmur, and your triumph is assured. You will mount, a conqueror, to Jove's high temple. Believe me, these are not the words of a mere mortal. They are oracles as sure as any that Dodona ever gave. This is the very climax of the art that I impart. If your mistress exchanges meaning glances with your rival — nods and becks and wreathèd smiles — put up with it. If she writes him letters, never scrutinise her tablets; let her come and go as she pleases. Hosts of husbands show this indulgence to their lawful wives, especially when thou, soft slumber, aidest in the deceit. Nevertheless, I confess that, in my own case, I cannot attain this degree of perfection. What am I to do? I cannot rise to the height of my own precepts. If I saw a rival making

signs to my mistress before my very eyes, do you think I should put up with it, and not give free rein to my wrath? I remember one day her husband kissed her. How I raved and swore about it! Love is made up of these unreasonable demands. This shortcoming has often been my undoing where women are concerned. It is much cleverer of a man to let others have the entree to his mistress. The really proper course is not to know anything about it. Suffer her to hide her infidelities, lest forcing her to confess them should teach her to control her blushes. Ye youthful lovers, then, take heed not to catch your mistresses in the act, lest, while deceiving you they should imagine you were taken in by, their fine speeches. Two lovers, who have been found out, do but love each other the more ardently. When, they share a common lot, they both persist in the conduct that brought about their undoing.

There is a story well known throughout Olympus: 'tis the story of Mars and Venus caught in the act by Vulcan's cunning ruses. Mars, having fallen madly in love with Venus, changed from the grim warrior to the submissive lover. Venus (and never was there a goddess with a heart more tender), Venus showed herself neither awkward nor unfeeling. How many and many a time, they say, the wanton woman laughed at her husband's shambling gait, and at his hands made horny by the heat of the forge and by hard toil. How charming Mars thought her when she imitated the old blacksmith, and how her graceful motions set off her loveliness. To begin with they took the utmost care to conceal their intrigue, and their guilty passion was full of modesty and reserve. But the Sun (nothing ever eludes his glance), the Sun revealed to Vulcan the conduct of his spouse. Ah, Old Sol, what a bad example you set! Demand the favours of the goddess; make her acquiescence the price of your silence; she has the wherewithal to pay you. All around and about his bed Vulcan cunningly stretches a network invisible to every eye. Then he pretends to set out for Lemnos. The two lovers hie them to the familiar spot, and both of them, naked as Cupid himself, are enveloped in the traitorous toils. Then Vulcan calls on the gods to gather round and bids them gaze upon the imprisoned lovers. Venus, so 'tis said, could scarce keep from weeping. They could not hide their faces in their hands, nor cover their nakedness. One of the

onlookers thus spoke jeeringly to Mars: "Valiant Mars," quoth he, if thy chains are too heavy for thee, hand them on to me." At length, yielding to the prayers of Neptune, Vulcan set the two captives free. Mars withdrew to Thrace; Venus to Paphos. Say now, Vulcan, what didst thou gain thereby? Erstwhile they hid their loves; now they freely and openly indulge their passion; they have banished all shame. You'll soon be sorry that you were such a prying fool! Indeed they say that even now you regret that you ever gave way to your anger.

No traps! I forbid you to use them; and Venus herself, who was caught by her spouse, forbids you to make use of tricks, whereof she was the victim. Don't go laying snares for your rival. Don't try and intercept love-letters. Leave such devices, if they think it well to employ them, to lawful husbands whose rights are hallowed by sacred fire and water. As for me, I proclaim it yet again, I only sing of pleasures which the law permits.

Who would dare divulge to the profane the mysteries of Ceres and the pious rites instituted in Samothrace? It redounds but little to our credit to keep silence when we are commanded so to do; but to blurt out things we ought to know should be kept secret is a most grievous thing. Rightly was Tantalus punished for his indiscretion, rightly was he debarred from reaching the fruits that hung above his head; it served him right that he should parch with thirst with water all around him. Cytherea, especially, forbids that her mysteries should be revealed. I give thee warning, no babbling knaves should ever draw near her altars. If the sacred emblems of her worship are not concealed in mystic baskets; if no brazen cymbals are beaten at her festivals; if she opens the doors of her temple to all, it is on condition that none shall divulge her mysteries. Venus herself never putteth off her veil, but with modest hand she covereth her charms. The beasts of the field abandon themselves, in any place and in the sight of all, to the delights of love, and often at the spectacle a young girl will turn away her head; but for our loves we must have a secret bower, closed doors, and we must needs cover with vesture the secret places of our body. Even if we seek not for darkness, we like a certain dimness, at all events something a little less than broad daylight. Thus when men and women still went unprotected against the sun

and the rain, when the oak provided them with food and shelter, 'twas not in the open, but in caves and woods, that they enjoyed the sweet pleasures of love, so great was the respect which mankind, though still uncouth, entertained for the laws of modesty. Now we make a parade of our nocturnal exploits, and people it seems, would pay a high price for the pleasure of divulging them. Nay, isn't it the fashion nowadays to stop and talk to a girl everywhere one goes, so as to be able to say, "You saw that girl, she's another one I've had!" It's all because they want to have someone to point at; so that every woman who is the object of these attentions becomes the talk of the town. But there's nothing really in it. There are men who invent stories which, if they were true, they would repudiate. To hear them talk, you would think that no woman ever resisted them. If they can't touch their person, they at least attack their good name, and though their body be chaste, their reputation is tarnished. Go, thou hateful warder, and shut the doors upon thy mistress; bolt her in with a hundred bolts. What avail such precautions against the slanderer who brags with lying tongue of the favours he has failed to obtain? Let us, on the other hand, speak sparingly of our real amours, and hide our secret pleasures beneath an impenetrable veil.

Never speak to a woman about her defects; many a lover has had occasion to congratulate himself on having observed this very profitable reticence. The wingèd-footed hero, Perseus, never found fault with Andromeda for her swarthy skin. Andromache was, in everyone's opinion, far too tall; Hector was the only one who considered her of the average height. Accustom yourself to the things you don't like; you'll learn to put up with them; habit makes a lot of things acceptable. At first, Love will be put off by the merest trifle. A freshly-grafted branch that is just beginning to draw the sap from the green bark will fall off if the slightest breath of wind disturbs it; but if you give it time to grow strong, it will soon resist the winds and, developing into a sturdy branch, enrich the tree that bears it with its alien fruit. Time effaces everything, even bodily defects, and what we once looked upon as blemishes will one day cease to seem so. At first, our nostrils cannot bear the smell of the hides of bulls; they grow used to it in time and bear it without distress.

Moreover, there are words you can employ to palliate defects. If a

woman's skin is blacker than Illyrian pitch, tell her she's a brunette. If she squints a little, tell her she's like Venus. If she's carroty, tell her she's like Minerva. If she's so skinny you would think she was at death's door, tell her she has a graceful figure. If she's short, so much the better, she's all the lighter. If she's thick-waisted, why she's just agreeably plump. Similarly, you must disguise every defect under the name of its nearest quality. Never ask her how old she is, or who was consul when she was born. Leave it to the Censor to perform that uncomfortable duty, especially if she has passed the flower of her youth, if the summer of her days is over, and if she is already compelled to pull out her grey hairs. My young friends, that age, and even an older one than that, is not without its pleasures. It is a field that you should sow and one day You will reap your harvest. Labour while your strength and your youth allow. All too soon tottering eld, with noiseless tread, will be upon you. Cleave the waters of the ocean with your oar, or the glebe with your slough; wield with warlike arm the deadly sword, or devote to women your vigour and your care. 'Tis but another kind of military service, and in it, too, rich trophies may be won.

Nor should it be forgotten that women, who are getting on in years, have experience, and it is only experience that sets the seal of perfection on our natural gifts. They repair by their toilet the ravages of time, and by the care they take of themselves manage to conceal their age. They know all the different attitudes of Love and will assume them at your pleasure. No pictured representation can rival them in voluptuousness. With them pleasure comes naturally, without provocation, the pleasure which is sweeter than all, the pleasure which is shared equally by the man and the woman. I hate those embraces in which both do not consummate; that is why boys please me but little. I hate a woman who offers herself because she ought to do so, and, cold and dry, thinks of her sewing when she's making love. The pleasure that is granted to me from a sense of duty ceases to be a pleasure at all. I won't have any woman doing her duty towards me. How sweet it is to hear her voice quaver as she tells me the joy she feels, and to hear her imploring me to slacken my speed so as to prolong her bliss. How I love to see her, drunk with delight, gazing with swooning eyes upon me, or, languishing with love,

keeping me a long while at arms' length.

But these accomplishments are not vouchsafed by nature to young girls. They are reserved for women who have passed the age of thirty-five. Let who will hasten to drink new and immature wine. Let me have a rich mellow vintage dating back to one of our elder consuls. It is only after many years that the plane tree affords a shelter from the scorching sun, and fields but newly reaped hurt the naked foot. What! do you mean to tell me you would put Hermione before Helen? And would Althaea's daughter outrival her mother? If you would enjoy the fruits of love in their maturity, you will obtain, if only you persevere, a reward worthy of your desires.

But already the bed, the minister of their pleasures, has received our two lovers. Stay thy steps, my Muse, at the closed door. They will know well enough, without thy aid, what words to say to one another, and their hands within the bed will not be idle. Their fingers will find the way to those secret places in which Love is wont to proclaim his presence. 'Twas even thus that the valiant Hector, whose skill was not confined to battle, bore himself with Andromache. Thus too the great Achilles fondled his fair captive when, weary of fighting, he lay beside her on the downy couch. Thou didst not fear, Briseis, to yield thyself to the caresses of those hands that bore upon them still the stains of Trojan blood. Was there aught to compare, voluptuous girl, with the pleasure of feeling the pressure of those victorious hands?

If you listen to my advice, you will not be in too great a hurry to attain the limits of your pleasure. Learn, by skilful dallying, to reach the goal by gentle, pleasant stages. When you have found the sanctuary of bliss, let no foolish modesty arrest your hand. Then will you see the love-light trembling in her eyes, even as the rays of the sun sparkle on the dancing waves. Then will follow gentle moanings mingled with murmurings of love, soft groans and sighs and whispered words that sting and lash desire. But now beware! Take heed lest, cramming on too much sail, you speed too swiftly for your mistress. Nor should you suffer her to outstrip you. Speed on together towards the promised haven. The height of bliss is reached when, unable any longer to withstand the wave of pleasure, lover and mistress at one and the same moment are overcome. Such should be

thy rule when time is yours and fear does not compel you to hasten your stolen pleasures. Nevertheless, if there be danger in delay, lean well forward, and drive your spur deep into your courser's side.

My task draws toward its end. Young lovers, show your gratitude. Give me the palm and wreath my brow with the fragrant myrtle. As Podalirius was famous among the Greeks for his skill in curing disease, Pyrrhus for his valour, Nestor for his eloquence; as Calchas was famed for his skill in foretelling the future, Telamon for wielding weapons, Automedon for chariot-racing, so do I excel in the art of Love. Lovers, laud your Poet, sing my praises, so that my name may resound throughout the world. I have given you arms. Vulcan gave arms to Achilles. With them he was victorious. Learn ye too to conquer with mine. And let every lover, who shall have triumphed over a doughty Amazon with the sword I gave him, inscribe on his trophies, "Ovid was my Master."

But now the girls, look you, want me to give them some lessons. You, my dears, shall be my instant care.

BOOK III

I HAVE just armed the Greeks against the Amazons; now, Penthesilea, it remains for me to arm thee against the Greeks, thee and thy valiant troop. Fight with equal resources and let the victory go to the side favoured by beloved Dione and the boy who flies over the whole world. It was not right to expose you, all defenceless as you were, to the attacks of a well-armed foe. Victory, my men, at such a price as that would be a disgrace.

But perchance one among you will say to me, "Wherefore give fresh poison to the snake, wherefore surrender the lamb to the raging wolf?" Now forbear to condemn the whole sex for the crimes of a few of its members; let every woman be judged on her own merits. If the young Alcides had reason to complain of Helen, if his elder brother could with justice accuse Clytemnestra, Helen's sister; if, through the crime of Eriphyle, the daughter of Talaos, Amphiaraus went riding to the under-world on his living steeds, is it not also true that Penelope remained chaste when sundered from her husband who was kept for ten years fighting before Troy and who, when Troy had fallen, wandered over the seas for ten years more? Look at Laodamia, who, in order to join her husband in the grave, died long before her tale of years was told. And Alcestis, who, by sacrificing her own life, redeemed her husband, Admetus, from the tomb. "Take me in thine arms, Capaneus, and let our ashes at least be mingled," exclaimed the daughter of Iphis, and forthwith leapt into the midst of the pyre.

Virtue is a woman both in vesture and in name; what wonder, therefore, that she should favour her own sex? Nevertheless, it is not these lofty souls that my art requires; lighter sails are suited to my pinnacle. Only wanton loves are the burden of my discourse; to women I am about to teach the art of making themselves beloved.

Woman cannot resist the flames and cruel darts of love, shafts which, methinks, pierce not the heart of man so deeply. Man is ever a deceiver; woman deceives but rarely. Make a study of women, you'll find but few unfaithful ones among them. False Jason cast off Medea when she was already a mother, and took another woman to his arms.

It is no thanks to thee, O Theseus, that Ariadne, abandoned on an unknown shore, fell not a prey to the birds of the sea.

Wherefore did Phyllis return nine times to the seashore? Ask that question of the woods, who, in sorrow for her loss, shed their green raiment. Thy guest, Dido, for all his much-belauded conscience, fled from thee leaving thee nought save the sword that brought thee death. Ah, hapless ones, shall I reveal to you the cause of your undoing? You knew not how to love. You lacked the art, and art makes love endure. And even now they would still continue in their ignorance, but that Cytherea bids me instruct them. Into my presence did Cytherea come and thus she did command. "What ill, then, have they wrought thee, these unhappy women, that thou deliverest them, all defenceless as they are, into the hands of the men whom thou thyself hast armed? Thou hast devoted two poems to instructing men. And now the women in their turn demand thy aid. The poet who had outpoured the vials of his scorn on the wife of Menelaus, soon repented, and sang her praises in a palinode. If I know thee truly, thou art not the man to be unkind to the women. Thou wouldst rather seek to serve them so long as thou dost live." Thus she spake, and from the wreath that crowned her hair, she took a leaf and a few myrtle berries, the which she gave to me. As I took them, an influence divine was shed about me. The air shone purer round about me, and it seemed as though a burden had been lifted from my heart.

While Venus inspires me, my fair ones, give ear unto my counsel. Modesty and the law and your privileges permit. Bethink you, then, of old age which cometh all too soon, and not an instant will you lose. While yet you may, and while you yet enjoy the spring-time of your years, taste of the sweets of life. The years flow on like to the waters of a river. The stream that fleeteth by, never returns to the source whence it sprang. The hour that hath sped returns again no more. Make the most of your youth; youth that flies apace. Each new day that dawns is less sweet than those which went before. Here, where the land is rough with withering bracken, I have seen the violet bloom; from this thorny bush, I once did wreath me garlands of roses. Thou who rejectest love, to-day art but a girl; but the time will come when, all alone and old, thou wilt shiver with cold through the long dark hours in thy solitary bed. No more shall rival swains

come of a night and, battling for your favours, batter down your doors; no more, of a morning, will you find your threshold strewn with roses. Ah me! How soon the wrinkles come; how swiftly fades the colour from the beauteous cheek! Those white hairs, which (so at least you swear) you had when you were quite a child, will swiftly cover all your head. The snake, when he sloughs off his skin, sloughs off the burden of his years, and the stag, when he sprouts new horns, renews his youth. But nothing brings amends for what Time filches from us. Pluck, then, the rose and lose no time, since if thou pluck it not 'twill fall forlorn and withered, of its own accord. Besides, the toil of child-bearing shortens the span of youth; too frequent harvests make the soil wax old. Blush not, O Phœbe, that thou didst love Endymion upon the Latmian height. And Dawn, thou goddess of the rosy fingers, that thou didst bear off Cephalus, was no shame to thee Nay, though of Adonis we refrain to speak, whom Venus still doth mourn to-day, to whom, if not to love, owed she Æneas and Hermione? Follow then, ye mortal maidens, in the footsteps of these goddesses; withhold not your favours from your ardent lovers.

If they deceive you, wherein is your loss? All your charms remain; and even if a thousand should partake of them, those charms would still be unimpaired. Iron and stone will wear thin by rubbing; that precious part of you defies attrition, and you need never fear 'twill wear away. Doth a torch lose aught of its brightness by giving flame to another torch? Should we fear to take water from the mighty ocean? "A woman," you will say, "ought not thus to give herself to a man." Come now, why not? What does she lose? Nought but the liquid which she may take in again at will. Ah, no! I am not telling you to make drabs of yourselves; but merely not to be scared of some imaginary ill; the bestowal of such gifts will never make you poor.

But I am still within the harbour. A gentle breeze will waft me to the main. Once well out on the open sea, I shall be borne along by a stronger wind. Let me begin with dress. A well-tended vine yields a good harvest, and high stands the corn on the well-tilled field. Good looks are the gift of God; but how few can pride themselves upon their beauty. The majority of you have not been vouchsafed this favour. A careful toilet will make you attractive, but without such attention, the loveliest faces lose their charm, even were they

comparable to those of the Idalian goddess herself. If the beautiful women of ancient times recked not of their appearance, the men were not a whit less careless. If Andromache arrayed herself in a coarse tunic, why should we marvel? She was the wife of a rugged soldier. Would the wife of Ajax come richly apparelled to a warrior clad in the hides of seven oxen? In those far-off days, the ways of our forefathers were rude and simple. Rome nowadays is all ablaze with gold, rich with the wealth of the world that she hath conquered. Look at the Capitol; compare it now with what it once was. You would say it was a temple consecrated to another Jupiter. The palace of the Senate, worthy now of the august assembly that sits within it, was, in the days when Tatius was king, nothing but a thatched cottage. These gorgeous edifices on the Palatine Hill, built in honour of Apollo and our great leaders, were once but pasture ground for oxen that dragged the plough. Let others belaud those ancient times; I am satisfied to be a child of to-day. I find it better suited to my tastes, not because nowadays we ransack the bowels of the earth for gold, and import purple dyes from distant shores; not because we see the mountains shrink because we are eternally quarrying them for marble; not because vast moles keep far away the billows of the deep; but because we enjoy the amenities of life, and because those rough and boorish ways, which for a long time characterised our ancestors, have not endured to our day.

Nevertheless, burden not your ears with those sumptuous pearls which the dusky Indian seeks beneath the green waves. Go not forth in garments heavily inwrought with gold. The wealth by which you would fain attract us, very often just repels us. Neatness is what we like. Let your hair be nicely done. That depends greatly on the skill of the person that dresses it. Of course there are innumerable ways of doing it. Every woman should study to find out the style that suits her best; and for that her mirror is the surest guide! Long features demand that the hair should be simply parted on the forehead. Such was the style of Laodamia. Women with round faces should wear their hair lightly twisted into a knot on the top of the head, leaving the ears exposed. One woman will let her hair fall loose on either shoulder, like Apollo when he holds his dulcet lyre. Another must needs have her hair tied up behind, like Diana when she pursueth the

wild beasts in the forests. One delights us with her loose flowing ringlets, another by wearing her hair closely patted down upon her temples. Some women like to adorn their hair with the shell of the Cyllenian tortoise, others to wear it in towering waves. But there are not more acorns on an oak tree, more bees on Hybla, or wild beasts on the mountains, than there are modes of doing a woman's hair, and new ones are invented every day. Some women look well with their hair done in careless fashion: you might think it hadn't been done since yesterday. In point of fact it has only just been combed. Artifice should look like carelessness. Such was Iole when Hercules first saw her in the captured city. "That is the woman for me," he exclaimed. Such, too, was Ariadne, forsaken on the shores of Naxos, when Bacchus bore her away in his chariot, while the Satyrs cried, "Evoë" Ah, you women! Nature, kindly toward your charms, has given you how many means to repair the ravages of time! We men, alas, grow bald. Our hair, of which time robs us, falls even as the leaves when the North wind brings them down. A woman will dye her hair with the juice of some German herb; and the artificial colour becomes her better than the natural one. A woman will appear wearing a mass of hair that she has just purchased. For a little money she can buy another's tresses. She'll do the deal without a blush, quite openly, in front of Hercules and the Virgin band.

Now what shall I say about clothes? I care not for those golden flounces, or wool twice dipped in Tyrian purple? There are so many other colours that cost less money. Why carry all your fortune on your back? Look at this azure blue like a clear sky when the wind has ceased to herd the rain clouds from the South. Now look, too, at this golden yellow; 'tis the colour of the ram which once on a time saved Phryxus and Helle from the snares of Ino. That green is called water-green from the colour that it imitates; I could easily imagine that the Nymphs were clothed in such apparel. This hue resembles saffron; it is the colour wherein. Aurora arrays herself when, moist with dew, she yokes her shining coursers to her car. There you will recognise the colour of the myrtle of Paphos; here the purple amethyst, the whitening rose, or the Thracian stork; and here again the colour of thy chestnuts, Amaryllis, or thy almonds, or the colour of that stuff to which wax has given its name. As numerous as the flowers which

blow when sluggish Winter hath departed, and when beneath the Spring's soft breath, the vine puts forth its buds, so many and more are the hues that wool receives from all its many dyes. Choose then with care, for all colours are not becoming to all people. Black suits a fair complexion: it became Briseis; she was dressed in black when she was carried off. White suits dark people; white, Andromeda, set off your charms, and 'twas white that you were wearing when you set foot on the isle of Seriphos.

I was going to tell you not to let your armpits smell, and to see that your legs were not rough with bristles. But it's not, of course, to the coarse Caucasian women I am addressing my remarks, nor yet to the women who drink the waters of the Caicus. I need not tell you never to neglect to keep your teeth white and to rinse your mouth out every morning with clean water. With wax you know how to whiten your skin, and with carmine to give yourself the rosy hue which Nature has denied you. Your art will tell you how to fill the space between your eyebrows, if it be too, faintly marked, and how, with cosmetics, to conceal the all too patent evidence of the growing years. You fear not to increase the brightness of your eyes with finely powdered ash, or with the saffron that grows on the banks of the Cydnus. I have told of the ways of restoring beauty in a work, which though slender, is of great value by reason of the studied care with which I wrote it. Consult it for the remedies you need, all you young women on whom Nature has not lavished her favours. You will find my treatise abounds in useful counsel.

But on no account let your lover find you with a lot of "aids to beauty" boxes about you. The art that adorns you should be unsuspected. Who but would feel a sensation of disgust if the paint on your face were so thick that it oozed down on to your breasts? What words could describe the sickening smell of the *æsyum* although it comes from Athens; that oily juice which they extract from the fleece of sheep. I should also disapprove of your using stag's marrow, or of your cleaning your teeth when anyone is there to see. I know all that would enhance your charms, but the sight would be none the less disagreeable. How many things revolt us in the process, which delight us in the achievement. Those famous masterpieces of the sculptor Myron were once but useless, shapeless

blocks of marble. If you want a ring of gold, you've got to hammer it into shape; the material you wear was once dirty, evil-smelling wool. That marble, once an unhewn block, is now a masterpiece — Venus, naked, wringing the water from her dripping hair. Let your servants tell us you are still asleep, if we arrive before your toilet's finished. You will appear all the lovelier when you've put on the finishing touch. Why should I know what it is that makes your skin so white? Keep your door shut, and don't let me see the work before it's finished. There are a whole host of things we men should know nothing about. Most of these various artifices would give us a nasty turn, if you didn't take care not to let us see them. Look at those brilliant ornaments that adorn the stage; if you examined them closely, you would see that they are merely gilded wood. None of the audience are allowed to go near till everything is finished and in order; just in the same way, it's only when the men are away that you ought to do your titivating.

Howbeit, I do not by any means forbid you to comb your hair before us; I love to see it fall in floating tresses about your shoulders. But never get vexed or petulant, and don't keep on fidgeting with your curls. Don't treat your maid so as to make her in terror of you. I detest the sort of shrew that scratches her maid's face, or sticks a needle in her arm, in a fit of temper. It makes the poor girl wish the devil would take the head she is holding between her hands, and with blood and tears she moistens her mistress's hateful tresses. Every woman who has but little hair should have a sentinel at her door, or else always have her hair attended to in the temple of the Bona Dea. One day I was announced unexpectedly to my mistress, and in her flurry she put on her false hair all awry. May such a mischance never befall any but our enemies! May such a disgrace be reserved for the daughters of the Parthians. A mutilated animal, a barren field, a leafless tree are hideous things to see: a bald head is not less so.

'Tis not to you, Semele or Leda, that I address my lessons, nor to thee, O fair Sidonian, who wast borne by a fictitious bull across the seas; nor yet to Helen whom thou with reason, Menelaus, didst demand, and whom thou, her ravisher, did with equal reason refuse to give up. My host of pupils is composed of fair women and of plain, and these latter always outnumber the rest. The pretty ones are

less in need of art's assistance and take its admonitions less to heart; they are the fortunate possessors of charms whose potency owes nought to art. When the sea is calm, the mariner lays him down to rest in careless ease; when the tempest sets it on a roar, he quits not his station even for an instant.

Rare, however, is the face without a fault. Hide these blemishes with care, and so far as may be, conceal the defects of your figure. If you are short, sit down, lest when standing you should be thought to be sitting; if you are a dwarf, lie stretched at full length on your couch, and so that none may see how short you are, throw something over your feet to hide them. If you are thin, wear dresses of thick material and have a mantle hanging loosely about your shoulders. If you are sallow, put on a little rouge; if you are swarthy, see what the fish of Pharos will do for you. Let an ungainly foot be hid in a white leathern shoe. If your legs are thin, don't be seen unlacing your sandals. If your shoulder-blades are prominent, little pads will correct the defect. If you have too full a bust, contain it with a *brassière*. If your fingers are stumpy and your nails unsightly, don't gesticulate when you are talking. If your breath is strong, you should never talk when your stomach's empty, and always keep some distance away from your lover. A woman whose teeth are discoloured, or prominent, or uneven, will often give herself away when she laughs. Who would imagine it? Women are even taught how to laugh. Even in such a detail as that, they study to be charming. Don't open your mouth too wide; let the dimples on either side be small, and let the extremity of the lips cover the upper part of the teeth. Don't laugh too often and too loud. Let there be something feminine and gentle in your laughter, something agreeable to the ear. Some women cannot laugh without making a hideous grimace; others try to show how pleased they are, and you would imagine they were crying; others offend the ear with harsh and ugly sounds; like the noise a dirty old she-ass makes as she brays at the mill-stone.

Where indeed does Art not have a say! Why, women even learn to weep gracefully; to cry when they will, and as much as they will. And then there are women who don't pronounce a certain letter in their words, and lisp with affectation when they come to it. This assumed defect lends them an added charm; so they actually practise

speaking imperfectly. All these, are details, but, since they have their uses, practise them assiduously. Learn also how to walk as a woman should. There is a style in walking that should be carefully cultivated; and that style, or the lack of it, will often attract or repel a stranger. This woman, for example, walks with an elegant swing from the hips; her gown floats gracefully in the breeze, and she moves with dignity and charm. And here again is a woman who elbows her way along with huge strides like the red-faced wife of an Umbrian peasant. But in this matter of walking, as in everything else, we must have a sense of proportion. One woman will walk too much like a country wench, another with over-much mincing and affectation. Then, again, you should leave uncovered the top of your shoulder and the upper part of your left arm. That is especially becoming to women who have a white skin. At the mere sight of it, I should be mad to cover all I could touch with kisses.

The Sirens were monsters of the deep, and, with their wondrous singing, stayed the swiftest vessels in their flight. When their song fell upon his ears, Ulysses was sore tempted to unbind himself from the mast; as for his companions, their ears were stopped with wax. Music is a soothing thing. Women should learn to sing. Many a woman has made up for her lack of beauty by the sweetness of her voice. Sometimes sing over the songs you have heard at the theatre; sometimes sing voluptuous, Oriental airs. A woman, who is fain to attract, should know how to play the lute and the harp. Thracian Orpheus, with his lyre, charmed rocks and wild beasts, aye, and Acheron and the triple-headed Cerberus. And thou, Amphion, righteous avenger of thy mother's wrong, didst thou not behold stones rise up at the sound of thy voice and range themselves into walls? Who has not heard of the wonders wrought by Arion with his lyre? Even the dumb fish is said to have listened, enchanted, to his song. Learn, too, to sweep the strings of the joyous psaltery with either hand. 'Tis an instrument favourable to the dalliance of lovers. You should also learn Callimachus by heart, and Philetas and Anacreon, who loved his drop of wine. And Sappho too; for what is more exciting than her verse? Then there's the poet who tells us about a father being hoodwinked by the crafty Geta. You might also read the verses of the tender-souled Propertius, and the poems of my

beloved Tibullus, and something out of Gallus, or the poem Varro wrote about the golden fleece so bitterly lamented, Phrixus, by thy sister; and the story of the fugitive, Æneas, and the origins of lofty Rome; for Latium boasts no prouder masterpiece than that. And peradventure shall my name with theirs be numbered, and my writings shall not be given over to the waters of Lethe, and perchance someone will say, "Read o'er these dainty lines wherein our Master gives instruction both to men and women; or choose, in those three books, the which he calls the Loves, passages which you will read with sweetly modulated voice; or, if thou wilt, declaim with skill one of those letters from his Heroines, a kind of work unknown before his time and whereof he himself was the inventor." Hear my prayers, O Phœbus, hear them, mighty Bacchus, and you, ye Muses, divine protectresses of poets.

Who could doubt that I want my charmer to be skilled in the dance? I would that, when the wine-cup is placed upon the table, she should be accomplished in swaying her arms to the measure of the music. Graceful dancers delight your theatre-goer. Such grace, such airy lightness, charms us all.

I am loth to enter into petty details, but I should like my pupil to know how to throw the dice with skill, and to calculate with nicety the impetus she gives them as she tosses them on to the table. I should like her to know when to throw the three numbers, and when to take and when to call. I should wish her to play chess with skill and caution. One piece against two is bound to go under. A king that is battling, separated from his queen is liable to be taken; and his rival is often compelled to retrace his steps. Again, when the ball bounces against the broad racquet, you must only touch the one you intend to serve. There is another game divided into as many parts as there are months in the year. A table has three pieces on either side; the winner must get all the pieces in a straight line. It is a bad thing for a woman not to know how to play, for love often comes into being during play.

Still, it is only half the battle merely to play well; the important thing is to be master of yourself. Sometimes, when we are not properly on our guard, when we are carried away by the heat of the game, we forget ourselves and let our inmost nature stand revealed.

Rage and love of gain, such are the shameful vices that lay hold on us; thence spring quarrels, brawls and vain regrets. Hot words are bandied to and fro; the air resounds with angry shouts, and each one calls in turn on the wrathful gods for help. Then no player trusts another: "The pieces have been tampered with," they cry; and to have fresh ones they insist; and many a time, I've seen their faces bathed with tears. May Jove preserve us from tantrums such as that, any woman who aims at pleasing us.

Such are the games which kindly Nature to your weakness doth vouchsafe. To man she opens forth an ampler field: to him the flying ball, the spear, the quoit and, daring feats of horsemanship. You are not made to strive in contests on the field of Mars, or to plunge into the icy waters of the Virgin's spring, or into the tranquil current of the Tiber. But you may, and you would do well to do so, walk in the shade of Pompey's Portico when the fiery coursers of the Sun are entering the constellation of Virgo. Visit the temple sacred to Apollo, to the god whose brow is decked with the laurel, and who, at Actium, whelmed the Egyptian fleet beneath the wave; visit those stately buildings raised by the sister and wife of Augustus, and his son-in-law decorated with the naval crown. Draw near to the altars where incense is offered to the sacred cow of Memphis; visit our three theatres, splendid places for displaying your attractions; go to the arena still warm with blood new-shed, and that goal round which the chariots whirl with fiery wheel.

Things that are hidden no one heeds, and none desires what he has never known. What avails a beautiful face if none be there to see it? Even though you should sing songs more sweet than the songs of Thamyra and Amœbeus, who would praise the merits of your lyre, if there were none to hear it? If Apelles, of Cos, had not given us his vision of Venus, the goddess would still be buried beneath the waves. What does the poet long for? He longs for fame. That is the guerdon we look for to crown our toil. Time was when poets were the favourites of heroes and of kings, and in ancient days a choir of singers gained a rich reward. Hallowed was the dignity and venerable the name of Poet, and upon them great riches were often bestowed. Ennius, born in the mountains of Calabria, was deemed worthy of being buried nigh to thee, great Scipio. But now the poet's crown of

ivy lies unhonoured, and they, who through the hours of night do strictly meditate the Muse, are idlers held. Howbeit, they strive, and love to strive, for fame. Who would have heard of Homer if the *Iliad* — the deathless *Iliad* — had never seen the light? Who would have known Danaë if, for ever a prisoner, she had languished till old age came upon her in her tower?

You, my fair young charmers, will do well to mingle with the throng; bend your roaming footsteps full oft beyond your thresholds. The she-wolf has her eye on many a sheep before she selects her prey; the eagle pursues more birds than one. Thus a pretty girl should show herself in public. In the throng there is perhaps one lover in whom her charms will strike an answering chord. Wherever she be, let her show herself eager to please, and let her be mindful of everything that could enhance her charms. You never know when a chance may occur. Always have the bait ready. The fish will come and bite when you least expect it. It often happens that the dogs scour the woods and hills in vain, and then the stag comes of his own accord, and steps into the net. When Andromeda was chained to her rock, how was she to hope that anyone should have compassion on her tears? Often a new husband is discovered at the old one's funeral: nothing makes a woman so alluring as to walk with dishevelled hair and let her tears flow unrestrainedly.

But avoid the man that makes a parade of his clothes and his good looks, and is on the tenterhooks lest his hair should get ruffled. The sort of thing such men will tell you, they've said over and over again to other women. They're of the roving sort and never settle anywhere. What *can* a woman do when a man is more of a woman than she is, and perhaps has a bigger following of lovers? Perhaps you won't believe this, and yet it's perfectly true: Troy would still be standing, if the Trojans had listened to old Priam's advice. There are men who get on good terms with women by making out they love them; and having done so, proceed disgracefully to fleece them. Don't be taken in by their scented locks, their dandified clothes, their affected æstheticism, and their much-beringed fingers. Perhaps the smartest of all these fine gentlemen is nothing but a crook, whose sole aim is to rob you of your fine clothes. "Give me back my property," is the burden of many a poor woman's complaint, whom

some such ruffian has taken in. "Give me back my property," is what you are always hearing in every court of justice. And you, O Venus, and you, ye goddesses, whose temples grace the Appian Way, look down upon the scene unmoved. And some there are among these rakes, whose reputation is so blown upon, that any women who are taken in by them deserve no sympathy.

Women, learn, from the misfortunes of others, how to avoid a similar fate, and never let your door give admittance to a swindler. Beware, ye daughters of Cecrops, of paying heed to the protestations of Theseus! It wouldn't be the first time he had taken his solemn oath to a lie. And you, Demophoön, who inherited Theseus' gift for lying, how can we trust you, seeing how you broke your vows to Phyllis! If, my dears, your lovers bring you glittering promises, do the like to them; if they bring you presents, let them have the favours they have bargained for. A woman who, after receiving presents from her lover, withholds from him the pleasure that he has a right to, would be capable of extinguishing Vesta's eternal flame, of stealing the sacred vessels from the temple of Inachus, and of sending her husband to his last account with a glass of aconite and hemlock.

But come now, where am I getting to? Come, my Muse, draw in your reins a little' lest your steeds carry me beyond my goal. When your lover has paved the way with a brief note or two, and when your wide-awake maid has duly received and delivered them, read them over very carefully, weigh every word, and try to find out whether his love is merely pretence or whether he really means what he says. Don't be in too great a hurry to answer him; suspense, if it be not too prolonged, acts as a spur to love. Don't appear too accommodating to him, if he's a youngster; on the other hand, don't rap him too severely over the knuckles. Act in such a way as to instil him at once with hope and fear, and every time you say "No," make him think he'll have a better chance next time. What you write him should be ladylike, but simple and direct. Ordinary, unaffected language pleases the most. It often happens that a letter gives the necessary impulse to a hesitating heart; and how often too has some clumsy uncouth utterance completely neutralised a girl's good looks.

But you women who, though you don't aim at the honours of chastity, want to cuckold your husbands without their knowing it, be

sure not to send your letters by any but a trusty hand. On no account send these evidences of your passion to an inexperienced lover. For failing to observe this precaution, I have seen young married women white with fear and spending their unhappy days in a condition of continuous slavery.

Doubtless it is a shame for a man to keep such damning proofs; but they put into his hands weapons as terrible as the fires of Etna. In my idea, deceit should be countered by deceit, just as the law allows us to repel violence by violence. You should practise varying your handwriting as much as possible. Foul fall the knaves that compel me to give you such advice. And you should be sure and not write on a tablet that has been used, without making quite sure that the original writing has been quite rubbed out, lest the wax should give evidence of two different hands. The letters you write to your lover should be addressed as though to a woman, and you should always allude to him as *she*, *her*.

But let us leave these minor details for graver subjects; let us cram on all sail. If you want to retain your good looks, you must restrain your temper. Peace, gentle peace, is the attribute of man, as rage and fury are the characteristics of wild beasts. Rage puffs out the face, gorges the veins with blood, and kindles in the eye the fiery fury of the Gorgon. "Away with thee, miserable flute, thou deservest not that I should spoil my beauty for thee," said Pallas, when in the stream she beheld her distorted visage. And so with you. If any of you women looked at yourselves in the glass when you were in a raging temper, you wouldn't know yourselves, not one of you! Another thing, just as unbecoming, is pride. You must have a soft, appealing expression, if you want to attract a lover. Believe an old hand at the game. A haughty, disdainful look puts a man out of tune at once, and sometimes, even though a woman doesn't say a word, her countenance betrays something hostile and disagreeable. Look at whoever looks at you; smile back when you're smiled at; if anyone makes signs to you, send back an answering signal. 'Tis thus that love, after making essay with harmless arrows, draws from his quiver his pointed darts. We also dislike gloomy women. Let Ajax love his Tecmessa. We are a jovial company, and we like a woman to be gay. As for you, Andromache, and you, Tecmessa, I should never have

wanted either of you for a mistress; and beyond mere child-getting, I doubt whether your husbands sought, or found, any great pleasure within your arms. How can we imagine so dreary a woman as Tecmessa ever saying to Ajax, "O Light of my life," and all those other sweet things that charm us and console.

Let me be suffered to illustrate my own gay trifling art with examples from a much more serious affair. Let me compare it to the tactics of a general commanding an army. A leader that knows his business will entrust, to one officer the command of a hundred infantrymen, to another a squadron of cavalry, to another, the standards. Now you women should consider in what respect we can serve you best, and assign to each of us his special part. If a man's rich, make him give you presents; let the legal luminary give you his professional advice; let the eloquent barrister plead his lovely client's cause. As for us poets, we've got nothing to offer you but our verses; but what we can do better than the rest of them is to love, and we spread far and wide the renown of the charmer that has succeeded in captivating us. Nemesis and Cynthia are famous names; Lycoris from East to West is known, and now on every hand they want to know who is this Corinna that I sing about. Perjury is hateful to a poet, and poetry too is a great factor in the making of a gentleman. Ambition, love of riches, these things torment us not; we reck not of the Forum and its triumphs; all we seek is seclusion and repose. Love is swift to take hold of us and burns us with its fiercest flame, and into our love, alas, we put over-much of trust and confidence.

The peaceful art which we pursue lends a softness to our manners, and our mode of life is consonant with our work. My fair ones, never withhold your favours, from the poets; the gods inspire them and the Muses smile upon them. Ay, a god dwells within us and we commerce with the skies. From the high heavens doth our inspiration come. How shameful to expect hard cash from a poet; yet it's a shame no pretty woman is afraid to incur.

Learn how to dissemble, and don't display your avarice all at once. Mind you don't lose a fresh lover when he realises the trap you are laying for him. A skilful groom doesn't treat a colt just broken like a horse that has grown used to harness. In the same way, you won't catch a novice with the same snare as you use for a veteran.

The one, a new recruit, is fighting for the first time in his life beneath the standards of love; he has never before been captured, and now that you have snared him, you must let him know none but you. He is like a young sapling, and you must surround him with a lofty fence. Be sure to keep all possible rivals out of the way. You will only retain your conquest if you share it with no one. Love's dominion, like a king's, admits of no partition. So much for the novice. The other is an old campaigner. His pace is slower and more deliberate. He will endure many things that a raw recruit could never stand. He won't come battering in or burning down your front door. He won't scratch and tear his sweetheart's dainty check till the blood comes. He won't rend his garments, or hers either; he won't pull her hair out and make her cry. Such tantrums as that are only permitted in youngsters, in the heyday of youth and heat. But your older man is not a bit like that. He'll put up with all manner of snubs. He smoulders with a small fire like a damp torch or like green wood fresh hewn on the mountain top. His love is more sure; the other's is more blithe, but it doesn't last so long. Be quick and pluck the fleeting blossom. Well, let us surrender the whole stronghold, lock, stock, and barrel. The gates have been flung open to the besiegers. Let them be easy in their minds. The traitor won't betray them. Now if too soon you yield, too soon you'll lose your love. Denials must be sometimes mingled with dalliance. You must sometimes keep your lover begging and praying and threatening before your door. Sweet things are bad for us. Bitters are the best tonic for the jaded appetite. More than one ship has sailed to perdition with a following wind. What makes men indifferent to their wives is that they can see them when they please. So shut your door and let your surly porter growl, "There's no admittance here!" This will renew the slumbering fires of love.

Now let us take the buttons off the foils, and to it with naked weapons; though, likely enough, I am instructing you for my own undoing. When you have netted your youthful novice, let him, at first, imagine he's the only one to enjoy your favours. But soon let him apprehend a rival. Let him think there's someone else with whom he has to share your charms. Some such tricks as these are needed, or his ardour would soon die down. A horse never runs so

fast as when he has other horses to catch up and outpace. A slight gives a new life to our dying flame, and I confess that, for my own part, I couldn't go on loving unless I had a set-back to endure from time to time. But don't let him see so very much. Make him uneasy, and let him fear there's something more than just what meets his eye,. Tell him that some imaginary servant always has his plaguey eye upon you. Tell him your husband's green with jealousy and always on the prowl. That will stimulate his ardour. A safe pleasure is a tame pleasure. Even if you were as free to have your fling as Thäis, trump up some imaginary fears. When it would be easier for you to have him admitted by the door, insist on his climbing in at a window, and put on a scared expression when he looks at you. Then let some smart maid come rushing in crying, "We're ruined," and thrust him, trembling, into a cupboard. But sometimes let him have his pleasure of you undisturbed, lest he begin to ask himself whether the game is wholly worth the candle.

I was not going to touch on the methods of hood winking a cunning husband and a watchful guard. A wife should fear her husband; she should be well looked after; that is quite as it should be; law, equity, decency — all require it so. But that you should have to put up with such servitude, you who have just been freed by the Lictor's rod, that would be intolerable. Come to me, and I'll initiate you into the secret of giving them the slip. If you had as many warders as Argus had eyes, you shall, if you really are resolved, evade them all. For example, how is your warder going to hinder you from writing, during the time you're supposed to be in your bath? Is he going to prevent a servant who is in your secrets and aids you in your amours from carrying your missives in her bosom under a wide shawl? Couldn't she stuff them in her stocking, or hide them under the sole of her foot? But suppose your warder checkmates all these subterfuges, let your confidante make her shoulders your tablets, and let her body become a living letter. Characters written in fresh milk are a well-known means of secret communication. Touch them with a little powdered charcoal and you will read them. You may also do likewise with a stalk of green flax, and your tablets will, unsuspected, take the invisible imprint of what you write. Acrisius did everything he could think of to keep Danaë intact.. Yet Danaë did what she

should not have done, and made a grandsire of him. What can a woman's keeper do when there are so many theatres in Rome, when she can go sometimes to a chariot race, sometimes to religious celebrations where men are not allowed to show their faces? When the Bona Dea turns away from her temples all men save, perchance, a few whom she has bidden to come; when the unhappy keeper has to keep an eye on his mistress's clothes outside the baths, in which, maybe, men are securely hiding? And whenever she wants, some friend and accomplice will say she's sick, and for all her illness accommodate her with the loan of her bed. Then, too, the name of "adulterous" given to a duplicate key tells plainly enough the use to which we ought to put it. Nor is the door the only way to get into a woman's house. You can get the keeper under, however prying he may be, by giving him a good stiff drink; and even if you have to give him Spanish Wine, it's worth it. There are also potions that induce sleep and cloud the brain with a darkness as heavy as Lethean night. And your accomplice may usefully entice the pestilent fellow to hope for her favours, and by soft dalliance make him oblivious of the fleeting hours.

But why should I teach you these tedious and minute devices when the man may be bought for a trifling tip. Presents, believe me, seduce both men and gods. Jove himself is not above accepting a present. What will the wise man do, when a very fool knows the value of a gift? A present will even shut the husband's mouth. But only tip the keeper once a year. When he's held out his hand once, he'll be holding it out for ever. I lately complained, I remember, that one must beware of one's friends. That unwelcome statement was not addressed solely to men. If you are too confiding, others will win the quarry that belonged to you and someone else will net the hare that you had started. That very kind friend, who lends you her room and her bed, has more than once been on excessively friendly terms there with your lover. And don't have too pretty servant-maids about you either. More than one maid has played her mistress's part for me.

Oh, what a fool I am! Why do I let my tongue run away with me like that? Why do I offer my naked bosom to be pierced? Why do I betray myself? The bird doesn't tell the fowler the way to snare her. The hind does not train the hounds to hunt her. No matter; if only I

can be of service, I will loyally continue to impart my lessons, even if it means another Lemnian outrage. Act then, my dears, in such a way as to make us think you love us; there's nothing easier, for a man readily believes what he wants to believe. Look on a man seductively; keep sighing deeply; ask him why he's been so long in coming; make out you're jealous; sham indignation; look as if you're weeping, and even scratch his face for him. He'll very soon believe that you adore him, and as he looks upon your sufferings he'll exclaim, The woman's simply mad about me!" especially if he's a coxcomb and thinks that even a goddess would fall in love with him. But if he doesn't run quite straight himself, don't, whatever you do, put yourself out too much about it. Don't go and lose your head if you hear that you are not the only pebble on the beach. And don't be in too much of a hurry to believe everything you hear. Think of Procris, and be warned by he, how dangerous it is to be too credulous.

Nigh the soft slopes of flowery Hymettus is a hallowed fount whose lips are fledged with tender green; and all around low-growing shrubs form not so much a wood, a, a woodland brake; there the 'arbutus offers a kindly shelter; rosemary and laurel and the dark-leaved myrtle shed their perfume far and wide - there likewise grow the thick-leaved box, the fragile tamarisk, the humble clover and the soaring pine. The leaves of all these divers trees and plants and the tips of the blades of grass, tremble in the 'breeze, set a-dance by the soft breath of the zephyrs. Hither young Cephalus, leaving his comrades and his dogs would often come to rest his limbs o'erwearied with the chase; and here, he oft would say "Come, gentle Zephyr, steal into my breast and cool the heat wherewith I am oppress." It happened once some busybody heard him and must needs report these harmless words unto his anxious spouse. Procris no sooner heard this name of Zephyr than, deeming Zephyr was some rival, she was stricken dumb with grief and fell into a swoon. Pale was she, pale as those belated clusters which, when the wine-harvest is over, whiten at the first touch of frost, or like those ripe quinces which bend down the branches with their weight, or like the wild cherry ere yet it is ripe enough for our tables. As soon as she came to herself, she rent the flimsy garments that covered her bosom

and scored her face with her nails. Then swift as lightning, in a tempest of fury, her hair flying in the wind, she tore across the country like some fierce Mænad. When she reached the fatal spot, she left her companions in the valley, and treading stealthily made her way boldly into the forest. What deed, O senseless Procris, dost thou meditate, hiding thyself thus? What fatal resolution arms thy distracted heart? Doubtless thou thinkest thou wilt see Zephyr, thine unknown rival, come upon the scene; thou thinkest with thine eyes to witness the unconscionable scene. Now dost thou repent thee of thy deed. For 'twere horror to surprise the guilty pair. Now dost thou glory in thy rashness. Love tortures thee and tosses thy bosom this way and that. All explains and excuses thy credulity the place, the name, the story told thee, and that fatal gift that lovers have for believing that their fears are true. As soon as she saw the trampled grass and the print of recent footsteps, her heart beat faster than ever.

Already the noontide sun had curtailed the shadows and looked down at equal distances upon the East and West, when Cephalus, the son of the Cyllenian god, comes to the forest and bathes his face in the cool waters of a spring. Hidden close at hand, Procris, torn with suspense, gazes at him unseen. She sees him lie on the accustomed sward and hears him cry, "Come, thou sweet Zephyr, come thou cooling breeze." O what a joyful surprise is hers; she sees her error, and how a name had led her mind astray. Once more she is herself. Her wonted colour comes again; she rises to her feet and longs to fling herself into her husband's arms. But as she rises, she makes a rustling in the leaves. Cephalus, thinking it some wild creature of the woods, quickly seizes his bow, and even now he holds in his hands the fatal shaft. What, O hapless one, art thou about to do? 'Tis no wild animal . . . stay thy hand! Alas, it is too late; thy wife lies low, pierced by the arrow thou thyself hast sped! "Alas, alas " she cried. "Thou has stricken the breast of one who loved thee. And now that Zephyr, who did cause me so to err, bears away my spirit in the breeze. Ah me, I die . . . at least let thy beloved hand close my eyelids." Cephalus, distraught with grief, bears in his arms his dying loved one, and with his tears doth bathe her cruel wound. Little by little the soul of rash Procris ebbs from her bosom, and Cephalus, his lips pressed close to hers, receives her during breath.

But let us pursue our voyage and, so that our wearied bark may reach the haven at last, let us have done with illustrations and speak straight to the point. No doubt you are expecting me to conduct you to banquets, and you would like me to tell you what I have to teach you thereupon. Don't come too soon, and don't show all your graces till the torches are alight. Venus likes delay; and waiting lends an added value to your charms. Even if you were plain, eyes dimmed by wine would think you beautiful, and night would fling a veil over your imperfections. Take the food with the tips of your fingers; and you must know that eating is itself an art. Take care to wipe your hand, and don't leave dirty finger-marks about your mouth. Don't eat before meals when you are at home; and when you are at table, learn to be moderate and to eat a little less than you feel inclined to. If the son of Priam had seen Helen eating like a glutton, he would have taken to hating her. "What a fool I was," he would have said, "to have carried off such a thing as that!" It were better for a young woman to drink, rather than to eat, too freely. Love and wine go very well together. However, don't drink more than your head will stand. Don't lose the use of your head and feet; and never see two things when only one is there. It's a horrible thing to see a woman really drunk. When she's in that state, she deserves to be had by the first comer. When once she's at table, a woman should not drop off to sleep. A sleeping woman is a whoreson temptation to a man to transgress the bounds of modesty.

I am ashamed to proceed, but Venus whispers encouragingly in my ear. "What you blush to tell," says she, "is the most important part of the whole matter." Let every woman, then, learn to know herself, and to enter upon love's battle in the pose best suited to her charms. If a woman has a lovely face, let her lie upon her back; if she prides herself upon her hips let her display them to the best advantage. Melanion bore Atalanta's legs upon his shoulders; if your legs are as beautiful as hers, put them in the same position. If you are short, let your lover be the steed. Andromache, who was as tall as an Amazon, never comported herself like that with Hector. A woman, who is conspicuously tall, should kneel with her head turned slightly sideways. If your thighs are still lovely with the charm of youth, if your bosom is without a flaw, lie aslant upon your couch; and think it

not a shame to let your hair float unbraided about your shoulders. If the labours of Lucina have left their mark upon you, then, like the swift Parthian, turn your back to the fray. Love has a thousand postures; the simplest and the least fatiguing is to lie on your right side.

Never did the shrine of Phœbus Apollo, never did Jupiter Ammon, deliver surer oracles than the sayings chanted by my Muse. If the art which I so long have practised has aught of worth in it, then list to me; my words will not deceive you. So, then, my dear ones, feel the pleasure in the very marrow of your bones; share it fairly with your lover, say pleasant, naughty things the while. And if Nature has withheld from you the sensation of pleasure, then teach your lips to lie and say you feel it all. Unhappy is the woman who feels no answering thrill. But, if you have to pretend, don't betray yourself by over-acting. Let your movements and your eyes combine to deceive us, and, gasping, panting, complete the illusion. Alas that the temple of bliss should have its secrets and mysteries. A woman who, after enjoying the delights of love, asks for payment from her lover, cannot surely but be joking. Don't let the light in your bedroom be too bright; there are many things about a woman that are best seen in the dimness of twilight. Now, there, I've done; my pleasant task is o'er. Unyoke, for surely 'tis high time, the swans that have been harnessed this long while unto my car. And now, my fair young pupils, do as your youthful lovers did awhile ago; upon your trophies write, "Ovid was our master."

LOVE'S CURE



Translated by J. Lewis May

This elegiac poem presents a ‘cure’ for the love that the poet had taught previously in *Ars Amatoria* and the poem is primarily addressed to men. Criticising suicide as a means for escaping love, Ovid calls upon Apollo, before instructing lovers not to procrastinate when dealing with love. Lovers are taught to avoid their partners, not to perform magic, never to visit their lover unprepared, as well as the need of taking other lovers and avoiding jealousy. The poem presents the poet as a doctor of sorts, employing medical imagery, to great comedic effect. In recent times, scholars have classed the poem as being the end of Ovid’s didactic cycle of love poetry.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)

LOVE'S CURE

LOVE, had read the title of this work. “‘Tis war,” said he, “I see ‘tis war that’s now declared against me.” O, Cupid, do not so accuse thy poet; do not so accuse me, who so oft beneath thy sway have carried the standards thou didst give into my care. No Diomedes am I by whom thy mother was wounded when the steeds of Mars bore her, all bleeding, to her skyey home. Other youths oft burn with a languid flame; but I have always loved; and wouldst thou know what I am doing at this moment? Why, I am loving still! Nay, more than that: I have taught unto others the art of winning thy favours; I have shown how the promptings of blind passion should give place to the dictates of reason. Ah, no; none shall behold me going back upon my lessons, betraying thee, sweet child, recanting all that I have sung, and so destroying the work of my own hands.

Let every man who loves a woman that requites his love drink deep of his delight and spread his sails to prospering breezes. But if he is a hopeless wight that groans in the thralldom of an unworthy mistress, let him receive the assistance of my art so that he may escape from the toils. Wherefore would you have some poor unfortunate devil go and hang himself by a rope from a lofty beam and die a miserable death; or another plunge a dagger into his bowels? You, Cupid, are a lover of peace. The thought of murder fills you with horror. Now here is a man who, if he cannot cease to love, will die the miserable victim of an unhappy passion. Let him, therefore, cease to love, and you will not have his death upon your conscience. You are a child, and you should know of nought save merry sport. Be then king of the realm of play; ‘tis a gentle sceptre, suited to thy years. We know that thou hast many a keen arrow in thy quiver; but never are those arrows tinged with blood. Leave it to Mars, thy stepfather, to wage dire war with sword and spear; let him come forth victorious, stained with the foeman’s gore; but as for thee, never engage in battles save those in which Venus, thy mother, has instructed thee to fight. They, at least, involve no risk to life and limb, and never have they caused a mother to bewail the death of a beloved son. So ordain it, if you will, that someone’s door may be

broken down in a nocturnal brawl, and that others may be adorned with many a wreath; grant that young men and timid maids may meet in secret embraces, and that, by hook or by crook, the suspicious husband may be deceived. Let I lover alternately beg and pray, and curse and swear, at his beloved's door. And when she repels him, let him sing his doleful plaint. Be satisfied with causing tears to flow; let tears be your toll, but never a life. Thy torch was never made to light the funeral pyre.

Thus spake I. And Love, stirring his gemmy wings, answered me and said, "Pursue thy self-allotted task." Come ye then and hear what I shall teach, unhappy youths whom your mistresses have deceived. To you I taught the art of love. Now learn from me the art of curing love. The hand that wounded you can also heal. The same soil brings forth the poisonous plants and likewise those that give balm and consolation. Often the rose beside the nettle blows. Telephus, the son of Hercules, had been wounded by the spear of Achilles, and that same spear did heal his wound.

And you, ye girls, list to what I tell you. Whatsoever things I teach are as useful to you as to your lovers. Arms we bestow on both opposing sides. If among the lessons that I inculcate, some there be of which you can make no use, they at least set forth examples whereby you may take profit. My aim is practical: it is to extinguish cruel flames, and from love's fetters to free the captive heart. Phyllis had never died so soon had I been her preceptor. Nine times she came to the Ocean's brink; she would have come and gone more often had I been there. Nor yet with dying eyes would Dido have seen, from her lofty citadel, the Trojans spreading their sails to the winds. Despair would never have made that mother turn her cruel hand against the fruit of her own womb; the mother who slew her own brood to avenge herself upon her perjured spouse. Thanks to my art, Tereus, though mad with love for Philomel, would never have deserved to be changed into a bird for his sins. Were Phasiphaë my pupil, she'd love her bull no more. And Phædra? She'd be cured of her incestuous passion. Suppose I had to deal with Paris? Menelaus would have no trouble with Helen; and Troy would never be conquered and fall into the hands of the Greeks. If only the impious Scylla had read my verses, Nisus had still retained his purple lock of

hair. My brothers and sisters, hearken me to words. Give up all tragic, sinister passions. Take me for your pilot; your bark and its fraughting souls shall voyage in safety towards the haven. Ovid you doubtless read when you learnt the art of love. 'Tis Ovid again that you must read to-day. I am the public champion. I will remove that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart. But let each and every one of you second the efforts I shall make on your behalf.

At the outset of m task I invoke thee. Be thou to me propitious, O Apollo, who didst invent both Poetry and Medicine! Help thou in me the Poet, help the Physician, for I am both; and both these arts are under thy protection.

If you repent you of your love, stop on the threshold while you yet are able and ere yet your heart has been too deeply stirred. Suppress, ere yet they have gained too strong a hold, the evil signs of the sudden seizure; and at the very outset let your steed refuse to go another step. Time makes all things to increase; time ripens the grape upon the vine; it changes the blade of tender green into the sturdy stalk. The tree, that shelters the wayfarer beneath its spreading branches, was, when 'twas planted, but a feeble sapling. Then you might have dragged it from the surface of the soil; now it stands a mighty tree deep-rooted in the earth. Consider, in a rapid mental inventory, what it is you love, and withdraw your neck from the yoke that is bound one day to hurt you. Fight against it at the beginning. It is late in the day to make up physic when delay has given the disease time to get a hold on you. Make haste then, and don't put off till to-morrow the cure you can work to-day. If you are not ready to-day, to-morrow you will be less so. Love has always got its excuses and finds pretexts for delays. The first day that comes is not too soon to begin the cure. Rivers are never very broad near their source. It is the little tributaries that make them wide. If you had realised earlier how great a sin you were preparing to commit, never, Myrrha, would your features have been covered with the bark of a tree. I have known wounds which might easily have been cured if taken in hand at once, but which, through being neglected, grew past all healing. But we like to cull the flowers of pleasure, and every day we tell ourselves, "To-morrow will do just as well." Meanwhile the fire spreads along our veins, and the baneful tree drives its roots deep into the soil. If

once the favourable moment has gone by, if Love has taken firm root in the heart, the physician's task is a far less easy one. But because I've been called in at a late hour, I must not for that reason leave the patient to his fate. When the hero, the son of Pœas, was wounded, he was compelled, with bold hand, to cut off the affected part; nevertheless he was cured, and report has, it that it was he who, many years afterwards, ended the Trojan War.

A while ago I bade you take your malady in hand at once; now I bring you slow and tardy remedies. Endeavour, if you can, to master the fire at the outset, or, if you cannot, wait till it has burnt itself out. When the fit of madness is at its height, wait for the fit to pass. It is difficult to stop it in mid career. Foolish is the swimmer who, though he can cross a river slantwise, insists on swimming by steering right athwart the current. An impetuous spirit, a man who, as yet, is impatient of treatment, utterly refuses to listen to advice. Wait till he will let you examine his wounds; wait till he will listen to reason. Would any, save a madman, tell a mother not to weep at the burial of her son? At such a time as that, 'twere foolish to talk of resignation. When she has given full rein to her grief, and eased the burden of her affliction, then is the time, with words of consolation, to try to soften the blow. The art of medicine, one may almost say, is the art of choosing the moment to intervene. Given at the proper time, wine is beneficial; otherwise it does harm. If you don't undertake your treatment at the due and proper stage, you do but inflame and aggravate the malady.

When, then, you feel in a clue frame of mind to profit by the assistance of my art, take my advice and eschew idleness. Love is born of idleness and, once born, by idleness is fostered. Sloth is at once the cause and nourishment of this sensuous malady. Put sloth aside, and at once you break in twain the shafts of Love; his torch is out, and henceforth is but a thing for jest and mockery. As the plane tree loveth wine, as the poplar loveth the pure stream, as the marshy reed loveth slimy soil, so doth Venus delight in idleness. Love flees from toil; if, then, you would banish love from your heart, find some work for your idle hands to do and then you will be safe. *Dolce far niente*, too much sleep, gambling, and overmuch wine-bibbing cloud the brain and, though they deal it no serious wound, filch away its

energy. Then Love, finding the outposts all unmanned, captures the fortress at a blow. Cupid and idleness are boon companions. He shuns industrious folk. If your mind is unemployed, find work for it to do. There are the Courts of justice, there is the Law, there are your friends to be defended. Go forth and join the ranks of the candidates for civic offices; or join the forces and take part in warlike exercises. The pleasures of the senses will soon take to flight, a routed host. The fleeing Parthian offers you a chance to win distinction in the field. Score a double triumph over Love and over the Parthian and bring back your twofold trophy to the guardian deities of your country.

The instant Venus was wounded by the Ætolian's spear, she left it to her lover to carry on the war. Do you want to know why Ægisthus became an adulterer? The reason is plain: he had nothing to do. The other princes were detained at Troy in everlasting combats. Greece had transported all her forces into Asia. It was vain for Ægisthus to think of carrying on a war; there was none to carry on. Or of pleading at the Bar, there were no lawsuits in. Argos. But he was unwilling to do nothing' so he did what he could; he made love. Thus it is that Love finds a way into our hearts, and takes up his abode there. The country, too, soothes our spirits, and the divers occupation of a farmer's life. There is no care that will not yield to these heart-healing tasks. Tame the steer and make him bow his neck beneath the yoke, in order that with the sharp ploughshare he may break the stubborn glebe. And when you've ploughed your furrows, sow therein the grain of Ceres, which, in due time, the soil will give back to you with bounteous interest. See how the branches bend beneath their weight of fruit; how the trees may scarce sustain the load of good things they have produced! See how the streams flow on with a sweet murmur, and how the sheep browse on the tender grass! Yonder the goats seek the mountain crags and scarp'd rocks, soon to come home to their young with their udders heavy with milk. The shepherd modulates his song upon his rustic pipe; close by him are his dogs, his trusty companions and the vigilant guardians of his flock. Yonder the deep woods resound with the lowing of kine. A heifer is crying for her lost calf. Shall I tell of the bees driven forth by smoke placed underneath their hives, so that their stores of honey

may be removed? With Autumn come the fruits; Summer is beautiful with the ripening corn; Spring brings the flowers; and Winter, the cheerful fireside. Year by year, as the season comes round, the vine-dresser gathers the ripe grapes and treads out the new wine beneath his feet. Year by year, in due time, we see the harvester bind into sheaves the corn that he has reaped, and clear the shorn field with his wide-toothed rake. You can bed out plants in the moist loam of your kitchen-garden, and make little channels of fresh water to flow through it. And has the grafting season come? Then into the branch insert the alien branch, and lo, the tree will deck itself with borrowed leaves. When once these pleasures lay their healing charm upon your soul, Love has no further power to harm, and flutters away with weary pinion.

Then there are also the pleasures of the chase. Many a time has Venus been put ignominiously to flight, vanquished by Apollo's sister. Sometimes, accompanied by a hound with a keen scent, you may hunt the flying hare; sometimes spread your nets on the wooded slopes of the hills; scare the timid stag by divers means, and lay the wild boar low, pierced with thy huntsman's spear. Tired out, the night will bring thee sleep and not desire of woman, and heavy slumber shall refresh thy limbs. There are other sports of a milder nature, yet none the less diverting: you may go a bird-hunting—'tis game of little value — and take them in nets, or snare them with limed twigs. You may also hide the bent hook beneath the deceiving bait which the greedy fish devours apace. 'Tis by such means as these, or others like them, that you may beguile your time, until you have unlearned the art of love.

Above all, go far away; however strong the bonds that hold you back, leave the place. Go on a long journey. You will weep at the very thought of your mistress's name; you will stay your steps ere you have gone halfway. Never mind, the less you may wish to do so, the more resolutely you should hasten your flight. Keep on; force your reluctant feet to run. Fear, nor rain, nor Sabbath, nor the tragic anniversary of the Allia; let nothing stop you. Never trouble your head about how far you've come; think how much farther you've got to go. Don't invent excuses for lingering about town. Don't count the days. Don't be always gazing towards Rome; but fly. The Parthian

flies, and flying saves his skin from his adversary's blows.

My treatment, you say, is drastic. I know it is; but if you want to be cured, you mustn't mind putting up with a deal of pain in the process. When I've been ill, I've often forced myself, much against my will, to swallow the most horribly bitter physic, and they wouldn't let me have any of the things I craved for. Why, to cure your body you'd suffer any mortal thing; and won't you slake your thirst with a drop of cold water, won't you do anything to get your mind well again? Yet that is the most precious part of you. In the treatment I prescribe, it's only the beginning that is difficult; it's only the early stages that are so painful. See how the yoke galls the ox that bears it for the first time; even as the harness galls the newly-broken colt. Perchance it causes you a pang to quit your ancestral home. You will quit it, notwithstanding; yet ere long you will be fain to see it again. Nevertheless, 'tis not your home that calls you back, 'tis Love. Home-sickness is merely a pretext to conceal your weakness. Once you've started, the country, your travelling companions, the very distance you have come, will all tend to bring consolation to your spirit. But do not imagine it is enough to go away. You must stay away, in order that the fires which consume you may be extinguished and no spark lurk beneath the embers; if you are too impatient, if you return again before your mind has recovered its poise, Love will undo your efforts; all his dreadful might he'll turn against you anew. What if you have been away and return both hungry and thirsty? Your absence will but have added to your malady.

Let who will believe that magic and the noxious herbs of Hæmonia can be of any avail in love. Curses and spells have had their day. My Apollo, with his hallowed song, brings you lawful succour. No graves, at my command, will ope and wake their sleepers; nor will you see some ancient hag make the earth gape by the power of her unhallowed incantations; you will not behold the corn removed from one field to another, or the sun's orb suddenly grow pale. But the Tiber, as is his wont, will flow into the sea; and the Moon, drawn by her white steeds, will follow her customary path. Nay, 'tis not spells that Love's malady shall be banished by magic from thy heart; and Cupid will not be scared away by the fumes of burning sulphur.

What, O Maid of Colchos, did the herbs of the Phasian land avail thee when thou didst desire to remain in the home of thy fathers? And how, O Circe, did the herbs of Persa bestead thee when a favouring wind bore away the vessels of Ulysses? All didst thou do, so that thy crafty guest might not depart; nevertheless, unperturbed and unimpeded, he pursued his flight. Nought didst thou leave undone to allay the cruel fire that was devouring thee; still Love, for a long time to come, was to hold sway over thy reluctant breast. Thou, who couldst change men into countless divers shapes, had'st not the power to change the laws that ruled thy heart. 'Tis said that when Ulysses was making ready to depart, thou wast fain to restrain him with these words: "No more do I entreat thee to become my spouse, albeit I remember I did, at first, conceive that hope. And yet, a goddess and the daughter of the Sun, it seemed to me that I was worthy to be thy wife. Oh, hasten not away, I do beseech thee; stay yet a little while, 'tis all I ask. What smaller boon than that could I implore? Look how high the seas are running; them oughtest thou to dread. Tarry awhile until the winds are favourable to thy sails. Wherefore wouldst thou flee? No new Troy is rising here. No one is calling his companions to arms. Here love and peace abide; here I alone suffer the pain of a grievous sorrow, and all this land shall be subject to, thy sway." Thus spake she; but none the less Ulysses unmoored his bark; vain were her words, and, with his sails, the south wind wafted them away. But still the fires of her passion burned, and Circe betook her to her wonted arts. Howbeit they could not mitigate the violence of her love. Whoever then thou mayest be that seekest succour from our art, put not thy faith in witchcraft and incantations. But if some potent reason retains you in the capital, hearken to the advice which I shall give you for your sojourn there. Full of courage is he who can win his liberty at a blow and, bursting all the bonds that bind him, find, then and there, ease for all his pain. If there breathes a man so strong of soul, he will compel even my admiration, and I shall say: "That man is in no need of any help from me." But you who, sick at heart, would fain unlearn to love the woman whom you love; but cannot; and yet still would — you shall be my pupil. Often revolve within your breast the deeds of your erring mistress; and keep before your eyes the losses she has caused

you. Say to yourself, "She has filched from me this thing and that and, not content with larceny, her extravagance has compelled me to sell my patrimony. What vows she made, and how often has she broken them! How often has she left me lying before her door! To others she gives her love, to me only her disdain. A common broker enjoys with her the nights of love which she refuses me." Let all these grievances embitter your feelings towards her. Recall them incessantly to your mind, and let them sow the seeds of hatred in it. And when you reproach her, may you wax eloquent; but if only you grieve enough, eloquent you will be without an effort. I was of late much occupied with a certain wench. She was not, however, suited to my temperament. Like a sick Podalirius, I was for curing myself with my own herbs, and I confess that for a doctor I was a disgracefully bad patient. I derived considerable benefit from continually harping on the defects of my mistress. I persevered with this treatment and it unquestionably did me good. "What poor legs the girl has," I kept saying. Yet truth to tell, they were nothing of the sort. "How very far from beautiful are her arms." Yet truth to tell, they *were* beautiful. "How squat she is." She wasn't. "What a lot of money she wants." And that was, indeed, the main count in the indictment. The good is often so near neighbour to the bad, that we often confound the two and condemn as a fault what is, in reality, a virtue. So far as you can, depreciate the qualities of your mistress and warp your own judgment by crossing, to her prejudice, the narrow limit betwixt good and bad. If she's plump, say she's stodgy; if she's dark, say she's [black]; if she's slim, say she's a skeleton; if she's not coy, say she's brazen; if she's modest, say she's a bumpkin. Nay, further, endow her with accomplishments she conspicuously lacks, ask her, in the most persuasive manner in the world, to display them. If she has no voice, urge her to sing. If she can't move her arms with grace, beseech her to dance. If her speech is uneducated, make her keep on talking to you. If she can't play a note, beg her to play. If her breasts are covered with pimples, let there be no scarf to conceal them. If her teeth are bad, tell her something to make her laugh. Has she got watery eyes, tell her something to make her cry. It is also of service to appear before her suddenly, in the morning, before she's had time to complete her toilet. A pretty dress delights us, gold and jewellery

cover a host of imperfections, and what one beholds of a woman is the least part of her. Amid all her extraneous adornments, it's no easy matter to find the genuine attractions. With the ægis of wealth does Love deceive the beholder. Take her unawares. You may do so with safety to yourself Her defects will suffice to dethrone her in your eyes. But that is not always so, for it often happens that "beauty unadorned's adorned the most " and captures many lovers. Moreover, there is no offence against decency in your putting in an appearance while she is smearing pomade on her face. You'll find she's got boxes containing concoctions of all the colours of the rainbow, and you'll see the paint trickling down in warm streams on to her breasts. The whole place stinks like Phineus' dinner-table, and I've often felt as if I was going to be sick.

And now I'll tell you how to act when you're in the paroxysm of your pleasure. For Love, if you're going to win, must be attacked on every side. There are some details, however, which modesty will not permit one to describe; but you will be clever enough to fill up the blanks. For certain critics have recently come down rather heavily on my books. They complain that my Muse is too unrestrained. But so long as my work gives pleasure, so long as I am celebrated all the world over, it is of no importance to me what one or two pettifoggers say about me. Even great Homer was slandered by envious tongues. Whoever and wherever you may be, Zoilus, Envy is your real name. Have not sacrilegious tongues outraged thy poems, thou whose genius brought to our shores Troy and her conquered gods? Calumny ever pursues the great, even as the winds hurl themselves on high places, and as Jove's thunderbolts strike the mountain peaks. But you, whoever you may be, who are offended by the licentiousness of my poems, try, if you can, to acquire a sense of proportion. If we are going to sing of mighty wars, then let us sing them in the manner of Homer. But how could the pleasures of carnal love find a place therein? Tragedy sounds the lofty note. Noble rage should wear the tragic buskin. But our Muse should wear a moderate heel. The iambus can go what pace it will, now swift, now trailing its hinder foot, and is meet to be flung at the opposing foe. But let mild Elegy sing of Cupids and their quivers; she is a kindly mistress and should be suffered to, frolic as the fancy takes her. Achilles must not be sung

to the strains of Callimachus; and thy voice, O Homer, is not the voice to sing of Cydippe. Who could bear to see Thaïs enacting the rôle of Andromache? And whoever acted Thaïs would cut a sorry figure as Andromache. But Thaïs belongs appropriately to my art. If my Muse is one with my subject, the victory is ours, and the charge brought against me fails. Out on thee, devouring Envy! Great already is the fame I enjoy. It will be greater still if I continue as I have begun. But you haste away too fast. If I do but live, you shall have many other causes of complaint, for I have many and many a song yet to sing. For glory delights me, and my zeal increases with my love of glory. Our steed grows breathless at the beginning of the ascent. Elegy tells me that she owes me as deep a debt as the Epic owes to Virgil.

This is the answer to give to Envy. Now, draw in thy reins, my poet, and revolve in thine own orbit. When you are called to taste the delights of love and youthful dalliance, when the night of promised bliss approaches, then, lest you should have too much joy of your mistress if you go to her with a full quiver, find another charmer with whom you may blunt the edge of your attack. The love that follows love is not so fierce. But sweeter than any is the love for which we have waited long. When it is cold, we love the sun; when hot, the shade. Water is pleasant to the parching tongue. I blush to say it, yet I will say it; when you're about the act of love with your mistress, take her in the posture that becomes her least. That will be easily accomplished. Rare is the woman who tells herself the truth. They deem themselves beautiful in every aspect. I bid you, too, fling open wide the windows of her room, and in the broad light of day, observe the blemishes of her body. But when you have attained the goal of pleasure; when you are o'erwearied both in body and in spirit; when your heart is heavy; when you are wishing you had never touched a woman, and deem it will be long ere you embrace another — then note in the tablets of your brain all the defects that you observe in her, and long let your gaze linger on her imperfections. "Feeble resources these," someone perchance will say. But means which, taken singly, are of no avail are potent when conjoined. The bite of a tiny adder will lay low a bull. Often a hound of modest size will hold a boar at bay. Gather all these remedies together; numbers will win.

But seeing that temperaments, like faces, are infinitely varied, use your judgment and follow not my behests too blindly. A thing which, in your eyes, might convey no offence, in another's might be quite unpardonable. Some men have known their ardour checked because they've seen unveiled those parts which modesty should hide; others because, leaving the bed wherein they've had their joy, they have perceived the unclean traces of the fray. Ye who could be deterred by trifles such as these, your love was but a jest: feeble the flames that warmed your breasts. Well, let the wingèd boy bend his bow more fiercely; then, more sorely stricken you'll come in multitudes to beg for stronger medicine. What shall I say of him who hides that he may behold his mistress performing her natural needs, and see those things which decency forbids that we should look upon? God forbid that I should counsel anything so vile as that. Even were they effectual, such means should never be essayed.

I would counsel you also to have two mistresses at a time. If you could have more, it would be still better. When your heart is thus divided between two loves, the two passions mutually moderate each other. The mightiest rivers lose their force when split up into several streams; the fire dies down when you take away the fuel that feeds it. One anchor will not hold several ships, and you should always fish with more than one hook in the water. The man who has taken the precaution to have two strings to his bow has thereby made his final victory sure. But if you have been so rash as to confine your affections to a single mistress, lose no time now in adding to the number. Minos extinguished his flame for Pasiphaë by conceiving a passion for Procris. His second consort banished his memory of the first. The brother of Amphiloehus, lest he should love for ever the daughter of Phegeus, made Callirhoë the partner of his couch. Cœnone would have held Paris captive for ever had she not been supplanted by the adulterous queen of Sparta. The Odrysian tyrant would have continued faithful to his spouse, had not Philomela outrivalled her sister in beauty. But wherefore should I linger over examples, examples so many that it would weary me to cite them? A new love always triumphs over the one it follows. A mother with several children bears more easily the death of one of them than she who cries, in bitter sorrow, "My son, my, son, I had but thee!"

Think not that herein I am expressing any new ideas. The son of Atreus, long before me, was familiar with this truth; and what did he not allow himself, that prince who was lord paramount of the whole of Greece! He loved his captive Chryseis whom as a victor he had taken as his spoil. But the maiden's father filled all the region round with his sorrowful lamentations. Wherefore weepest thou, wretched old man? They are getting on famously together, and you do but hurt your daughter with your ill-timed importunities. At last, relying on Achilles to support him, Calchas demands that she should be set at liberty, and she returns to her father's roof. Then said Agamemnon, "There is another maiden no less fair than her, whose name, save for the first syllable, is identical with hers. Let Achilles, if he be wise, yield her up to me; or if he does not, he shall feel the power of my dominion. If anyone among you, men of Greece, shall dare to blame my conduct in this matter, he shall learn what the sceptre wielded by a strong hand can accomplish. For if, king as I am, I do not win her to share my bed, then let Thersites take my place upon the throne." Thus he spake. In place of Chryseis, who had been snatched from him, he took this slave, and in the arms of Briseis he forgot his former love.

Follow then the example of Agamemnon. Seek like him another object for your passion, and between two rival mistresses let your love, uncertain, hover. You ask me where you are to find them? Go read my Art of Love, voyage on, confident and fearless, and soon your bark shall be laden with pretty women. If my precepts are of any avail, if, by my voice, Apollo teaches aught that may be of use to mortal men, when your despairing heart is consumed with a passion fiercer than the fires of Ætna, act in such a manner that your mistress may deem you colder than ice. Pretend that you are cured, and if your heart still bleeds, never let her suspect it. Let laughter be upon your lips, though tears be in your heart. I do not bid you break with her in the very height of your passion. I lay upon you no mandate so severe as that. But learn to dissemble. Assume a calmness, if you have it not, and soon you'll really be as calm as now you feign to be. Often, so that I might drink no more, I've feigned to be asleep, and, in the midst of feigning, I've fallen asleep indeed. It's made me laugh sometimes to see how a man, acting the passionate lover, has,

like an unskilled hunter, fallen into s own net.

Love steals into our hearts, as it where, by habit; by habit also we can school ourselves to forget it. If you can pretend you're cured, cured you will be indeed. Your mistress, say, has promised you to lie with her a certain night. Go to her house. When you get there, you find the door barred and bolted against you. No matter. Be patient. Neither beg nor pray; but lie not down beside the cruel door. Next morning, never utter a reproach; and on your countenance wear no sign of grief. Seeing your cool indifference, she'll lay aside her arrogant disdain. That is some good, and for it you will have my art to thank. But try, and stint not, to deceive yourself, until you have forgot the way to love. A steed will oft refuse the bit that's offered him. Hide, even from yourself, the reason of your tactics, and, all unconsciously, You'll reach your goal. The bird is scared by the net when it is too plainly visible. So that your mistress; may not push her pride to the point of disdain, be round with her, and her arrogance will melt before your own. If you find her door open, as though by chance, and if she summons you by name again and again, pass by and take no heed. If she offers you an assignation for a given night, look doubtful and say, "I'm very much afraid I shall be unable to come." A man should easily be able to lay this discipline upon himself, if he's endowed with reason. Besides, you can always go and find immediate consolation in the arms of some woman of the town.

It could hardly be said that my treatment was too severe, seeing that I make it my object to reconcile pleasure and good sense. But as people and dispositions are infinitely varied, so must our treatment be varied too. A thousand ills require a thousand cures. There are some illnesses which demand an operation; others which the juice of a herb will heal. If you are too weak to go away, do not attempt to shake off your fetters. Has cruel love got his foot upon your throat? Give up the hope less fight. Let the wind waft your vessel, and with your oar assist the waves that bear you along. You say you must find something to allay the thirst that consumes you? Well and good; you must. Drink then your fill, from the very middle of the river. Drink, not enough but too much, so that you vomit what you have taken in. Enjoy your mistress, drink unhindered of her charms. Spend your

nights, our days, with her. Drink of her till you're sick. Satiety will cure you of your ills. Stay with her even when you think you could leave her without a pang. Never quit the house, which you have begun to hate, until you are worn out with those pleasures which excess has now turned to gall and wormwood in your heart. Love that is fed by jealousy dies hard. He who would banish love, must banish, first, mistrust. A man who is for ever on thorns lest he should lose his mistress, or fears that some rival will filch her from him, even Machaon himself could scarcely cure. If a woman has two sons and one of them is at the wars, 'tis he that is in danger whom she loves the more.

There is, hard by the Collinian gate, a venerable temple to which the lofty Eryx gave its name. There reigns a deity whose name is Oblivion. He gives unfailing succour to the sick; he dips his torch into the cold waters of Lethe. Thither come young men and maidens, the victims of unrequited love. Thither they come to seek oblivion for their sorrow. This god (was it indeed a god, or but the shadow of a dream?), this god spake to me and said, "O Ovid, thou who alternately dost kindle and extinguish the restless flames of love, add this precept to thy lessons. Let but a lover ponder on all the ills that threaten him, and he will love no more. To all of us hath the god allotted more or less of ills. Whoso fears the Puteal and Janus and the swift-coming Kalends, the sum of money he has borrowed shall be his torment. The man that has a stern unbending father, even if all else be in accordance with his wishes, will ever have that father before his eyes. The man who has married a dowerless wife, and passes his days in poverty, will think his wife an obstacle to his success. Have you a vineyard where the grapes grow ripe on a rich soil? Beware lest the swelling grape be blighted. Another man has a ship on its way home: he will be always reminding himself that the sea is treacherous and fearing that the shore is strewn with his lost merchandise. Another man fears for his son on active service; another for his daughter, who is ripe for marriage. Who has not innumerable reasons for anxiety? Perchance you would have hated your mistress, Paris, if the death of your brothers, and the way they died, could have been brought before your eyes" The god was still speaking when his childlike image vanished with my dream: if

indeed he, too, were not a dream.

What am I to do? Abandoned, without a helmsman, amid the welter of waters, my bark drifts at random over uncharted seas. Lover, whosoever thou art, shun solitude: solitude for you is dangerous. Wherefore shouldst thou avoid it? Because you will be safer amid the throng. 'Tis not well for you to be alone. Solitude increases the torments of love. You will find it will ease the burden of your heart to mix freely with your fellows. If you remain alone, melancholy will descend upon you. The vision of your forsaken mistress will be ever resent to your eyes; you will imagine that you see her more you in the flesh. That is why the night is sadder than the light of day. There is no company about you then no troops of friends, to help you banish your sorrows. Do not shut yourself up indoors; do not go and hide your tear-stained visage where none may see it. Let Pylades be ever at hand to comfort his Orestes. In such circumstances, a trusty friend is a great resource. What was it but the loneliness of the woods that brought such woe to Phyllis? There is no doubt that solitude was the cause of her death. She rushed with disordered tresses, like one of those Bacchantes — who every three years celebrate the feast of Bacchus on the Aonian hills. Sometimes she gazed out over the waste of waters; sometimes she flung herself down upon the sandy shore, fordone with weariness. "Faithless Demophoön," she cried to the unheeding waves; and her lamentations were broken by her sobs. By a narrow path, overhung with thick foliage, she often made her way to the seashore. And now she had just come thither for the ninth time. "The die is cast!" she cried. The colour left her cheeks, and she looked down at her girdle. She gazed also at the trees round about. Her courage faltered. She shuddered, and many times she clutched her throat with her hands. Ah, hapless Phyllis! Would to heaven thou hadst not been alone in that hour! The woods, that mourned thy death, would not have shed their leaves in grief for thee. And you, to whom your mistress has been unkind, or you, my fair one, jilted by your lover, think of Phyllis; be wise in time, and beware of too much solitude.

A certain young man of my acquaintance had religiously followed the advice of my Muse; he was just reaching port; he was virtually safe when the unexpected encounter of two passionate lovers carried

him out to sea again. Love had only been hiding his shafts; and he quickly seized them again. Whoever you may be, if you would recover from your malady, keep clear of other people who are suffering from it. It is horribly contagious: you've only got to look at some other sufferer's wounds, and you feel as if you had been hit yourself. Many ailments are spread in this way. It often happens that a dry and barren field suddenly becomes fertile, being watered by a stream that has changed its course. Similarly Love glides imperceptibly into our hearts; that is, if we don't keep clear of lovers. But, in this regard, every man-jack of us is an adept at self-deception. I know a man who had recovered; it was the next-door neighbour that brought on his relapse. Another man ran across his mistress by accident. It was too much for him. The wound hadn't properly healed: it opened again, and all my skill was useless. It's no easy matter to protect yourself against fire when the house next door is burning. It's just as well to keep out of harm's way. Don't go near the portico where she is wont to walk; and don't let any duty visits cause you to run the risk of seeing her. What's the good of trying to blow the smouldering embers into flame. You would do better to go and live in another hemisphere if you could. If you're fasting, it's not easy to keep away from a table that's laid for dinner; and the sound of running water is a mighty stimulant to thirst. It takes a lot to hold in a bull when he catches sight of a heifer, and your doughty stallion always neighs when he sees a mare.

When, after a deal of buffeting, you're just getting into harbour, it is not enough to give up your mistress, you must likewise keep out of the way of her mother, her nurse, her bosom friend; in short, of anyone and everyone connected with her. Mind some slave or servant-girl doesn't come with some message to you, and sham weeping as she delivers it. And don't, out of curiosity, inquire how she's getting on. It's dangerous. Hold your tongue: it will pay you. And don't go counting up the reasons you have had to break with your mistress. Give up accusing her. Silence will be the best way to pay her out; so keep silence till you don't care any more about her. It's far better to say nothing than to go about telling people you are no longer in love. The man who says to everybody, "I don't love her any more," is still in love. The best way to get a fire under is to tackle

it methodically, steadily and surely. It's no good trying to smother it all at once. Drop her gradually. You'll reach safety in the end. A mountain stream is more impetuous than a river, but the course of the torrent is soon run; the river flows far and ceaselessly. Your love should be like a cloud, it should gradually melt away into the air. It's a brutal thing to hate a woman one day whom you worshipped the day before. To make such a sudden change as that, you'd have to have the heart of a barbarian; just give up paying her attentions; that's enough. If a man finishes up by hating a woman, he's either really still in love with her, or else he's in a frame of mind for which he won't easily find a cure. It is a disgraceful thing that a man and a woman, who were but lately head over ears in love, should suddenly become at daggers drawn. Even Themis disapproves of conduct such as that. A man will often bring an action against a woman and, notwithstanding, still be in love with her. When love leaves no resentment in its train, it departs quite quietly and peaceably. The other day I had fallen in with a young acquaintance of mine. His mistress was close at hand in a litter. He was upbraiding her with the most violent reproaches; just as he was about to serve his writ he exclaimed, "Let her descend from her litter." She did so, and no sooner had he set eyes upon her than he was another man. His hands dropped to his side; his tablets fell from his hands. He flung himself into her arms, crying, "You have won! You have won!" It's much wiser and much surer to let things drop peaceably than to quit the bed for the law-courts. Let her keep the presents you have given her, without making a fuss. It's very often well worth while to make a slight sacrifice. And then, if by chance you do happen to run across her, be sure and make use of the weapons with which I have armed you. So, be of good cheer! Fight the good fight! Penthesilea will get the worst of it. Remember your fortunate rival; think of the door banged and bolted in your face; and think of all the lies your mistress has told you, and all her broken vows. Don't take a lot of extra trouble over your hair because you have to meet her, or spend ages getting yourself up regardless of expense. Don't worry about the impression you're going to make on a woman who henceforth is going to be a stranger to you; just treat her as you would treat an ordinary acquaintance.

Shall I tell you what is the greatest obstacle to our success? Well, it's this. We give up our mistresses too late, because we flatter ourselves that we are still the object of their affections. Our self-conceit adds fuel to our credulity. Don't believe in vows, there's nothing more misleading; and don't trust their sacred oaths. Beware of being moved by their tears. They've learnt the art of weeping. A lover's heart is a prey to countless artifices; it is like the pebble on the beach, tossed hither and thither by the waves of the sea. Don't proclaim the reasons which impel you to break it off. Don't prate about your grief, and go on grieving in secret. Don't reproach her with her misdeeds, for fear she should justify them. On the contrary, play a generous game with her, so that her case may seem better than your own. The strong man is the silent man. If you heap insults upon her, you're inviting her to justify herself. I am not going to rival the King of Ithaca. I should never dare, like him, to plunge Love's arrows and flaming torches into the river. I shall not clip his roseate wings, nor would I aim at slackening his sacred bow. The object of my song is but to give advice. Follow the counsels I give, and do thou, O Phœbus, the Healer, continue, as you have done hitherto, to smile upon my efforts. Lo! Phœbus is here: I heard his lyre, I heard his quiver sound. By those signs I recognise the god. Lo! Phœbus is at hand, and he will lend his aid!

Compare a stuff dyed with Tyrian purple to something dyed at Amyclæa. You wouldn't look at the latter. In the same way, let everyone of you compare his mistress with the illustrious beauties of the world, and he will blush for her. Paris thought Juno and Minerva were beautiful till he had seen Venus; after that, they were nowhere. And don't think merely of the face. Take character and accomplishments into account. And don't let love blind your judgment.

The remedy that I am now going to propose to you is a little thing; yet despite its trifling nature, it has stood more than one lover in good stead, myself first of all. Do not keep, and read over, the letters your mistress has written you. The strongest resolution would be shaken by such a test. Never mind how great the pang it may cause you, give them to the flames, and, as you do so, say, "Thus may this fire destroy my love also." The daughter of Thestius, with the aid of an

ember, burnt up her absent son. Will you then think twice before you cast these lying missives into the fire? Banish too, if you have strength of mind enough, the counterfeit presentment of her. Why keep doting on a lifeless image? 'Tis that that was Laodamia's undoing. Then there are certain places you must shun. Avoid the scenes where you've had her in your arms; they will be full of bitter memories for you. "It was there she used to sit. She used to lie there. There is the bed in which I slept with her arms about me; here, one night of pleasure, she gave me rapturous delight." Such recollections reawaken love. The old wound, not yet properly healed, opens again. Convalescents should never run risks. If you bring sulphur near an ember that is not quite extinguished, the fire springs up anew; a spark becomes a conflagration. So too, if you do not take care to avoid everything that might resuscitate your passion, you'll find the embers you think dead, flaming up once more. The Grecian fleet would fain have fled from Capherea and the misleading beacon which thou, old Nauplius, didst kindle to avenge the death of thy son. Glad at heart is the cautious mariner when he has passed through the straits of Scylla. Beware then of those regions which once were sweet to you. They may be your Syrtes. Avoid the rocks of Acroceraunia: 'tis here that cruel Charybdis ceaselessly spews forth again the waters that she swallows.

There are other remedies which one can hardly advise you to employ of your own free will, but which, when they chance to come one's way, are often potent in their effect. Let Phædra but lose her riches and Neptune will spare his grandson, nor will he suffer the monstrous bull to terrify the horses of Hippolytus. Had Pasiphaë been reduced to poverty, she would have loved less inordinately. Voluptuous love is fostered by riches. Why did no man take Hecale, and no woman Irus? Because he and she were poor. Poverty has not the wherewithal to nourish love. Howbeit, this is no sufficient reason why you should wish to be poor. But this, at all events, is important, and you should bear it in mind: Never go to the theatre until Love has been completely ousted from your heart. The sound of flutes and lyres and the human voice, and arms waved in time to the music, are sore enervators of the mind. Fictitious loves are continually being represented there.

It behoves me that I should, by my art, teach you what to avoid and what to cultivate. It pains me to say so; but have nought to do with poets who sing of love. I am robbing my own children of their birthright. Flee from Callimachus, for no enemy of love is he; and thou too, poet of Cos, thou workest ill, even as Callimachus. Sappho, of a surety, made me sweeter towards my mistress; nor did the poet of Teos impart rigidity to my morals. Who could read the poems of Tibullus without danger, or the verses of that bard who made Cynthia the sole burden of his song? Who could leave the reading of Gallus with heart untouched? And in my verses, too, there is an influence, I know not what, that prompts to love. But if Apollo, the god who is my guide, deceives not his singer, the greatest cause of our ills is a rival. Beware, therefore, of conjuring up to yourself the image of a rival, and resolutely persuade yourself that your mistress sleeps alone. What added fire to the passion of Orestes for Hermione was that she had taken another for her lover. Wherefore, Menelaus, dost thou grieve? Thou didst go without thy spouse to Crete, and wast able to remain a long while apart from her. But since Paris carried her off, you have not been able to live without your Helen. Your love for her was increased by another's. What made Achilles weep the more bitterly when Briseis was taken from him was that she was transferring her charms to the couch of Plisthenes. And, believe me, he had reason for his tears. The son of Atreus did what any man was bound to do if he were not grossly inactive. He did what I should have done, had I been he, and I am no wiser than he. That was the choicest fruit of this case of jealousy. For when Agamemnon swore by his sceptre that he had never touched Briseis, he never bethought him that his sceptre was divine.

The gods grant that you may be able resolutely to pass your late mistress's door, and that your feet may not belie your determination. And you *will* be able, if your will power is strong enough. But you must go on firmly, and dig the spurs deep into your horse's sides. Make believe that her house is a den of Lotophagi, a cave of Sirens. Crowd on full sail and row with all your might. It would be well, too, if you could bring yourself to look with calm indifference on the rival who lately caused you such an agony of grief. Even if you retain a particle of hate towards him, at least give him a civil nod. When you

are able to embrace him, your cure will be complete.

Now, as a sound doctor should, I am going to give you a few hints about diet, about the things to eat and the things to avoid. Everything of a bulbous nature, whether from Daunia, Libya, or Megara, you should shun like poison; and, just as religiously, you should avoid rocket and all such aphrodisiacs. You would find it beneficial to take rue, which clears the sight, and anything, in general, of a sedative nature. What about wine, you ask? I'll put the whole thing in a nutshell for you. Wine promotes sexual desire, provided you don't drink to intoxication. Wind fans a fire into flame; wind also puts it out. Either don't drink at all, or drink enough to drown your troubles. Half-way measures are injurious.

And now my task is o'er. Crown my wearied bark with garlands. I have reached the haven towards which I set my course. Young men and pretty girls, healed by my song, you will soon be rendering pious thanks to your poet.

METAMORPHOSES (VERSE)



Translated by J. J. Howard

Widely regarded as Ovid's masterpiece, *Metamorphoses* is a fifteen-book epic poem written in dactylic hexameter, narrating a diverse range of mythical stories of transformations. Often the tales involve human characters, who transform into animals or inanimate objects, as a result of committing a mistake or as victims of wrongdoing. For example, the god Apollo chases the beautiful Daphne across a meadow, only to be thwarted in his lustful pursuit when she is turned into a laurel tree, as the maiden had made a hasty prayer for divine help. *Metamorphoses* generally features tales from Greek and Roman mythology, with each myth being set outdoors where the mortals are vulnerable to external influences. The epic poem is written in the tradition of mythological and aetiological catalogue poetry such as Hesiod's *Catalogue of Women*, Callimachus' *Aetia* and Parthenius' *Metamorphoses*.

Ovid structures his vast body of material, of almost 250 separate tales, by linking the myths by geography, themes or contrasts, creating a complex web of narratives deftly linked. The poet also varies his tone and material from different literary genres; with his use of elegiac couplets and erotic and psychological style, creating an entirely different form, which is fused by Ovid's inimitable wit.

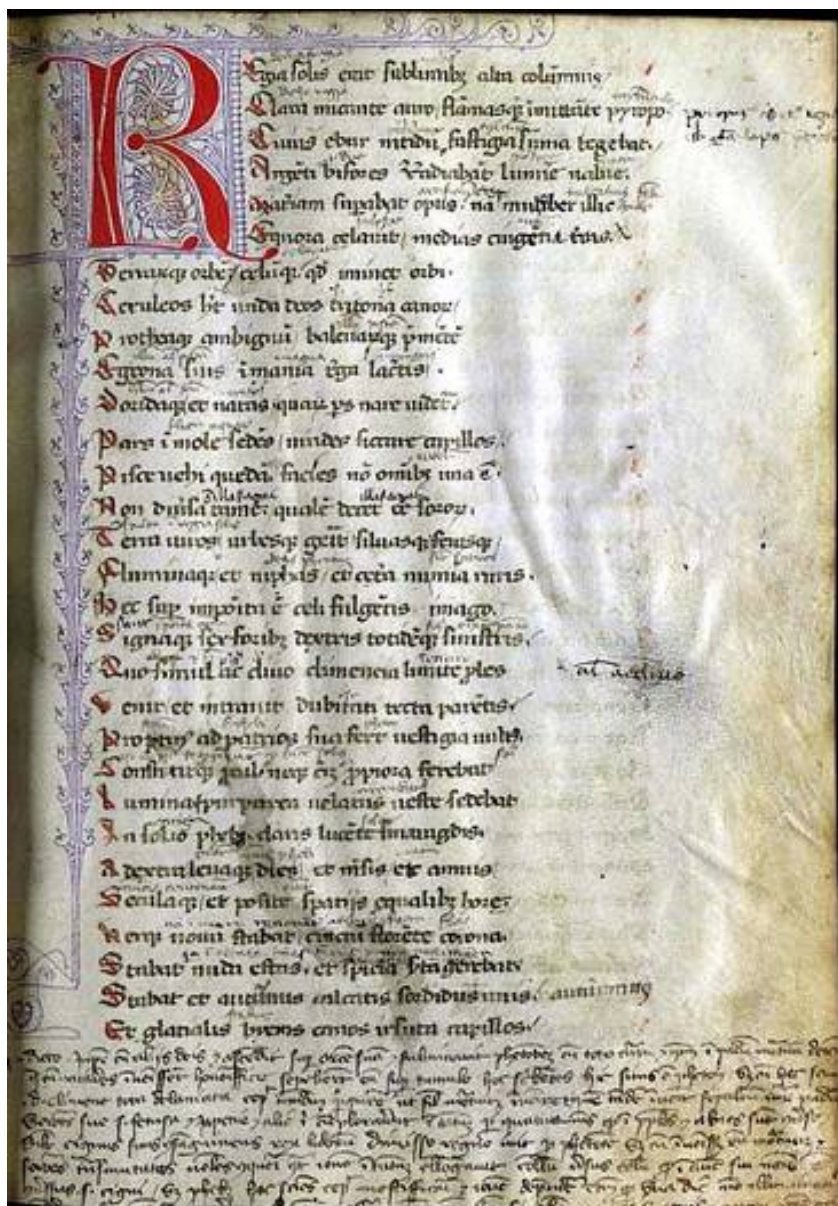
The first book opens with the formation of the world, the ages of man, the flood, the story of Daphne's rape by Apollo and Io's by Jupiter, whilst the second book opens with Phaethon and continues describing the love of Jupiter with Callisto and Europa. The third book focuses on Theban mythology with the stories of Cadmus, Actaeon and Pentheus. The fourth book revolves around three pairs of lovers: Pyramus and Thisbe, Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, and Perseus and Andromeda, whilst the fifth book focuses on the song of

the Muses, including the rape of Proserpina. The sixth book is a collection of stories involving the rivalry between gods and mortals, beginning with Arachne and concluding with Philomela. The seventh book focuses on Medea, as well as Cephalus and Procris. The eighth book focuses on Daedalus' flight, the Calydonian boar hunt, and the contrast between pious Baucis and Philemon and the wicked Erysichthon. The ninth book focuses on Heracles and the incestuous Byblis. The tenth book focuses on stories of doomed love, such as Orpheus, who sings about Hyacinthus, as well as Pygmalion, Myrrha, and Adonis. The eleventh book compares the marriage of Peleus and Thetis with the love of Ceyx and Alcyone. The twelfth book moves from myth to history describing the exploits of Achilles, the battle of the centaurs, and Iphigeneia. The thirteenth book discusses the contest over Achilles' arms, and Polyphemus. The fourteenth moves to Italy, describing the journey of Aeneas, Pomona and Vertumnus, and Romulus. The final book opens with a philosophical lecture by Pythagoras and the deification of Caesar. The end of the poem praises Augustus and expresses Ovid's belief that his poem has earned him immortality.

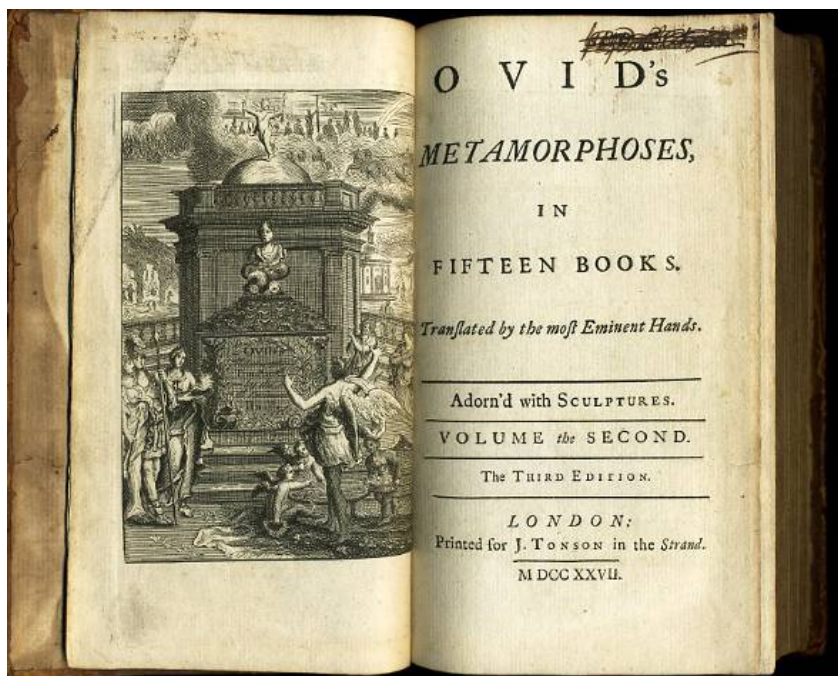
Metamorphoses was an immediate success, quickly establishing its place in the Roman literary canon, as demonstrated by quotations by renowned figures such as Seneca and Quintilian. However, the poem faced falling into obscurity in late antiquity, due to its particularly 'pagan' nature. Scarcely surviving the Roman period of Christianisation, with no ancient scholia on the poem surviving, the earliest manuscript to have come down to us is dated as late as the eleventh century.

Revered and loved across the world for two millennia, *Metamorphoses* is regarded as one of the greatest works of Latin, even world, literature. Admired by Shakespeare and influential to hundreds of other poets and artists, this famous epic poem is one of the most inspirational works of literature ever to be written.

[Link for the Latin texts](#)



One of the earliest surviving manuscripts of Ovid's great poem



An early English translation of the epic poem

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Venus and Adonis by Peter Paul Rubens, 1635



Danaë by Titian, inspired by the Metamorphoses



Apollo and Daphne by Tiepolo



Diana and Actaeon by Titian, 1556



The Punishment of Niobe by Tobias Verhaecht

BOOK I

From bodies various form'd, mutative shapes
My Muse would sing: — Celestial powers give aid!
From you those changes sprung, — inspire my pen;
Connect each period of my venturous song
Unsever'd, from old Chaös' rude misrule,
Till now the world beneath Augustus smiles.

While yet nor earth nor sea their place possess,
Nor that cerulean canopy which hangs
O'ershadowing all, each undistinguish'd lay,
And one dead form all Nature's features bore;
Unshapely, rude, and Chaos justly nam'd.
Together struggling laid, each element
Confusion strange begat: — Sol had not yet
Whirl'd through the blue expanse his burning car:
Nor Luna yet had lighted forth her lamp,
Nor fed her waning light with borrowed rays.
No globous earth pois'd inly by its weight,
Hung pendent in the circumambient sky:
The sky was not: — Nor Amphitrité had
Clasp'd round the land her wide-encircling arms.
Unfirm the earth, with water mix'd and air;
Opaque the air; unfluid were the waves.
Together clash'd the elements confus'd;
Cold strove with heat, and moisture drought oppos'd;
Light, heavy, hard, and soft, in combat join'd.

Uprose the world's great Lord, — the strife dissolv'd,
The firm earth from the blue sky plac'd apart;
Roll'd back the waves from off the land, and fixt
Where pure ethereal joins with foggy air.
Defin'd each element, and from the mass
Chaötic, rang'd select, in concord firm
He bound, and all agreed. On high upsprung

The fiery ether to the utmost heaven:
The atmospheric air, in lightness next,
Upfloated: — dense the solid earth dragg'd down
The heavier mass; and girt on every side
By waves circumfluent, seiz'd her place below.

This done, the mass this deity unknown
Divides; — each part dispos'd in order lays:
First earth he rounds, in form a sphere immense,
Equal on every side: then bids the seas,
Pent in by banks, spread their rude waves abroad,
By strong winds vext; and clasp within their arms
The tortuous shores: and marshes wide he adds,
Pure springs and lakes: — he bounds with shelving banks
The streams smooth gliding; — slowly creeping, some
The arid earth absorbs; furious some rush,
And in the watery plain their waves disgorge;
Their narrow bounds escap'd, to billows rise,
And lash the sandy shores. He bade the plains
Extend; — the vallies sink; — the groves to bloom; —
And rocky hills to lift their heads aloft.
And as two zones the northern heaven restrain,
The southern two, and one the hotter midst,
With five the Godhead girt th' inclosed earth,
And climates five upon its face imprest.
The midst from heat inhabitable: snows
Eternal cover two: 'twixt these extremes
Two temperate regions lie, where heat and cold
Meet in due mixture; 'bove the whole light air
Was hung: — as water floats above the land,
So fire 'bove air ascends. Here he bade lodge,
Thick clouds and vapors; thunders bellowing loud
Terrific to mankind, and winds; which mixt
Sharp cold beget. But these to range at large
The air throughout, his care forbade. E'en now
Their force is scarce withstood; but oft they threat

Wild ruin to the universe, though each
In separate regions rules his potent blasts.
Such is fraternal strife! Far to the east
Where Persian mountains greet the rising sun
Eurus withdrew. Where sinking Phœbus' rays
Glow on the western shores mild Zephyr fled.
Terrific Boreas frozen Scythia seiz'd,
Beneath the icy bear. On southern climes
From constant clouds the showery Auster rains.
The liquid ether high above he spread,
Light, calm, and undefil'd by dregs terrene.
Scarce were those bounds immutable arrang'd,
When upward sprung the stars so long press'd down
Beneath the heap chaötic, and along
The path of heaven their blazing courses ran.

Next that each separate element might hold
Appropriate habitants, — the vault of heaven,
Bright constellations and the gods receiv'd.
To glittering fish allotted were the waves:
To earth fierce brutes: — to agitated air,
Light-plumag'd birds. A being more divine,
Of soul exalted more, and form'd to rule
The rest was wanting. Then he finish'd MAN!
Or by the world's creator, power supreme,
Form'd from an heavenly seed; or new-shap'd earth
Late from celestial ether torn, and still
Congenial warmth retaining, moisten'd felt,
Prometheus' fire, and moulded took the form
Of him all-potent. Others earth behold
Pronely; — to man a face erect was given.
The heavens he bade him view, and raise his eyes
High to the stars. Thus earth of late so rude,
So shapeless, man, till now unknown, became.

First sprung the age of gold. Unforc'd by laws
Strict rectitude and faith, spontaneous then

Mankind inspir'd. No judge vindictive frown'd;
Unknown alike were punishment and fear:
No strict decrees on brazen plates were seen;
Nor suppliant crowd, with trembling limbs low bent,
Before their judges bow'd. Unknown was law,
Yet safe were all. Unhewn from native hills,
The pine-tree knew the seas not, nor had view'd
Regions unknown, for man not yet had search'd
Shores distant from his own. The towns ungirt
By trenches deep, laid open to the plain;
Nor brazen trump, nor bended horn were seen,
Helmet, nor sword; but conscious and secure,
Unaw'd by arms the nations tranquil slept.
The teeming earth by barrows yet unras'd,
By ploughs unwounded, plenteous pour'd her stores.
Content with food unforc'd, man pluck'd with ease
Young strawberries from the mountains; cornels red;
The thorny bramble's fruit; and acorns shook
From Jove's wide-spreading tree. Spring ever smil'd;
And placid Zephyr foster'd with his breeze
The flowers unsown, which everlasting bloom'd.
Untill'd the land its welcome produce gave,
And unmanur'd its hoary crop renew'd.
Here streams of milk, there streams of nectar flow'd;
And from the ilex, drop by drop distill'd,
The yellow honey fell. But, Saturn down
To dusky Tartarus banish'd, all the world
By Jove was govern'd. Then a silver age
Succeeded; by the golden far excell'd; —
Itself surpassing far the age of brass.
The ancient durance of perpetual spring
He shorten'd, and in seasons four the year
Divided: — Winter, summer, lessen'd spring,
And various temper'd autumn first were known.
Then first the air with parching fervor dry,
Glow'd hot; — then ice congeal'd by piercing winds
Hung pendent; — houses then first shelter'd man;

Houses by caverns form'd, with thick shrubs fenc'd,
And boughs entwin'd with osiers. Then the grain
Of Ceres first in lengthen'd furrows lay;
And oxen groan'd beneath the weighty yoke.

Third after these a brazen race succeeds,
More stern in soul, and more in furious war
Delighting; — still to wicked deeds averse.
The last from stubborn iron took its name; —
And now rush'd in upon the wretched race
All impious villainies: Truth, faith, and shame,
Fled far; while enter'd fraud, and force, and craft,
And plotting, with detested avarice.

To winds scarce known the seaman boldly loos'd
His sails, and ships which long on lofty hills
Had rested, bounded o'er the unsearch'd waves.
The cautious measurer now with spacious line
Mark'd out the land, in common once to all;
Free as the sun-beams, or the lucid air.
Nor would the fruits and aliments suffice,
The rich earth from her surface threw, but deep
Within her womb they digg'd, and thence display'd,
Riches, of crimes the prompter, hid far deep
Close by the Stygian shades. Now murderous steel,
And gold more murderous enter'd into day:
Weapon'd with each, war sallied forth and shook
With bloody grasp his loud-resounding arms.
Now man by rapine lives; — friend fears his host;
And sire-in-law his son; — e'en brethren's love
Is rarely seen: wives plot their husbands' death;
And husbands theirs design: step-mothers fierce
The lurid poisons mix: th' impatient son
Enquires the limits of his father's years: —
Piety lies neglected; and Astræa,
Last of celestial deities on earth,
Ascends, and leaves the sanguine-moisten'd land.

Nor high-rais'd heaven was more than earth secure.

Giants, 'tis said, with mad ambition strove
To seize the heavenly throne, and mountains pile
On mountains till the loftiest stars they touch'd.
But with his darted bolt all-powerful Jove,
Olympus shatter'd, and from Pelion's top
Dash'd Ossa. There with huge unwieldy bulk
Oppress'd, their dreadful corpses lay, and soak'd
Their parent earth with blood; their parent earth
The warm blood vivify'd, and caus'd assume
An human form, — a monumental type
Of fierce progenitors. Heaven they despise,
Violent, of slaughter greedy; and their race

From blood deriv'd, betray.

Saturnian Jove

This from his lofty seat beheld, and sigh'd;
The recent bloody fact revolving deep,
The Lycaönian feast, to few yet known.
Incens'd with mighty rage, rage worthy Jove,
He calls the council; — none who hear delay.
A path sublime, in cloudless skies fair seen,
They tread when tow'rd the mighty thunderer's dome,
His regal court, th' immortals bend their way.
On right and left by folding doors enclos'd,
Are halls where gods of rank and power are set;
Plebeians far and wide their place select:
More potent deities, in heaven most bright,
Full in the front possess their shining seats.
This place, (might words so bold a form assume)

I'd term Palatium of the lofty sky.
Here in his marble niche each god was plac'd
And on his eburn sceptre leaning, Jove
O'er all high tower'd; the dread-inspiring locks
Three times he shook; and ocean, earth, and sky,
The motion felt and trembled. Then in rage
The silence thus he broke:—"Not more I fear'd
"Our kingdom's fate in those tempestuous times,
"When monsters serpent-footed furious strove,
"To clasp within their hundred arms the heavens,
"Already captive deem'd. Though fierce our foe,
"One race alone warr'd with us, sprung from one.
"Now all must perish; all within the bounds
"By Nereus circled with his roaring waves.
"I swear by Styx, by those infernal streams,
"Through shades slow creeping. All I could I've try'd.
"But lest to parts unsound the taint should spread,
"What baffles cure, the knife must lop away.
"Our demi-gods we have, — we have our nymphs,
"Our rustic deities, — our satyrs, — fawns,
"And mountain sylvans — whose deserts we grant
"Celestial honors claim not, — yet on earth,
"By us assign'd, they safely sure should rest.
"But, oh! ye sacred powers, — but oh! how safe
"Are these, when fierce Lycaön plots for me!
"Me! whom the thunders and yourselves obey?"

Loud murmurs fill the skies — swift vengeance all
With eager voice demand. When impious hands
With Cæsar's blood th' immortal fame of Rome,
Rag'd to extinguish — all the world aghast,
With horror shook, and trembled through its frame.
Nor was thy subjects' loyalty to thee
More sweet, Augustus, than was theirs to Jove.
His hand and voice, to still their noise he rais'd:
Their clamors loud were hush'd, all silence kept;
When thus the thunderer ends his angry tale:

“Dismiss your care, his punishment is o’er;
“But hear his crimes, and hear his well-earn’d fate.
“Of human vice the fame had reach’d mine ear,
“With hop’d exaggeration; gliding down,
“From proud Olympus’ brow, I veil’d the god,
“And rov’d the world in human form around.
“‘Twere long to tell what turpitude I saw
“On every side, for rumor far fell short,
“Of what I witness’d. Through the dusky woods
“Of Mænalus I pass’d, where savage lurk
“Fierce monsters; o’er the cold Lycean hill,
“With pine-trees waving; and Cyllené’s height.
“Thence to th’ Arcadian monarch’s roof I came,
“As dusky twilight drew on sable night.
“Gave signs a god approach’d. The people crowd
“In adoration: but Lycaön turns
“Their reverence and piety to scorn.
“Then said, — not hard the task to ascertain,
“If god or mortal, by unerring test:
“And plots to slay me when oppress’d with sleep.
“Such proof his soul well suited. Impious more,
“An hostage from Molossus sent he slew;
“His palpitating members part he boil’d,
“And o’er the glowing embers roasted part:
“These on the board he serves. My vengeful flames
“Consume his roof; — for his deserts, o’erwhelm
“His household gods. Lycaön trembling fled
“And gain’d the silent country; loud he howl’d,
“And strove in vain to speak; his ravenous mouth
“Still thirsts for slaughter; on the harmless flocks
“His fury rages, as it wont on man:
“Blood glads him still; his vest is shaggy hair;
“His arms sink down to legs; a wolf he stands.
“Yet former traits his visage still retains;
“Grey still his hair; and cruel still his look;
“His eyes still glisten; savage all his form.
“Thus one house perish’d, but not one alone

“The fate deserves. Wherever earth extends,
“The fierce Erinnyes reigns; men seem conspir’d
“In impious bond to sin; and all shall feel
“The scourge they merit: fixt is my decree.”

Part loud applaud his words, and feed his rage;
The rest assent in silence; yet to all,
Man’s loss seems grievous; anxious all enquire
What form shall earth of him depriv’d assume?
Who then shall incense to their altars bring?
And if those rich and fertile lands he means
A spoil for beasts ferocious? Their despair
He bade them banish, and in him confide
For what the future needed; held them forth
The promise of a race unlike the first;
Originating from a wonderous stock.

And now his lightnings were already shot,
And earth in flames, but that a fire so vast,
He fear’d might reach Olympus, and consume
The heavenly axis. Also call’d to mind
What fate had doom’d, that all in future times
By fire should perish, earth, and sea, and heaven;
And all th’ unwieldy fabric of the world
Should waste to nought. The Cyclops’ labor’d bolts
Aside he laid. A different vengeance now,
To drench with rains from every part of heaven,
And whelm mankind beneath the rising waves,
Pleas’d more th’ immortal. Straightway close he pent
The dry north-east, and every blast to showers
Adverse, in caves Æolian, and unbarr’d
The cell of Notus. Notus rushes forth
On pinions dropping rain; his horrid face
A pitchy cloud conceals; pregnant with showers
His beard; and waters from his grey hairs flow:
Mists on his forehead sit; in dews dissolv’d
His arms and bosom, seem to melt away.

With broad hands seizing on the pendent clouds
He press'd them — with a mighty crash they burst,
And thick and constant floods from heaven pour down.
Iris meantime, in various robe array'd,
Collects the waters and supplies the clouds.
Prostrate the harvest lies, the tiller's hopes
Turn to despair. The labors of an year,
A long, long year, without their fruit are spent.
Nor Jove's own heaven his anger could suffice,
His brother brings him his auxiliar waves.
He calls the rivers, — at their monarch's call
His roof they enter, and in brief he speaks:
“Few words we need, pour each his utmost strength,
“The cause demands it; ope' your fountains wide,
“Sweep every mound before you, and let gush
“Your furious waters with unshorten'd reins.”
He bids — the watery gods retire, — break up
Their narrow springs, and furious tow'rd the main
Their waters roll: himself his trident rears
And smites the earth; earth trembles at the stroke,
Yawns wide her bosom, and upon the land
A flood disgorges. Wide outspread the streams
Rush o'er the open fields; — uproot the trees;
Sweep harvests, flocks, and men; — nor houses stood;
Nor household gods, asylums hereto safe.
Where strong-built edifice its walls oppos'd
Unlevell'd in the ruin, high above
Its roof the billows mounted, and its towers
Totter'd, beneath the watery gulf oppress'd.
Nor land nor sea their ancient bounds maintain'd,
For all around was sea, sea without shore.
This seeks a mountain's top, that gains a skiff,
And plies his oars where late he plough'd the plains.
O'er fields of corn one sails, or 'bove the roofs
Of towns immerg'd; — another in the elm
Seizes th' intangled fish. Perchance in meads
The anchor oft is thrown, and oft the keel

Tears the subjacent vine-tree. Where were wont
The nimble goats to crop the tender grass
Unwieldy sea-calves roll. The Nereid nymphs,
With wonder, groves, and palaces, and towns,
Beneath the waves behold. By dolphins now
The woods are tenanted, who furious smite
The boughs, and shake the strong oak by their blows.
Swims with the flock the wolf; and swept along,
Tigers and tawny lions strive in vain.
Now not his thundering strength avails the boar;
Nor, borne away, the fleet stag's slender limbs:
And land, long sought in vain, to rest her feet,
The wandering bird draws in her weary wings,
And drops into the waves, whose uncheck'd roll
The hills have drown'd; and with un'custom'd surge
Foam on the mountain tops. Of man the most
They swallow'd; whom their fierce irruption spar'd,
By hunger perish'd in their bleak retreat.

Between th' Aöonian and Actæian lands
Lies Phocis; fruitful were the Phocian fields
While fields they were, but now o'erwhelm'd, they form
A region only of the wide-spread main.
Here stands Parnassus with his forked top,
Above the clouds high-towering to the stars.
To this Deucalion with his consort driven
O'er ridgy billows in his bark clung close;
For all was sea beside. There bend they down;
The nymphs, and mountain gods adore, and she
Predicting Themis, then oraculous deem'd.
No man more upright than himself had liv'd;
Than Pyrrha none more pious heaven had seen.

Now Jove beheld a mighty lake expand
Where late was earth, and from the swarming crowds
But one man sav'd — of woman only one:

Both guiltless, — pious both. He chas'd the clouds
And bade the dry north-east to drive the showers
Far distant, and display the earth to heaven,
And unto earth the skies. The ocean's rage
Remains no more. Mild Neptune lays aside
His three-fork'd weapon, and his surges smoothes;
Then calls blue Triton from the dark profound.
Above the waves the god his shoulders rears,
With inbred purple ting'd: He bids him sound
His shelly trump, and back the billows call;
And rivers to their banks again remand.
The trump he seizes, — broad above it wreath'd
From narrow base; — the trump whose piercing blast
From east to west resounds through every shore.
This to his mouth the watery-bearded god
Applies, and breathes within the stern command.
All hear the sound, or waves of earth or sea,
And all who hear obey. Sea finds a shore;
Floods flow within their channels; rivers sink;
Hills lift their heads; and as the waves decrease,
In numerous islets solid earth appears.
A tedious time elaps'd, and now the woods
Display'd their leafless summits, and their boughs
Heavy with mud. At length the world restor'd
Deucalion saw, but empty all and void;
Deep silence reigning through th' expansive waste:
Tears gush'd while thus his Pyrrha he address'd:
“O sister! wife! O woman sole preserv'd! —
“By nature, kindred, and the marriage-bed,
“To me most closely join'd. Now nearer still
“By mutual perils. We, of all the earth
“Beheld by Sol in his diurnal course,
“We two alone remain. The mighty deep
“Entombs the rest. Nor sure our safety yet;
“Still hang the clouds dark louring. Wretched wife,
“What if preserv'd alone? What hadst thou done
“Of me bereft? How singly borne the shock?

“Where found condolment in thy load of grief?
“For me, — and trust, my dearest wife, my words, —
“Hadst thou amidst the billows been ingulph’d,
“Me also had they swallow’d. Oh! for power
“To form mankind, as once my father did,
“And in the shapen earth true souls infuse!
“In us rests human race, so will the gods,
“A sample only of mankind we live.”

He spoke and Pyrrha’s tears join’d his. To heaven
They raise their hands in prayer, and straight resolve
To ask through oracles divine its aid.
Nor long delay. Quick to Cephissus’ streams
They hasten; muddy still Cephissus flows,
Yet not beyond its wonted boundaries swol’n.
Libations thence they lift, and o’er their heads
And garments cast the sprinklings; — then their steps
To Themis’ temple bend. The roof they found
With filthy moss o’ergrown; — the altars cold.
Prone on the steps they fell, and trembling kiss’d
The gelid stones, and thus preferr’d their words:
“If righteous prayers can move the heavenly mind,
“And soften harsh resolves, and soothe the rage
“Of great immortals, say, O Themis, say,
“How to the world mankind shall be restor’d;
“And grant, most merciful, in our distress
“Thy potent aid.” The goddess heard their words,
And instant gave reply. “The temple leave,
“Ungird your garments, veil your heads, and throw
“Behind your backs your mighty mother’s bones.”
Astonish’d long they stood! and Pyrrha first
The silence broke; the oracle’s behest
Refusing to obey; and earnest pray’d,
With trembling tongue for pardon for her sin:
Her mother’s shade to violate she dreads,
Her bones thus rudely flinging. But meantime
Deep in their minds, in dark mysterious veil
Obscurely hid, the sentence they revolve.

At length Deucalion soothes his wife with words
Of cheering import: "Right, if I divine,
"No impious deed the deity desires:
"Earth is our mighty mother, and her bones
"The stony rocks within her; — these behind
"Our backs to cast, the oracle commands."
With joy th' auspicious augury she hears,
But joy with doubt commingled, both so much
The heavenly words distrust; yet still they hope
The essay cannot harm. The temple left,
Their heads they cover, and their vests unbind;
And o'er their heads as order'd heave the stones.
The stones — (incredible! unless the fact
Tradition sanction'd doubtless) straight began
To lose their rugged firmness, — and anon,
To soften, — and when soft a form assume.
Next as they grew in size, they felt infus'd
A nature mild, — their form resembled man!
But incorrectly: marble so appears,
Rough hewn to form a statue, ere the hand
Completes the shape. What liquid was, and moist,
With earthy atoms mixt, soft flesh became;
Parts solid and unbending chang'd to bone;
In name unalter'd, veins the same remain'd.
Thus by the gods' beneficent decree,
And brief the change, the stones Deucalion threw,
A manly shape assum'd; but females sprung
From those by Pyrrha cast behind; and hence
A patient, hard, laborious race we prove,
And shew the source, by actions, whence we sprung.

Beings all else the teeming earth produc'd
Spontaneous. Heated by the solar rays,
The stagnant water quicken'd; — marshy fens
Swell'd up their oozy loads to meet the beams:
And nourish'd by earth's vivifying soil,

The fruitful elements of life increas'd,
As in a mother's womb; and in a while
Assum'd a certain shape. So when the floods
Of seven-mouth'd Nile desert the moisten'd fields,
And to their ancient channels bring their streams,
The soft mud fries beneath the scorching sun;
And midst the fresh-turn'd earth unnumber'd forms
The tiller finds: some scarcely half conceiv'd;
Imperfect some, their bodies wanting limbs:
And oft he beings sees with parts alive,
The rest a clod of earth: for where with heat
Due moisture kindly mixes, life will spring:
From these in concord all things are produc'd.
Though fire with water strives; yet vapour warm,
Discordant mixture, gives a birth to all.

Thus when the earth, with filthy ooze bespread
From the late deluge, felt the blazing sun;
His burning heat productive caus'd spring forth
A countless race of beings. Part appear'd
In forms before well-known; the rest a group
Of monsters strange. Then, but unwilling, she
Produc'd terrific Python, serpent huge!
A mighty mountain with his bulk he hid;
A plague unknown, the new-born race to scare.
The quiver-shoulder'd god, unus'd before
His arms to launch, save on the flying deer,
Or roebuck fleet, the horrid monster slew:
A thousand arrows in his sides he fix'd,
His quiver's store exhausting; through the wounds
Gush'd the black poison. To contending games,
Hence instituted for the serpent slain,
The glorious action to preserve through times
Succeeding, he the name of Pythian gave.
And here the youth who bore the palm away
By wrestling, racing, or in chariot swift,
With beechen bough was crown'd. Nor yet was known

The laurel's leaf: Apollo's brows, with hair
Deck'd graceful, no peculiar branches bound.

Penæian Daphne first his bosom charm'd;
No casual flame but plann'd by Love's revenge.
Him, Phœbus flush'd with conquest late obtain'd,
His bow saw bend, and thus exclaim'd in taunt:
"Lascivious boy! How ill with thee assort
"Those warlike arms? — how much my shoulders more
"Beseem the load, whose arm can deadly wounds
"In furious beasts, and every foe infix!
"I who but now huge Python have o'erthrown;
"Swol'n with a thousand darts; his mighty bulk
"Whole acres covering with pestiferous weight?
"Content in vulgar hearts thy torch to flame,
"To me the bow's superior glory leave."
Then Venus' son: "O Phœbus, nought thy dart
"Evades, nor thou canst 'scape the force of mine:
"To thee as others yield, — so much my fame
"Must ever thine transcend." Thus spoke the boy,
And lightly mounting, cleaves the yielding air
With beating wings, and on Parnassus' top
Umbrageous rests. There from his quiver drew
Two darts of different power: — this chases love;
And that desire enkindles; form'd of gold
It glistens, ending in a point acute:
Blunt is the first, tipt with a leaden load;
Which Love in Daphne's tender breast infix'd.
The sharper through Apollo's heart he drove,
And through his nerves and bones; — instant he loves:
She flies of love the name. In shady woods,
And spoils of captive beasts alone she joys;
To copy Dian' emulous; her hair
In careless tresses form'd, a fillet bound.
By numbers sought, — averse alike to all;
Impatient of their suit, through forests wild,
And groves, in maiden ignorance she roams;

Nor cares for Cupid, nor hymeneal rites,
Nor soft connubial joys. Oft cry'd her sire;
"My Daphne, you should bring to me a son;
"From you, my child, I hope for grandsons too."
But she detesting wedlock as a crime,
(Suffus'd her features with a bashful glow)
Around his aged neck, her beauteous arms,
Winds blandishing, and cries, "O sire, most dear!
"One favor grant, — perpetual to enjoy
"My virgin purity; — the mighty Jove
"The same indulgence has to Dian' given."
Thy sire complies; — but that too beauteous face,
And lovely form, thy anxious wish oppose:
Apollo loves thee; — to thy bed aspires; —
And looks with anxious hopes, his wish to gain:
Futurity, by him for once unseen.
As the light stubble when the ears are shorn,
The flames consume: as hedges blaze on high
From torches by the traveller closely held,
Or heedless flung, when morning gilds the world:
So flaming burnt the god; — so blaz'd his breast,
And with fond hopes his vain desires he fed.
Her tresses careless flowing o'er her neck
He view'd, and, "Oh! how beauteous, deck'd with care,"
Exclaim'd: her eyes which shone like brilliant fire,
Or sparkling stars, he sees; and sees her lips;
Unsated with the sight, he burns to touch:
Admires her fingers, and her hands, her arms,
Half to the shoulder naked: — what he sees
Though beauteous, what is hid he deems more fair.
Fleet as the wind, her fearful flight she wings,
Nor stays his fond recalling words to hear:
"Daughter of Peneus, stay! no foe pursues, —
"Stay, beauteous nymph! — so flies the lamb the wolf;
"The stag the lion; — so on trembling wings
"The dove avoids the eagle: — these are foes,
"But love alone me urges to pursue.

“Ah me! then, shouldst thou fall, — or prickly thorns
“Wound thy fair legs, — and I the cause of pain! —
“Rough is the road thou runnest; slack, I pray,
“Thy speed; — I swear to follow not so fast.
“But hear who loves thee; — no rough mountain swain;
“No shepherd; — none in raiments rugged clad,
“Tending the lowing herds: rash thoughtless nymph,
“Thou fly’st thou know’st not whom, and therefore fly’st!
“O’er Delphos’ lands, and Tenedos I sway,
“And Claros, and the Pataræan realms. —
“My sire is Jove. To me are all things known,
“Or present, past, or future. Taught by me
“Melodious sounds poetic numbers grace. —
“Sure is my dart, but one more sure I feel
“Lodg’d in this bosom; strange to love before. —
“Medicine me hails inventor; through the world
“My help is call’d for; unto me is known
“The powers of plants and herbs: — ah! hapless I,
“Nor plants, nor herbs, afford a cure for love;
“Nor arts which all relieve, relieve their lord.”
All this, and more: — but Daphne fearful fled,
And left his speech unfinish’d. Lovely then
She running seem’d; — her limbs the breezes bar’d;
Her flying raiment floated on the gale;
Her careless tresses to the light air stream’d;
Her flight increas’d her beauty. Now no more
The god to waste his courteous words endures,
But urg’d by love himself, with swifter pace
Her footsteps treads: the rapid greyhound so,
When in the open field the hare he spies,
Trusts to his legs for prey, — as she for flight;
And now he snaps, and now he thinks to hold,
And brushes with his outstretch’d nose her heels; —
She trembling, half in doubt, or caught or no,
Springs from his jaws, and mocks his touching mouth.
Thus fled the virgin and the god; — he fleet
Through hope, and she through fear, — but wing’d by love

More rapid flew Apollo; — spurning rest,
Approach'd her close behind, and panting breath'd
Upon her floating tresses. Pale with dread,
Her strength exhausted in the lengthen'd flight,
Old Peneus' streams she saw, and loud exclaim'd: —
“O sire, assist me, if within thy streams
“Divinity abides. Let earth this form,
“Too comely for my peace, quick swallow up;
“Or change those beauties to an harmless shape.”
Her prayer scarce ended, when her lovely limbs
A numbness felt; a tender rind enwraps
Her beauteous bosom; from her head shoots up
Her hair in leaves; in branches spread her arms;
Her feet but now so swift, cleave to the earth
With roots immoveable; her face at last
The summit forms; her bloom the same remains.
Still loves the god the tree, and on the trunk
His right hand placing, feels her breast yet throb,
Beneath the new-grown bark: around the boughs,
As yet her limbs, his clasping arms he throws;
And burning kisses on the wood imprints.
The wood his lips repels. Then thus the god: —
“O laurel, though to be my bride deny'd,
“Yet shalt thou be my tree; my temples bind;
“My lyre and quiver shalt thou still adorn:
“The brows of Latian conquerors shalt thou grace,
“When the glad people sing triumphant hymns,
“And the long pomp the capitol ascends.
“A faithful guard before Augustus' gates,
“On each side hung; — the sturdy oak between.
“And as perpetual youth adorns my head
“With locks unshorn, thou also still shalt bear
“Thy leafy honors in perpetual green.”
Apollo ended, and the laurel bow'd
Her verdant summit as her grateful head.

Within Æmonia lies a grove, inclos'd
By steep and lofty hills on every side:
'Tis Tempé call'd. From lowest Pindus pour'd
Here Peneus rolls his foaming waves along:
Thick clouds of smoke, and dark and vapoury mists
The violent falls produce, sprinkling the tops
Of proudest forests with the plenteous dew;
And distant parts astounding with the roar.
Here holds the watery deity his throne; —
Here his retreat most sacred; — seated here,
Within the rock-form'd cavern, to the streams
And stream-residing nymphs, his laws he gives.
Here flock the neighbouring river-gods, in doubt
Or to condole, or gratulate the sire.
Here Spercheus came, whose banks with poplars wave;
Rapid Enipeus; Apidanus slow;
Amphrysos gently flowing; Æäs mild;
And other streams which wind their various course,
Till in the sea their weary wanderings end,
By natural bent directed. Absent sole
Was Inachus; — deep in his gloomy cave
Dark hidden, with his tears he swells his floods.
He, wretched sire, his Iö's loss bewails;
Witless if living air she still enjoys,
Or with the shades she dwells; and no where found
He dreads the worst, and thinks her not to be.
The beauteous damsel from her father's banks
Jove saw returning, and, "O, maid!" exclaim'd,
"Worthy of Jove, whose charms will shortly bless
"Some youth desertless; come, and seek the shade,
"Yon lofty groves afford," — and shew'd the groves, —
"While now Sol scorches from heaven's midmost height.
"Fear not the forests to explore alone,
"But in their deepest shades adventurous go;
"A god shall guard thee: — no plebeian god,
"But he whose mighty hand the sceptre grasps
"Of rule celestial, and the lightening flings.

“O fly me not” — for Iō fled, amaz’d.
Now Lerna’s pastures, and Lyrœa’s lands
With trees thick-planted, far behind were left;
When with a sudden mist the god conceal’d
The wide-spread earth, and stopp’d her eager flight;
And in his arms the struggling maid compress’d.
Meantime did Juno cast her eyes below,
The floating clouds surpris’d to see produce
A night-like shade amidst so bright a day.
No common clouds, from streams exhal’d, she knew;
Nor misty vapours from the humid earth.
Suspensions rise; her sharpness oft had caught
Her amorous husband in his thefts of love.
She search’d around the sky, its lord explor’d, —
But not in heaven he sate; — then loud exclaim’d:
“Much must I err, or much my bed is wrong’d.”
Down sliding from the topmost heaven, on earth
She lights, and bids the cloudy mists recede.
Prepar’d already, Jove the nymph had chang’d,
And in a lovely heifer’s form she stood.
A shape so beauteous fair, — though sore chagrind,
Unwilling Juno prais’d; and whence she came,
And who her owner asks; and of what herd?
Her prying art, as witless of the truth,
To baffle, from the earth he feigns her sprung;
And straight Saturnia begs the beauteous gift.
Embarrass’d now he stands, — the nymph to leave
Abandon’d, were too cruel; — to deny
His wife, suspicious: shame compliance urg’d;
Love strong dissuaded: love had vanquish’d shame,
Save that a paltry cow to her refus’d,
Associate of his race and bed, he fear’d
More than a cow the goddess would suspect.
Her rival now she holds; but anxious, still
She Jove distrusts, and fears her prize to lose;
Nor safe she deem’d her, till to Argus’ care
Committed. Round the jailor’s watchful head

An hundred eyes were set. Two clos'd in turn;
The rest with watchful care, kept cautious guard.
Howe'er he stands, on Iö still he looks;
His face averse, yet still his eyes behold.
By day she pastures, but beneath the earth
When Phœbus sinks, he drags her to the stall,
And binds with cords her undeserving neck.
Arbutus' leaves, and bitter herbs her food:
Her wretched bed is oft the cold damp earth;
A strawy couch deny'd: — the muddy stream
Her constant drink: when suppliant she would raise
Her arms to Argus, arms to raise were none.
To moan she tries; loud bellowings echo wide, —
She starts and trembles at her voice's roar.
Now to the banks she comes where oft she'd play'd, —
The banks of Inachus, and in his streams
Her new-form'd horns beheld; — in wild affright
From them she strove, and from herself to fly.
Her sister Naiads know her not, nor he
Griev'd Inachus, his long-lost daughter knows.
But she her sisters and her sire pursues;
Invites their touch, as wondering they caress.
Old Inachus the gather'd herbs presents;
She licks his hands, and presses with her lips
His dear paternal fingers. Tears flow quick,
And could words follow she would ask his aid;
And speak her name, and lamentable state.
Marks for her words she form'd, which in the dust
Trac'd by her hoof, disclos'd her mournful change.
“Ah wretch!” her sire exclaim'd, “unhappy wretch!”
And o'er the weeping heifer's snowy neck,
His arms he threw, and round her horns he hung
With sobs redoubled:—”Art thou then, my child,
“Through earth's extent so sought? Ah! less my grief,
“To find thee not, than thus transform'd to find!
“But dumb thou art, nor with responsive words,
“Me cheerest. From thy deep chest sighs alone

“Thou utterest, and loud lowings to my words:
“Thou canst no more. Unwitting I prepar’d
“Thy marriage torches, anxious to behold
“A son, and next a son of thine to see.
“Now from the herd a husband must thou seek,
“Now with the herd thy sons must wander forth.
“Nor death my woes can finish: curst the gift
“Of immortality. Eternal grief
“Must still corrode me; Lethé’s gate is clos’d.”
Thus griev’d the god, when starry Argus tore
His charge away, and to a distant mead
Drove her to pasture; — he a lofty hill’s
Commanding prospect chose, and seated there
View’d all around alike on every side.

But now heaven’s ruler could no more contain,
To see the sorrows Iō felt: — he calls
His son, of brightest Pleiäd mother born,
And bids him quickly compass Argus’ death.
Instant around his heels his wings he binds;
His rod somniferous grasps; nor leaves his cap.
Accoutred thus, from native heights he springs,
And lights on earth; removes his cap; his wings
Unlooses; and his wand alone retains:

Through devious paths with this, a shepherd now,
A flock he drives of goats, and tunes his pipe
Of reeds constructed. Argus hears the sound,
Junonian guard, and captivated cries, —
“Come, stranger, sit with me upon this mount:
“Nor for thy flock more fertile pasture grows,
“Than round this spot; — and here the shade thou seest
“To shepherds’ ease inviting.” — Hermes sate,
And with his converse stay’d declining day.
Long he discours’d, and anxious strove to lull
With music sweet, the all-observant eyes;
But long he strove in vain: soft slumber’s bonds
Argus opposes; — of his numerous lights,

Part sleep, but others jealous watch his charge.
And now he questions whence the pipe was form'd,
The pipe but new-discover'd to the world.

Then thus the god:—"A lovely Naiäd nymph,
"With bleak Arcadia's Hamadryads nurs'd,
"And on Nonacriné for beauty fam'd
"Was Syrinx. Oft the satyrs wild she fled;
"Nor these alone, but every god that roves
"In shady forests, or in fertile fields.
"Dian' she follows, and her virgin life.
"Like Dian' cinctur'd, she might Dian' seem,
"Save that a golden bow the goddess bears;
"The nymph a bow of horn: yet still to most
"Mistake was easy. From Lycæum's height,
"His head encompass'd with the pointed pine,
"Returning, her the lustful Pan espy'd,
"And cry'd: — Fair virgin grant a god's request, —
"A god who burns to wed thee. Here he stays.
"Through pathless forests flies the nymph, and scorns
"His warm intreaties, till the gravelly stream
"Of Ladon, smoothly winding, she beheld.
"The waves impede her flight. She earnest prays
"Her sister-nymphs her human form to change.
"Now thinks the sylvan god his clasping arms
"Inclose her, whilst he grasps but marshy reeds. —
"He mournful sighs; the light reeds catch his breath,
"And soft reverberate the plaintive sound.
"The dulcet movement charms th' enraptur'd god,
"Who, — thus forever shall we join, — exclaims!
"With wax combin'd th' unequal reeds he forms
"A pipe, which still the virgin's name retains."
While thus the god, he every eye beheld
Weigh'd heavy, sink in sleep, and stopp'd his tale.
His magic rod o'er every lid he draws,
His sleep confirming, and with crooked blade
Severs his nodding head, and down the mount

The bloody ruin hurls, — the craggy rock
With gore besmearing. Low, thou Argus liest!
Extinct thy hundred lights; one night obscure
Eclipsing all. But Juno seiz'd the rays,
And on the plumage of her favor'd bird,
In gaudy pride, the starry gems she plac'd.

With furious ire she flam'd, and instant sent
The dread Erinnys to the Argive maid.
Before her eyes, within her breast she dwelt
A secret torment, and in terror drove
Her exil'd through the world. 'Twas thou, O Nile!
Her tedious wandering ended. On thy banks
Weary'd she kneel'd, and on her back, supine
Her neck she lean'd: — her sad face to the skies,
What could she more? — she lifted. Unto Jove
By groans, and tears, and mournful lows she plain'd,
And begg'd her woes might end. The mighty god
Around his consort's neck embracing hung.
And pray'd her wrath might finish. "Fear no more
"A rival love, in her," he said, "to see;"
And bade the Stygian streams his words record.
Appeas'd the goddess, Iö straight resumes
Her wonted shape, as lovely as before.
The rough hair flies; the crooked horns are shed;
Her visual orbits narrow; and her mouth
In size contracts; her arms and hands return;
Parted in five small nails her hoofs are lost:
Nought of the lovely heifer now remains,
Save the bright splendor. On her feet erect
With two now only furnish'd, stands the maid.
To speak she fears, lest bellowing sounds should break,
And timid tries her long-forgotten words.
Of mighty fame a goddess now, she hears
Of nations linen-clad the pious prayers.

Then bore she Epaphus, whose birth deriv'd

From mighty Jove, his temples through the land,
An equal worship with his mother's claim.
Him Phaëton, bright Phœbus' youthful son,
In years and spirit equall'd, — whose proud boasts,
To all his sire preferring, Iö's son
Thus check'd: "O simple! thee thy mother's arts
"To ought persuade. A feigned sire thou boast'st."
Deep blush'd the youth, but shame his rage repress'd,
And each reproach to Clymené he bore.
"This too," he says, "O mother, irks me more,
"That I so bold, so fierce, urg'd no defence:
"Which shame is greater? that they dare accuse,
"Or that accus'd, we cannot prove them false?
"Do thou my mother, — if from heaven indeed
"Descent I claim, — prove from what stock I spring.
"My race divine assert." He said, — and flung
Around her neck his arms; and by his life,
The life of Merops, and his sisters' hopes
Of nuptial bliss, adjures her to obtain
Proofs of his birth celestial. Prayers like these
The mother doubtless mov'd; — and rage no less
To hear the defamation. Up to heaven
Her arms she raises, gazing on the sun,
And cries,—"My child! by yon bright rays I swear
"In brilliance glittering, which now hear and view,
"Our every word and action — thou art sprung
"From him, the sun thou see'st; — the sun who rules
"With tempering sway the seasons: — If untrue
"My words, let me his light no more behold!
"Nor long the toil to seek thy father's dome,
"His palace whence he rises borders close
"On our land's confines. — If thou dar'st the task,
"Go forth, and from himself thy birth enquire."
Elate to hear her words, the youth departs
Instant, and all the sky in mind he grasps.
Through Æthiopia's regions swiftly went,
With India plac'd beneath the burning zone:

And quickly reach'd his own paternal east.

BOOK II

Palace of the Sun. Phaëton's reception by his father. His request to drive the chariot. The Sun's useless arguments to dissuade him from the attempt. Description of the car. Cautions how to perform the journey. Terror of Phaëton, and his inability to rule the horses. Conflagration of the world. Petition of Earth to Jupiter, and death of Phaëton by thunder. Grief of Clymené, and of his sisters. Change of the latter to poplars, and their tears to amber. Transformation of Cynus to a swan. Mourning of Phæbus. Jupiter's descent to earth; and amour with Calistho. Birth of Arcas, and transformation of Calistho to a bear; and afterwards with Arcas to a constellation. Story of Coronis. Tale of the daw to the raven. Change of the raven's color. Esculapius. Ocyrrhoë's prophecies, and transformation to a mare. Apollo's herds stolen by Mercury. Battus' double-dealing, and change to a touchstone. Mercury's love for Hersé. Envy. Aglauros changed to a statue. Rape of Europa.

By towering columns bright with burnish'd gold,
And fiery gems, which blaz'd their light around,
Upborne, the palace stood. The lofty roof
With ivory smooth incas'd. The folding doors,
Of silver shone, but much by sculpture grac'd,
For Vulcan there with curious hand had carv'd
The ocean girding in the land; the land;
And heaven o'ershadowing: here cerulean gods
Sport in the waves, grim Triton with his shell;
Proteus shape-changing; and Ægeon huge, —
His mighty arms upon the large broad backs
Of whales hard pressing: Doris and her nymphs:
Some sportive swimming; on a rocky seat
Some their green tresses drying; others borne
By fish swift-gliding: nor the same all seem'd,
Yet sister-like a close resembling look
Each face pervaded. Earth her natives bore,
Mankind; — and woods, and cities, there were seen;
Wild beasts, and streams, and nymphs, and rural gods.
'Bove all the bright display of heaven was hung —
Six signs celestial o'er each portal grav'd.

The daring youth, the steep ascent attain'd,

O'erstepp'd the threshold of his dubious sire,
And hasty rush'd to meet paternal eyes;
But sudden stay'd: so fierce a blaze of light
No nearer he sustain'd. In purple clad,
The god a regal emerald throne upheld;
Encircled round by hours which space the day;
By days themselves; and ages, months, and years.
Crown'd with a flowery garland Spring appear'd:
Chaplets of grain the swarthy brows adorn'd
Of naked Summer: smear'd with trodden grapes
Stood Autumn: icy Winter fill'd the groupe; —
Snow-white his shaggy locks. Sol from the midst
His eyes all-seeing glanc'd upon the youth,
Startled and trembling at the wonderous sight;
And cried:—"What brings my Phaëton, my son,
"Whose sire shall ne'er disclaim him? tell me now,
"What here thou seekest?" Thus the youth replies: —
"O father, Phœbus, universal light!
"If justly, I thy honor'd name may use,
"Nor proudly boasting Clymené conceals
"A crime by falshood; grant paternal signs,
"The world convincing that from thee I spring;
"Reproachful doubts erasing from my mind."
He said; — the sire the glittering rays removes
That blaz'd around his head, — invites him nigh,
And thus embracing:—"Proud I own thee, son,
"For all is true by Clymené disclos'd.
"If still thou doubtest, name the gift thou lik'st, —
"That shalt thou have; for that will I bestow.
"Ye streams unseen, which hear celestial oaths
"My vows attest!" But scarce had Phœbus spoke,
When Phaëton, the fiery car demands, —
Demands his sway the winged-footed steeds
One day should suffer. Soon the solemn oath
Phœbus lamented: three times mournful shook
His glorious tresses and in sorrow cry'd —
"Would I could yet deny thee! — O my son!

“All else with gladness will I hear thee ask; —
“List to persuasion, — perseverance sure
“Will risk thy ruin. Phaëton, my child!
“The task thou seek’st is arduous; far unfit
“For those weak arms, and age so immature.
“Mortal, — thou would’st a seat immortal press.
“Ignorant of grasping more than all the gods
“Attempt to manage. Every power we grant
“Diverse excels; but I of all the gods,
“Have force in that igniferous car to stand.
“Ev’n Jove, the ruler of Olympus vast,
“Whose right hand terrible fierce lightnings hurls,
“This chariot never rul’d: and who than Jove,
“More mighty deem we? Steep the first ascent,
“The fresh steeds clamber up the height with pain:
“High in mid heaven arriv’d, to view beneath
“Ocean and earth, oft strikes even me with fear,
“And with dread palpitation shakes my breast.
“Prerupt the end, and asks a firm restraint;
“Tethys herself who nightly me receives,
“Beneath the waves, fears oft my headlong fall.
“Nor all; — the skies a constant whirling bears
“In rapid motion, and the heavenly orbs
“Sweep with them swift; I strive the adverse my;
“Nor can th’ impetuous force which whirls the rest
“Bear with them me; I stem the rapid world
“With force superior. Grant, the car I yield, —
“Could’st thou the swift rotation of the poles
“Stem nervous, nor be borne with them along?
“Perchance imagination fills thy mind,
“With groves, and dwellings of celestial gods,
“And temples richly deck’d with offer’d gold,
“Where thou shall pass. Far else; — thy journey lies,
“Through ambushes, and savage monsters’ forms.
“Ev’n shouldst thou lucky not erratic stray,
“Yet must thou pass the Bull’s opposing horns;
“The bow Hæmonian, by the Centaur bent;

“The Lion’s countenance grim; the Scorpion’s claws
“Bent cruel in a circuit large; the Crab
“In lesser compass curving. Hard the task
“To rule the steeds with those fierce fires inflam’d,
“Within their breasts, which through their nostrils glow.
“Scarce bear they my control, when mad with heat
“Their high necks spurn the rein. But, oh! my son,
“Beware lest I a fatal gift bestow.
“Retract, while yet thou may’st, thy rash demand.
“Sure tokens thou requir’st to prove thee sprung
“From me, — the genuine offspring of my blood:
“My anxious trembling is a token true;
“Paternal terrors plainly prove the sire.
“Lo! on my features fix thine eyes; as well,
“I would thou could’st them place within my breast,
“And view the anguish of a father’s cares.
“Last throw thy looks around; the riches view,
“Whatever earth contains, and some demand;
“Some of so many and such mighty gifts:
“In heaven, or earth, or sea, ‘tis undeny’d.
“This only would I grant not, as its grant
“Is punishment, not favor. Phaëton
“Asks evil for a gift. Why, foolish boy,
“Hang on my neck thus coaxing with thine arms?
“Whate’er thou would’st, thou shalt. The Stygian streams
“Have heard me swear. But make a wiser wish.”
His admonition ceas’d, but all advice
Was bootless: still his resolution holds;
To guide the chariot still his bosom burns.
The sire, his every effort vain, at length
Forth to the lofty car, Vulcanian gift,
Brings the rash youth. Of gold the axle shone;
The pole of gold; by gold the rolling wheels
Were circled; every spoke with silver bright;
Upon the seat bright chrysolites display’d,
With various jewels shed a dazzling light,
From Sol reflected. All the high-soul’d youth

Admir'd, and while he curious view'd each part,
Behold Aurora from the purple east
Wide throws the ruddy portals, and displays
The halls with roses strewn: the starry host
Fly, driven by Lucifer, — himself the last
To quit his heavenly station. Sol beheld
The earth and sky grow red, and Luna's horns
Blunt, and prepar'd to vanish. Straight he bade
The flying hours to yoke the steeds: his words
The nimble goddesses obey, and lead
The steeds fire-breathing from their lofty stalls,
Ambrosia fed, and fix the sounding reins.
Then with a sacred ointment Phœbus smear'd
The face of Phaëton, — unscorch'd to bear
The fervid blaze; and on his head a crown
Of rays he fix'd. His smother'd sighs within
His anxious breast, sad presages of woe
Suppressing, thus he spoke:—"If now my words
"Though late, thou heedest, spare, O boy! the lash,
"But tightly grasp the reins: unbid they run,
"They fly; to check their flight thy labor asks.
"Not through the five bright zones thy journey lies:
"Obliquely winds the path, with spacious curve,
"Three girdles only touching; leaving far
"The pole Antarctic, and the northern Bear:
"Be this thy track; there plain thou may'st discern
"The marks my wheels have made. Since heaven and earth
"An equal portion of my influence claim;
"Press not the car too low, nor mount aloft
"Near topmost heaven: there would'st thou fire the roof
"Celestial; — here the earth thou would'st consume.
"For safety keep the midst. Let thy right wheel
"Approach the tortuous Snake not: nor thy left
"Press near the Altar: — hold the midmost course.
"Fortune the rest must rule; may she assist
"Thy undertaking; for thy safety act
"Better than thou. But more delay deny'd,

“Lo! whilst I speak the dewy night has touch’d
“The boundaries plac’d upon th’ Hesperian shore.
“I’m call’d, — for, darkness fled, Aurora shines.
“Seize then, the reins, or if thy mind relents,
“My counsel rather than my chariot take.
“Now whilst thou can’st; whilst on a solid base
“Thou standest, ere thou yet unskilful mount’st
“The chariot ev’lly wish’d: give me to dart
“Those rays on earth which thou may’st safely view:”
Agile the youth bounds from his sire, and stands
Proud in the chariot; joyously he holds
Th’ entrusted reigns, and from the seat glad thanks
Th’ unwilling parent gives. Meantime neigh’d loud
In curling flames, the winged steeds of Sol,
Pyroeis, Æthon, Phlegon, Eous swift;
And with impatient hoofs the barrier beat;
Which Tethys, ignorant of her grandson’s fate,
Drove back, and open laid the range of heaven.
Swiftly they hasten, — swiftly fly their heels,
Through the thin air, and through opposing clouds.
Pois’d by their wings the eastern gales they pass,
Which started with them: but their burthen light,
Small felt the pressure on the chariot seat:
Not what the steeds of Sol had felt before.
As ships unpois’d reel tottering through the waves,
Light and unsteady, rambling o’er the main;
So bounds the car, void of its ‘custom’d weight,
High-toss’d as though unfill’d. This quick perceiv’d,
Fierce rush the four-yok’d steeds, and quit the path
Beaten before, and tread a road unknown.
Trembling the youth nor knows to pull the reins
Which side, nor knowing would the steeds obey.
Then first the frozen Triönes from Sol
Felt warm, and try’d, but try’d in vain, to dip
Beneath the sea. The frozen polar snake,
Sluggish with cold, and indolently mild,
Warm’d, and dire fierceness gather’d from the flames.

Thou too, Boötes, fled'st away disturb'd,
Though slow thy flight, retarded by thy teams.
And now the luckless Phaëton his eyes
Cast on the earth remote, — far distant spread
Beneath the lofty sky; pale grew his face
With sudden terror; trembled his weak knees;
O'ercome with light his eyes in darkness sunk:
Glad were he now, his father's steeds untouch'd:
Griev'd that his race he knows; griev'd his request
Was undeny'd: glad were he now if call'd
The son of Merops. Ev'n as Boreas sweeps
Furious the vessel, when the pilot leaves
The helm to heaven, and puts his trust in prayers
So was he hurry'd. What remains to do?
Vast space of heaven behind him lies; — much more
He forward views. Each distance in his mind
Compar'd he measures. Now he forward bends
To view the west, forbidden him to reach;
Now to the east he backward turns his eyes.
With terror stunn'd his trembling hands refuse
To hold the reins with vigor; yet he holds.
The coursers' names, affrighted he forgets:
Trembling he views the various monsters spread
Through every part above; and figures huge
Of beasts ferocious. Heaven a spot contains,
Where Scorpio bends in two wide bows his arms,
His tail, and doubly-stretching claws; — the space
Encompassing of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth the monstrous beast beheld,
Black poison sweating, and with crooked sting
Threatening fierce wounds, he nerveless dropp'd the reins:
Pale dread o'ercame him. Quick the steeds perceiv'd
The loose thongs playing on their backs, and rush'd
Wide from the path, uncheck'd; — through regions strange,
Now here, now there, impetuous; — unrestrain'd,
Amidst the loftiest stars they dash, and drag
The car through pathless places: upward now

They labor; — headlong now they down descend,
Nearing the earth. With wonder Luna sees
Her brother's coursers run beneath her own;
And sees the burnt clouds smoking. Lofty points
Of earth, feel first the flames, and fissures wide,
Departing moisture prove. The forage green,
Whitens; trees crackle with their burning leaves;
And ripe corn adds its fuel to the blaze.
Why mourn we trifles? Mighty cities fall;
Their walls protect them not; their dwellers sink
To ashes with them. Woods on mountains flame; —
Athos, Cilician Taurus, Tmolus, burn;
Oeté, and Ide, her pleasant fountains dry;
With virgin Helicon, and Hæmus high,
Ægrius since. Now with redoubled flames
Fierce Etna blazes; — Eryx, Othrys too;
Cynthus, and fam'd Parnassus' double top,
And Rhodopé, at length of snow depriv'd:
Dindyma, Mimas, and the sacred hill
Cythæron nam'd, and lofty Mycalé:
Nor aid their snows the Scythians: Ossa burns,
Pindus, and Caucasus, and, loftier still,
The huge Olympus; with the towering Alps;
And cloud-capt Apennines. Now the youth,
Beholds earth flaming fierce from every part; —
The heat o'erpowers him; fiery air he breathes
As from a furnace; and the car he rides
Glow with the flame beneath him: sore annoy'd
On every side by cinders, and by smoke
Hot curling round him. Whither now he drives,
Or where he is, he knows not; in a cloud
Of pitchy night involv'd; swept as the steeds
Swift-flying will. The Æthiopians then,
'Tis said, their sable tincture first receiv'd;
Their purple blood the glowing heat call'd forth
To tinge their skins. Then dry'd the scorching fire
From arid Lybia all her fertile streams.

Now with dishevell'd locks the nymphs bewail'd
Their fountains and their lakes. Bœotia mourns
The loss of Dircé: Argos Amymoné:
Corinth laments Pirené. Nor yet safe
Were rivers bounded by far distant shores,
Tanais' midmost waves fume to the sky;
And ancient Peneus smokes: Ismenos swift;
Caïcus, Teuthrantean; and the flood
Of Phocis, Erymanthus: Xanthus too,
Doom'd to be fir'd again: Lycormas brown;
Mæander's sportive oft recircling waves;
Mygdonian Melas; and the Spartan flood,
Eurotas; with Euphrates burn: and burn,
Orontes; and the rapid Thermodoon;
Ganges; and Phasis; and the Ister swift.
Alpheus boils; the banks of Spercheus burn;
And Tagus' golden sands the flames dissolve.
Stream-loving swans, whose song melodious rung
Throughout Mæonian regions, feel the heat,
Caïster's streams amid. In terror Nile
Fled to the farthest earth, and sunk his head,
Yet undiscover'd! — void the seven-fold stream,
His mouth seven dry and dusty vales disclos'd.
Now Hebrus dries, and Strymon, Thracian floods:
And streams Hesperian, Rhine; and Rhone; and Po;
And Tiber, destin'd all the world to rule.
Asunder split the globe, and through the chinks
Darted the light to hell: the novel blaze,
Pluto and Proserpine with terror view'd.
The ocean shrinks; — a dry and scorching plain
Where late was sea appears. Hills lift their heads
Late by the deep waves hid, and countless seem
The scatter'd Cyclades. Deep crouch the fish; —
The crooked dolphins dare not leap aloft,
As, custom'd in the air; with breasts upturn'd
The gasping sea-calves float upon the waves:
Nereus, with Doris and her daughter-nymphs

Deep plung'd to seek their low, but tepid caves.
Thrice Neptune ventur'd to upraise his arms
Grim frowning, — thrice the flames too fierce he found,
And shrunk beneath the waters. Earth at length,
(By streams and founts encircled, — for her womb
Trembling they sought for refuge) rais'd on high
Her face omniferous, dry and parch'd with heat;
Her burning forehead shaded with her hand;
Shook all with tremor huge; then shrank for shade
Beneath, and gasping, thus to heaven she plain'd:

”Almighty lord! if such thy sovereign will,
”And I deserve it, why thy lightnings hold
”Thus idle? If by fire to perish doom'd, —
”Be it by thine, — an honorable fate!
”Scarce can my lips now utter forth my pains! —
Volumes of smoke oppress'd her—”See, my hair
”Sing'd with the flames! Behold my face, — my eyes,
”Scorch'd with hot embers! Is no better boon
”Due for the fruits I furnish? Such reward,
”Suits it my fertile crops? or cruel wounds
”Of harrow, rake, and plough, which through the year
”Enforc'd I suffer? For the herds I bring
”Green herbs and grass; bland aliments, ripe fruit
”For man; and incense for ye mighty gods:
”Faulty is this? But grant thy wrath deserv'd,
”How do the waves, thy brother's realm offend?
”Why does the main, to him by lot decreed,
”Shrink and retreat from heaven? Thy brother's weal,
”Say it concerns thee not, nor my distress;
”Care for thy own paternal heaven may move.
”Thine eyes cast round, — black smoke from either pole
”Mounts! — soon the greedy flames your halls will seize.
”Lo! Atlas labors; — scarcely he sustains
”The burning load. If earth and ocean flame,
”And heaven too perish, all to chaös turn'd,
”Confounded we shall sink. Snatch from the flames

“What yet, if ought, remains, and nature save.”
No more could Earth, for now thick vapors rose,
Her speech obstructing; down she shrunk her head,
And shelter’d ‘midst the cool Tartarian shades.

Now Jove, the gods, all witness to the fact
Conven’d; ev’n Sol, the donor of the car,
That but for him the world in ruins soon
Would lie. The loftiest height of heaven he gains,
Whence clouds he wont upon the wide-spread earth
To shower; — from whence his thunders loud he hurl’d;
And quivering lightnings flung: but now nor clouds,
Nor showers to rain on earth the sovereign had.
He thunders; — from his right-ear pois’d, the bolt
Hurls on the charioteer. Life, and the car,
Phaëton quits at once; — his fatal fires,
By fires more fierce extinguish’d. Startled prance
The steeds confounded; free their fiery necks
From the torn reins: here lie the traces broke;
There the strong axle, sever’d from the seat;
Spokes of the shatter’d wheels are here display’d;
And scatter’d far and wide the car’s remains.
Hurl’d headlong falls the youth, his golden locks,
Flame as he tumbles, swept through empty air,
A lengthen’d track he forms: so seems a star
In night serene, but only seems, to shoot.
Far from paternal home, the mighty Po
Receiv’d his burning corps, and quench’d the flames.

Due rites the nymphs Hesperian gave the limbs
From the fork’d lightening flaming. On his tomb
This epitaph they grav’d: “Here Phaëton
“Intombed rests; the charioteer so bold,
“Of Phœbus’ car, which though he fail’d to rule,
“He perish’d greatly daring.” Griev’d his sire,
Veil’d his sad face; and, were tradition true,
One day saw not the sun; the embers blaz’d

Sufficient light: thus may misfortune aid.

When Clymené with all that sorrow could
To ease her woes give utterance, loud had wail'd
In wild lament; all spark of reason fled,
Her bosom tearing, through the world she roam'd.
And now his limbs inanimate she sought;
Then for his whiten'd bones: his bones she found,
On banks far distant from his home inhum'd.
Prone on his tomb her form she flung, and pour'd
Her tears in floods upon the graven lines:
And with her bosom bar'd, the cold stone warm'd.
His sisters' love their fruitless offerings bring,
Their griefs and briny droppings; cruel tear
Their beauteous bosoms; while they loudly call
Phaëton, deaf to all their mournful cries.
Stretch'd on his tomb, by night, by day they call'd.
Till Luna's circle four times fill'd was seen;
Their blows still given as 'custom'd, (use had made
Their forms of grief as nature). Sudden plain'd
Fair Phaëthus, eldest of the three,
Of stiffen'd feet; as on the tomb she strove
To cast her body prone. Lampetie bright,
Rushing in hope to aid, a shooting root
Abruptly held. With lifted hands the third
Her locks to tear attempted; but green leaves
Tore off instead. Now this laments her legs,
Bound with thin bark; that mourns to see her arms
Shoot in long branches. While they wonder thus,
Th' increasing bark their bodies upward veils,
Their breasts, their arms, and hands, with gradual growth:
Their mouths alone remain; which loudly call
Their mother. What a mother could, she did:
What could she do? save, here and there to fly,
Where blind affection dragg'd her; and while yet,
'Twas given to join, join with them mouth to mouth.
Nor this contents; she strives to tear the rind,

Their limbs enwrapping; and the tender boughs
Pluck from their hands: but from the rended spot
The sanguine drops flow swift. Each suffering nymph
Cries,—”Spare me, mother! — spare your wounded child;
“I suffer in the tree. — farewell! — farewell!” —
For as they spoke the rind their mouths inclos’d.
From these new branches tears were dropp’d, and shap’d
By solar heat, bright amber straight compos’d.
Dropt in the lucid stream, the prize was borne
To Latium, and its gayest nymphs adorn’d.

This wonderous change Sthenelian Cycnus saw;
To thee, O Phaëton, by kindred join’d,
But by affection closer. He his realms,
(For o’er Liguria’s large and populous towns
He reign’d) had then relinquish’d. With his complaints,
The Po’s wide stream was fill’d; and fill’d the banks
With his lamentings; ev’n the woods, whose shade
The sister poplars thicken’d. Soon he feels
His utterance shrill and weak: his streaming locks
Soft snowy plumes displace: high from his chest,
His lengthen’d neck extends: a filmy web
Unites his ruddy toes: his sides are cloth’d
With quills and feathers: where his mouth was seen
Expanded, now a blunted beak obtains;
And Cycnus stands a bird; — but bird unknown
In days of yore. Mistrustful still of Jove,
His heaven he shuns; as mindful of the flames
From thence unjustly hurl’d. Wide lakes and ponds
He seeks to habit now; — indignant shuns
What favors fire, and joys in purling streams.

Meantime was Phœbus dull, his blaze obscur’d,
As when eclips’d his orb: his rays he hates;
Himself; and even the day. To grief his soul
He gives, and anger to his grief he joins;
Depriving earth of all its wonted light.

“Troubled my lot has been,” he cry’d, “since first
“Was publish’d my existence: — urg’d my toil
“Endless, — still unremitted, still unprais’d.
“Now let who will my furious chariot drive
“Flammiferous! If every god shall shrink
“Inadequate, — let Jove the task attempt:
“Then while my reins he tries, at least those flames,
“Which cause parental grief must peaceful rest.
“Then when the fiery flaming coursers strain
“His nervous arms, no more he’ll judge the youth
“Of death deserving, who could less control.”
Sol, grieving thus, the deities surround,
And suppliant beg that earth may mourn no more,
By darkness ‘whelm’d. Ev’n Jove concession gave, —
And why his fiery bolts were launch’d explain’d;
But threats and prayers majestically mix’d.
The steeds with terror trembling, Phœbus seiz’d,
Wild from their late affright, and rein’d their jaws;
Furious he wields his goad and lash, and fierce
He storms, and their impetuous fury blames
At every blow, as murderers of his son.

High heaven’s huge walls the mighty sire explores,
With eye close searching, lest a weakening flaw,
Might hurl some part to ruin. All he found
Firm in its pristine strength; — then glanc’d his eye
Around the earth, and toils of man below.
‘Bove all terrestrial lands, Arcadia felt —
His own Arcadia — his preserving care.
Her fountains he restores; her streams not yet
To murmur daring; to her fields he gives
Seed-corn; and foliage to her spreading boughs;
And her scorch’d forests bids again look green.
Through here as oft he journey’d, and return’d,
A virgin of Nonacriné he spy’d,
And instant inward fire the god consum’d.
No nymph was she whose skill the wool prepar’d;

Nor comb'd with art her tresses seem'd; full plain,
Her vest a button held; a fillet white
Careless her hair confin'd. Now pois'd her hand
A javelin light, and now a bow she bore:
In Dian's train she ran, nor nymph more dear
To her the mountain Mænalus e'er trode.
But brief the reign of favor! Sol had now
Beyond mid-heaven attain'd; Calistho sought
A grove where felling axe had never rung:
Here was her quiver from her shoulder thrown;
Her slender bow unstrung; and on the ground
With soft grass clad she rested: 'neath her neck
Was plac'd the painted quiver. Jove, the maid
Weary'd beheld, and from her wonted troop
Far distant. "Surely now, my wife," he cries,
"This theft can ne'er discover. Should she know,
"What is her rage with such a prize compar'd?"
Then Dian's face and form the god conceal'd;
Loud calling,— "Where, O virgin, hast thou stray'd?
"What hills, my comrade, hast thou crost in chase?"
Light springing from the turf, the nymph reply'd, —
"Hail goddess, greater, if with me the palm,
"Than Jove himself, though Jove himself should hear."
The feign'd Diana smil'd, and joy'd to hear
Him to himself preferr'd; then press'd her lips
With kisses, such as virgins never give
To virgins. Her, prepar'd to tell the woods
Where late she hunted, with a warm embrace
He hinder'd; and his crime the god disclos'd.
Hard strove the nymph, — and what could female more?
(O Juno, hadst thou seen her, less thy ire!)
Long she resists, but what can nymph attain,
Or any mortal, when to Jove oppos'd?
Victor the god ascends th' ethereal court.

The groves and forests, conscious of the deed,
Calistho hates; so swift she flies the spot,

Her quiver, and her darts, and slender bow
Suspended on the tree, through eager haste
Were nigh forgotten. Lo! Diana comes,
By clustering nymphs attended, o'er the hills
Of lofty Mænalus, from slaughter'd beasts,
Proudly triumphant. She Calistho sees,
And calls her; — as the goddess calls she flies,
Fearing another Jove disguis'd to meet.
But when th' attendant virgin-troop appear'd,
Fraud she no more suspected, but the train
Join'd fearless. Hard the countenance to form,
And not betray a perpetrated crime!
Scarce from the ground she dar'd her looks to raise;
Nor with her wonted ardor press'd before,
First of the throng, close to Diana's side.
Silent she moves; her blushes prove a wound
Her modesty had felt. E'en Dian' might,
(But that a virgin,) all the truth have known.
By numerous proofs and strong. Nay, fame reports
Her sister-nymphs had long her shame perceiv'd.
Nine times had Luna now her orb renew'd,
When Dian' from the chase retreating faint
By Phœbus' rays, had gain'd a forest cool,
Where flow'd a limpid stream with murmuring noise,
The shining sand upturning. Much the spot
The goddess tempted, and her feet she dipp'd
Light in the waves, as to the nymphs she cry'd: —
“Hence far each prying eye, we'll dare unrobe
“And lave beneath the stream.” Calistho blush'd; —
Quick while the other nymphs their bodies bare,
Protracting she undresses. From her limbs,
Suspicious they the garments rend, and view
Her body naked, and her fault is plain.
To her, confus'd, whose trembling hands essay'd
Her shame to hide, Diana spoke;—”Hence fly, —
“Far hence, nor more these sacred streams pollute.”
And drove her instant from her spotless train.

Long time the mighty thunderer's queen had known
Calistho's state; but curb'd her furious ire
Till ripe occasion suited: longer now
Delay were needless; now the nymph produc'd
Arcas; whom Juno more enrag'd beheld.
With savage mind, and furious look she ey'd
The boy, and spoke;—"Adulteress! this alone
"Was wanting! fruitful, harlot, hast thou prov'd?
"Must by this birth my wrongs in public glare?
"And what dishonor I from Jove receive
"Be palpable to sight. Expect not thou
"Impunity to find. Thy form I'll change, —
"To thee so pleasing, and so dear to Jove."
She said; and on the flowing tresses seiz'd
Which o'er her forehead stream'd, and prostrate dragg'd
The nymph to earth. She rais'd her suppliant hands, —
With black hairs cover'd, rough her arms appear'd;
Bent were her hands, and, with her lengthen'd nails
To claws transform'd, press'd on the ground as feet;
Her mouth so beauteous, late of Jove admir'd,
Yawn'd wide deformity; — and lest soft prayers
And flowing words, might pity move, no power
To speak she left. Now through her hoarse throat sounds
An angry threatening voice that fear instills;
A bear becoming, though her sense the same:
Her sufferings proving by her constant groans.
Lifting to heaven such hands as lift she could,
Jove she ungrateful found, but Jove to call
Ungrateful, strove in vain. Alas! how oft
In woods and solitudes, to sleep afraid,
She roam'd around the house and fertile fields
Of late her own! — Alas, how oft thence driven
By yelping hounds o'er craggy steeps she fled!
Thou dread'st the hunters though an huntress thou!
Oft was her form forgotten, and in fear

From beasts she crouch'd conceal'd: the shaggy bear
Shudder'd to see the bears upon the hills;
And at the wolves she trembled, though with wolves
Her sire Lycaön howl'd. Now Arcas comes;
Arcas, her son, unconscious of his race.
Near fifteen suns the youth had seen revolv'd;
And while the game he chases, while he seeks
Thickets best suited for his sports, and round
The Erymanthean woods his toils he sets,
He meets his mother: — at his sight she stay'd,
The well-known object viewing. Arcas fled
Trembling, unconscious why those eyes were fix'd
On him immoveably. His spear, prepar'd
To pierce his mother's breast, as near she draws
The youth protends. But Jove the deed prevents:
Both bears away, and stays the matricide.
Swept through the void of heaven by rapid whirl
They're borne, and neighbouring constellations made,
Loud Juno rag'd, to see the harlot shine,
Amid the stars; and 'neath the deep descends,
To hoary Tethys, and her ancient spouse;
Where reverence oft the host of heaven had shewn.
And thus to them, who anxious seek the cause,
Why there she journeys. "Wish ye then to know
"Why I the queen of heaven, my regal seat
"Now leave? Another fills my lofty throne!
"Nor false I speak, — for when gray night shall spread
"O'er all, — new constellations shall you see
"Me irking, — on the utmost bounds of heaven,
"Where the last shorten'd zone the axis binds.
"Now surely none, t' insult shall rashly dare
"The thunderer's spouse, but tremble at her frown;
"For she who most offends is honor'd most!
"Much has my power perform'd! — vast is my sway!
"Her human form I chang'd, — and lo! she shines
"A goddess; — thus the guilty feel my ire!
"Thus potent I. Why not her form restore,

“And change that beastly shape, as Iö once
“In Argolis, the same indulgence felt.
“Why drives he not his consort from his bed,
“Calistho placing there; — for sire-in-law
“The wolf Lycaön chusing? If to you
“Your foster-daughter’s insults ought import,
“Forbid these stars to touch the blue profound:
“Repel those constellations, plac’d in heaven,
“Meed of adultery; lest the harlot dip
“In your pure waves.” — The gods their promise gave
And through the liquid air Saturnia flies,
Borne in her chariot by her peacocks bright;
Their coats gay studded from fall’n Argus’ eyes.

Less beauteous was the change, loquacious crow,
Thy plumage suffer’d, — snowy white to black.
With silvery brightness once his feathers shone;
Unspotted doves outvying; nor to those
Preserving birds the capital whose voice
So watchful sav’d; — nor to the stream-fond swans,
Inferior seem’d his covering: but his tongue,
His babbling tongue his ruin wrought; and chang’d
His hue from splendid white to gloomy black.

No fairer maid all Thessaly contain’d,
Than young Coronis, — to the Delphic god
Most dear while chaste, or while her fault unknown.
But Corvus, Phœbus’ watchman, spy’d the deed
Adulterous; — and inexorably bent
To tell the secret crime, his flight directs
To seek his master. Him the daw pursues,
On plumes quick waving, curious all to learn.
His errand heard, she cries;—”Thy anxious task,
“A journey vain, pursue not: mark my words; —
“Learn what I have been; — see what now I am;
“And hear from whence my change: a fault you’ll find
“Too much fidelity, which wrought my woe.

"Time was, when Pallas, Erichonius took,
"Offspring created motherless, and close
"In basket twin'd with Attic twigs conceal'd.
"The charge to keep, three sister-maids she chose,
"Daughters of Cecrops double-form'd, but close,
"Conceal'd what lodg'd within; and strict forbade
"All prying, that her secret safe might rest.
"On a thick elm, behind light leaves conceal'd,
"I mark'd their actions. Two their sacred charge
"Hold faithful; Pandrosos, and Hersé they:
"Aglauros calls her sisters cowards weak;
"The twistings with bold hand unloosening, sees
"Within an infant, and a dragon stretch'd.
"The deed I tell to Pallas, and from her
"My service this remuneration finds:
"Driven from her presence, she my place supplies
"Of favorite with the gloomy bird of night.
"All other birds my fate severe may warn,
"To seek not danger by officious tales.
"Pallas, perhaps you think, but lightly lov'd
"One whom she thus so suddenly disgrac'd.
"But ask of Pallas; — she, though much enrag'd
"Will yet my truth confirm. A regal maid
"Was I, — of facts to all well-known I speak:
"Coroneus noble, of the Phocian lands
"As sire I claim. Me wealthy suitors sought —
"Contemn me not, — my beauty was my bane.
"While careless on the sandy shore I roam'd,
"With gentle pace as wont, the ocean's god
"Saw me and lov'd: persuasive words in vain
"Long trying, force prepar'd, and me pursu'd.
"I fled; the firm shore left, and tir'd my limbs
"Vainly, upon the light soft sinking sand.
"There to assist me men and gods I call'd;
"Deaf to the sound was every mortal ear:
"But by a virgin's cries a virgin mov'd,
"Assistance gave. Up to the skies my arms

“I stretch’d; and black my arms began to grow,
“With waving pinions. From my shoulders, back
“My robes I strove to fling, — my robes were plumes;
“Deep in my skin the quills were fix’d: I try’d
“On my bare bosom with my hands to beat;
“Nor hands nor naked bosom now were found:
“I ran; the sand no longer now retain’d
“My feet, but lightly o’er the ground I skimm’d;
“And soon on pinions through the air was borne;
“And Pallas’ faultless favorite I became.
“What now avail to me my pure deserts?
“Nyctimené, whose horrid crime deserv’d
“Her transformation, to my place succeeds.
“The deed so wide through spacious Lesbos known,
“Ere this has reach’d thee; — how Nyctimené —
“Her father’s bed defil’d, — a bird became.
“Conscious of guilt, she shuns the sight of man;
“Flies from the day, and in nocturnal shades
“Conceals her shame; by every bird assail’d
“And exil’d from the skies.” The crow in rage
To her still chattering, cry’d;—”May each delay
“Thy babbling causes, prove to thee a curse.
“I scorn thy foolish presages,” — and flew
His journey urging. When his master found,
He told him where Coronis he had seen
Claspt by a young Thessalian. Down he dropp’d
His laurel garland, when the crime he heard
Of her he lov’d; — his harp away he flung;
His countenance fell, and pale his visage grew.
Now with fierce rage his swelling bosom fires;
His wonted arms he seizes; draws his bow,
Bent to the horns; and through that breast so oft
Embrac’d, — th’ inevitable weapon drove.
Deep groan’d the wounded nymph, and tearing out
The arrow from her breast, a purple flood
Gush’d o’er her shining limbs. She sighing cry’d, —
“This fate, O Phœbus, I deserv’dly meet,

“Were but thy infant born; — two now in one
“Thy dart has slain!” — She spoke, — her vital blood
Fast flow’d, and stay’d her voice. A deadly chill
Seiz’d all her members, now of life bereft.
Too late, alas! her sorrowing lover mourns
His cruel vengeance; and himself he hates,
Too credulous listening, and too soon inflam’d:
The bird he hates, who first betray’d the deed
And caus’d him first to grieve: his bow he hates;
His bowstring; arm; and with his arm the dart,
Shot vengeful. Fond he clasps her fallen form;
And strives by skill, by skill too late apply’d
To conquer fate: — his healing arts he tries, —
All unavailing. Fruitless he beholds
His each attempt, and sees the pile prepar’d;
And final flames her limbs about to burn.
Then from his deepest bosom burst his groans;
(For tears on cheeks celestial ne’er are seen,)
Such groans are utter’d when the heifer sees,
The weighty mallet, from the right ear pois’d,
Crush down the forehead of her suckling calf.
And now his useless odors in her breast
He pour’d; embrac’d her; to her last rites gave
Solemnization due. The greedy fires
His offspring were not suffer’d to consume.
Snatch’d from the curling flames, and from the womb
Of his dead mother, he the infant bore
To double-body’d Chiron’s secret cave.
But bade the self-applauding crow, fill’d big
With hopes of favor for his faithful tale,
With snowy-plumag’d birds no more to join.

Meantime while Chiron, human half, half beast,
Proud of his deity-descended charge,
Joy’d in the honor with the task bestow’d: —
Behold, her shoulders with her golden locks

Shaded, the daughter of the Centaur comes;
Whom fair Chariclo, on a river's brink
Swift-rolling, bore, and thence Ocyrrhoë nam'd.
She not content her father's arts to know,
The hidden secrets of the fates disclos'd.
Now was her soul with fate-foretelling sounds
Fill'd, and within her fiercely rag'd the god:
The infant viewing;—"Grow," she said, "apace,
"Health-bearer through the world. To thee shall oft
"Expiring mortals owe returning life!
"To thee 'tis given to render souls again
"Back to their bodies! Once thou'lt dare the deed; —
"The angry god's forbidding flames, thy power
"Further preventing: — and a bloodless corps
"Heaven-born, thou ly'st; — but what thy body form'd
"A god becomes, — resuscitated twice.
"Thou too, my dearest and immortal sire!
"To ages never-ending, born to live,
"Shalt wish for death in vain; when writhing sad
"From the dire serpent's venom in thy limbs,
"By wounds instill'd. The pitying gods will change
"Thy destin'd fate, and let immortal die:
"The triple sisters shall thy thread divide.
"More yet untold remains;" — Deep from her chest
The sighs burst forth, and starting tears stream down,
Laving her cheeks, while thus the maid pursues:
"The fates prevent me, and forbid to tell
"What more I would; — all power to speak deny.
"Those arts, alas! heaven's anger which have drawn, —
"What were they? Would I ne'er the future knew!
"Now seems my human shape to leave me. Now
"The verdant grass a pleasing food appears.
"Now am I urg'd along the plain to bound;
"Chang'd to a mare: unto my sire ally'd
"In form, — but why sole chang'd? my father bears
"A two-form'd body;" — Wailing thus, her words
Confus'd and indistinct at length are heard.

Next sounds are utter'd partly human, more
A mare's resembling: — then she neighs aloud;
Treading with alter'd arms the ground: fast join'd
Her fingers now become: a slender hoof
Her toes connecting with continuous horn.
Her head enlarges; and her neck expands;
Her spreading garment floats a beauteous tail:
Her scatter'd tresses o'er her shoulders flung,
Form a thick mane to clothe her spacious neck:
Her voice is alter'd with her alter'd shape:
And change of name the wonderous deed attends.

Deep Chiron mourn'd, O Phœbus, and thy aid
In vain invok'd; for bootless was thy power
Jove's mandate to resist; nor if thou could'st
Then wast thou nigh to help. In Elis far,
And fields Messenian then was thy abode.
Then was the time when shepherd-like a robe
Of skins enwrapp'd thee; — when thy left hand bore
A sylvan staff; — thy right a pipe retain'd,
Of seven unequal reeds. While love engag'd
Thy thoughts, and dulcet music sooth'd thy cares,
'Tis said, thy herds without their herdsman stray'd,
Far to the Pylian meadows. These the son
Of Atlantean Maiä espy'd;
And, slily driven away, within the woods
The cattle artful hid. None saw the deed,
Save one old hoary swain, well known around,
And Battus nam'd; whose post it was to guard
The groves, the grassy meads, and high-bred mares
Of wealthy Neleus. Him the robber fear'd;
Drew him aside, and coaxing thus address'd; —
“Whoe'er thou art, good friend, if here perchance,
“Someone should seek an herd, — say that thou here
“No herd hast seen; — thou shall not lack reward:
“Take this bright heifer:” — and the cow he gave.

The bribe receiv'd, the shepherd thus replies;
"Friend, thou art safe, — that stone shall sooner speak
"And tell thy deed than I:" — and shew'd the stone.
The son of Jove departs, or seems to go;
But soon with alter'd form and voice returns.
"Here, countryman," he cries, "hast thou an herd
"This way observ'd to pass? — no secret keep,
"To aid the theft; an heifer with a bull
"Await thy information." Doubly brib'd,
The hoary rogue betray'd his former trust.
"Beneath those hills," he said, "the herd you'll find."
Beneath the hills they were. Loud laugh'd the god
And cry'd,— "Thou treacherous villain, to myself
"Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou to myself
"My deeds betray?" And to a flinty stone
His perjur'd breast he chang'd, which still retains
The name of Touchstone; — on the harmless rock
His infamous demerits firmly fix'd.

Hermes from hence, on waving wings upborne
Darted, and in his flight beneath him saw
The Attic pastures, — the much-favor'd land
Of Pallas; and Lyceum's cultur'd groves.
It chanc'd that day, as wont, the virgins chaste,
Bore on their heads in canisters festoon'd,
Their offerings pure to Pallas' sacred fane.
Returning thence the winged god espy'd
The troop, and straight his onward flight restrain'd;
Wheeling in circles round. As sails the kite,
Swiftest of birds, when entrails seen from far
By holy augurs thick beset, — he fears
A near approach, but circling steers his flight
On beating wings, around his hopes and round.
So 'bove the Athenian towers the light-plum'd god
Swept round in circles on the self-same air.
As Phosphor far outshines the starry host;
As silver Cynthia Phosphor bright outshines;

So much did Hersé all the nymphs excel,
The bright procession's ornament; the pride
Of all th' accompanying nymphs. Her beauteous mien
Stagger'd Jove's son, who hovering in the air
Fierce burns with love. The Balearic sling,
Thus shoots a ball; quick through the air it flies,
Warms in its flight, and feels beneath the clouds
Flames hereto known not. Alter'd now his route
The skies he leaves, and holds a different flight:
Nor veils his figure, — such reliance gave
His beauteous form: and beauteous though that form,
Yet careful did the god his looks adorn;
He smoothes his tresses, and his robe adjusts
To hang in graceful folds, and fair display
The golden fringe; his round and slender wand,
Of sleep-procuring, sleep-repelling power,
His right hand bears; and on his comely feet
His plumed sandals shine. Within the house
Three separate chambers were secluded form'd,
With tortoise and with ivory rich adorn'd.
Thou, Pandrosos, within the right repos'd;
And on the left hand thou Aglauros, slept;
Fair Hersé in the midst. Aglauros first
The god's approach descry'd, and daring ask'd
Who he? — and what he sought? — To whom the god;
“Him you behold, who through the air conveys
“His sire's commands: Almighty Jove that sire.
“Nor will I feign my errand. So may'st thou
“True to thy sister prove, and soon be call'd
“My offspring's aunt. 'Tis Hersé draws me here.
“Help then a lover in his warm pursuit.”
Aglauros bends on Mercury those eyes,
Which yellow-hair'd Minerva's secret saw;
And ponderous sums for her assistance claims;
Driving the god meantime without the gates.
With angry glare the warlike goddess view'd
The mercenary nymph, and angry sighs,

Which shook her bosom heav'd; the Ægis shook,
On that strong bosom fix'd. Now calls to mind
Minerva how with hands prophane, the maid
Her strict behests despising, daring pry'd
To know her secrets; and the seed beheld
Of Vulcan, child without a mother form'd:
Now to her sister and the god unkind;
Rich with the gold her avarice had claim'd.
To Envy's gloomy cell, where clots of gore
The floor defil'd, enrag'd Minerva flew:
A darkened vale, deep sunk, the cavern held,
where vivid sun ne'er shone, nor freshening breeze
Health wafted: torpid melancholy rul'd,
And sluggish cold; and cheering light unknown,
Damp darkness ever gloom'd. The goddess here
In conflict dreaded came, but at the doors
Her footsteps staid, for entrance Fate forbade.
The gates she strikes — struck by her spear, the gates
Wide open fly, and dark within disclose,
On vipers gorging, (her accustom'd feast,)
The envious fiend: back from the hideous sight
Recoils the goddess, and averts her eyes.
Slow rising from the ground, her half chew'd food
She quits, advancing indolently forth:
The maid, in warlike brightness clad, she saw,
In form divine, and heavy sighs burst forth
Deep from her bosom's black recess: pale gloom.
Dwells on her forehead; lean her fleshless form;
Askaunce her eyes; encrusted black her teeth;
Green'd deep with gall her breasts; her hideous tongue
With poisons lurid; laughter knows her not,
Save woes and pangs unmerited she sees;
Sleep flies her couch, by cares unceasing wrung;
At men's success she sickens, pining sad;
But stung herself, while others feel her sting
Her torture closely grasps her. — Much the maid
The sight abhors; and thus in brief she speaks: —

“Deep in the breast of Cecrops’ daughter fix
“Thy venom’d sting — Aglauros is the nymph. —
“More needs not.” — Speaking so Minerva fled,
Upbounding, earth she with her spear repell’d.
Glancing askint the fury saw her rise,
And inly groan’d, — that she success should gain.
Her staff with prickly thorns enwreath’d she takes,
And forth she sallies, wrapp’d in gloomy clouds.
Where’er she flies she blasts the flowery fields;
Consumes the herbage; and the harvest blights.
Her breath pestiferous felt the cities round,
Houses and ‘habitants where’er she flew.
At length the towers of Athens she beheld
With arts and riches flourishing, and blest
With holy peace. Scarce could she tears withhold,
No tearful eye throughout the place to see.
Straight to the room of Cecrops’ daughter now
Her route she urges, and her task performs:
Her rusty hand upon the maiden’s breast
She plants, and with sharp thorns that bosom fills;
Breathes noxious poison through her frame; imbues
With venom black her heart, and all her limbs.
Lest from her eyes escap’d, the maddening scene
Should cease to vex her, full in view she plac’d
Her sister, and her sister’s nuptial rites;
And Hermes beauteous in the bridal pomp:
In beauty all, and splendor all increas’d.
Mad with the imag’d sight, the maid is gnawn
With secret pangs; — deep groans the lengthen’d night,
And deep the morning hears; she wastes away
Silently wretched, lingeringly slow.
As Sol’s faint rays the summer ice dissolves:
So burns she to behold the envy’d lot
Of Hersé; not with furious flames, — as weeds
Blaze not when damp, but with slow heat consume.
Oft would she wish to die: and oft the deed
To hinder, thinks to tell her rigid sire

Her sister's fault. At length her seat she takes
Across the threshold, and th' approaching god
Repuls'd; and to his blandishments, and words
Beseeching fair, and soft-alluring prayers,
She cry'd,— "Desist, — from hence I ne'er will move
"Till thou art driven away." Swift Hermes said. —
"Keep firmly that resolve." And with his wand
The sculptur'd portals touching, wide they flew.
But when her limbs to raise, the virgin strove,
A weighty numbness o'er the members crept
Which bend in sitting, and their movement staid.
Strenuous she strives to raise her form erect,
But stiffen'd feels her knees; chill coldness spreads
Through all her toes; and, fled the purple stream,
Her veins turn pallid: cruel cancer thus,
Disease incurable, spreads far and wide,
Sound members adding to the parts diseas'd.
So gradual, o'er her breast the chilling frost
Crept deadly, and the gates of life shut close.
Complaint she try'd not; had she try'd, her voice
Had found no passage, for the stone had seiz'd
Her throat, — her mouth; to marble all was chang'd.
She sat a pallid statue; — all the stone
Her envy tainted with a livid hue.

His vengeance, when Jove's son complete had seen,
Due to her avarice, and her envious soul;
He left Minerva's land, and up the sky
On wafting pinions mounted. There his sire,
Him from th' assembly drew; nor yet disclos'd,
The object of his love:—"Son, quickly haste, —
"Thou faithful messenger of my commands,
"Urge rapid thy descending flight, and seek
"The realm whose northern bounds thy mother star
"O'erlooks, — the land by natives Sidon call'd.
"There wilt thou pasturing find the royal herd,
"Neath hills not distant from the sea: turn down

“This herd to meadows bordering on the beach.”
He said; — the cattle tow’rd the sea shore move,
Where sported with her Tyrian maids as wont,
The monarch’s daughter. Ill majestic state
And love agree; nor long combin’d remain.
The sire and ruler of the gods resigns
His weighty sceptre: he whose right hand bears
The three-fork’d fires; whose nod creation shakes,
Assumes a bull’s appearance: — with the herd
Mingles; and strolling lets the tender shrubs
Brush his fair sides. Of snowy white his skin;
Such snow as rugged feet has never soil’d,
Nor southern showers dissolv’d: his brawny neck,
Strong from his shoulders stands: beneath extends
The dewlap pendulous: small are his horns;
But smooth as polish’d by the workman’s hand; —
Pellucid as the brightest gems they shine:
No threatenings wear his brow; no fire his eyes
Flame fierce; but all his countenance peace proclaims.
Him much Agenor’s royal maid admir’d; —
His form so beauteous, and his look so mild.
Yet peaceful as he seem’d, she fear’d at first
A close approach; — but nearer soon she drew,
And to his shining mouth the flowery food
Presented. Joy’d th’ impatient lover stands,
Her fingers kissing; and with sore restraint
Defers his look’d for pleasures. Sportive now
He wantons, frisking in the grass; now rolls
His snowy sides upon the yellow sand.
Her apprehensions chas’d, by slow degrees,
The virgin’s fingers playful stroke his breast;
Then bind with wreaths his horns: more daring now
Upon his back the royal maid ascends; —
Witless a god she presses. From the fields,
His steps deceitful gradual turn’d, he bends,
And seeks the shore; then playful in the waves
Just dips his feet; — thence plunging deep, he swims

Through midmost ocean with his ravish'd prize.
Trembling the nymph beholds the lessening shore; ——
Firm grasps one hand his horn; upon his back,
Secure the other resting: to the wind,
Her fluttering garments floating as she sails.

BOOK III

Unsuccessful search of Cadmus for his sister. Death of his companions by the dragon. Overthrow of the dragon, and production of armed men from his teeth. Thebes. Actæon devoured by his hounds. Semelé destroyed by lightening, and the birth of Bacchus. The prophet Tiresias. Echo: and the transformation of Narcissus. Impiety of Pentheus. Change of the Tyrrhenian sailors to dolphins. Massacre of Pentheus.

And now the god, his bestial form resign'd,
Shone in his form celestial as he gain'd
The Cretan shore. Meantime, the theft unknown,
Mourn'd her sad sire, and Cadmus sent to seek
The ravish'd maid; stern threatening as he went,
Perpetual exile if his searching fail'd: —
Parental love and cruelty combin'd!
All earth explor'd in vain, (for who shall find
The amorous thefts of Jove?) the exile shuns
His father's anger, and paternal soil.
A suppliant bends before Apollo's shrine,
To ask his aid; — what region he should chuse
To fix his habitation. Phœbus thus; —
“A cow, whose neck the yoke has never prest,
“Strange to the crooked plough, shall meet thy steps,
“Lone in the desert fields: the way she leads
“Chuse thou, — rand where upon the grass she rests,
“Erect thy walls; — Bœotia call the place.”
Scarce had the cave Castalian Cadmus left,
When he an heifer, gently pacing, spy'd
Untended; one whose neck no mark betray'd
Of galling service. Closely treads the youth,
Slow moving in her footsteps, and adores
In silence Phœbus, leader of his way.
Now had he pass'd the Cephisidian stream,
And meads of Panopé, when stay'd the beast;
Her broad front lifted to the sky; reverse
Her lofty horns reclining, shook the air

With lowings loud; back then her face she bent,
And saw the comrades following close behind:
Down low she couch'd, and press'd the yielding grass,
Glad thanks to Phœbus, Cadmus gave, and kiss'd
The foreign soil; — the unknown hills, and land
Saluted. Then a sacrifice to Jove
Preparing, sent his followers to explore
Streams flowing from the living fountain clear.

An ancient forest hallow'd from the axe,
Not far there stood; in whose dark bosom gloom'd
A cavern: — twigs and branches thick inwove
With rocky crags, a low arch'd entrance form'd;
Where pure and copious, gush'd transparent waves.
Deep hid within a monstrous serpent lay,
Sacred to Mars. Bright shone his crested head;
His eyeballs glow'd with fire; his body swell'd
Bloated with poison; o'er a threefold row
Of murderous teeth, three quivering tongues he shook.
This grove the Tyrians with ill-fated feet
Now enter'd; and now in the waters threw,
With noisy dash, their urns. Uprears his head,
The azure serpent from the cavern deep;
And breathes forth hisses dire: their urns they drop;
The blood forsakes their bodies; sudden fear
Chills their astonish'd limbs. He writhing quick,
Forms scaly circles; spiral twisting round,
Bends in an arch immense to leap, and rears
In the thin air erect, 'bove half his height;
All the wide grove o'erlooking. Such his size,
Could all be seen, than that vast snake no less,
Whose huge bulk lies the Arctic bears between.
The Tyrians quick he seizes; some their arms
Vain grasping, — flying some, — and some through fear
To fight or fly unable: — these his jaws
Crash murderous; those his writhing tail surrounds;
Others his breath, with poison loaded, kills.

Now loftiest Phœbus shorten'd shadows gave,
When Cadmus, wondering much why still his friends
Tarried so long, their parting footsteps trac'd.
His robe an hide torn from a lion's back;
A dart and spear of shining steel his arms;
With courage, arms surpassing. Now the grove
He enters, and their breathless limbs beholds; —
Their victor foe's huge bulk upon them stretch'd;
Licking with gory tongue their mournful wounds.
"My faithful friends," he cry'd, "I will avenge
"Your fate, — or perish with you." Straight a rock
His right hand rais'd, and with impetuous force,
Hurl'd it right on. A city's lofty walls
With all its towers, to feel the blow had shook!
Yet lay the beast unwounded; safely sheath'd
With scaly armour, and his harden'd hide: —
His skin alone the furious blow repell'd.
Not so that hardness mocks the javelin, — fixt
Firm in the bending of the pliant spine
His weapon stood, — and all the iron head
Deep in his entrails sunk. Mad with the pain,
Reverse he writhes his head; — beholds the wound;
Champs the fixt dart; — by many forceful tugs
Loosen'd at length, he tears the shaft away;
But deep the steel within his bones remains.
Now to his wonted fury fiercer flames
This torture adding, big with poison swells
His throat; and flowing, round his venom'd jaws,
White foam appears; deep harrow'd with his scales
Loud sounds the earth; and vapours black, breath'd out
His mouth infernal, taint with death the air.
Now roll'd in spires, he forms an orb immense:
Now stretch'd at length he seems a monstrous beam:
Now rushing forward with impetuous force,
As sweeps a torrent swell'd by rain, his breast

Bears down th' opposing forest. Cadmus back
A step recedes, and on his lion's hide
The shock sustains; — then with protended spear
Checks his approaching jaws. Furious he strives
To wound the harden'd steel; — on the sharp point
He grinds his teeth: now from his poisonous mouth,
Began the blood to flow, and sprinkling ting'd
The virid grass; but trivial still the hurt;
For shrinking from the blow, and twisting back
His wounded neck, the stroke he still prevents
Deeper to pierce, by yielding to its force.
But pushing arduous on, Agenor's son,
Fix'd in his throat the steel; — and the sharp point
Forc'd through his neck: an oak oppos'd behind; —
The tree and neck the spear at once transfix'd.
Dragg'd by the monster's weight low bends the tree,
And groans and cracks, as lashing blows, his tail
Immense, deals round. Now whilst the victor stands
And wondering views the conquer'd serpent's size,
Sudden a voice is heard, (from whence unknown, —
But plain the words he hears) "Why view'st thou thus,
"Agenor's son, the foe by thee destroy'd?
"Thou one day like this serpent shalt be seen."
Aghast he stood, — the warm blood fled his cheeks;
His courage chang'd to terror; freezing fear
Rais'd his stiff locks erect. Lo! Pallas comes,
Pallas, the known protectress of the brave.
Smooth sliding from the higher clouds she comes;
Bids him remove the soil, and place beneath,
The serpent's fangs, a future offspring's pledge.
The prince obeys; and as with crooked share,
The ground he opens, in the furrows throws
The teeth directed. Thence, (beyond belief!)
The clods of earth at once began to move;
Then in the furrows glitter'd, first, the points
Of spears: anon fair painted crests arose,
Above bright helmets nodding: shoulders next;

And breasts; and arms, with javelins loaded came:
Thickening the harvest grew of shielded men.
Thus shews the glad theatric curtain; rais'd
The painted figures' faces first appear,
Gradual display'd; and more by slow degrees;
At length the whole stand forth, their feet all fix'd
Firm on the lower margin. Wondering, he
His new-made foe beheld; and grasp'd his arms.
But one whom earth had just produc'd, exclaim'd; —
“Arm not, nor meddle in our civil broils.”
He said, — an earth-born brother, hand to hand
With sword keen-edg'd attacking; but from far,
A javelin hurl'd, dispatch'd him. Short the boast
Of him who sent it; — his death wound infix'd, —
He breathes the air out he so late receiv'd.
So rage the rest, and in the furious war
The new-made brethren fall by mutual wounds:
And on their blood-stain'd mother, dash, the youths
To short existence born, their damp cold breasts.
Five only stand unhurt, — Echion one, —
Who threw, by Pallas prompted, down his arms
And peace propos'd: his brethren took his pledge.
These join the Tyrian prince, and social aid
His efforts, when th' appointed walls he builds;
Obedient to the Delphic god's commands.

The Theban walls now rais'd, thou, Cadmus seem'd
Blest in thy exile. Mars and Venus gave
Their daughter to thy wife. This spouse so fam'd,
Thee daughters brought, and sons, — a numerous tribe;
And grandsons, pledges dear of nuptial joys,
Already risen to manhood. But too true
That man should still his final day expect;
Nor blest be deem'd till flames his funeral pyre.
Thy grandson's fate, O, Cadmus! first with grief
Thy bosom wrung, amid thy prosperous state:
The alien horns which nodded o'er his brow;

And ye, voracious hounds, with blood full-gorg'd,
Your master's life-stream. Yet by close research,
We find unlucky chance, not vice, his crime.

What sin in error lies?

The hills were drench'd

With blood of numerous slaughter'd savage beasts;
And objects shorten'd shadows gave: the sun
Exalted view'd each equi-distant goal;
When the young Theban hunter thus address'd,
His fellow sportsmen with a friendly call;
As wide they rov'd the savage lairs among.
"Our weapons, comrades, and our nets are moist
"With blood of spoil; sufficient sport this day
"Has given. But when Aurora next appears,
"High on her saffron car, and light restores,
"Then be our pleasing exercise resum'd.
"Now Phœbus, distant far from west and east,
"Cracks the parch'd ground with heat; — desist from toil,
"And fold your knotted snares." His words obey,
His men, and from their sportive labor cease.

Near stood a vale, where pointed cypress form'd
With gloomy pines a grateful shade, and nam'd
Gargaphié; — sacred to the girded maid:
Its deep recess a shrubby cavern held,
By nature modell'd, — but by nature, art
Seem'd equall'd, or excell'd. A native arch
Of pumice light, and tophus dry, was form'd;

And from the right a stream transparent flow'd,
Of trivial size, which spread a pool below;
With grassy margin circled. Dian' here,
The woodland goddess, weary'd with the chace,
Had oft rejoic'd to bathe her virgin limbs.
As wont she comes; — her quiver, and her dart,
And unstrung bow, her armour-bearing nymph
In charge receives. Disrob'd, another's arms
Sustain her vest. Two from her feet unloose
Her sandals. Crocalé, Ismenian nymph,
Than others more expert, her tresses binds,
Loose o'er her shoulders floating, in a knot;
Her own wild flowing still. Five more the streams
In huge urns lifting; Hyalé, and Niphé,
Phialé, Rhanis, Psecas, lave her limbs.
Here while the goddess in the limpid wave
Washes as 'custom'd, — lo! Actæon comes; —
His sportive toil till morning dawn deferr'd:
And roving through the vale with random steps,
By hapless fate conducted, he arrives
Close to the sacred grove. Within the grot
Stream-pouring, when he stept, the naked nymphs, —
Then first by man beheld, — their bosoms beat;
Fill'd the deep grove with outcries loud; and round
Diana crowded, screening as they could
Her limbs with theirs. Yet high above them tower'd
The goddess, and her neck their heads o'erlook'd.
As blush the clouds by Phœbus' adverse rays
Deep ting'd; — or as Aurora in the morn;
So blush'd the virgin-goddess, seen unrob'd.
Sideway she stood, though closely hemm'd around
By clustering nymphs, and backward bent her face:
Then anxious praying she could reach her darts,
In vain, — she seiz'd the waters which she could,
And dash'd them o'er his features: — as his locks,
The vengeful drops besprinkled, thus in rage,
She cry'd,—"Now tell thou hast Diana seen

“Disrob’d; — go tell it, if thou canst,” — no more,
With threatenings storm’d, but on his sprinkled head,
The antlers of the long-liv’d stag are plac’d.
His neck is lengthen’d; with a sharpen’d point,
His upright ears are form’d; to feet his hands, —
To long and slender legs his arms are chang’d;
And round his body clings a dappled coat.
Fear in his bosom she instils: the youth,
The bold Actæon flies, and wondering feels
His bounding feet so rapid in the race.
But soon the waters shew’d his branching horns;
And,—”ah unhappy me!” he strove to cry:
His voice he found not; sighs and sobs were all;
And tears fast streaming down his alter’d face.
Still human sense remains. Where shall he turn?
His royal palace seek, — or in the woods
Secluded hide? — To tarry fear forbids,
And shame prevents returning. While he doubts
His hounds espy him. Quick-nos’d Tracer first,
And Blackfoot give the signal by their yell:
Tracer of Crete, and Blackfoot Spartan bred.
Swifter than air the noisy pack rush on;
Arcadian Quicksight; Glutton; Ranger, stout;
Strong Killbuck; Whirlwind, furious; Hunter, fierce;
Flyer, swift-footed; and quick-scented Snap;
Ringwood, late wounded by a furious bear;
And Forester, by savage wolf begot:
Flock-tending Shepherdess; with Ravener fierce,
And her two whelps; and Sicyonian Catch:
The thin flank’d greyhound, Racer; Yelper; Patch;
Tiger; Robust; Milkwhite, with snowy coat;
And coalblack Soot. First in the race, fleet Storm;
Courageous Spartan Swift; and rapid Wolf;
Join’d with his Cyprian brother, Snatch, well mark’d
With sable forehead on a coat of white:
Blackcoat: and thickhair’d Shag: Worrier; and Wild, —
Twins from a dam Laconian sprung, their sire

Dictæan: Babbler with his noisy throat: —
But all to name were endless. Urg'd by hope
Of prey they crowd; down precipices rush;
O'er rocks, and crags; through rugged paths, and ways
Unpass'd before. His hounds he flies, where oft
His hounds he had pursu'd. Poor wretch! he flies
His own domestics, striving hard to call,
"Actæon am I! — villains, know your lord."
Words aid him not: loud rings the air with yells,
Howlings, and barkings: — Blackhair first, his teeth
Fix'd in his back; staunch Tamer fasten'd next;
And Rover seiz'd his shoulder: tardy these,
The rest far left behind, but o'er the hills
Athwart, the chase they shorten'd. Now the pack,
Join'd them their lord retaining; join'd their teeth
Their victim seizing: — now his body bleeds,
A wound continuous: deep he utters groans,
Not human, yet unlike a dying deer;
And fills the well-known mountains with his plaint.
Prone on his knees in suppliant form he bends;
And low beseeching waves his silent head,
As he would wave his hands. His witless friends,
The savage pack with joyous outcries urge;
Actæon anxious seeking: echoing loud
Eager his name as absent. At the name,
His head he turns. His absence irks them sore,
As lazy loitering, not the noble prey
Obtain'd, beholding. Joyful could he be,
At distance now, — but hapless is too near:
Glad would he see the furious dogs their fangs,
On other prey than his torn limbs infix.
On every side they crowd; their dying lord,
A well-seem'd deer, they rend; their ravenous teeth
Deep tear his members. With a thousand wounds,
(Dian's insatiate anger less despis'd)
The hapless hunter yielded forth his breath.

Report flies dubious; some the goddess blame
For disproportion'd vengeance; others warm
Applaud the deed as worthy one so pure;
And reasons weighty either party urge:
Jove's consort only silent: she nor blames
The action, nor approves; but inward joys,
Agenor's house should such misfortune feel.
The hatred nourish'd for the Tyrian maid,
Her brother's offspring visits. Now fresh cause
Of wrath succeeds; enrag'd the goddess learns
That Semelé, embrac'd by mighty Jove,
Is pregnant. Straight broke loose her angry tongue,
And loud she storm'd:—"Advantage much I gain
"By endless railing at unfaithful Jove!
"This harlot will I find, — and, if with truth
"They potent Juno stile me, she shall die.
"Destruction shall o'erwhelm her, if beseems
"My hand the sparkling sceptre of the sky:
"If queen I am to Jove; — if sister; — wife: —
"His sister doubtless am I, if no more.
"Content perchance is Semelé to joy
"In pleasures briefly tasted; and my wrongs
"Though deep, not lasting. No! — she must conceive
"Foul aggravation of her shameless deed!
"Her swelling womb unblushing proves her crime:
"By Jove she longs to be a mother hail'd;
"Which scarcely I can boast. Such faith her pride,
"In conscious beauty places. Trust me not,
"Or she mistaken proves. As I am child
"Of hoary Saturn, she shall sink o'erwhelm'd
"By her own Jove; and dip in Stygian waves."

She said, and starting from her regal throne,
Wrapt in a dusky cloud descended; o'er
The threshold stepp'd of Semelé, nor chas'd
Her darkening veil, till like an ancient dame
She stood display'd. White hairs her temples strew'd;

Deep furrows plough'd her skin; her bending limbs
Quiver'd beneath her weight; her tremulous voice
Exhausted age betray'd: she stood to view
Old Beroë, from Epidaurus come,
The nurse of Semelé. With tedious tales
She garrulous amus'd: — when in her turn
Listening, the name of Jupiter she heard
She sigh'd, and said,—”May he be truly Jove!
“But age is still suspicious. Chastest beds
“Have been by these pretended gods defil'd:
“For if the deity supreme he be,
“Why comes he thus disguis'd? If true his love,
“Why prove it not? Urge thou an anxious wish
“To clasp him in his might, in such a sort,
“As lofty Juno he embraces; — round
“Begirt with all the ensigns of his power.”
Thus Juno artful, Semelé's desires
Apt moulded to her mind. From Jove she prays
A nameless boon: the ready god consents; —
“Chuse what thou wilt, nor least denial dread:
“To prove my faith, I call the Stygian streams
“To witness, terror of the god of gods.”
Joy'd at her fatal prayer's too large success;
And by her lover's prompt compliance, doom'd
To sure destruction;—”This,” said she, “I wish; —
“When with me next you love's delights enjoy,
“Appear as when Saturnia fills your arms.”
Fain would the god have stopp'd her mouth: — too soon
The hasty words found entrance to his ears.
Deep mourn'd he. Equal now the fates forbid,
The wish retracted, or the oath absolv'd.
Sorrowing he seeks the lofty heaven: his nod
Dark rolling clouds collects: here form black showers;
And hurricanes; and flashing lightnings mixt;
Thunders; and his inevitable bolt:
Anxious he strives with all his power to damp,
The fierceness of his flames: nor arm'd him now,

With those dread fires that to the earth dash'd down
The hundred-handed foe: — too powerful they.
He chose a milder thunder; — less of rage,
Of fire, and fury, had the Cyclops given
The mass when forg'd; a second-rated bolt.
Clad in mild glory thus, the dome he seeks
Of Semelé; — her mortal frame too weak,
To bear th' ethereal shock, fierce scorcht she sunk,
Beneath the nuptial grant. Th' imperfect babe,
Snatcht from his mother's smoking womb, was sew'd
(If faith the tale deserves) within his thigh;
There to complete the period of his growth.
Ino, his aunt maternal, then receiv'd
The boy; in private rear'd him, till the nymphs
Of Nysa's mountains, in their secret caves
Shelter'd, and fed with milk, th' entrusted charge.

While the rash promise caus'd on earth those deeds,
And twice-born Bacchus' cradle safe was hid;
'Tis said that Jove with heavenly nectar flush'd,
All serious cares dismiss'd. With sportive jests,
At ease conversing, he and Juno sate:
When he:—"The thrilling ecstasies of love,
"Are surely strongest on the female side."
She differs, — and the question both agree
Tiresias, who each sex had prov'd, shall judge.
Two mighty snakes he spy'd upon the grass,
Twisted in Venus' wreaths; and with his staff
Hard smote them; — instant alter'd was his sex.
Wonderous! he woman of a man became,
Seven winters so he liv'd: — the eight, again
He spy'd the same; and cry'd,—"If such your power,
"That whoso strikes you must their gender change,
"Once more I'll try the spell." Straight as the blow
The snakes receiv'd, his pristine form return'd:
Hence was he chosen, in the strife jocose,
As umpire; and the words of Jove confirm'd.

Much, say they, Juno rag'd; more than beseem'd
The trivial cause, or sentence justly given;
And veil'd the judge's eyes in endless night.
But Jove omnipotent, him gave to know,
(For fate forbids to cancel others' deeds)
What future times conceal; a light divine;
An honor'd gift to mitigate his pain.

Fam'd far and wide through all Bœotia's towns,
Unerring answers still the prophet gave,
To all who sought him. Blue Liriopé,
First prov'd his faith, and ne'er-deceiving words.
Her once Cephissus, in his winding stream
Entwin'd, and forceful in his waves enjoy'd.
The beauteous nymph's full womb, in time produc'd
A babe, whose features ev'n from birth inspir'd
Th' attendant nymphs with love; Narcissus nam'd.
For him enquiring, whether doom'd to see,
The peaceful period of maturest age,
The fate-foretelling prophet thus reply'd: —
“Yes, — if himself he never knows.” The words
Were long absurd esteem'd: but well th' event
Their justice prov'd; his strange unheard of death;
And love of object never lov'd before.

Now sixteen summers had Narcissus seen,
A boy in beauty, but in growth a man;
And crowds of youths his friendship sought, and crowds
Of damsels sought his love: but fiercely pride
Swell'd in his snowy bosom; and he spurn'd
His friends' advances, and the love-sick maids.
A chattering nymph, resounding Echo, saw
The youth, when in his toils the trembling deer
He drove; — a nymph who ne'er her words retain'd,
Nor dialogue commenc'd. But then she bore
A body palpable; and not, as now,
Merely a voice: — yet garrulous, she then

That voice, nor other us'd; 'twas all she could,
The closing words of speakers to repeat.
Juno had this ordain'd: for oft the dame
The frailer nymphs upon the hills had caught,
In trespass with her Jove; but Echo sly
With lengthen'd speech the goddess kept amus'd,
Till all by flight were sav'd. Soon Juno saw
The trick:—"The power of that delusive tongue," —
She cry'd, "I'll lessen, and make brief thy words;"
Nor stay'd, but straight her threaten'd vengeance took.
Now she redoubles (all she can) the words
Which end another's speech; reporting back,

But only what she hears.

Through pathless woods

As roves Narcissus, Echo sees, and burns;
Steals in his footsteps, following close, but flames
More fierce, more near approaching. Sudden thus,
The sulphurous daubing o'er the torches spread,
Snatches th' approaching flame. How oft she wish'd
With bland and soothing words to hail the youth;
But nature harsh forbids, nor grants to make
The first commencement; what she grants she takes,
And anxious waits to catch the wish'd-for sounds;
And speak responsive. Chance the youth had led
Far from his social troop, and loud he cry'd, —
"Who's he that hither comes?" Attentive she, —
Reply'd, "O hither come!" Amaz'd he stood,
Round searching whence the voice; and louder still,

“Here come!” exclaim’d, — and Echo answer’d,—”Come!”
To every part his eyes in vain are bent;
And, “why,” laments he, “dost thou me avoid?”
Again he hears her,—”dost thou me avoid?”
Still he persists; th’ alternate voice deceives, —
And,—”come, approach, together let us join,”
Impatient now he utters: ardent she
Exclaims, in joyful accents,—”let us join!”
Her wish in person urging, from the grove
She springs, and wide extends her arms to clasp
His neck: — Narcissus flies, and flying calls, —
“Desist! — hold off thy hands; — may sooner death
“Me seize, than thou enjoy me.” Nought the maid
Re-echoes, but,—”enjoy me.” Close conceal’d,
By him disdain’d, amid the groves she hides
Her blushing forehead, where the leaves bud thick;
And dwells in lonely caverns. Still her flame
Clings close around her heart; and sharper pangs
Repulse occasions: cares unceasing waste
Her wretched form: gaunt famine shrivels up
Her skin; and all the moistening juice which fed
Her body, flies in air: her voice and bones
Alone are left: her voice, unchang’d; — her bones
To craggy stones are harden’d. Still in groves
She hides secluded; nor on hills appears:
Heard frequent; only heard, and nought but sound.

Thus slighted he the nymph; nor her alone,
But numbers else who o’er the mountains rov’d;
Or sported in the waves. Nor less his pride,
When more mature: keen smarting from his scorn,
To heaven one rais’d her hands, and ardent pray’d; —
“Ordain that he may love, but love like me
“One ne’er to be enjoy’d!” Rhamnusia grants
To prayers so just, th’ assenting nod. There stood,
A mudless pool, whose waters silvery bright,
The shepherds touch’d not, — nor the mountain goats,

Nor lowing herds: which birds, and fierce wild beasts,
Dabbling disturb'd not: — nor a wither'd branch,
Dropt from a tree o'erhanging. Round the brink,
Fed by the moisture, virid grass arose;
And trees impervious to the solar beam,
Screen'd the cool surface. Weary'd with the chase,
And faint with heat, here laid Narcissus down;
Charm'd with the place, and tempted by the pool.
Here as he seeks to quench his burning thirst,
He burns with other fires: and while he drinks,
Caught by the image of his beauteous face,
He loves th' unbody'd form: a substance thinks
The shadow: — loves enraptur'd, — loves himself!
Fixes with eager gaze upon the sight
As on a face in Parian marble wrought.
Stretcht on the ground, his own bright eyes he views,
Twin stars; — his fingers, such as Bacchus grace;
His tresses like Apollo's; — downy cheeks,
Unbearded yet; his neck as ivory white;
The roseate blooming fading into snow:
Each trait admiring which the hapless nymphs,
In him admir'd. Unwitting youth, himself
He wants; — at once beloved, and belov'd:
Himself desiring, by himself desir'd:
Burning with love, while by himself he burns.
Oft, stooping, were his fruitless kisses given:
Oft were his arms outstretch'd to clasp the neck
So plainly seen beneath the waters. No! —
Himself he could not clasp. Whom he beholds,
He knows not; but for whom he sees he burns.
The error that his eye deceives, provokes
His rage. O, foolish youth! why vainly grasp
A fleeting shadow? What thou seek'st is not: —
And what thou lov'st thou now destroy'st: — thou see'st
A semblance only; — a reflected shade —
Nought of itself: with thee it came; — with thee
It stays; — and with thee, if thou could'st, would go.

Not hunger's power has force to drag him thence;
Nor cares of sleep oppress him. Thrown along
The shaded grass, he bends insatiate eyes
Tow'rds the fallacious beauty; — by those eyes
He perishes. Now half-uprais'd, his arms
Outspread, to all the groves around he cry'd: —
"Ye woods, whose darken'd shades so oft have given
"Convenient privacies to lovers, say,
"Saw you e'er one so cruelly who lov'd?
"In ages heap'd on ages you have stood,
"Remember ye a youth who pin'd as I?
"Pleas'd with the object, I its form behold;
"But what I see, and what so pleases flies.
"I find it not: in such bewilder'd maze
"The lover stands. And what my grief augments,
"No mighty seas divide us; lengthen'd roads;
"Nor lofty hills; nor high embattled walls,
"With portals clos'd: asunder are we held
"By trivial drops of water. It no less
"Than I, would give th' embrace; for when I bend
"My lips to kiss it in the limpid stream;
"With rising lips to meet, it anxious strives:
"Then might you think we touch, so faint a line
"Sunders us lovers. Come! whate'er thou art,
"Come hither! why thus mock me, dearest form?
"Why fly my wooing thus? My beauty sure,
"Nor youth are such as should provoke thy flight:
"For numerous nymphs for me have burn'd. Some hope
"Thy kindly sympathizing face affords;
"And when my anxious arms I stretch, — thy arms
"Advance to clasp me: — when I smile, thou smil'st:
"And often have I noted, when the tears
"Stream'd down my cheeks, a rivulet on thine:
"I nod, — thou, answering, noddest: and those lips,
"Those beauteous lips, whose movements plain I see,
"Words utter sure to mine, — though I forbid,
"The sounds to hear. In thee am I! — no more

“My shadow me deceives: I see the whole;
“Love for myself consumes me: — flames self-rais’d,
“Myself torment. What hope? be woo’d, — or woo?
“Wooing, or being woo’d, where is my gain?
“Myself I wish, and plenty makes me poor.
“Would that my body from itself could part!
“Strange wish for lovers, what most dear they love,
“Absent to pray. Grief undermines my strength;
“Nor long my life can linger; — immature,
“In youth I perish: but in me no fears,
“Can death infuse, of all my woes the end;
“Might I but leave this lovely object, still
“Existing: now two images, alas!
“Sink with one soul in death.” Narcissus wails;
And raving turns to view the face again.
His tears the waters trouble; and the face
So beauteous, scarce is seen. Griev’d, he exclaims,
When disappearing,—”Whither fly’st thou? stay —
“Stay, I beseech thee; cruel, fly me not, —
“Thy lover: grant me still to view the form,
“To touch forbidden: — food, at least, afford
“To this unhappy flame.” Lamenting thus,
He from his shoulders tore his robe, and beat
With snow-white hands his bosom; at the blow
His bosom redden’d: so the cherry seems,
Here ruddy blushing, there as fair as snow:
Or grapes unripe, part purpling to the sun,
In vary’d clusters. This he soon espy’d,
Reflected in the placid pool; no more
He bore it, but as gentle fire dissolves
The yellow wax: as Phœbus’ morning beams
Melt the light hoar; — so wasted he, — by love
Gradual consum’d, as by a secret fire.
No more the ruddy tints appear, with white
Soft blended. All his active strength decays;
And all that pleas’d so lately. Ev’n his form
So much by Echo lov’d, no more remains.

All Echo saw; and though of former slights
Still mindful, griev'd; and when the hapless youth
"Alas!" exclaim'd; responsive sigh'd, "Alas!"
When on his breast the blows resounded; blows
Loud answering his were heard. His final words,
Gazing still earnest on the wonted wave,
Were,—"dearest form, belov'd in vain!" — the words
Resounded from the grove: "farewel," he cry'd,
And Echo cry'd, "farewel." Weary'd he threw,
On the green turf his head. Night clos'd his eyes;
Their owner fond admiring. Now retir'd
To regions far beneath, the Stygian lake
Reflects his form. The Naiäd sisters wail,
Shorn of their tresses, which to him they throw:
The Dryads also mourn; their bosoms beat;
And Echo answers every tearful groan.
A pile they build; the high-tost torches bring;
And funeral bier; but, lo! the corpse is gone:
A saffron-tinted flower alone is found,
Rising encircled with its snowy leaves.

Th' adventure spread through all the Achaian towns,
And much repute th' unerring augur gain'd.
Great now his prophesying fame. Alone,
Pentheus despis'd him; — (he the gods despis'd)
And only he; — he mock'd each holy word
Sagely prophetic: — with his rayless eyes
Reproach'd him. Angrily, his temples hoar
With reverend locks, the prophet shook, and said; —
"Happy for thee, if thus of light bereft,
"The Bacchanalian orgies ne'er to see!
"The day approaches, nor far distant now;
"My sight prophetic tells, — when here will come
"Bacchus new-born, of Semelé the son,
"Whose rites, if thou with honor due, not tend'st
"In temples worthy, — scatter'd far and wide,
"Thy limbs dismember'd shall the ground bestrew:

“Thy blood the forests shall distain; — thy gore
“Thy aunts, — nay e’en thy mother, shall pollute:
“For thou such honors, as immortals claim,
“Shalt to the god deny; then wilt thou find
“Beneath this darkness I but see too well.”
Thus speaking, Echion’s son the prophet push’d
Harshly away; but his too faithful words
Time prov’d; — the threaten’d deeds accomplish’d all.

Lo! Bacchus comes, and all the country rings
With joyous outcries; crowds on crowds thick swarm; —
Matrons, and wives new-wedded, mixt with men;
Nobles, and commons; all the impulse bears,
To join the stranger’s rites. But Pentheus thus; —
“Offspring of Mars! O nation, serpent born!
“What madness fills your minds? Can piercing sounds
“Of brass from brass rebounding; winding horns,
“And magic cheatings, then possess such power?
“You whom the warlike sword, the trumpet’s clang,
“And battle’s edge, dread bristling close with arms,
“Appal not; yield ye thus to female howls;
“Wine’s maddening fumes; a filthy shameless crowd;
“And empty cymbals? In amaze, I see,
“You venerable men who plough’d the seas,
“And here, a refuge for your exil’d gods,
“This second Tyre have built, — without a blow,
“Yield it a spoil! Ye too, robuster youths,
“Of hardier age, and years more near my own; —
“Whom warlike arms, than Thyrsi more become;
“And brows with helmets than with leaves compest:
“Think whence you sprang, and let the thought inspire
“Your souls with all the dragon’s fierceness: he
Singly slew hosts: he for his fountain fell;
You for your honor vanquish. He destroy’d
The valiant; you th’ effeminate expel;
And all the glory of your sire regain.

“If fate to Thebes a speedy fall decrees,
“May heroes, O, ye gods! with battering force
“O’erturn her walls; — may the sword rage, and flames
“Crackling, devour her. Wretched though our lot;
“Not criminal: our fate, though much bemoan’d,
“Would need concealment not: tears then might flow,
“But not from shame. Now unresisting Thebes,
“Yields to a boy unarm’d; who never joys
“In armies, steeds, nor swords; — but more in locks
“With myrrh moist-dropping, garlands soft, and robes
“Of various tints, with gold and purple gay.
“Rest ye but tranquil, and without delay,
“Him will I force to own his boasted sire
“Untrue; and forg’d those new invented rites.
“Had not Acrisius bravery to despise
“The counterfeited deity, and close
“The gates of Argos on him? And must now
“This wanderer come, and Pentheus terrify,
“With all the power of Thebes! Haste, quickly haste,” —
He bade his servants,—”hither drag, firm chain’d,
“This leader. Quick, nor brook my words delay!”
His grandsire, Athamas, and all the crowd
Reprove; — while thus he rails, with fruitless toil
Labor to stop him. Obstinate he stands,
More raging at remonstrance; and his ire
Restrain’d, increases; goading more and more;
Restraint itself enkindling more his rage.
So may be seen a river rolling smooth,
With murmuring nearly silent, while unchecked;
But when by rocks, or bulky trees oppos’d,
Foaming and boiling furious, on it sweeps
Impetuous raging; fiercer, more withstood.

With blood besmear’d, his men return; — their lord
For Bacchus anxious asks; — but Bacchus they,
To find, arriv’d too late;—”but here,” they cry, —
“Here have we seiz’d his comrade; — one who joins

“His train, and joins his rites.” (The Tuscans once
The Bacchanalian orgies follow’d.) Bound
Behind, his hands, their prisoner they present.
Pentheus survey’d the stranger, while his eyes
Sparkled with rage terrific: with constraint
His torture so deferring, thus he spoke; —
“Wretch! ere thou sufferest, — ere thy death shall give
“A public warning, — tell thy name; — confess
“Thy sire; declare thy country; and the cause
“Those rites thou celebratest in a mode
“Diverse from others.” Fearless, he reply’d; —
“Acœtes is my name: my natal land,
“Tyrrenia: from an humble stock I spring.
“Lands by strong oxen plough’d, or wool-clad flocks,
“Or lowing herds my father left me none:
“For poor was he; — his daily toil to catch
“With nets and lines the fish, and as they leap’d,
“Draw with his bending rod the prey to land:
“His skill his sole estate. When unto me
“This art he taught, — receive, said he, my wealth;
“Such wealth as I possess; heir to my toil,
“And to my toil successor: dying, he
“To me bequeath’d the waters; — nothing more:
“These only as paternal wealth I claim.
“But soon, disliking on the self-same rock
“To dwell, I learn’d the art to rule the track
“Plough’d by the keel, with skilful guiding hand;
“And learn’d th’ Olenian sign, the showery goat;
“Taygeté; and the Hyâdes; the Bear;
“The dwellings of the winds; and every port
“Where ships could shelter. Once for Delos bound,
“By chance, the shore of Chios’ isle we near’d;
“And when our starboard oars the beach had touch’d,
“Lightly I leap’d, and rested on the land.
“Now, night expir’d, Aurora warmly glow’d,
“And rousing up from sleep, my men I bade
“Supplies of living waters bring; and shew’d

“What path the fountain led to. I meanwhile,
“A lofty hill ascending, careful mark’d
“The wish’d-for wind approaching; — loud I call’d
“My fellows, and with haste the vessel gain’d.
“Lo! cry’d Opheltas, chief of all my crew, —
“Lo! here we come; — and from the desert fields,
“(A prize obtain’d, he thought), — he dragg’d along
“A boy of virgin beauty tow’rd the sands:
“Staggering, the youth, with wine and sleep oppress’d,
“With difficulty follow’d. Closely I
“His dress, his countenance, and his gait remark;
“And all I see, displays no mortal man.
“Conscious, I speak my comrades thus: — Unknown
“To me, what deity before us stands,
“But sure I am, that form conceals a god.
“O thou! whoe’er thou art, assist us; — aid
“Our undertakings; — who have seiz’d thee, spare,
“Unknowing what they did. Bold Dictys cries, —
“Than whom none swifter gain’d the topmost yards,
“Nor on the cordage slid more agile down; —
“Prayers offer not for us. Him Lybion joins;
“And brown Melanthes, ruler of the helm;
“Alcimedon unites; Epopeus too,
“Who rul’d the rowers, and their restings mark’d;
“(Arduous they urg’d their sinews by his voice) —
“Nay all Opheltas join, — the lust of gain,
“So blinded all their judgments. Still I cry; —
“Ne’er will I yield my vessel to behold
“Burthen’d with such a sacrilegious load:
“Pre-eminent is here my right. I stand
“To those who strive to hoist him in, oppos’d.
“Bold and outrageous, far beyond the rest,
“Was Lycabas; from Tuscan shore exil’d
“For deeds of murderous violence: he grasp’d
“My throat with force athletic, as I stood,
“And in the waves had flung me; but sore stunn’d,
“A cable caught, and sav’d me. Loud the crew

“The impious deed applauded. Bacchus rose,
“(The boy was Bacchus!) with the tumult loud
“Rous’d from his sleep; — the fumes of wine dispell’d,
“His senses seem’d restor’d. What is’t you do?
“What noise is this? he cry’d; — What brought me here?
“O, mariners! inform me; — tell me where
“You carry me! Fear not, — the pilot said, —
“Say but the port, where most thou’dst chuse to land; —
“Thither we straight will steer. The god reply’d; —
“To Naxos then your course direct; that isle
“My native soil I call: — to you that isle
“A friendly shore shall prove. False men, they swear,
“By ocean, and by all the sacred gods,
“This to perform; and order me to loose,
“The painted vessel’s sails. Full on the right
“Stood Naxos. Loudly one to me exclaims;
“As tow’rd the right I trim the sails to steer; —
“What now, Acœtes? madman! fool! what now?
“Art thou distracted? to the left we sail. —
“Most nod significant their wishes: some
“Soft whisper in my ear. Astounded, I
“Let others guide! — exclaim, — and quit the helm;
“Guiltless of aiding in their treacherous guile.
“Loud murmurings sound from all; and loudly one,
“Ethalion, cries; — in thee alone is plac’d
“Our safety, doubtless! — forward steps himself; —
“My station seizes; and a different course
“Directs the vessel, Naxos left behind.
“The feigning god, as though but then, the fraud
“To him perceptible, the waves beholds
“From the curv’d poop, and tears pretending, cries; —
“Not this, O, seamen! is the promis’d shore:
“Not this the wish’d-for land! What deed of mine
“This cruel treatment merits? Where the fame
“Of men, a child deceiving; numbers leagu’d
“Misleading one? Fast flow’d my tears with his;
“Our tears the impious mob deride, and press

“The ocean with their strong-propelling oars.
“Now by the god himself, I swear, (and none
“To vows more ready listens) that the tale,
“Though in appearance credence far beyond,
“Is strictly true. Firm fixt amid the waves
“The vessel stands, as in a harbour laid
“Dry from the ocean! Wondering, they their oars,
“With strokes redoubled ply; loose to the wind
“More sails; and with this double aid essay
“Onward to urge. Their oars with ivy twin’d,
“Are clogg’d; the curving tendrils crooked spread;
“The sails with clustering berries loaded hang.
“His temples girded with a branchy crown,
“Whence grapes hang dangling, stands the god, and shakes
“A spear entwisted with the curling vine.
“Round seem to prowl the tiger, and the lynx,
“And savage forms of panthers, various mark’d.
“Up leap’d the men, by sudden madness mov’d;
“Or terror only: Medon first appear’d
“Blackening to grow, with shooting fins; his form
“Flatten’d; and in a curve was bent his spine.
“Him Lycabas address’d; — what wonderous shape
“Art thou receiving? — speaking, wide his jaws
“Expanded; flatten’d down, his nose appear’d;
“A scaly covering cloth’d his harden’d skin.
“Lybis to turn the firm fixt oars attempts,
“But while he tries, perceives his fingers shrink;
“And hands, now hands no longer, fins he sees.
“Another round the cordage strives his arms
“To clasp, — but arms he has not, — down he leaps
“Broad on his crooked back, and seeks the waves.
“Forkt is their new-made tail; like Luna’s form
“Bent in the skies, ere half her orb is fill’d.
“Bounding all round they leap; — now down they dash,
“Besprinkling wide the foamy drops; now ‘merge;
“And now re-diving, plunge in playful sport:
“As chorus regular they act, and move

“Their forms in shapes lascivious; spouting high,
“The briny waters through their nostrils wide.
“Of twenty now, (our ship so many bore)
“I only stand unchang’d; with trembling limbs,
“And petrify’d with fear. The god himself,
“Scarce courage in my mind inspires; when thus, —
“Pale terror from thy bosom drive, and seek
“The isle of Naxos. — Thither come, I tend
“On smoking altars, Bacchus’ sacred rites.”

Him Pentheus angry stopp’d. “Thy tedious tale,
“Form’d to divert my rage, in vain is told.
“Here, men, swift drag him hence! — dispatch his soul,
“Driven from his body, down to Stygian night;
“By pangs excruciating.” Straight close pent,
In solid dungeon is Acœtes thrown,
While they the instruments of death prepare;
The cruel steel; the flames; — spontaneous fly
Wide ope the dungeon doors; spontaneous fall
The fetters from his arms, and freed he goes.
Stubborn, the son of Echion still persists;
But sends no messenger: himself proceeds,
To where Cythæron, for the sacred rites
Selected, rings with Bacchanalian songs,
And outcries shrill. As foams an high-bred steed,
When through the speaking brass the warlike trump,
Sounds the glad signal; and with ardor burns
For battle: so the air, with howlings loud
Re-echoing, Pentheus moves, and doubly flames
His rage, to hear the clangor. Clear’d from trees,
A plain extends, from every part fair seen,
And near the mountain’s centre: round its skirt,
Thick groves grow shady. Here his mother saw
His eye unhallow’d view the sacred rites;
And first, — by frantic madness urg’d, — she first
Furious the Thyrsus at her Pentheus flung:
Exclaiming loud;—”Ho, sisters! hither haste!

“Here stands the furious boar that wastes our grounds:
“My hand has smote him.” Raging rush the crowd,
In one united body. All close join,
And all pursue the now pale trembling wretch.
No longer fierce he storms; but grieving blames
His rashness, and his obstinacy owns.
Wounded,—”dear aunt, Autonoe!” — he cries,
“Help me! — O, let your own Actæon’s ghost
“Move you to pity!” She, Actæon’s name
Nought heeding, tears his outstretcht arm away;
The other, Ino from his body drags!
And when his arms, unhappy wretch, he tries
To lift unto his mother, arms to lift
Were none; — but stretching forth his mangled trunk
Of limbs bereft;—”look, mother!” — he exclaims.
Loud howl’d Agavé at the sight; his neck
Fierce grasping, — toss’d on high his streaming locks,
Her bloody fingers twisted in his hair.
Then clamor’d loudly;—”joy, my comrades, joy!
“The victory is mine!” Not swifter sweep
The winds those leaves which early frosts have nipp’d,
And lightly to the boughs attach’d remain,
Than scatter’d flew his limbs by furious hands.

BOOK IV

Feast of Bacchus. Impiety and infidelity of Alcithoë and her sisters. Story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Amour of Mars and Venus. The lovers caught by Vulcan in a net. Sol's love for Leucothoë, and her change to a tree of frankincense. Clytié transformed to a sunflower. Tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. Transformation of Alcithoë and her sisters to bats. Juno's fury. Madness of Athamas; and deification of Ino and Melicertes. Change of the Theban women to rocks and birds. Cadmus and Hermione changed to serpents. Perseus. Transformation of Atlas to a mountain. Andromeda saved from the sea monster. Story of Medusa.

Warn'd by the dreadful admonition, all
Of Thebes the new solemnities approve;
Bring incense, and to Bacchus' altars bend.
Alcithoë only, Minyäs' daughter, views
His orgies still with unbelieving eyes.
Boldly, herself and sisters, partners all
In impious guilt, refuse the god to own,
The progeny of Jove. The prophet bids
Each mistress with her maids, to join the feast:
(Sacred the day from toil). Their breasts to clothe
In skins; the fillets from their heads to loose;
With ivy wreathe their brows; and in their hands
The leafy Thyrsus grasp. Threatening, he spoke,
In words prophetic, how th' affronted god
Would wreak his ire. Matrons and virgins haste;
Throw by their baskets; quit the loom, and leave
Th' unfinish'd threads: sweet incense they supply
Invoking Bacchus by his various names.
Bromius! Lyæus! power in flames produc'd! —
Produc'd a second time! god doubly born!
Born of two mothers! Nyseus! they exclaim;
Long-hair'd Thyoneus! — and the planter fam'd
Of genial grapes! Lenæus! too, they sing;
Nytelius! Elelcus! and aloud
Iäcchus! Evan! with the numerous names,
O Liber! in the Grecian land thou hold'st.

Unwaning youth is thine, eternal boy!
Most beauteous form in heaven! a virgin's face
Thou seem'st to bear, when seen without thy horns.
Stoops to thy arms the East, where Ganges bounds
The dusky India: — Deity rever'd!
Thou impious Pentheus sacrific'd; and thou,
The mad Lycurgus punish'd with his axe:
By thee the Tyrrhene traitors, in the main
Were flung: Adorn'd with painted reins, thou curb'st
The lynxes in thy chariot yok'd abreast:
Thy steps the Satyrs and Bacchantes tread;
And old Silenus; who with wine o'ercharg'd,
With a long staff his tottering steps sustains:
Or on a crooked ass, unsteady sits:
Where'er thou enterest shout the joyous youth,
Females and males immingled: loud the drums
Struck by their hands resound; — and loudly clash
The brazen cymbals: soft the boxen flutes

Deep and melodious sound!

Now prays all Thebes

The god's approach in mildness; and perform
His sacred rites as bidden. Sole remain
At home secluded, Minyäs' daughters, — they
With ill-tim'd industry the feast prophane.
Busy, they form the wool, and twirl the thread;
Or to the loom stick close, and all their maids
Urge to strict labor. One with dexterous thumb
The slender thread extending, cries;—"while all,

“Idly, those rites imaginary tend,
“Let us, whom Pallas, deity more great,
“Detains, our useful labors lighter make
“By vary’d converse. Each in turn relate
“Her tale, while others listen; thus the time
“Less tedious shall appear.” All pleas’d applaud
The proposition; and her sisters beg
That she the tales commence. Long she demurs,
What story first, of those she knew, to tell;
For numerous was her store. In doubt, thy tale,
Dercetis Babylonian, to relate,
Whose form, the Syrians think, with scales is cloth’d;
The stagnant pools frequenting: or describe
Thy daughter’s change, on waving pinions borne;
Who lengthen’d age obtain’d, on lofty towers
Safe dwelling: or of Naïs, who the youths
With magic works, and potent witching words
To silent fishes turn’d; till she the same
Vile transformation suffer’d: or the tree,
Which once in clusters white its berries bore,
Now blood besprinkled, growing black. This tale
Most novel, pleas’d the most: and as she spun
Her slender thread, the nymph the tale began.

”Thisbe, the brightest of the eastern maids;
“And Pyramus, the pride of all the youths,
“Contiguous dwellings held, in that fam’d town,
“Where lofty walls of stone, we learn were rais’d,
“By bold Semiramis. Their neighbouring scite,
“Acquaintance first encourag’d, — primal step
“To further intimacy: love, in time,
“Grew from this chance connection; and they long’d
“To join by lawful rites: but harsh forbade,
“Their rigid sires the union fate had doom’d.
“With equal ardor both their minds inflam’d,
“Burnt fierce; and absent every watchful spy
“By nods and signs they spoke; for close their love

“Conceal’d they kept; — conceal’d it burn’d more fierce.

“The severing wall a narrow chink contain’d,

“Form’d when first rear’d; — what will not love espy?

“This chink, by all for ages past unseen,

“The lovers first espy’d. — This opening gave

“A passage for their voices; safely through,

“Their tender words were breath’d in whisperings soft.

“Oft punctual at their posts, — on this side she,

“And Pyramus on that; — each breathing sighs, —

“By turns inhaling, have they mutual cry’d; —

“Invidious wall! why lovers thus divide?

“Much were it, did thy parts more wide recede,

“And suffer us to join? were that too much

“A little opening more, and we might meet

“With lips at least. Yet grateful still we own

“Thy kind indulgence, which a passage gives,

“And amorous words conveys to loving ears.

“Thus they loquacious, though on sides diverse,

“Till night their converse stay’d; — then cry’d, adieu!

“And each imprinted kisses, which the stones

“Forbade to taste. Soon as Aurora’s fires

“Remov’d the shades of night, and Phoebus’ rays

“From the moist earth the dew exhal’d, they meet

“As ‘custom’d at the wall: lamenting deep,

“As wont in murmuring whispers: bold they plan,

“Their guards evading in the silent night,

“To pass the outer gates. Then, when escap’d

“From home, to leave the city’s dangerous shade;

“But lest, in wandering o’er the spacious plains

“They miss to meet, at Ninus’ sacred tomb

“They fix their assignation, — hid conceal’d

“Beneath th’ umbrageous leaves. There grew a tree,

“Close bordering on a cooling fountain’s brink;

“A stately mulberry; — snow-white fruit hung thick

“On every branch. The plot pleas’d well the pair.

”And now slow seems the car of Sol to sink;

“Slow from the ocean seems the night to rise;
“Till Thisbe, cautious, by the darkness veil’d,
“Soft turns the hinges, and her guards beguiles.
“Her features veil’d, the tomb she reaches, — sits
“Beneath th’ appointed tree: love makes her bold.
“Lo! comes a lioness, — her jaws besmear’d
“With gory foam, fresh from the slaughter’d herd,
“Deep in th’ adjoining fount her thirst to slake.
“Far off the Babylonian maid beheld
“By Luna’s rays the horrid foe, — quick fled
“With trembling feet, and gain’d a darksome cave:
“Flying, she dropp’d, and left her robe behind.

“Now had the savage beast her drought allay’d,
“And backward to the forest roaming, found
“The veiling robe; — its tender texture rent,
“And smear’d the spoil with bloody jaws. The youth
“(With later fortune his strict watch escap’d)
“Spy’d the plain footsteps of a monster huge
“Deep in the sand indented! — O’er his face
“Pale terror spread: but when the robe he saw,
“With blood besmear’d, and mangled; loud he cry’d, —
“One night shall close two lovers’ eyes in death!
“She most deserving of a longer date.
“Mine is the fault alone. Dear luckless maid!
“I have destroy’d thee; — I, who bade thee keep
“Nocturnal meetings in this dangerous place,
“And came not first to shield thy steps from harm.
“Ye lions, wheresoe’er within those caves
“Ye lurk! haste hither, — tear me limb from limb!
“Fierce ravaging devour, and make my tomb
“Your horrid entrails. But for death to wish
“A coward’s turn may serve. The robe he takes,
“Once Thisbe’s, and beneath th’ appointed tree
“Bearing it, bath’d in tears; with ardent lips
“Oft fondly kissing, thus he desperate cries; —
“Now with my blood be also bath’d! — drink deep!

“And in his body plung’d the sword, that round
“His loins hung ready girt: then as he dy’d,
“Hasty withdrew, hot reeking from the wound,
“The steel; and backwards falling, press’d the earth.
“High spouts the sanguine flood! thus forth a pipe,
“(The lead decay’d, or damag’d) sends a stream
“Contracted from the breach; upspringing high,
“And loudly hissing, as the air it breaks
“With jets repeated. Sprinkled with the blood,
“The tree’s white fruit a purple tinge receiv’d;
“Deep soak’d with blood the roots convey the stain
“Inly, and tinge each bough with Tyrian dye.

”Now Thisbe comes, with terror trembling still,
“Fearful, she Pyramus expecting waits:
“Him seek her beating bosom, and her eyes;
“Anxious the peril she escap’d to tell.
“Well mark’d her eyes the place, — and well the tree;
“The berries chang’d in color, long she doubts
“The same or no. While hesitating thus,
“The panting members quivering she beholds,
“Upon the sanguin’d turf; and back recoils!
“Paler than wax her features grow; her limbs
“More tremble than when ocean fretful sounds,
“Its surface briskly by the breezes swept.
“Nor long the pause, her lover soon is known;
“And now her harmless breast with furious blows
“She punishes; her tresses wild she rends;
“Clasps the lov’d body; and the gaping wound
“Fills with her tears, — their droppings with the blood
“Immingling. On his clay-cold face she press’d
“Her kisses, crying; — Pyramus! what chance
“Has torn thee from me thus? My Pyramus!
“Answer me,—’tis thy dearest Thisbe speaks!
“She calls thee, — hear me, — raise that dying face!
“At Thisbe’s name, his lids, with death hard weigh’d,
“He rais’d — beheld her, — and forever clos’d.

"Him dying thus, — her lacerated veil;
"The ivory scabbard empty'd of its sword;
"She saw, — at once the truth upon her mind
"Flash'd quick. Alas! thy hand, by love impell'd,
"Has wrought thy ruin: but to me the hand,
"In this, at least, shall equal force display,
"For equal was my love; and love will grant
"Sufficient strength the deadly wound to give.
"In death I'll follow thee; with justice call'd
"Thy ruin's wretched cause, — but comrade too.
"Thou whom, but death seem'd capable to part
"From me, shalt find ev'n death too weak will prove.
"Ye wretched mourning parents, his and mine!
"The dying prayers respect of him, — of me:
"Grant that, entomb'd together, both may rest;
"A pair by faithful love conjoined, — by death
"United close. And thou fair tree which shad'st
"Of one the miserable corse; and two
"Soon with thy boughs wilt cover, — bear the mark
"Of the sad deed eternal; — ting'd thy fruit
"With mournful coloring: monumental type
"Of double slaughter. Speaking thus, she plac'd
"The steely point, while yet with blood it smok'd,
"Beneath her swelling breast; and forward fell.
"Her final prayer reach'd heaven; her parents reach'd:
"Purple the berries blush, when ripen'd full;
"And in one urn the lovers' ashes rest."

She ceas'd: a silent interval, but short,
Ensu'd; and next Leuconoë thus address'd
Her listening sisters:—"Ev'n the sun himself,
"Whose heavenly light so universal shines,
"To love is subject: his amours I tell.
"This deity's keen sight the first espy'd —
"(For all things penetrating first he sees)
"The crime of Mars and Venus; sore chagrin'd,
"To Vulcan he th' adulterous theft display'd,

“And told him where they lay. Appall’d he heard, —
“And dropp’d the tools his dexterous hand contain’d;
“But soon recover’d. Slender chains of brass,
“And nets, and traps he form’d; so wonderous fine,
“They mock’d the power of sight: for far less fine,
“The smallest thread the distaff forms; or line,
“Spun by the spider, pendent from the roof.
“Curious he form’d it; at the lightest touch
“It yielded; each momentum, slight howe’er,
“Caus’d its recession: this he artful hung,
“The couch enfolding. When the faithless wife,
“And paramour upon the bed embrac’d,
“Both in the lewd conjunction were ensnar’d;
“Caught by the husband’s skill, whose art the chains
“In novel form had fram’d. The Lemnian god
“Instant wide threw the ivory doors, and gave
“Admittance free to every curious eye:
“In shameful guise together bound they laid.
“But some light gods, not blaming much the sight,
“Would wish thus sham’d to lie: loud laugh’d the whole,
“And long in heaven the tale jocose was told.

”The well-remember’d deed, the Cyprian queen
“Retorting, made the god remember too:
“And him who her conceal’d amours disclos’d,
“In turn betray’d. What now, Hyperion’s son,
“Avails thy beauty! — or thy radiant flames?
“For thou, whose fires warm all the wide-spread world,
“Burn’st with a new-felt heat! Thou, whose wide view,
“Should every object grasp, with partial ken
“Leucothoë only see’st! that nymph alone,
“Attracts those eyes, whose lustre all the world
“Expect to view. Oft in the eastern skies,
“More early rising, art thou seen; and oft
“More tardy ‘neath the waves thou sinkest: long
“The wintry days thou stretchest, with delay
“Thy object lov’d to see. Meantime pale gloom

“O’ercasts thy orb; the dullness of thy mind
“Obstructs thy brightness; and thy rays obscure,
“Terror in mortal breasts inspire. Not pale
“Thou fadest, as, when nearer whirl’d to earth,
“Faint Luna’s shadow o’er thy surface glooms:
“But love, and only love the paleness gives.
“Her only, now thy amorous soul pursues;
“Rhodos, nor Clymené, nor Persé fair,
“Of Colchian Circé mother, tempt thee now;
“Nor Clytié, whom thy cold neglect still spurns;
“Yet still she burns to clasp thee: deep she mourns,
“Stung more acutely by this fresh amour.
“Now in Leucothoë, every former love
“Is lost. Leucothoë, whom the beauteous nymph,
“Eurynomé, in odoriferous climes
“Of Araby brought forth. Full-grown, matur’d,
“Leucothoë’s beauteous form no less surpass’d
“Her mother’s, than her mother’s all beside.
“Her sire, the royal Orchamus (who claim’d
“A seventh descent from ancient Belus) rul’d
“The Achæmenian towns. The rapid steeds
“Of Phœbus pasture ‘neath the western sky;
“Not grass, ambrosia, eating; heavenly food,
“Which nerves their limbs, faint with diurnal toil,
“Restoring all their ardor. Whilst the steeds,
“This their celestial nourishment enjoy;
“And night, as ‘custom’d, governs in her turn;
“The god the close apartments of his nymph
“Beloved, enters; — form’d to outward view,
“Eurynomé her mother. Her he saw
“The slender threads from spindle twirling fine,
“Illumin’d by the lamp; and circled round
“By twice six female helpers. Warm he gave
“As a lov’d daughter, his maternal kiss,
“And said; — our converse secrecy demands. —
“Th’ attendant maids depart, — nor hinderance give,
“Loitering, a mother’s secret words to hear.

“When he, the chamber free from spy or guard,
“Exclaims, — no female I! behold the god,
“The lengthen’d year who spaces! who beholds
“Each object earth contains! the world’s great eye
“By which it all surveys. My tender words
“Believe, I dearly love thee. Pale she look’d,
“While thus he spoke; — started, and trembling dropp’d
“Her distaff, and her spindle from her hand
“Nerveless. But ev’n her terror seem’d to add
“Fresh beauty to her features. Longer he
“Delay’d not, but his wonted form assum’d;
“In heavenly splendor shining. Mild the maid,
“Won by his beauteous brightness, (though at first,
“His sudden shape surpriz’d her) sunk beneath
“The force he urg’d, with unresisting power.

”The jealous Clytié (who with amorous flame
“Burn’d for Apollo) urg’d by harlot’s rage,
“Straight to the sire, Leucothoë’s crime betray’d;
“Painting the nymph’s misdeed with heighten’d glow.
“Fierce rag’d the father, — merciless inhum’d
“Her living body deep in earth! Outstretcht
“High to the sun her arms, and praying warm
“For mercy; — he by force, she cry’d, prevail’d!
“O’er her untimely grave a lofty mound
“Of sand, her sire uprear’d. Hyperion’s son
“Through this an opening with his beams quick form’d,
“Full wide for her, her head intomb’d to lift,
“Once to the light again. Thy bury’d corse
“No more thou now couldst raise; the ponderous load
“Of earth prevents thee; and a bloodless mass,
“Exanimate, thou ly’st! Not deeper grief
“’Tis said, the ruler of the swift-wing’d steeds,
“Display’d, when o’er the earth the hapless flames
“By Phaëton were thrown. Arduous he strives,
“Her gelid limbs, with all his powerful rays
“To vivid heat recal: stern fate withstands

“His utmost urg’d endeavours: bathing then
“Her pallid corse, and all the earth around
“With odorous nectar, sorrowing sad he cries; —
“Yet, shalt thou reach the heavens! And soon began
“Her limbs, soft melting in celestial dew,
“With moistening drops of strong perfume to flow:
“Slowly a frankincense’s rooted twigs
“Spread in the earth, — its top the hillock burst.

”Angry the god (though violent love the pain
“Of jealousy might well excuse, — the pain
“Of jealousy the tale) from Clytié now
“Abstains; no more in amorous mood they meet.
“Rash now the deed her burning love had caus’d,
“Too late she found; — she flies her sister-nymphs;
“And pining, on the cold bare turf she sits;
“By day, — by night, — sole shelter’d by the sky;
“Her dripping tresses matted round her brows:
“Food, — drink, abhorring. Nine long days she bore
“Sharp famine, bath’d with dew, bath’d with her tears;
“Still on the ground prone lying. Yet the god
“In circling motion still she ardent view’d;
“Turning her face to his. Tradition tells,
“Her limbs to earth grew fasten’d: ghastly pale
“Her color; chang’d to bloodless leaves she stood,
“Streak’d ruddy here and there; — a violet flower
“Her face o’erspreading. Still that face she turns,
“To meet the sun; — though binding roots retain
“Her feet, her love unalter’d still remains.”

She ended; all their listening ears, well pleas’d,
The wonderous story heard. Some hard of faith
Its truth, its probability deny.
To true divinities such power some grant;
And power to compass more; — to Bacchus none
Such potence own. The sisters, silent now,
Alcithoë beg to speak: she shooting swift

Her shuttle through th' extended threads, exclaims; —

“Of Daphnis' love, so known, on Ida's hill,
“His flocks who tended, whom his angry nymph,
“To stone transform'd (such fury fires the breast
“Of those who desperate love!) I shall not tell:
“Nor yet of Scythos, of ambiguous form,
“Now male, now female; nature's wonted laws
“Inconstant proving: thee, O Celmis! too
“I pass; once faithful nurse to infant Jove,
“Now chang'd to adamant: Curetes! sprung
“From showery floods: Crocus, and Smilax, both
“To blooming flowers transform'd: unnotic'd these,
“My tale from novelty itself shall please:
“How Salmacis so infamous became,
“Then list; whose potent waves, the luckless limbs
“Enerve, of those they bathe. Conceal'd the cause;
“Yet far and wide the fountain's power is known.

”Deep in the sheltering caves of Ida's hill,
“The Naiad nymphs a beauteous infant nurs'd;
“Whom Cyprus' goddess unto Hermes bore.
“His father's beauty, and his mother's, shone
“In every feature; in his name conjoin'd
“He bore their appellations. When matur'd
“By fifteen summers, from paternal hills
“Straying, he wander'd from his nursing Idé:
“In lands unknown he joy'd, and joy'd to see
“Strange rivers, — pleasure lessening every toil.
“Through Lycia's towns he stray'd; and further still,
“To bordering Caria, where a pool he spy'd,
“Whose lowest depth a gleam transparent shew'd:
“No marshy canes, — no filthy barren weeds,
“Nor pointed bulrush near the margin grew:
“Full on the eye the water shone, yet round
“Its brink a border smil'd of verdant turf,
“And plants forever green. Here dwelt a nymph,
“But one who never join'd the active chace;

“The bow who never bent; who never strove
“To conquer in the race: of all the nymphs,
“Alone no comrade of Diana fleet.
“Oft, as ‘tis said, her sister-nymphs exclaim’d; —
“Come, Salmacis, thy painted quiver take;
“Or take thy javelin; — with soft pleasures mix
“Laborious sporting: but nor javelin she,
“Nor painted quiver took; — with sportive toil,
“Soft pleasures mingling: sole intent to bathe,
“Her beauteous limbs amidst her own clear waves;
“And through her flowing tresses oft to draw
“The boxen comb, while o’er the fountain bent,
“She studies all her graces: now, her form
“Clad in a robe transparent, stretcht she lies,
“Or on the yielding leaves, or bending grass;
“Now flowers she culls; — and so it chanc’d to fall,
“Flowers she was gathering, when she first beheld
“The charming youth; no sooner seen than lov’d.
“Not forth she rush’d at first, though strongly urg’d,
“Forward to spring, but all adjusted fair:
“Closely survey’d her robe; her features form’d;
“And every part in beauteous shape compos’d.
“Then thus address’d him; — O, most godlike youth!
“And if a god, the lovely Cupid sure!
“But if of mortal mould, blest is thy sire!
“Blest is thy brother! and thy sister blest! —
“If sister hast thou; — and the fostering breast
“Which fed thy infant growth: but far ‘bove all
“In rapturous bliss, is she who calls thee spouse;
“Should nymph exist thou deem’st that bliss deserves!
“If wedded, grant a stol’n embrace to me;
“If not, let me thy nuptial couch ascend.
“The Naiäd ceas’d: a bashful glow suffus’d
“His face, for nought of love to him was known:
“Yet blushing seem’d he lovely: thus warm glows
“The apple, to the ripening sun expos’d;
“Or teinted ivory; or the redden’d moon,

“Whom brazen cymbals clash to help in vain.
“To her, warm praying for at least a kiss,
“A chaste, a sister’s kiss, — her arms firm claspt
“Around his ivory neck; — desist! he cries,
“Desist! or sole to thee the place I’ll leave.
“His flight she dreaded, and reply’d, — I go,
“Dear youth, and freely yield the spot to thee.
“And seems indeed, her steps from him to turn;
“But still in sight she kept him; lurking close
“Shelter’d by shadowy shrubs, on bended knees.
“Of spy unconscious, he in boyish play
“Frisks sportive here and there; dips first his feet,
“Then ancles deeper in the wantoning waves;
“Pleas’d with the temper of the lucid pool:
“Till hasty stript from off his tender limbs
“His garments soft he flings. More deeply struck
“Stood Salmacis; more fiercely flam’d her love,
“His naked beauty seen. Her gloating eyes
“Sparkled no less than seem bright Phœbus’ rays,
“When shining splendid, midst a cloudless sky,
“A mirror’s face reflecting gives them back.
“Delay ill brooking, hardly she contains
“Her swelling joy; frantic for his embrace,
“She pants, and hard from rushing forth refrains.
“His sides he claps, and agile in the steam
“Quick plunges, moving with alternate arms.
“Bright through the waves he shines; thus white appears
“The sculptur’d ivory, or the lily fair,
“Seen through a crystal veil. The Naiād cries; —
“Lo! here I come; — he’s mine, — the youth’s my own!
“And instant far was every garment flung.
“Midst of the waves she leaps; — the struggling youth
“Clasps close; and on his cold reluctant lips,
“Forces her kisses; down she girds his arms;
“And close to hers hugs his unwilling breast:
“Final, around the youth who arduous strives
“In opposition, and escape essays,

“Her limbs she twines: so twines a serpent huge,
“Seiz’d by the bird of Jove, and borne on high,
“Twisting his head, the feet close-bracing holds;
“The wide-spread wings entangled with his tail:
“So twines the ivy round the lengthen’d bough:
“So numerous Polypus his foe confines,
“Seiz’d in the deep, with claws on every side
“Firm graspt. But Hermes’ son persisting still,
“The Naiäd’s wish denies; she presses close,
“And as she cleaves, their every limb close join’d
“Exclaims; — ungallant boy! but strive thy most,
“Thou shalt not fly me. Grant me, O ye gods!
“No time may ever sunder him from me,
“Or me from him. — Her prayer was granted straight; —
“For now, commingling, both their bodies join’d;
“And both their faces melted into one.
“So, when in growth we boughs ingrafted see,
“The bark inclosing both at once, they sprout.
“Thus were their limbs, in strong embrace comprest,
“Wrapp’d close; no longer two in form, yet two
“In feature; nor a nymph-like face remain’d,
“Nor yet a boy’s: it both and neither seem’d.

”When Hermes’ son beheld the liquid stream,
“Where masculine he plung’d, the power possess
“To enervate his body, and his limbs
“Effeminately soften; high he rais’d
“His arms, and pray’d (but not with manly voice)
“O, sire! O, mother dear! indulge your son,
“Your double appellation bearing, this
“Sole-urg’d petition. Whoso in these waves
“In strong virility, like me, shall plunge,
“Hence let him go, like me enervate made;
“Spoilt by the stream his strength. Each parent god
“Nodding, confirm’d their alter’d son’s request;
“And ting’d the fountain with the changing power.”

She ceas'd: the nymphs Minyeian still persist
Their toil to urge, despising still the god;
His festival prophaning. Sudden heard,
The rattling sounds of unseen timbrels burst
Full on their ears! the pipe; the crooked horn;
And brazen cymbals loudly clash; perfumes
Of myrrh and saffron blended smell: — but more,
And what belief surpasses, straight their looms
Virid to sprout begin; the pendent threads
Branch into shoots like ivy: part becomes
The vine: what now were threads, curl'd tendrils seem:
Shot from the folded web, the branches climb;
And the bright red in purpling grapes appears.

Now was the sun declining, and approach'd
The twilight season, when nor day it seems,
Nor night confirm'd; but a gray mixture forms;
Of each an indetermin'd compound. Deep
The roof appear'd to shade; the oily lamps,
Ardent to glow; the torches bright to burn,
With reddening flames; while round them seem'd to howl,
Figures of beast ferocious. Fill'd with smoke
The room, — th' affrighted maidens seek to hide;
And each in different corners tries to shun
The fires and flaming light. But while they seek
A lurking shelter, o'er their shorten'd limbs
A webby membrane spreading, binds their arms
In waving wings. The gloom conceal'd the mode,
Of transformation from their former shape.
Light plumage bears them not aloft, — yet rais'd
On wings transparent, through the air they skim,
To speak they strive, but utter forth a sound
Feeble and weak; then, screeching shrill, they plain:
Men's dwellings they frequent, — nor try the woods;
And, cheerful day avoiding, skim by night;
Their name from that untimely hour deriv'd.

Now were the deeds of heaven-born Bacchus fam'd
Through every part of Thebes; and all around,
His aunt proud boasts the new-made god's great power:
She, of the sisters all, from sorrow spar'd,
Save what to view her sisters' sorrowing gave.

Juno beheld her lofty thus, her breast
Elate to view her sons; her nuptial fruits
With Athamas; and her great foster child,
The mighty Bacchus. More the furious queen
Bore not, but thus exclaim'd;—"Has the whore's son
"Power to transform the Tyrrhene crew, and plunge
"Them headlong in the deep? Can he impel
"The mother's hands to seize her bleeding son
"And tear his entrails? Dares he then to clothe
"The Minyëid sisters with un'custom'd wings?
"And is Saturnia's utmost power confin'd
"Wrongs unreveng'd to weep? Suffices such
"For me? Is this a goddess' utmost might?
"But he instructs me; — wisdom may be taught
"Ev'n by a foe. The wretched Pentheus' fate,
"Shews all-sufficient, what may madness do.
"Why should not Ino, stung with frantic rage,
"The well-known track her sisters trode pursue?"

A path declivitous, with baleful yew
Dark shaded, leads, a dreary silent road,
Down to th' infernal regions: sluggish Styx
Dank mists exhales: here travel new-made ghosts,
With rites funereal blest: pale winter's gloom
Wide rules the squalid place: the stranger shades
Wander, unknowing which the path to tread,
Straight to the infernal city, where is held
Black Pluto's savage court. A thousand gates,
Wide ope, surround the town on every side.
As boundless ocean every stream receives,
From earth pour'd numerous, — so each wandering soul
Flocks to this city; whose capacious bounds

Full space for all affords; nor ever feels
Th' increasing crowd: of flesh depriv'd, and bones,
The bloodless shadows wander. Some frequent
The forum; some th' infernal monarch's court;
Some various arts employ, resembling much
Their former daily actions; numbers groan
In punishments severe. Here Juno came,
Braving the region's horrors, from her throne
Celestial, — so did ire and hatred goad
Her bosom with their stings! Sacred she press'd
The groaning threshold, — instant as she stepp'd,
Fierce Cerberus his triple head uprais'd,
And howl'd with triple throat. The goddess calls
The night-born sisters, fierce, implacable:
Before the close-barr'd adamantine gates
They sit; their tresses twisting round with snakes.
The queen through clouds of midnight gloom they see,
And instant rise. Here dwell the suffering damn'd.
Here Tityus, stretcht o'er nine wide acres, yields
His entrails to be torn. Thou, Tantalus,
Art seen, the stream forbid to taste; — the fruit
Thy lips o'erhanging, flies! Thou, Sisyphus,
Thy stone pursuing downwards; or its weight
Straining aloft, with oft exerted power!
Ixion whirling, too; with swift pursuit,
Thou follow'st, and art follow'd! Belides!
Your husband-cousins who in death dar'd steep,
And ceaseless draw the unavailing streams!
All Juno view'd with unrelenting brow;
But, view'd Ixion sterner far than all:
And when on Sisyphus again she cast
Her eyes, behind Ixion, angry cry'd; —
“What justice this? — of all the brethren he
“Sharp torture suffers! Shall proud Athamas
“A regal dwelling boast, — whose scornful taunts,
“And scornful spouse have still my power contemn'd?”
Then straight her hatred's cause disclos'd. They see

Her journey's object, and revenge's aim.
This her desire, that Cadmus' regal house
Perish'd should sink; and Athamas, fierce urg'd
By madness should some dreadful vengeance claim.
Commands, solicitations, prayers, — at once
The goddesses besiege: and as she speaks,
Angrily mov'd, Tisiphoné replies, —
(Shaking her hoary locks, — the twining snakes
Back from her mouth repelling) hasty thus; —
“A tedious tale we need not; what thou wilt
“Believe accomplish'd. Fly this hateful gloom; —
“Up to the wholesome breeze of heaven repair.”
Glad, Juno left the spot; — when near approach'd
Heaven's entrance, there Thaumantian Iris met,
And with her sprinklings purify'd the queen.

Quick now Tisiphoné, the savage fiend,
Seizes her torch, with gory droppings wet;
Flings round her limbs a garment, deeply dy'd
With streaming blood; a twisting snake supplies
A girdle: — thus array'd she sallies forth,
Follow'd by loud lament, by terror, fear,
And quivering-featur'd madness. When she press'd
The threshold, fame declares the pillars shook;
The maple doors, with terror mov'd, grew pale:
Back shrunk the sun! Ino, with trembling dread
Beheld these wonders; — Athamas beheld;
And both prepar'd the haunted place to fly.
Escape the fury hinders: fierce she stands,
Blocking the entrance: wide her arms she spreads,
With viperous twistings bound; and threatening shakes
Her tresses: loud the serpents noise, disturb'd;
Sprawl o'er her shoulders some; some, lower fall'n,
Twine hissing round her breasts, with brandish'd tongue,
Black poison vomiting. With furious gripe,
Two from her locks she tore; — her deadly hand
Hurl'd them straight on; the breasts of Athamas,

And Ino, hungry, with their fangs they seiz'd;
Fierce pains infixing, but external wounds
Their limbs betray'd not: mental was the blow,
So direly struck. Venoms most mortal, too,
From Tartarus she bore: — the foam high-churn'd
From jaws of Cerberus; the poisonous juice
Of Hydra; urgent wish for roaming wide;
Oblivion mental-blinded; wicked deeds;
Weeping; and furious fierceness, slaughter fond.
On these commingled, fresh-drawn gore she pour'd,
And warm'd them bubbling in a brazen vase;
Stirr'd by a sprouting hemlock. Trembling, they
Shudder, while in their breasts the poison fierce
She pours: both bosoms feel it deep instill'd; —
Their inmost vitals feel it. Then her torch,
Whirl'd flaming round and round, in triumph glares,
Fires from the circling gathering. Powerful thus;
Victorious in her aims, and deeds desir'd,
To mighty Pluto's shadowy realm she speeds;
And from her loins untwists the girding snakes.

Mad bounded Athamas amid the hall,
"Ho! friends," exclaiming;—"here spread wide your toils,
"Here, in this thicket, where ev'n now I saw
"With young twin cubs, a lioness!" — and mad,
Pursu'd his consort for a savage beast;
Snatching Learchus, who with playful smile,
Outstretch'd his infant hands to meet him. Torne
Rough from his mother's bosom, round in air
And round, sling-like he whirl'd; then savage dash'd
Upon a rugged rock the tender bones.

Loud howls the frantic mother; frantic made
By grief, or by the scatter'd poison's power:
And, raving, with dishevell'd tresses spread
Wide o'er her shoulders, flies. Her naked arms
Young Melicertes bear; madly she shrieks; —

“Evoë, Bacchus!” — Loud at Bacchus’ name
Revengeful Juno laugh’d, and said;—”Such boon
“Thy foster-son upon his nurse confers!”
A lofty rock the foaming waves o’erhangs,
Whose dashing force deep in its base have scoop’d
A cavern, safely sheltering from the showers:
The adamantine summit high extends,
And o’er the wide main stretches. Swift this height,
Active and strong with madness, Ino gain’d
And fearless, with the infant in her arms,
Sprung from the cliff, and sunk beneath the waves.

White foam’d the surge around her!

Venus, griev’d,

Such sufferings, undeserv’d, her race should bear,
Thus with bland coaxings Ocean’s god address’d:
“Lord of the azure deep, whose high command
“Sways next to heaven’s, — a vast demand I ask; —
“But pity my poor offspring, whom thou see’st
“Plung’d in th’ Ionian billows; — with their forms
“Thy deities increase. Some influence sure,
“In ocean I should hold, from thence produc’d;
“Sprung from the froth that on the deep main swims:
“Whence Grecian poets name me.” Neptune nods,
Assenting to her prayer; and from their limbs
Abstracts the mortal portion; on their forms
Breathes majesty; and with their alter’d mien,
Their names he changes too; Palæmon he,
Now stil’d, his mother as Leucothoë known.

The princess' anxious comrades trac'd her steps
With care; the last with arduous search they found,
Just on the giddy brink, nor dubious deem'd
Her fate a moment. Cadmus' house they wail;
With beating hands their tresses tear, and robes;
And highly Juno blame, as one unjust:
Too ireful for the hapless sister's fault.
Juno, fierce flaming, these reproaches stung; —
“Ye too,” she cry'd, “shall monuments become
“Of the fierce ire ye blame!” Deeds words pursu'd.
The nymph who most her hapless queen held dear,
Exclaim'd;—”deep in the roaring main I'll plunge,
“To join her fate,” — and sprung to take the leap;
But motionless she stood, — fixt to the rock!
Her wounding blows, upon her bosom one
Strives to renew, as wont; her striving arms
Stiffen'd to stone she sees. This tow'rd the waves
Her hands extends; a rocky mass she stands,
In the same waves far stretching. Lifted high,
The locks to rend, the fingers might be seen
Stiffen'd, and rigid with the hair become.
In posture whatsoever caught, each nymph,
In that same posture stands. Thus part are chang'd:
The rest, to birds transform'd, by wings upborne,
Skim o'er the surface of the neighbouring sea.

Cadmus, the wond'rous change which rais'd his child,
And his young grandson to the rank of gods,
Yet knew not. By his load of grief o'erwhelm'd;
A chain of woes; and supernatural scenes,
So numerous which he sees; the founder quits
His town, suspicious that the city's fate,
And not his own, misfortune on him showers.
Borne o'er the main, his lengthen'd wanderings end,
When with his exil'd consort, safe he gains
Illyria's shores. Opprest with grief and age,
The primal fortunes of their house, with care

They scan, and in their converse all their woes
Again recounting, Cadmus thus exclaims; —
“Was then that serpent, by my javelin pierc’d,
“When driven from Tyre; whose numerous teeth I sow’d,
“Sacred to some divinity? — If he
“Thus, vengeful for the deed, his anger pours,
“May I a serpent stretcht at length become.”
He said, — and serpent-like extended lies!
Scales he perceives, upon his harden’d skin;
And sees green spots on his black body form;
Prone on his breast he falls; together twin’d,
His legs commingling stretch, and gradual end
Lessen’d in rounded point; his arms remain
Still, and those arms remaining he extends;
While down his face yet human tears flow fast.
“O, hapless wife! approach,” he cries, “approach,
“And touch me now, while ought of me remains;
“Receive my hand, while yet a hand I bear;
“Ere to a serpent wholly turns my form.” —
More he prepar’d to utter, but his tongue,
Cleft sudden, to his wishes words refus’d:
And often when his sorrows sad he try’d
To wail anew, he hiss’d! — that sound alone,
Nature permitted. While her naked breast
With blows resounded, loud his wife exclaim’d; —
“Stay, — O, my Cadmus! hapless man, shake off
“This monstrous figure! Cadmus what is this?
“Where are thy feet, — and where thy arms and hands?
“Where are thy features, — thy complexion? Where,
“Whilst I bewail, art thou? Celestial powers!
“Why not this transformation work on me?”
She ended; he advancing, lick’d her face,
And creep’d, as custom’d, to her bosom dear,
And round her wonted neck embracing twin’d.
Now draw their servants nigh, and as they come
With terror start. The crested serpents play,
Smooth on their necks, — now two; and cordial slide,

In spires conjoin'd; then in the darksome shades
Th' adjoining woods afford them, close they hide.
Mankind they fly not, nor deep wounds inflict;
Harmless, their pristine form is ne'er forgot.

Still, though in alter'd shapes, the pair rejoic'd
Their grandson's fame to hear; whom vanquish'd Ind'
Low bending worshipp'd; Greece adoring prais'd,
In lofty temples. Sole Acrisius stands,
Like Bacchus sprung from Jove's celestial seed,
Opposing; and from Argos' gates propels
The god; — his birth deny'd, against him arms.
Nor Perseus would he own from heaven deriv'd;
Conceiv'd by Danaë, from a golden shower:
Yet soon, — so mighty is the force of truth, —
Acrisius grieves he e'er so rashly brav'd
The god; his grandson driving from his court,
Disown'd. Now one in heaven is glorious plac'd;
The other, laden with the well-known spoil
Of the fierce snaky monster, cleaves the air,
On sounding pinions. High the victor sails
O'er Lybia's desarts, and the gory drops
Fall from the gorgon's head; the Ground receives
The blood, and warms it into writhing snakes.
Hence does the country with the pest still swarm.

Thence borne by adverse winds, he sweeps along,
Through boundless ether driven; now here, now there,
As watery clouds are swept. From lofty skies,
The earth far distant viewing, round the globe
He skimm'd: three times he saw the Arctic pole
And thrice the warmer Crab. Oft to the west,
Th' adventurous youth was borne; back to the east,
As often. Now the day in darkness sank,
When he, nocturnal flight mistrusting, lights
In Atlas' kingdom 'neath th' Hesperian sky;
A short repose requests, till Phosphor' bright,

Should call Aurora forth; — she ushering in
The chariot of the day. Japetus' son
All men in huge corporeal bulk surpass'd.
He to th' extremest confines of the land,
And o'er the ocean sway'd, whose waves receive
Apollo's panting steeds, and weary'd car.
A thousand bleating flocks; a thousand herds,
Stray'd through the royal pastures. Neighbouring lords
Not near him plough'd their lands. Trees grew, whose leaves
With splendor glittering, threw a golden shade
O'er golden branches, and o'er fruit of gold.
Thus Perseus;—"Friendly host, if glorious birth
"Thee pleases, here one born of Jove behold.
"If deeds of merit more attraction move,
"Mine thy applause may claim. At present grant
"An hospitable shelter here, and rest."
But Atlas, fearing these oraculous words, —
(Long since by Themis on Parnassus given)
"The time, O king! will come, thy golden tree
"Shall lose its fruit. The glory of the spoil
"A son of Jove shall boast:" and dreading sore;
Around his orchards massy walls he rears;
A dragon huge and fierce the guard maintains.
"Whatever strangers to his realm approach,
Far thence he drives; and thus to Perseus too; —
"Haste, quickly haste from hence, lest soon I prove
"Thy glorious deeds but feign'd, — feign'd as thy birth."
Then force to threats he added, — strove to thrust
The hero forth; who struggling, efforts urg'd
Resisting, while he begg'd with softening words.
Proving in strength inferior (who in strength
Could vie with Atlas?) "Since my fame," he cries,
"Such small desert obtains, a gift accept."
And, back his face averting, holds display'd,
On his left side Medusa's ghastly head.
A mountain now the mighty Atlas stands!
His hair and beard as lofty forests wave;

His arms and hands high hilly summits rear;
O'er-topp'd above, by what was once his head:
His bones are rocks; then, so the gods decree,
Enlarg'd to size immense in every part,
The weight of heaven, and all the stars he bears.

His blustering vassals Æolus had pent,
In ever-during prisons. Phosphor' bright,
Most splendid 'midst the starry host of heaven;
Admonitor of labor, now was risen;
When Perseus bound again on either foot,
His winnowing wings; girt on his crooked sword;
And cleft the air, on waving pinions borne.
O'er numerous nations, far beneath him spread,
He sail'd, till Ethiopia's realms he saw;
Where Cepheus rul'd. There Ammon, power unjust,
Andromeda had sentenc'd, — guiltless maid,
To what her mother's boastful tongue deserv'd.
Her soon as Perseus spy'd, fast by the arms
Chain'd to the rugged rock; — where but her locks
Wav'd lightly to the breeze; and but her eyes
Trickled a tepid stream; she might be deem'd
A sculptur'd marble: him the unknown sight
Astonish'd, dazzled, and enflam'd with love.
His senses in the beauteous view sole wrapt,
Scarce he remembers on his wings to wave: —
Alights, exclaiming;—"O, whom chains like these
"Should never bind, nor other chains than such,
"As lovers intertwist! declare thy name;
"Thy country tell; and why thou bear'st those bonds."
Silent awhile the virgin stood; abash'd,
Converse with man to hold: her blushing face,
Her hands, if free, had long before conceal'd.
Quick starting tears, 'twas all she could, her eyes
Veil'd swimming: then her name and country told;
And all the conscious pride her mother's charms
Inspir'd, in full acknowledg'd; lest for crimes

Her own, just suffering, Perseus might conceive.
All yet untold, when loud the billows roar'd;
Upheav'd the monster's bulk: far 'bove the waves
He stood uprear'd, and then right onward plung'd;
His ample bosom covering half the main.

Loud shrieks the virgin! Sad her father comes;
And sad her raving mother, wretched both,
The mother most deserv'dly. Help in vain
From them she seeks; with tears, and bosoms torn,
Her fetter'd limbs they clasp, they can no more.
Then Perseus thus;—"for tears and loud laments,
"Long may the time be: but effective aid
"To give, the time is short. Suppose the nymph
"I ask; — I, Perseus! sprung from mighty Jove,
"By her whose prison in a golden shower
"Fecundative, he enter'd. Perseus, who
"The Gorgon snaky-hair'd o'ercame; who bold
"On waving pinions winnows through the air.
"Him for a son in preference should ye chuse,
"Arduous he'll strive to these high claims to add,
"If heaven permits, some merits more his own.
"Agree she's mine, if by my arm preserv'd."
The parents promise; — (who in such a case
Would waver) beg his help; and promise, more,
That all their kingdom shall her dower become.
Lo! as a vessel's sharpen'd prow quick cleaves
The waves, by strenuous sweating arms impell'd,
The monster comes! his mighty bosom wide
The waters sideways breasting; distant now,
Not more than what the Balearic sling
Could with the bullet gain, when high in air,
The sod repelling, upward springs the youth.
Soon as the main reflected Perseus' form,
The ocean-savage rag'd: as Jove's swift bird
When in the open fields a snake he spies
Basking, his livid back to Phœbus' rays

Expos'd, behind attacks him; plunges deep,
His hungry talons in his scaly neck,
To curb the twisting of his sanguine teeth.
With rapid flight, thus Perseus shooting cleaves
The empty air; lights on the monster's back;
Burying his weapon to the crooked hilt,
Full in the shoulder of the raging beast.
Mad with the deepen'd wound, now rears aloft
The savage high in air; now plunges low,
Beneath the waters; now he furious turns,
As turns the boar ferocious, when the crowd
Of barking dogs beset him fiercely round.
With rapid waft the venturous hero shuns
His greedy jaws: now on his back, thick-arm'd
With shells, he strikes where opening space he sees;
Now on his sides; now where his tapering tail
In fish-like form is finish'd, bites the steel.
High spouts the wounded monster from his mouth;
The waves with gore deep purpling: drench'd, the wings
Droop nagging; and no longer Perseus dares
To trust their dripping aid. A rock he spies
Whose summit o'er the peaceful waters rose,
But deep was hid when tempests mov'd the main.
Supported here, his left hand firmly grasps
The craggy edge; while through his sides, and through,
The dying savage feels the weapon drove.

Loud shouts and plaudits fill the shore, the noise
Resounding echoes to the heavenly thrones.
Cassiopé and Cepheus joyful greet
Their son, and grateful own him chief support,
And saviour. From her rugged fetters freed,
The virgin walks; the cause, the great reward
Of all his toil. His victor hands he laves
In the pure stream: then with soft leaves defends
A spot, to rest the serpent-bearing head,
Lest the bare sand should harm it. Twigs marine

He likewise strews, and rests Medusa there.
The fresh green twigs as though with life endow'd,
Felt the dire Gorgon's power; their spongy pith
Hard to the touch became, the stiffness spread
Through every twig and leaf. The Nereïd nymphs
More branches bring, and try the wonderous change
On all, and joy to see the change succeed:
Spreading the transformation from the seeds,
With them throughout the waves. This nature still
Retains the coral: hardness still assumes
From contact with the air; beneath the waves
A bending twig; an harden'd stone above.

Three turfy altars to three heavenly gods
He builds: to Hermes sacred stands the left;
The right to warlike Pallas; in the midst
The mighty Jove's is rear'd: (To Pallas bleeds
An heifer: to the plume-heel'd god a calf:
Almighty Jove accepts a lordly bull)
Then claims Andromeda, the rich reward,
without a dower, of all his valorous toil.

Now Love and Hymen wave their torches high,
Precursive of their joys: each hearth is heap'd
With odorous incense: every roof is hung
With flowery garlands: pipes, and harps, and lyres,
And songs which indicate their festive souls,
Resound aloud. Each portal open thrown,
Display'd appears the golden palace wide.
By every lord of Cepheus' court, array'd
In splendid pomp, the nuptial feast is grac'd.
The banquet ended, while the generous gift
Of Bacchus circles; and each soul dilates,
Perseus, the modes and customs of the land
Curious enquires. Lyncides full relates
The habits, laws, and manners of the clime.
His information ended;—"now," — he cry'd, —

“Relate, O Perseus! boldest of mankind, —
“By what fierce courage, and what skilful arts,”
“The snaky locks in thy possession came.”
Then Perseus tells, how lies a lonely vale
Beneath cold Atlas; every side strong fenc’d
By lofty hills, whose only pass is held,
By Phorcus’ twin-born daughters. Mutual they
One eye possess’d, in turns by either us’d.
His hand deceiving seiz’d it, as it pass’d
‘Twixt them alternate; dexterous was the wile.
Through devious paths, and deep-sunk ways he went;
And craggy woods, dark-frowning, till he reach’d
The Gorgon’s dwelling: passing then the fields,
And beaten roads, there forms of men he saw,
And shapes of savage beasts; but all to stone
By dire Medusa’s petrifying face
Transform’d. He then the horrid countenance mark’d,
Bright from the brazen targe his left arm bore,
Reflected. While deep slumber safe weigh’d down,
The Gorgon and her serpents, he divorc’d
Her shoulders from her head. He adds how sprung,
Chrysaör, and wing’d Pegasus the swift,
From the prolific Gorgon’s streaming gore.
Relates the perils of his lengthen’d flight;
What seas, what kingdoms from the lofty sky,
Beneath him he had view’d; what sparkling stars
His waving wings had brush’d; — thus ceas’d his tale:
All more desiring. Then uprose a peer, —
And why Medusa, of the sisters sole
The serpent-twisted tresses wore, enquir’d.
The youth:—”The story that you ask, full well
“Attention claims; — I what you seek recite.
“For matchless beauty fam’d, with envying hope
“Her, crowds of suitors follow’d: nought surpass’d
““Mongst all her beauties, her bright lovely hair:
“Those who had seen her thus, have this averr’d.
“But in Minerva’s temple Ocean’s god

“The maid defil’d. The virgin goddess shock’d,
“Her eyes averted, and her forehead chaste
“Veil’d with the Ægis. Then with vengeful power
“Chang’d the Gorgonian locks to writhing snakes.
“The snakes, thus form’d, fixt on her shield she bears;
“The horrid sight her trembling foes appals.”

BOOK V

Attack of Phineus and his friends on Perseus. Defeat of the former, and their change to statues. Achievements of Perseus in Argos, and Seriphus. Minerva's visit to the Muses. Fate of Pyreneus. Song of the Pierides. Song of the Muses. Rape of Proserpine. Change of Cyané, to a fountain. Search of Ceres. Transformation of a boy to an eel. Of Ascalaphus to an owl. Change of the companions of Proserpine to Sirens. Story of Arethusa. Journey of Triptolemus. Transformation of Lyncus to a lynx. The Pierides transformed to magpies.

These wonders, while the son of Danaë tells,
Circled around by Cepheus' noble troop;
Sudden th' imperial hall with tumults loud
Resounds. Not clamor such as oft we hear,
The bridal feasts, in songs of joy attend:
But what stern war announces. Much the change,
(The peaceful feast to instant riot turn'd)
Seem'd like the placid main, when the fierce rage
Of sudden tempests lash its surges high.

First Phineus stepp'd, the leader of the crowd;
Soul of the riot; and his ashen spear,
Arm'd with a brazen point, he brandish'd high; —
“Lo, here!” he shouts, “lo, here I vengeful come
“On him who claims my spouse! Not thy swift wings;
“Nor cheating Jove, chang'd to a golden shower,
“Shall save thee from my arm,” — and pois'd to fling,
The dart was held, but Cepheus loud exclaim'd, —
“Brother! what dost thou? what dire madness sways
“To wicked acts thy soul? Is this the meed
“His gallant deeds deserve? Is this the dower,
“We for the valued life he sav'd bestow?
“List but to truth, — not Perseus of thy wife
“Bereft thee, but the angry Nereïd nymphs, —
“The horned Ammon, — and the monster huge!
“Prepar'd to glut his hunger with my child.
“Then was thy spouse snatch'd from thee, when remain'd

“Of help no hope; to all she lost appear’d.
“Thy savage heart perhaps had ev’n rejoic’d
“To see her perish, that our greater grief
“Might lighten part of thine. Couldst thou her see
“Fast chain’d before thee? uncle! spouse betroth’d!
“And yet no aid afford! And storm’st thou thus?
“She to another now her safety owes;
“And would’st thou snatch the prize? So high it seems
“To thee her precious value, thy bold arm
“Should on the rock where chain’d she lay, have sought
“And have deserv’d her. Now permit that he
“Who sought her there; through whom my failing age
“Is not now childless, grant that he enjoy
“Peaceful, what through his merits he no less,
“Than our firm compact claims: not him to thee,
“But him to certain loss I preference gave.”

Nought Phineus answer’d, but his furious eyes
Now Perseus, now the king alternate view;
Doubtful or this to pierce, or that: his pause
Was short; his powerful arm, by fury nerv’d,
At Perseus hurl’d the quivering spear, — in vain!
Fixt in the couch it stood. Quick bounded up
Th’ indignant youth, and deep in Phineus’ breast,
Had plung’d the point returning, but he shrunk
Behind an altar; which, O shame! preserv’d
The impious villain. Yet not harmless sped
The weapon; — full in Rhætus’ front it stuck;
Who lifeless dropp’d; broke in the bone the steel;
He spurn’d, and sprinkled all the feast with gore.
Then rag’d with ire ungovern’d all the crowd,
And hurl’d in showers their weapons; some fierce cry’d,
Cepheus, no less than Perseus, death deserv’d.
But Cepheus left the hall, adjuring loud,
The hospitable gods; justice; and faith;
That he was guiltless of the sanguine fray.

Minerva comes; her sheltering Ægis shields
Her brother's body; in his breast she breathes
Redoubled valor. Atys, Indian bred,
Whom fair Limnaté, Ganges' daughter, bore,
'Tis told, amid the waters' crystal caves,
Scarce sixteen years had seen. His beauteous form,
In gorgeous dress more beauteous still appear'd.
A purple garment fring'd around with gold,
Enwrap'd him; round his neck were golden beads;
And pins and combs of gold his lovely locks,
With myrrh sweet-smelling, held. Well skill'd the youth
To hurl the javelin to its distant mark;
But more to bend the bow. Him Perseus smote,
The flexile bow just bending, with a brand
Snatch'd flaming from the altar; crush'd, his face
A horrid mass of fractur'd bones appears.
His beauteous features Lycabas beheld
In blood convuls'd: his dearest comrade he,
And one who proud his ardent love display'd.
Griev'd to behold the last expiring breath,
Of Atys parting from the furious wound,
He seiz'd the bow the youth had bent, and cry'd; —
"The battle try with me! — not long thy boast
"Of conquest o'er a boy; a conquest more
"By hate than fame attended." Railing thus,
The piercing weapon darted from the string.

Now Phineus, fearful hand to hand to meet
The foe, his javelin hurl'd, the point ill-aim'd
On Idas glanc'd, who vainly kept aloof
With neutral weapon. Phineus, stern he view'd,
"With threatening frown, exclaiming;—"though no share
"In this mad broil I took, now, Phineus, feel
"The power of him whom thou hast forc'd a foe;
"And take reciprocally wound for wound."
Then from his side the weapon tore to hurl;
But fast the life-stream gush'd, he instant fell.

Here, by the sword of Clymenus was slain,
Odites, noblest lord in Cepheus' court;
Protenor fell by Hypseus; Hypseus sunk
Beneath Lyncides' arm. Amid the throng
Was old Emathion too, friend to the just,
And fearer of the gods; though ancient years
Forbade his wielding arms, what aid his words
Could give, he spar'd not: curs'd the impious war,
In loud upbraidings. As with trembling arms,
He grasp'd the altar, Chromis' gory sword
His neck divided; on the altar dropp'd
The head; and there the trembling, dying tongue,
Faint imprecations utter'd; 'midst the flames
He breath'd his spirit forth. By Phineus' hand,
Broteas and Ammon fell: the brother-twins
Unconquer'd in the fight, the cæstus shower'd;
Could but the cæstus make the falchion yield:
But Perseus felt it not, — its point hung fixt
Amidst his garments' folds. On him he turn'd,
The falchion, glutted with Medusa's gore,
And plung'd it in his breast. Dying, he looks
Around, with eyes rolling in endless night,
For Atys, and upon him drops: then pleas'd,
Thus join'd in death, he seeks the shades below.
Methion's son, Syenian Phorbas, now
And fierce Amphimedon, in Lybia born,
Rush in the fight to mingle; both fall prone,
The slippery earth wide spread with smoking blood.
The sword attacks them rising; in his throat
Phorbas receives it, and the other's side.
But Erythis, of Actor born, whd rear'd
An axe tremendous, not the waving sword
Of Perseus meets: a cup of massive bulk,
With both his hands high-heaving, fierce he hurls
Full on his foe: he vomits gory floods;
Falls back, and strikes with dying head the earth.
Then Polydæmon falls, sprung from the blood

Of queen Semiramis; Lycetes brave,
The son of Spercheus; Abaris, who dwelt
On frozen Caucasus; and Helicen
With unshorn tresses; Phlegias; Clitus too;
Those with the rest beneath his weapon fall;
And on the rising heaps of dead he stands.
And fell Ampycus; Ceres' sacred priest,
His temples with a snow-white fillet bound.
Thou, O, Japetides! whose string to sound
Such discord knew not; but whose harp still tun'd,
The works of peace, in concord with thy voice;
Wast bidden here to celebrate the feast:
And cheer the nuptial banquet with thy song!
Him, when at distance Pettalus beheld,
Handling his peaceful instrument, he cry'd
In mocking laughter;—"go, and end thy song,
"Amid the Stygian ghosts," — and instant plung'd
Through his left temple, his too deadly sword.
Sinking, his dying fingers caught the strings,
And, chance-directed, gave a mournful sound.
Not long the fierce Lycormas saw his fall
Without revenge: a massy bar of oak
From the right gate he tore, and on the bones
Behind the neck, the furious blow was aim'd:
Prone on the earth, like a crush'd ox he fell.
Pelates of Cinypheus, strove to rend
A like strong fastening from th' opposing door;
The dart of Corythus his tugging hand
Transfix'd, and nail'd him to the wood confin'd:
Here Abas, with his spear, deep pierc'd his side:
Nor dying fell he; — by the hand retain'd,
Firm to the post he hung. Melaneus fell.
The arms of Perseus aiding; Dorilas,
The wealthiest lord in Nasamonia's land,
Fell too beside him: rich was he in fields;
In wide extent no lands with his could vie;
Nor equal his in hoarded heaps of grain.

Obliquely in his groin, the missive spear
Stuck deep, — a mortal spot: his Bactrian foe
His rolling eyes beheld, and dying breath
In sobs convulsive flitting, and exclaim'd; —
“This spot thou pressest, now of all thy lands,
“Possess,” — and turning left the lifeless corse.
Avenging Perseus hurls at him the spear,
Torn from the smoking wound; the point, receiv'd
Full in the nostrils, pierces through the neck:
Before, behind, expos'd the weapon stands.

Now fortune aids his blows, the brother pair,
Clanis, and Clytius fall, by different wounds.
Hurl'd by his nervous arm, the ashen spear
Transfix'd the thighs of Clytius: Clanis dy'd
Biting the steel that pierc'd his mouth. Now fell
Mendesian Celadon; and Astreus borne
By Hebrew mother, to a doubtful sire.
Now dy'd Ethion, once deep skill'd to see
The future fates; now by his skill deceiv'd.
Thoactes, who the monarch's armor bore;
And base Agyrtes, murderer of his sire.
Crowds though he conquers, thickening crowds remain;
For all united wage on him the war.
In every quarter fight the press, conspir'd
To aid a cause to worth and faith oppos'd.
The sire, with useless piety, — the queen,
And new-made bride, the hero's party take;
And fill the hall with screams. The clang of arms,
And groans of dying men their screamings drown.
The household deities, polluted once,
The fierce Bellona bathes with gore again;
With double fury lighting up the war.

Now Phineus, followed by a furious throng
Surrounds him single; thicker fly their darts
Than wintry hail, on every side; his sight

They cloud, and deafening, whiz his ears around.
By crowds oppress, retreating, Perseus leans
His shoulders 'gainst a massive pillar's height;
And, safe behind, dares all the furious fight.
Chaonian Molpeus rushes on his left;
Ethemon, Nabathæan, on his right:
Thus a fierce tiger, urg'd by famine, hears
Combin'd the lowings of two different herds,
Far distant in the vale; in doubt he stands,
On this, or that to rush; and furious burns
On both at once to thunder. Perseus so,
To left and right inclin'd at once to bear,
Plerc'd first the thigh of Molpeus, — straight he fled
Unfollow'd; for Ethemon fiercely press'd.
He, furious aiming at the hero's neck,
With ill-directed strength, his weapon broke
Against a column; — back the shiver'd point
Sprung, and his throat transfix'd: slight was the wound;
To doom to death unable. Perseus plung'd
His mortal falchion, as the trembling wretch
His helpless arms extended, in his breast.
But now his valor Perseus found oppress'd
By crowds unequal, and aloud exclaim'd; —
“Since thus you force me, from my very foe
“More aid I'll ask; — my friends avert your eyes!”
Then shew'd the Gorgon's head. “Go, elsewhere seek,”
Said Thescelus,—”for those such sights may move:” —
The deadly javelin poisoning in his hand,
In act to throw, a marble form he stands,
In the same posture. Near him Ampyx rear'd,
Against the brave Lyncides' breast his sword;
His uprais'd hand was harden'd; here, or there,
To wave unable. Nileus now display'd
Seven argent streams upon a shield of gold;
False boasting offspring from the seven-mouth'd Nile;
And cry'd;—”Lo! Perseus, whence my race deriv'd;
“Down to the silent shades this solace bear

“By such a hand to die.” The final words
Were lost; his sounding voice abrupt was stay’d;
His open’d mouth still seem’d the words to form,
Incapable to utter. Eryx storm’d
At these, exclaiming;—”not the Gorgon’s hairs
“Freeze ye, but your own trembling, dastard souls:
“Rush forth with me, and on the earth lay low,
“The youth who battles thus with magic arms.”
Fierce had he rush’d, but firmly fixt his feet
Held him to earth, a rigid, fasten’d stone;
A statue arm’d. These well their fate deserv’d,
But one, Aconteus, while in aid he fought
Of Perseus, sudden stood to stone congeal’d;
As star’d the Gorgon luckless in his face.
Him saw Astyages, but thought he liv’d;
And fierce attack’d him with a mighty sword.
Shrill tinkling sounds the blow: astonish’d stands
Astyages; — astonish’d seems the stone;
For while he stares, he too to marble turns.
Long were the tale, of each plebeian death
To tell; two hundred still unhurt remain;
By Gorgon’s head two hundred stiffen’d stand:
When Phineus seems the strife unjust to mourn.
But what to act remains? Around him crowd,
The forms of numerous friends: his friends he knows,
Their aid intreats, and calls on each by name:
Still doubting, seizes those his grasp can reach
And finds them stone! Averse he turns his eyes;
Raises his conscious arms and hands oblique,
And suppliant begs;—”go Perseus, — conqueror, go!
“Remove that dreadful monster, — bear away
“That stone-creating visage, Gorgon’s head!
“Whate’er it be, I pray thee bear it hence.
“Nor hate, nor lust of empire, rais’d our arms
“Against thee; — for my wife alone we warr’d.
“Thy cause, by merit best; mine, but by time.
“Bravest of men, me much it grieves I e’er,

“Thy claim oppos’d: existence only give,
“All else be thine.” To him, as thus he begg’d,
Fearing his eyes, to whom he suppliant spoke
To turn;—”thou dastard, Phineus!” Perseus cry’d, —
“What I can grant, I will; and what I grant
“To souls like thine a mighty boon must seem.
“Dispel thy terror; rest from steel secure.
“Yet must a during monument remain,
“Still in the dwelling of my spouse’s sire,
“Conspicuous. So my bride may daily see
“Her imag’d husband.” Speaking thus, he held
The Gorgon’s head, where pallid, Phineus turn’d;
So turning stiffen’d stood the neck; so turn’d
Appear’d th’ inverted eyes; the humid balls
To stone concreted. Still the timid look,
And suppliant face, and tame-petitioning arms,
And guilty awe-struck look, in stone remain’d.

Now victor, Abantiades re-seeks
His soil paternal, with his well-earn’d bride:
And in his undeserving grandsire’s aid,
Avenging war on Prætus he declares.
Prætus then all Acrisius’ cities held;
From each possession forc’d, his brother fled.
But arms, and battled towns, like ill-possess’d,
The head snake-curl’d, oblig’d at once to stoop.
Yet not the youth’s bold valor, amply prov’d,
By all his brave achievements; nor his toils
Thee, Polydectes, mov’d; who rul’d the isle,
The paltry isle, Seriphus; stubborn still,
Inexorable hatred thou maintain’st:
Endless against him burns thy rage unjust.
Nay, from his true deserts, thou would’st detract;
And swear’st Medusa’s death a fiction form’d.
Then Perseus;—”thus if true I speak, or no,
“Experience. Close, my friends, your eyes!” — as forth,
He held the Gorgon; — bloodless stood the face

Of Polydectes, turn'd a marble form.

Thus far, Minerva aided side by side,
Her brother golden-born; then swiftly flew,
Wrapt in a cloud opaque; and distant left
Seriphus. On she flies, to right she leaves
Cythnos, and Gyaros; and cross the main
The shortest route she hastens; speeds to Thebes,
And seeks the Heliconian nymphs, whose mount
Alighting feels her first: the learned nine,
Thus she bespeaks;—"fame tells, a new-made spring,
"Burst from a blow the swift-wing'd horse's hoof
"Inflicted; lo! the cause I hither come.
"That steed I saw spring from his mother's blood:
"Fain would I this new prodigy behold."
Urania gave reply. "O, maid divine!
"What cause soe'er has with thy presence grac'd.
"Our dwelling, proves to us a grateful boon.
"Fame speaks not false. Our fountain surely sprung
"Sole from Pegasus." Speaking thus, she leads
The virgin goddess to the sacred streams:
Who long the spring admir'd; — the spring produc'd
From the hoof's blow: — around surveying views
The groves of ancient trees, the grotts, the plants
Of ever-vary'd tint; and happy calls
The learned nymphs, who such a spot possess'd.
Then thus a sister;—"O, divinest maid!
"Our choir to join most worthy, did not aims
"Of loftier import tempt thy warlike soul,
"Right hast thou spoke; our habitation well,
"And well our arts thy highest praises claim.
"Blest were our lot, if still from danger free:
"But nought a villain's daring power restrains,
"And terror soon our virgin minds appals.
"Ev'n now the dread Pyreneus to my eyes
"Stands present: to its wonted calm not yet
"Restor'd my mind. With furious Thracian bands

“Daulis he conquer’d, and the Phocian fields;
“And held the sway unjust. Parnassus’ fane
“We sought; th’ usurper there beheld us pass,
“And feigning reverence for our power divine
“Worshipp’d, and then address’d us, whom he knew.
“Here, O! ye Muses, rest, nor dubious stand
“But straight beneath my sheltering roof avoid
“The cloudy heaven, and rain (for fast it shower’d)
“Oft mighty deities have enter’d roofs
“Less pompous. — By his invitation urg’d,
“And by the tempest, we accede and step
“Within the hall. The pelting showers now ceas’d,
“Auster by Boreas vanquish’d; fled the clouds
“Black lowering, and the face of heaven left clear:
“Anxious we wish to go: Pyreneus fast
“His dwelling closes, and rough force prepares:
“Wings we assume, and from his force escape.
“He, standing on the loftiest turret’s top,
“Like us his flight about to wing, exclaims —
“A path you lead, that path will I pursue.
“Then madly from the tower’s most lofty wall,
“Dash’d on his face he fell, and dying strew’d
“His shatter’d bones upon the blood-stain’d ground.”

As spoke the muse thus, loud and strong was heard,
Of fluttering pinions in the air the sound;
And hailing voices from high branches came.
Jove’s daughter then around enquiring look’d
(The sounds she hears, so like the human voice,
From human voice she deems them) birds the sound
Emitted: magpies were they; — magpies nine:
Their doom lamenting, on the boughs they sate,
Aping in voice their neighbours all around.
Then to the wondering goddess, thus the muse
Explain’d: “These vanquish’d in the arduous strife
“Of song, to us submitting, swell the crowd
“Of feather’d fliers. In Pellenian lands

“Most rich was Pierus their sire; to him
“Evippé of Pæonia bore the nymphs;
“Nine times invoking great Lucina’s aid.
“Vain of their number, proud the sister-crew,
“In folly journey’d through Thessalia’s towns,
“And through the towns of Greece; when here arriv’d
“Thus to the test of power their words provoke: —
“At length desist to cheat the senseless crowd
“With harmony pretended, Thespian maids!
“With us contend, if faith your talents give
“For such a trial. Ye in voice and skill
“Surpass us not, — our numbers are the same.
“If vanquish’d, yield the Medusæan fount,
“And Hyantean Aganippé, — we
“If conquer’d, all Emanthæa’s regions cede,
“Far as Pæonia’s snows. The nymphs around
“The contest shall decide. Deep shame we felt
“Thus to contend, but deeper shame appear’d
“To yield without contention to their boast.
“The nymphs elected to adjudge the prize
“Swear by the floods; and on the living rock
“Seated, await to hear the rival songs.

”Then one, impatient who should first commence,
“Or we, or they, arises; — sings the war
“Of gods and giants; to the rebels gives
“False praises; and the high celestials’ power
“Much under-rating, tells how Typhon, rais’d.
“From earth’s most deep recesses, struck with fear
“All heaven: each god betook him straight to flight
“Far distant, till th’ Egyptian land receiv’d
“Each weary’d foot, where Nile’s dissever’d stream
“Pours in seven mouths. How earth-born Typhon here,
“They tell, pursu’d them; and each god, conceal’d
“In feign’d resemblance, cheated there his power.
“Jove, (so she sung) a leading ram became;
“(Whence still the Lybians form their Ammon horn’d)

“The crow Apollo hid: a goat the son
“Of Semelé became: Diana skulk’d
“In shape a cat: a snow-white cow conceal’d
“The form of Juno: Venus seem’d a fish:
“And ‘neath an Ibis Hermes safely crouch’d.

”Thus far she mov’d her vocal lips; thus far
“Her lyre her voice attended: then they call
“For our Aöonian song. But that to hear,
“Perchance your leisure suits not; pressing deeds
“Unlike our songs must more your time demand.”
Pallas replies;—”be hesitation far,
“And all your song from first commence relate.”
So saying, in the forest’s pleasing shade
She rested; while the Muse proceeding, spoke.

”To one the sole contending task we give,
“Calliopé; — she rises, neatly bound,
“Her flowing tresses with an ivy wreath.
“With dexterous thumb the trembling strings she tries,
“Then to their quivering sounds this song subjoins.
“Ceres at first with crooked plough upturn’d
“The glebe; she first mild fruits and milder corn
“Gave to the earth; and rules to tend them gave:
“All gifts from her proceed. To her the song
“I raise. Would that my best exerted power,
“A song to suit thy least deserts could form,
“O, goddess! worthy of our loftiest praise.

”The vast Sicilian isle, with pressure huge
“Thrown o’er them, deep the limbs gigantic weighs
“Of huge Typhœus, who the heavenly throne
“Had dar’d to hope for: struggling oft he tries,
“His efforts, daily bent to lift his load:
“But hard Pelorus on his right hand lies,
“Ausonia facing; while Pachyné rests
“Heavy to left: wide o’er his giant thighs

“Spreads Lilybæum: Etna presses down
“His head; beneath whose crater, laid supine,
“From his hot mouth he ashes sends, and flames.
“Thus with his body labouring to remove
“The ponderous load of earth; — whole towns o’erwhelm;
“And lofty hills o’erturn; trembles the ground;
“And Hell’s dread monarch fears a chasm should gape:
“And through the opening wide his realm display:
“The trembling ghosts with light un’custom’d scar’d.
“The shock to meet expecting, starts the king
“Quick from his cloudy throne; and in his car
“Borne by his sable steeds, with care surveys
“Sicilia’s deep foundations; wide around
“Exploring all; then with his toils content,
“No ruin’d part detected, flings aside
“Each apprehension. Strolling now at ease,
“Him Venus from the Erycinian hill
“Espy’d; and to her feather’d son, who lay
“Clasp’d in her arms, exclaim’d; — O, Cupid! son!
“My sole assistant! sole defence and aid!
“Seize now that weapon which o’er all has sway,
“That piercing dart, — and deep within the breast
“Of the dark god whose lot was given to rule
“The nether regions of the triple realm,
“Bury it. All the gods thy might confess;
“Ev’n Jove himself. The ocean powers allow
“Thy rule, and he whom Ocean’s powers obey.
“Why then should Tartarus alone evade
“Thy thrall? Why not my empire and thine own
“With that complete? Of all the world’s extent
“A third is stak’d. Nay more, our utmost power,
“Heaven our own seat contemns; — thy potent sway,
“And mine alike impair’d. Behold’st thou not
“Minerva, with the quiver-bearing maid
“Deserting me? Thus will the blooming child
“Of Ceres, if we grant it, still remain
“Inviolat a virgin; — thither tend

“Her anxious hopes. But thou, if dear thou hold’st
“Our mutual realm, the virgin goddess link
“In union with her uncle. — Venus spoke:
“His quiver he unlooses; from the heap
“Of darts, by her directed, one selects,
“Than which none bore a keener point; than which,
“None flew more certain, — trusty to the string.
“Bends to his knee the yielding horn, then sends
“Through Pluto’s heart the bearded arrow sure.
“Not far from Enna’s walls, a lake expands
“Profound in watery stores, Pergusa nam’d:
“Not ev’n Caïsters’ murmuring stream e’er heard
“The songster-swans more frequent. Woods o’ertop
“The waters, rising round on every side;
“And veil from Phœbus’ rays the surface cool.
“A shade the branches form; the moist earth round,
“Produces purple flowers: perpetual spring
“Here reigns. While straying sportive in this grove
“Here Proserpine the violet cropp’d, and here
“The lily fair; with childish ardor warm’d
“Her bosom filling, and her basket high:
“Proud to surpass her comrades all around
“In skilful culling, she herself was seen;
“Was chosen, and by Dis was snatch’d away.
“Love urg’d him to the deed. Th’ affrighted maid,
“Loud on her mother, and her comrades call’d;
“But chief her mother, with lamenting shrieks.
“Then as her robe she rent, the well-cull’d flowers
“Slipp’d through the loosen’d folds: e’en this (so great
“Her girlish innocence) her tears increas’d.
“Swiftly the robber speeds his car along
“Urging his steeds’ exertions each by name;
““Bove their high manes and necks the rusty reins
“Rattling, as o’er the wide Palician lake,
“Where the cleft earth with sulphur boils, he whirls:
“And where the Bacchiads, from the double sea
“Of Corinth wandering, rais’d their lofty walls;

“Twixt two unequal havens. Midst, the stream,
“Pisæan Arethusa, and the lake
“Of Cyané are seen, close round embrac’d
“By narrowing horns. This Cyané was once,
“Of all Sicilia’s nymphs, the fairest deem’d;
“Who gave the lake her name. She to the waist
“Uprais’d, amidst the waters stood, and knew
“The god, and, — here thy speed must stay, — exclaim’d;
“Nor e’er of Ceres hope the son-in-law
“Gainst her consent to be: beseechings bland,
“Not rugged rape, thy purpos’d hope might gain.
“If lofty things with low I durst compare,
“Anapis lov’d me; but the nuptial couch,
“I press’d, entreated, — not as thus in dread.
“She said; — her arms extended wide, and stopp’d
“His course. The angry son of Saturn flames
“Swelling with rage; exhorts his furious steeds;
“Throws with a forceful arm, and buries deep
“His regal sceptre in the lowest gulph:
“Wide gapes the stricken earth; an opening gives
“To hell, and headlong down, the car descends.

Now equal Cyané the goddess mourns,
“So forc’d; and her own sacred stream despis’d;
“A cureless wound her silent breast contains;
“And all in tears she wastes: lost in those waves,
“Where lately sovereign goddess she had rul’d.
“Soft grow her limbs, and flexile seem her bones;
“Her nails their hardness lose. The tenderest parts.
“Melt into water long before the rest:
“Her tresses green; her fingers, legs, and feet.
“Quickly this change the smaller limbs perceive,
“To cooling rills transform’d. Next after these,
“Her back, her shoulders, breasts, and sides dissolve,
“And vanish all in streams. A limpid flood
“Now fills the veins that once in purple flow’d;
“Nought of the nymph to fill the grasp remains.

”Meantime the trembling mother through the earth,
“And o’er the main, the goddess vainly sought.
“Aurora rising, with her locks of gold;
“Nor Hesper sinking, saw her labors cease.
“With either hand at Etna’s flaming mouth,
“A torch she lighted, restless these she bore
“In dewy darkness. Then renew’d again
“Her labor, till fair day made blunt the stars;
“From Sol’s first rising till his evening fall.
“Weary’d at length, and parch’d with thirst, — no stream
“Her lips to moisten nigh, by chance she spy’d
“A straw-thatch’d cot, and knock’d the humble door.
“An ancient dame thence stepp’d, — the goddess saw,
“And brought her, (who for water simply crav’d)
“A pleasing draught where roasted grain had boil’d.
“Swallowing the gift presented, rudely came
“A brazen-fronted boy, and facing stood:
“Then laughing mock’d to see her greedy drink.
“Angry grew Ceres, all the offer’d draught,
“Yet unconsum’d, she drench’d him as he jeer’d,
“With barley mixt with liquid: straight his face
“The spots imbib’d; and what but now as arms
“He bore, as legs he carries; to his limbs
“Thus chang’d, a tail is added; shrunk in size,
“Small is his power to harm; shorter he seems
“Than the small lizard. Swift away he fled
“(As, wondering, weeping, try’d the dame to clasp
“His changing form) and gain’d a sheltering hole.
“Well suits his star-like skin the name he bears.

”Long were the tale to tell, what tracts of land
“What tracts of sea, the wandering goddess pass’d.
“Earth now no spot unsearch’d affording, back
“To Sicily she turns; with close research
“Each part exploring, till at length she comes
“To Cyané; who all the tale had told
“If still unchang’d: much as she wish’d to speak

“Nor lips, nor tongue can aid her; nought remains
“Speech to afford. Yet plain a sign she gives,
“The zone of Proserpine upon her waves
“Light floating; in the sacred stream it fell; —
“Dropt as she pass’d the place. Well Ceres knew
“The sight, and then — as then her loss first known,
“Tore her dishevell’d tresses, beat her breast
“With blows on blows redoubled. Still unknown
“The spot that holds her, every part of earth
“Blaming, ungrateful, worthless of her fruits.
“But chief Trinacria, in whose isle was found
“The vestige of her loss. For this she breaks
“With furious hand the glebe up-turning plough:
“And angry, to an equal death she dooms,
“The tiller and his ox: forbids the fields
“Back to return th’ entrusted grain; the seeds
“All rotting. Now that fertile land, renown’d
“Through the wide earth, lies useless; all the grain
“Dies in the earliest shoots: now scorching rays;
“Now floods of rain destroy it: noxious stars
“Now harm; now blighting winds: and hungry birds
“The scatter’d seed devour: the darnel springs,
“The thistle, and the knot-grass thick, which choke
“The sprouting wheat, and make the harvest void.

“Now Arethusa from th’ Eleian waves
“Exalts her head; her dropping tresses flung
“Back from her forehead, parting shade her ears:
“And thus; — O goddess! mother of the maid,
“So sought through earth, mother of all earth’s fruits!
“Cease now thy toilsome labor; cease thine ire,
“Against the land that prov’d to thee so true:
“Thine ire unmerited; unwilling she,
“Op’d for the spoil a passage. Hither I
“No suppliant for my native isle approach;
“An alien here sojourning. Pisa’s land
“My country; there near Elis first I sprung:

“A stranger now in Sicily I dwell.
“This soil, more grateful far than is my own;
“This soil, where I my household gods have plac’d;
“I, Arethusa, and have fix’d my seat,
“Preserve, mild goddess! Why I chang’d my land,
“Why to Ortygia, through the wide waves borne,
“I came, a more appropriate hour will ask;
“When you, from care reliev’d, can grant your ear
“With brow unclouded. Through the opening earth
“I flow; and borne through subterraneous depths,
“Here lift again my head, again behold
“The long-lost stars. Hence was my lot to see,
“As pass’d my stream close by the Stygian gulph,
“Your Proserpine; — sad still her face appear’d,
“Nor fear had wholly left it. Yet she reigns
“A queen; the mightiest in the realm of shade,
“The powerful consort of th’ infernal king.

”Like marble at the words the mother stands,
“Stupid with grief; and long astounded seems:
“Sorrow by heavier sorrow now surpass’d.
“Then in her chariot mounts th’ ethereal sky,
“And stands indignant at th’ imperial throne;
“Her locks wild flowing, and her face in clouds.
“Lo! here a suppliant, Jove, — she cry’d, — I come,
“To beg for her, my daughter and thine own;
“For if no favor may the mother find,
“The daughter’s claim may move. Let not thy child
“Deserve thy care the less, as born of me.
“Lo! my lost maid, so long, so vainly sought
“At length is found; if finding we may call
“A surer loss; if finding we may call
“The knowledge where she is. Her ravish’d charms
“I’ll pardon; let him but my child restore.
“What though a robber might my daughter wed,
“Thine sure is worthy of a different mate!
“Then Jove; — our daughter, our dear mutual pledge,

“As yours, so mine, demands our mutual care.
“But rightly still affairs if we design,
“What you lament will no injustice prove;
“Love only. Sure, a son-in-law like him,
“Can ne’er degrade, will you consent but yield.
“Grant nought beyond,—’tis no such trivial boast,
“Jove’s brother to be call’d! How then, if more
“I claim pre-eminence from chance alone!
“Still, if so obstinate your wish remains
“For separation, go, — let Proserpine
“To heaven return, on this condition strict,
“Her lips no food have touch’d. So will the fates.
“He ceas’d. — Glad Ceres, certain to regain
“Her daughter, knew not what the fates forbade.
“Her fast was broken; thoughtless as she stray’d
“Around the garden, from a bending tree
“She pluck’d a fair pomegranate, and seven seeds
“From the pale rind she pick’d, and ate. None saw
“Save one, Ascalaphus, the luckless deed;
“Whom Orphné, fam’d Avernus’ nymphs among,
“To Acheron, long since, ‘tis said, produc’d
“Beneath a dusky cave. He, cruel, told;
“And his discovery stay’d the hop’d return.

”Much wept the queen of Pluto, but she chang’d
“The vile informer to an hideous shape:
“Sprinkled with streams of Phlegethon, his head
“Feather’d appears, with beak, and monstrous eyes;
“Spoil’d of his shape, with yellow feathers cloth’d:
“Large grows his head; bent are his lengthen’d nails;
“Scarcely he moves the pinions which are shot
“Light from his lazy arms. A filthy bird
“Becoming; — constant presager of woe;
“An owl inactive; omen dire to man.

”Well he by his informing tongue deserv’d,
“His doom, but Acheloïdes, from whence

“Your wings, and bird-like feet, whilst still you bear
“Your virgin features? Was it that you mix’d,
“When Proserpine the vernal flowers would cull,
“Amidst her numerous train? The nymph you sought
“Through earth’s extent in vain; that ocean too
“Your anxious search might scape not, straight you pray’d
“For waving wings to winnow o’er the deep;
“And favouring gods you found. Of golden hue
“Quick-shooting wings your arms you saw bespread;
“But lest your inbred song, which every ear
“Had charm’d; and lest your highly-gifted voice,
“Your tongue should fail to use; — a virgin face,
“And speech yet human are indulg’d you still.

”Now Jove as umpire ‘twixt the angry pair
“His mourning sister, and his brother, bids
“The year revolving either side oblige:
“Now will the goddess, mutual in each realm,
“Six months with Ceres dwell in heaven; and six
“Reign with her spouse in hell. Straight were perceiv’d
“The goddess’ countenance, and demeanour chang’d.
“For now her forehead, which had still retain’d,
“(To Pluto even) a sad and sorrowing gloom,
“Gladden’d: so Phœbus long in cloudy shade
“Envelop’d, shines, their umbrous veil dispers’d.
“Now Ceres calm, her daughter safe regain’d,
“Enquires: — O Arethusa! say the cause,
“Which hither brought thee; why a sacred fount?
“Hush’d were the waves; and from the lowest depths
“The goddess rais’d her head; and as she told,
“The old amours the flood of Elis knew,
“Press’d out the water from her tresses green.

”Once with the nymphs, that on Achaïa’s hills
“Rove, was I seen; none closer beat than I
“The thickets; none than I more skilful spread
“Th’ ensnaring net. Yet though no fame I sought

“For beauty; though robust, I bore the name
“Of beauteous. Whilst the constant theme of praise,
“My features fair, to me no pleasure gave;
“What other nymphs inspire with joyful pride,
“Corporeal charms, did but my blushes raise.
“To please I thought a crime. Once tir’d with sport,
“The Stympthalidian forest I had left:
“Warm was the day; I with redoubled heat,
“Glow’d from my toil. A gliding stream I found
“By ripples undisturb’d; silent and smooth
“It flow’d; so clear, that every stone was seen
“On the deep bottom; gently crept the waves;
“To creep scarce seeming; o’er the shelving banks
“The stream-fed poplar, and the willow hoar,
“A grateful shadow cast. The brink I reach’d
“Dipp’d first my feet, then waded to my knee;
“Not yet content, I loos’d my zone, and hung
“Upon a bending osier my soft robe:
“Then naked plung’d amid the stream; the waves
“Beating, and sporting in a thousand shapes;
“My arms around in every posture flung;
“A strange unusual murmur seem’d to sound,
“Deep from the bottom; terror-struck I gain’d
“The nearest brink; — when, — whither dost thou fly?
“O, Arethusa? whither dost thou fly?
“Alphæus, from his waters, hoarse exclaim’d!
“Vestless I fled, for on th’ opposing bank
“My garment hung. Fiercer the god pursu’d;
“Fiercer he burn’d, all naked as I ran:
“Prepar’d more ready for his force I seem’d.
“Such was my flight, and such was his pursuit;
“As when on trembling wings, before the hawk
“Fly the mild doves: as when the hawk fierce drives
“The trembling doves before him. Long the chase
“I bore; Orchomenus, and Psophis soon
“I pass’d, and pass’d Cyllené, and the caves
“Of Mænalus, and Erymanthus’ frosts,

“To Elis, ere his speed could cope with mine.
“In strength unequal, I sustain’d no more
“The toilsome race; he stouter flagg’d less soon.
“But still o’er plains I ran; o’er mountains thick
“With forests clad; o’er stones, and rugged rocks;
“And pathless spots. Behind me Phœbus shone.
“I saw, if fear deceiv’d me not, far spread
“His shade before me. What could less deceive,
“I heard his footsteps; and his breath full strong
“Blew on my banded tresses. Weary’d, faint
“With the long flight, I cry’d; — Dictynna, chaste!
“Lost am I, — help a quiver-bearing nymph,
“One who thy bow has oft entrusted borne;
“And oft thy quiver, loaded full with darts.
“Mov’d was the goddess; from the darkest clouds
“She one selected, and around me threw.
“The river-god, about the misty veil
“Pry’d anxious; and unwitting deeply grop’d
“Within the hollow cloud! Unconscious, twice
“The spot he compass’d, where Diana thought
“My safety surest; twice he then aloud
“Ho! Arethusa, — Arethusa! call’d: —
“What terror seiz’d my soul! not less the dread
“Of lambs, when round the sheltering fold they hear
“The wolves loud howling; or the trembling hare
“Close in a bramble hid, who sees approach
“The wide-mouth’d, hostile hounds, and fears to move.
“Further he pass’d not, for beyond the place
“No footsteps he discern’d, but guarding watch’d
“Around the mist. So closely thus besieg’d,
“My limbs a cold sweat seiz’d; cerulean drops
“Fell from my body; when my feet I mov’d,
“A pool remain’d; fast dropp’d my hair in dew;
“And speedier than the wonderous tale I tell,
“Chang’d to a stream I flow’d. But soon the god,
“Knew his lov’d waters; laid the man aside,
“And straight assum’d his proper watery form;

“With mine to mingle. Dian’ cleft the ground;
“Sinking, through caverns dark I held my way;
“And reach’d Ortygia, from the goddess nam’d;
“There first ascending view’d the upper skies.

”Here Arethusa ceas’d. Then Ceres yokes
“The coupled dragons to her car, their mouths
“Curb’d by the reins; and through the air is borne,
“Midway ‘twixt heaven and earth. At Pallas’ town
“Arriv’d, Triptolemus the car ascends,
“By her commission’d; — bade to spread the seed
“Entrusted: part on ground untill’d before;
“And part on land which long had fallow laid.
“O’er Europe now, and Asia’s lands, the youth
“Sublimely sails, and reaches Scythia’s clime,
“Where Lyncus rul’d. Beneath the monarch’s roof,
“Here enter’d; and to him, who curious sought
“How there he journey’d; what his journey’s cause;
“His name, and country; thus the youth reply’d. —
“Athens the fam’d, my country; and my name
“Triptolemus: but neither o’er the main,
“Borne in a ship, nor travelling slow by land,
“I hither came; my path was through the air.
“I bring the gift of Ceres; scatter’d wide
“Through all your spacious fields, quickly restor’d
“In fruitful crops the wholesome food will spring.
“The barbarous monarch, envious he should bear
“So great a blessing, takes him for his guest,
“And when with sleep weigh’d down attacks him. Rais’d
“To pierce his bosom, was the sword; — just then
“The wretch, by Ceres, to a lynx was turn’d.
“Then mounts again the youth, and through the air
“Bids him once more the sacred dragons steer.

”Our chosen champion ended here her lays,
“And all the nymphs unanimous, exclaim’d; —

“The Heliconian goddesses have gain’d.
“Vanquish’d, the others rail’d. When she resum’d: —
“Is not your punishment enough deserv’d?
“Foil’d in the contest, must you swell your crime,
“With base revilings? Patient now no more,
“To punish we begin; what anger bids,
“We now perform. — Loud laugh’d the scornful maids,
“Our threatening words despis’d, and strove to speak,
“And clapp’d with outcries menacing, their hands.
“When from their fingers shooting plumes they spy;
“And feathers shade their arms; her sister’s face,
“Each sees to harden in an horny beak;
“To beat their bosoms trying with rais’d arms,
“In air suspended, on those arms they move;
“The new-shap’d birds the sylvan tribes increase:
“Magpies, the scandal of the grove. Thus chang’d,
“Their former eloquence they still maintain,
“In hoarse garrulity, and empty noise.”

BOOK VI

Trial of skill betwixt Pallas and Arachné. Transformation of Arachné to a spider. Pride of Niobé. Her children slain by Apollo and Diana. Her change to marble. The Lycian peasants changed to frogs. Fate of Marsyas. Pelops. Story of Tereus, Procné, and Philomela. Their change to birds. Boreas and Orithyia. Birth of Zethes and Calais.

Minerva pleas'd attention to the muse,
While thus she spoke afforded; prais'd the song,
And prais'd the just resentment of the maids.
Then to herself;—"the vengeance others take,
"Merely to praise were mean. I too should claim
"Like praise, for like revenge; nor longer bear
"My power contemn'd, by who unpunish'd live."
And on Arachné, fair Mæonian maid,
She turns her vengeful mind; whose skill she heard
Rivall'd her own in labors of the loom.
No fame her natal town, no fame her sire
On her bestow'd; her skill conferr'd renown.
Idmon of Colophon, her humble sire
Soak'd in the Phocian dye the spongy wool.
Her mother, late deceas'd, from lowest stock,
Had sprung; and wedded with an equal mate.
Yet had she gain'd through all the Lydian towns
For skill a mighty fame. Though born so low,
Though small Hypæpe was her sole abode,
Oft would the nymphs the vine-clad Tmolus leave
To view her wonderous work. Oft would the nymphs
In admiration quit Pactolus' waves.
Nor pleasure only gave the finish'd robe,
When view'd; but while she work'd she gave delight;
Such comely grace in every turn appear'd.
Whether she rounded into balls the wool;
Or with her fingers mollify'd the fleece;
And comb'd it floating light in cloudy waves;
Or her smooth spindle twirl'd with agile thumb;

Or with her needle painted: plain was seen
Her skill from Pallas learnt. This to concede
Unwilling, she ev'n such a tutor scorn'd
Exclaiming:—"come let her the contest try;
"If vanquish'd, let her fix my well-earn'd fate."

Pallas, an ancient matron's form conceals;
Grey hairs thin strew her temples, and a staff
Supports her tottering limbs; while thus she speaks: —
"Old age though little priz'd, much good attends;
"Experience always grows with lengthen'd years:
"Spurn not my admonition. Great thy fame,
"Midst mortals, for the wonders of the loom.
"Great may it be, but to immortals yield:
"Bold nymph retract, and pardon for thy words,
"With suppliant voice require; Pallas will grant."
Sternly the damsel views her; quits the threads
Unfinish'd; scarce her hand from force restrains:
And rage in all her features flushing fierce,
Thus to the goddess, well-disguis'd, she speaks: —
"Weak dotard, spent with too great gift of years,
"Curs'd with too long existence, hence, begone!
"Such admonition to thy daughters give,
"If daughters hast thou; or thy sons have wives:
"Enough for me my inbred wisdom serves.
"Hope not, that ought thy vain advice has sway'd
"My purpose; still my challenge holds the same.
"Why comes your goddess not? why shuns she still
"The trying contest?" Then the goddess,—"Lo!
"She comes," — and flung her aged form aside,
Minerva's form displaying. Every nymph,
And every dame Mygdonian, lowly bent
In veneration. While Arachné sole
Stood stedfast, unalarm'd; but yet she blush'd.
A sudden flush her angry face deep ting'd,
But sudden faded pale. A ruddy glow
Thus tints the early sky, when first the morn

Arises; quickly from the solar ray
Paling to brightness. On her purpos'd boast
Still stubborn bent, she obstinately courts
Her sure destruction, for the empty hope
Of conquest in the strife so madly urg'd.
No more Jove's maid refuses, gives no more
Her empty admonitions, nor delays
The contest: each her station straight assumes,
Tighten each web; each slender thread prepare.
Firm to the beam the cloth is fix'd; the reed
The warp divides, with pointed shuttle, swift
Gliding between; which quick their fingers throw,
Quick extricate, and with the toothy comb
Firm press'd between the warp, the threads unite.
Both hasten now; their garments round them girt,
Their skilful hands they ply: their toil forgot
In anxious wish for conquest. There appear'd,
The wool of Tyrian dye, and softening teints
Lost imperceptible. So seems the arch
Coloring a spacious portion of the sky;
Struck by the rays of Phœbus, when the showers
Recede, a thousand varying tinges shine;
The soft transition mocks the straining eye,
So like the shades which join, though far distinct
Their distant teints. In slender threads they twist
The pliant gold, and in the web display,
Each as she works, an ancient story fair.
Minerva paints the rock of Mars so fam'd
In Cecrops' city, and the well-known strife
To name the town. Twice six celestials sate
On their high thrones, great Jupiter around
In gravity majestic; every god
Bore his celestial features. Jove appear'd
In royal dignity. The Ocean power
Standing she pictur'd, with his trident huge
Smiting the rugged rock; from the cleft stone
Leap'd forth a steed; and thence the town to name

The privilege he claim'd. Herself she paints
Shielded, and arm'd with keenly-pointed spear.
Helm'd was her head; her breast the Ægis bore.
Struck by her spear, the earth a hoary tree
She shews producing, loaded thick with fruit.
The wondering gods the gift admire; the prize
To her awarded, ends the glorious work.

More, that the daring rival of her art,
Should learn experimental, what reward
Her mad attempt might hope, four parts she adds;
And every part a test of power presents:
Bright the small figures in her colors shine.
This angle Thracian Rhodopé contains,
With Hæmus; both their mortal bodies now,
To frozen mountains chang'd; whose lofty pride
Assum'd the titles of celestial powers.
Another corner held the wretched fate
Felt by Pygmæa's matron; Juno bade
Her vanquish'd rival soar aloft a crane;
And on her people wage continual war.
Antigoné, she paints; — audacious she
With Jove's imperial consort durst contend;
By Jove's imperial queen she flits a bird:
Nor aids her Ilium ought; nor aids her sire,
Laömedon; — upborne on snowy wings,
A stork she rises; loud with chattering bill
She noises. In the sole remaining part,
Was childless Cynaras, in close embrace,
Grasping the temple's steps, his daughters once;
And as he lies extended on the stone,
In marble seems to weep. Around the piece
She spreads the peaceful olive: all complete
Her work is ended with her favorite tree.

Arachné paints Europa, by a bull
Deceiv'd; the god a real bull appears;

And real seem the waves. She, backward turn'd,
Views the receding shore, and seems to shriek
Loud to her lost companions; seems to dread
The dashing waves, and timid shrinks her feet.
She draws Asteria, by the god o'er-power'd,
Cloth'd in an eagle. Leda, fair she lays
Beneath his wings, when he a swan appears.
She adds how Jove beneath a Satyr's shape
Conceal'd, the beauteous child of Nycteus fill'd,
With a twin-offspring. In Amphytrion's form
Alcmena, thou wert press'd. A golden shower
Danaë deceiv'd. A flame Ægina caught.
A shepherd's shape Mnemosyné beguil'd.
And fair Deïis trusts a speckled snake.
Thee, Neptune, too she painted, for the maid
Æolian, to a threatening bull transform'd.
Thou, as Enipeus, didst the Aloïd twins
Beget. Beneath the semblance of a ram,
Theophané was cheated. Ceres mild,
Of grain inventress, with her yellow locks,
In shape a courser felt thy ardent love.
Medusa, mother of the flying steed,
Nymph of the snaky tresses, in a bird
Conceal'd, you forc'd. Melantho in a fish.
To these the damsel, all well-suiting forms
Dispens'd, and all well-suiting scenes attend.
And there Apollo in a herdsman's guise
Wanders. And now he soars a plumy hawk:
Now stalks a lordly lion. As a swain
Macarean Isse, felt his amorous guile,
Erigoné to Bacchus' flame was dup'd
Beneath a well-seem'd grape. Saturn produc'd
The Centaur doubly-shap'd, in form a steed.
Her web's extremes a slender border girt,
Where flowery wreathes, and twining ivy blend.

Not Pallas, — not even envy's rankling soul

Could blame the work. The bright immortal griev'd
To view her rival's merit, angry tore
The picture glowing with celestial crimes.
A boxen shuttle, grasping in her hand,
Thrice on the forehead of th' Idmonian maid
She struck. No more Arachné, hapless bore,
But twisted round her neck with desperate pride
A cord. The deed Minerva pitying saw
And check'd her rash suspension.—"Impious wretch!
"Still live," she cry'd, "but still suspended hang;
"Curs'd to futurity, for all thy race,
"Thy sons and grandsons, to the latest day
"Alike shall feel the sentence." Speaking thus,
The juice of Hecat's baleful plant she throws:
Instant besprinkled by the noxious drops,
Her tresses fall; her nose and ears are lost;
Her body shrinks; her head is lessen'd more;
Her slender fingers root within her sides,
Serving as legs; her belly forms the rest;
From whence her thread she still derives and spins:
Her art pursuing in the spider's shape.

All Lydia rung; the wonderous rumor spread
Through every Phrygian town; the tale employ'd
The tongues of all mankind. The nymph was known,
Ere yet Amphion's nuptial bed she press'd,
To Niobé. She, when a virgin dwelt
In Lydian Sipylus. She still unmov'd,
Arachné's neighboring fate not heeded, still
Proudly refus'd before the gods to bend;
And spoke in haughty boasting. Much her pride
By favoring gifts was swol'n. Not the fine skill
Amphion practis'd; not the lofty birth
Each claim'd; not all their mighty kingdom's power,
So rais'd her soul (of all though justly proud)
As her bright offspring. Justly were she call'd
Most blest of mothers; but her bliss too great

Seem'd to herself, and caus'd a dread reverse.

Now Manto, sprung from old Tiresias, skill'd
In future fate, impell'd by power divine,
In every street with wild prophetic tongue
Exclaim'd;—"Ye Theban matrons, haste in crowds,
"Your incense offer, and your pious prayers,
"To great Latona, and the heavenly twins,
"Latona's offspring; all your temples bound
"With laurel garlands. This the goddess bids;
"Through me commands it." All of Thebes obey,
And gird their foreheads with the order'd leaves;
The incense burn, and with the sacred flames
Their pious prayers ascend. Lo! 'midst a crowd
Of nymphs attendant, far conspicuous seen;
Comes Niobé, in gorgeous Phrygian robe,
Inwrought with gold, attir'd. Beauteous her form,
Beauteous, as rage permitted. Angry shook
Her graceful head; and angry shook the locks
That o'er each shoulder wav'd. Proudly she tower'd.
Her haughty eyes, round from her lofty stand
Wide darting, cry'd;—"What madness this to place
"Reported gods above the gods you see!
"Why to Latona's altars bend ye low,
"Nor incense burn before my power divine?
"My sire, was Tantalus: of mortals sole,
"Celestial feasts he shar'd. A Pleiäd nymph
"Me bore. My grandsire is the mighty king,
"Whose shoulders all the load of heaven sustain.
"Jove is my father's parent: him I boast
"As sire-in-law too. All the Phrygian towns
"Bend to my sway. The hall of Cadmus owns
"Me sovereign mistress. Thebes' high towering walls,
"Rais'd by my consort's lute; and all the crowd
"Who dwell inclos'd, his rule and mine obey.
"Where'er within my palace turn mine eyes,
"Treasures immense I view. Brightness divine

“I boast: to all seven blooming daughters add,
“And seven fair sons; through whom I soon expect,
“If Hymen favors, seven more sons to see,
“And seven more daughters. Need ye further seek
“Whence I have cause for boasting. Dare ye still
“Latona, from Titanian Cæus sprung, —
“The unknown Cæus, — she to whom all earth
“In bearing pangs the smallest space deny’d: —
“This wretch to my divinity prefer?
“Not heaven your goddess would receive; not earth;
“Not ocean: exil’d from the world, she weep’d,
“Till Delos sorrowing, — wanderer like herself,
“Exclaim’d; — thou dreary wanderest o’er the earth,
“I, o’er the main; — and sympathizing thus,
“A resting spot afforded. There become
“Of two the mother, only — can she vie
“With one whose womb, has sevenfold hers surpass’d?
“Blest am I. Who can slightly e’er arraign
“To happiness my claim? Blest will I still
“Continue. Who my bliss can ever doubt?
“Abundance guards its surety. Far beyond
“The power of fortune is my lot uprais’d:
“Snatch them in numbers from me, crowds more great
“Must still remain. My happy state contemns
“Even now, the threats of danger. Grant the power
“Of fate this nation of my womb to thin, —
“Of part depriv’d, impossible I shrink
“To poor Latona’s two. How scant remov’d
“From mothers childless! Quit your rites; — quick haste
“And tear those garlands from your flowing hair.”

Aside the garlands thrown, and incomplete,
The rites relinquish’d, what the Thebans could
They gave: their whispering prayers the matron dame
Address’d. With ire the angry goddess flam’d,
And thus on Cynthus’ lofty top bespoke

Her double offspring:—"O, my children! see,
"Your parent, proud your parent to be call'd, —
"To no celestial yielding, save the queen
"Of Jove supreme. Lo! doubted is my claim
"To rites divine; and from the altars, burnt
"To me from endless ages, driven, I go;
"Save by my children succour'd. Nor this grief
"Alone me irks, for Niobé me mocks! —
"Her daring crime increasing, proud she sets
"Her offspring far 'bove you. Me too she spurns, —
"To her in number yielding; childless calls
"My bed, and proves the impious stock which gave
"Her tongue first utterance." More Latona felt
Prepar'd to utter; more beseechings bland
For her young offspring, when Apollo, cry'd:
"Enough, desist to plain; — delay is long
"Till vengeance." Dian' join'd him in his ire.
Swift gliding down the sky, and veil'd in clouds,
On Cadmus' roof they lighted. Wide was spread,
A level plain, by constant hoofs well beat,
The city's walls adjoining; crowding wheels,
And coursers' feet the rolling dust upturn'd.
Here of Amphion's offspring daily some
Mount their fleet steeds; their trappings gaily press
Of Tyrian dye: heavy with gold, the rens
They guide. 'Mid these Ismenos, primal born
Of Niobé, as round the circling course,
His well-train'd steed he sped, and strenuous curb'd
His foaming mouth, — loudly "Ah, me!" exclaim'd,
As through his bosom deep the dart was driv'n:
Dropp'd from his dying hands the slacken'd reins;
Slowly, and sidelong from his courser's back
He tumbled. Sipylus, gave uncheck'd scope
To his, when through the empty air he heard,
The rattling quiver sound: thus speeding clouds
Beheld, the guider of the ruling helm,
A threatening tempest fearing, looses wide

His every sail to catch the lightest breeze.
Loose flow'd his reins. Th' inevitable dart
The flowing reins quick follow'd. Quivering shook,
Fixt in his upper neck, the naked steel,
Far through his throat protruding. Prone he fell
O'er his high courser's head; his smoking gore,
The ground defiling. Hapless Phœdimas,
And Tantalus, his grandsire's name who bore,
Their 'custom'd sport laborious ended, strove
With youthful vigor in the wrestling toil.
Now breast to breast they strain'd with nervous grasp,
When the swift arrow from the bended horn,
Both bodies pierc'd, as close both bodies join'd;
At once they groan'd; at once their limbs they threw,
With agonies convuls'd, prone on the earth;
At once their rolling eyes the light forsook;
At once their souls were yielded forth to air.
Alphenor saw, and smote his grieving breast;
Flew to their pallid limbs, and as he rais'd,
Their bodies, in the pious office fell:
For Phœbus drove his fate-wing'd arrow deep
Through what his heart inclos'd. Sudden withdrawn,
On the barb'd head the mangled lungs were stuck;
And high in air his soul gush'd forth in blood.
But beardless Damasichthon, by a wound
Not single fell, as those; struck where the leg
To form begins, and where the nervous ham
A yielding joint supplies. The deadly dart
To draw essaying, in his throat, full driven,
Up to the feather'd head, another came:
The sanguine flood expell'd it, gushing high,
Cutting the distant air. With outstretcht arms
Ilioneus, the last, besought in vain;
Exclaiming,—"spare me, spare me, all ye gods!"
Witless that all not join'd to cause his woe.
The god was touch'd with pity, touch'd too late, —
Already shot th' irrevocable dart:

Yet light the blow was given, and mild the wound
That pierc'd his heart, and sent his soul aloft.

The rumor'd ill; the mourning people's groans;
The servant's tears, soon made the mother know,
The sudden ruin: wondering first she stands,
To see so great heaven's power, then angry flames
Indignant, that such power they dare to use.
The sire Amphion, in his bosom plung'd
His sword, and ended life at once, and woe.
Heavens! how remov'd this Niobé, from her
Who drove so lately from Latona's fane,
The pious crowds; who march'd in lofty state,
Through every street of Thebes, an envy'd sight!
Now to be wept by even her bitterest foes.
Prostrate upon their gelid limbs she lies;
Now this, now that, her trembling kisses press;
Her livid arms high-stretching unto heaven,
Exclaims,—”Enjoy Latona, cruel dame,
“My sorrows; feed on all my wretched woes;
“Glut with my load of grief thy savage soul;
“Feast thy fell heart with seven funereal scenes;
“Triumph, victorious foe! conqueror, exult!
“Victorious! said I? — How? To wretched me,
“Still more are left, than joyful thou canst boast:
“Superior I ‘midst all this loss remain.”

She spoke; — the twanging bowstring sounded loud!
Terrific noise, — save Niobé, to all:
She stood audacious, callous in her crime.
In mourning vesture clad, with tresses loose,
Around the funeral couches of the slain,
The weeping sisters stood. One strives to pluck
The deep-stuck arrow from her bowels, — falls,
And fainting dies; her brother's clay-cold corse,
Prest with her lips. Another's soothing words

Her hapless parent strive to cheer, — struck dumb,
She bends beneath an unseen wound; her words
Reach not her parent, till her life is fled.
This, vainly flying, falls: that drops in death
Upon her sister's body. One to hide
Attempts: another pale and trembling dies.
Six now lie breathless, each by vary'd wounds;
One sole remaining, whom the mother shields,
Wrapt in her vest; her body o'er her flung,
Exclaiming,—"leave me this, my youngest, — last,
"Least of my mighty numbers, — one alone!"
But while she prays, the damsel pray'd for dies.

Of all depriv'd, the solitary dame,
Amid the lifeless bodies of her sons,
Her daughters, and her spouse, by sorrows steel'd,
Sits harden'd: no light gale her tresses moves;
No blood her redden'd cheeks contain; her eyes
Motionless glare upon her mournful face;
Life quits the statue: even her tongue congeals,
Within her stony palate; vital floods
Cease in her veins to flow; her neck to bow
Resists; her arms to move in graceful guise;
Her feet to step; and even to stone are turn'd
Her inmost bowels. Still to weep she seems.
Wrapt in a furious whirlwind, distant far
Her natal soil receives her. There fixt high
On a hill's utmost summit, still she melts;
Still does the rigid marble flow in tears.

Now every Theban, male and female, all,
Dread the fierce anger of the powers of heaven;
And with redoubled fervor lowly bend,
And own the twin-producing goddess' power.
Then, as oft seen, they ancient tales recount,
Reminded by events of recent date.
Thus one relates.—"Long since some clowns, who till'd

“The fertile fields of Lycia, felt the ire
“Of this high goddess, whom they durst despise.
“Obscure the fact itself, for low the race
“Who suffer’d; yet most wonderous was the deed.
“Myself have seen the marsh; the lake have seen
“Fam’d for the prodigy. My aged sire,
“To toil unable on the lengthen’d road,
“Me thither sent; an herd of choicest beeves
“Thence to conduct; to my unpractis’d steps
“A guiding native of the land he gave.
“While we the pastures travers’d, lo! we found
“An ancient altar, ‘midst a spacious lake
“Erected; black with sacrificing dust;
“With waving reeds surrounded. Here my guide
“Halted, and softly whisper’d, — bless me, power!
“And I, like softly whispering, — bless me! — cry’d.
“Then ask’d, if nymph, or fawn, or native god
“The altar own’d? — when thus my guide reply’d.
“No mountain god, O, youth! this altar claims,
“But her whom once imperial Juno’s rage,
“Stern interdicted from firm earth’s extent:
“Whom scarce the wandering Delos would receive,
“Ardent beseeching, when the buoyant isle
“Light floated. There at length, Latona, laid
“Betwixt a palm, and bright Minerva’s tree,
“Spite of their fierce opposing step-dame’s power,
“Her twins produc’d. Even hence, in child-bed driven,
“She fled from Juno; in her bosom bore,
“‘Tis said, the twin-celestials. Now the sun
“With fervid rays, had scorch’d the arid meads,
“When faint with lengthen’d toil, the goddess gain’d
“The edge of Lycia’s monster-breeding clime;
“Parch’d and exhausted, from the solar heat,
“And infants milking her exhausted breast.
“By chance a lake, far distant she espy’d,
“Deep in a vale’s recess, of waters pure.
“There clowns the bulrush gather’d; there they pluck’d

“The shrubby osier, and the marsh-fond grass.
“Approach’d the goddess; on her knees low bent,
“The earth she press’d, and forward lean’d to drink
“The cooling liquid. This the rustic mob
“Forbade. When she to those who thus oppos’d, —
“Water withhold? Water whose use is free?
“Nature to all unsparing gives to take,
“Of light, of air, and of the flowing stream.
“I claim but public gifts: yet suppliant beg
“Those public gifts to share. Not here I come,
“My weary’d arms and limbs within the waves
“To lave: my thirst alone I wish to slake.
“Even now my speaking lips their moisture want;
“Scarce my parch’d throat, a passage to my words
“Can yield. As nectar were the limpid draught.
“Life with the water give me; for to me,
“Water is life; with water life I seek.
“Let these too move you, who their tender hands
“Stretch to your bosoms, — for by chance the babes
“Their little hands held forth. The goddess’ words,
“Thus bland-beseeching, who could e’er withstand?
“Yet these persisted; — obstinate refus’d
“To grant her wish, and with opprobrious speech
“And threats revil’d her, should she there remain.
“Nor rested thus, — the lake with hands and feet
“Muddy they trouble; with malicious leaps
“They agitate the pool, and upward stir
“From the deep bottom clouds of slimy ooze.
“Anger her thirst diverted. Rage deny’d
“More supplication from th’ indignant dame.
“Their threatening words, no more the goddess brook’d;
“But raising high to heaven her hands, she cry’d, —
“Be this your home for ever! — Gracious heard,
“Her prayer was granted. Now they joy to plunge,
“Beneath the waters; now they deep immerge
“Their bodies in the hollow fen; now raise
“Their heads, and skim the surface of the pool,

“Often they rest upon the margin’s brink,
“And oft light-springing, in the cool lake plunge.
“Now still their rude contentious tongues they use,
“Still squabbling, lost to shame beneath the waves:
“Beneath the waves they still abusings strive
“To utter. Hoarsely still their voice is heard,
“Through their wide-bloated throats. Their railing words,
“Their jaws more wide dilate. Depriv’d of neck,
“Their head and back in junction seem to meet;
“Green shine their backs; their bellies, hugely swol’n
“Are white; and frogs they plunge within the pool.”

Thus as the man, the fate destructive told
Of Lycia’s clowns, to mind another call’d
The satyr’s fate, who vanquish’d in the strife
Of skill, on Pallas’ pipe, Latona’s son
Severely punish’d.—”Wherefore thus,” — he cries,
“Rent from myself? O, penitent I bow.
“The pipe,” he shrieks, “should not such rage provoke.”
Exclaiming thus, o’er his extremest limbs
Stript was his skin; he one continuous wound!
Blood flow’d from every part; the naked nerves
Bare started; and the trembling veins full throbb’d,
By skin uncover’d. Every beating part
Inward, the breast’s translucent fibres plain
Display’d to sight. Him every forest fawn;
Each brother satyr; and each sylvan god;
And every nymph, with fam’d Olympus wept:
And every swain, the woolly flock who fed;
Or on the mountain watch’d the horned herd.
Wash’d by their falling tears, the fertile earth
Is soak’d, — absorbs them in her inmost veins;
Then form’d to water, spouts them high in air.
Rapid ‘twixt banks declivitous, they seek
The ocean. Marsya, is the river call’d;
The clearest stream through Phrygia’s land which flows.

Thus far the crowd; — and then lamenting turn
To present griefs: — Amphion's race extinct,
Unanimous they wail; but hated still
Remains the mother's pride. For her alone
Weep'd Pelops; — rent his garments, bare expos'd
His breast and shoulders lay, and fair display'd
The ivory joint. This shoulder at his birth
In fleshy substance, and carnation tinge,
Equall'd the right. When by his sire his limbs
Disjointed lay, the gods, 'tis said, quick join'd
The sever'd members: every fragment found,
Save what combin'd the neck and upper arm;
The part destroy'd, with ivory they replace;
And Pelops perfect from the gift became.

The neighbouring lords assemble; — every town
Their kings intreat condolence to bestow,
And all to Thebes repair. First Argos sends;
Sparta; Mycené; Calydon, not yet
By stern Diana hated; Corinth, fam'd
For beauteous brass; Orchomenus the fierce;
Messené fertile; Patræ; Pylos, rul'd
By Neleus; Trœzen, yet unus'd to own
The sway of Pitheus; Cleona the low;
And all those towns the two-sea'd isthmus holds;
And all those towns the isthmus views without.
Athens, incredible! was absent sole.
War all her energy demanded. Borne
O'er ocean, fierce barbarian troops, the walls
Mopsopian threaten'd. Thracian Tereus, these
With arms auxiliar routed; bright his name
Shone from the conquest. Him in riches great,
Mighty in power, and from the god-like Mars,
His lineage tracing, Procné's nuptial hand
Close to Pandion bound. Their marriage bed
Nor Grace, nor Hymen, nor the nuptial queen
Attended. Furies held the torches, snatch'd

From biers funereal. Furies spread the couch:
And all night long an owl, ill-omen'd bird,
Perch'd on the roof that crown'd the marriage dome.
Join'd with such omens, with such omens bore
Procné a son to Tereus. Wide through Thrace
Congratulations sound: glad thanks to heaven
The parents give, and hail the happy day
Which gave Pandion's daughter to the king;
And gave the pair a son. So ignorant still
Mankind of real happiness remain!

Now through five autumns had the cheerful sun
The whirling year renew'd. When Procné, bland
Her spouse besought.—"If grace within thy sight
"Claim my deserts, — or suffer me to see
"In her own clime my sister, or to ours
"My sister bring: a quick return thou well
"Our sire may'st promise. This high boon obtain'd,
"My sister's presence, — to my sight thou'lt seem,
"A deity in goodness." — On the main
He bids them launch the vessel; in the port
Cecropian enters, urg'd by oar and sail;
And treads Piræus' shore. Soon as he gain'd
His audience; soon as hand with hand was clasp'd,
His ill-presaging speech he open'd. First
The journey's cause narrating; fond desire
Of Procné; and the promis'd quick return
Of Philomela, should the sire comply.
Lo! Philomela enters, splendid robes
Attire her; still more splendid shine her charms:
Such they describe within the forests rove
Dryad, and Naiad nymphs; such would they seem
Their shape like hers adorn'd, like hers attir'd.
Instant was Tereus at the sight inflam'd;
So instant would the hoary harvest burn,
The torch apply'd: so burn the wither'd leaves;
Or hoarded hay. Well might her charms inspire

Such love in any; — him his inbred lust
More goaded, more his country's warmth which burns
Intense; he flames from nature, and from clime.
First to corrupt th' attendants he designs,
And faithful nurse; and Philomel' to tempt
With gifts immense, — his kingdom's mighty price.
Or forceful snatch her, and the rape defend,
With all the powers of war. Nought but he dares.
Impell'd by love's unbridled power; his breast
The raging fire contains not. Irritating seems
Delay: — and eager to the anxious wish
Of Procné, turns his converse; her desires
His wishes aiding. Eloquent he spoke;
For love inspir'd him. Often as he press'd
More close than prudent, all his earnest speech,
Procné, he said, dictated. Heavens! how dark
The gloom that blinds the view of human souls.
Tereus for tenderest piety esteem'd,
More as for vice he labors: praise he gains,
for every crime. Now Philomela begs,
His prayer assisting; flings her winning arms
Around Pandion's neck, and suppliant sues
A sight of Procné; for her woe she begs,
But deems she begs delight. Her Tereus views; —
Anticipates his joys; her every kiss,
Her arms around her parent's neck entwin'd,
But goad his passion: fuel fresh they add;
Food for his flame. And when her sire she clasps,
He longs that sire to be. Parent, not more
His impious purpose would the wretch delay!
The king by both their warm beseechings won,
Consents; — she joyful to her father gives
Glad thanks; — and hapless, deems completely blest,
Herself and sister, both most deeply curst;

Now Phœbus' toil nigh spent, his coursers' feet
Sweep'd down the slope of heaven. The royal feast,

And golden goblets, fill'd with Bacchus' gift,
The board bespread. From hence in slumbers soft,
Each sought repose. All but the Thracian king,
Though far remov'd, still burning; all her face,
Her hands and gesture he recalls, and paints
At pleasure all her beauties yet unseen:
Feeding his flame, and sleep repelling far.

'Twas morn; — Pandion, pressing warm the hand
Of Tereus, as they parted, while the tears
Gush'd sudden, thus bespeaks his friendly care.
“Dear son, to thee I give her, pious claims
“Compel me: suppliant let me thee adjure
“By faith, by kindred, and by all the gods,
“Thy care paternal, shall protect the maid;
“And the soft solace of my anxious years,
“Speedy restore, for each delay is long.
“Quick, Philomela, quick my child, rejoin
“Thy sire, if filial duty sways thee. Much
“Thy sister's absence pains me.” — Speaking thus
He press'd with kisses soft, the maiden's lips,
And dripping tears with each behest let fall.
Their hands he asks as pledge of faith, and joins
Their hands in his presented; tender begs
His salutations to his daughter dear;
And his young grandson. Scarce the last adieu,
Chok'd with deep sighs, he breathes: his boding mind

Foreseeing future woes.

Now Philomel'

Safely on board the painted vessel plac'd,
The land far left, as with their laboring oars
The surges move; — exulting Tereus, cry'd,
“Victorious, — lo! my utmost wishes borne
Safe with me.” — Scarce his burning soul defers
His hop'd-for joys. His eyes are never turn'd
From the lov'd face. Thus Jove's protected bird
Rapacious bears, with his sharp talons pierc'd,
An hare defenceless to his lofty nest:
No flight remains, the spoiler calmly views
His prey. Now ended is their voyage, now
Weary'd they quit their ship, and joyful touch
Their native beach; and now the Thracian king
Pandion's daughter to a lofty stall
Conducts; by ancient trees the spot well screen'd.
There he inclos'd the pale, the trembling maid,
Of all things fearful, as with tears she press'd
Her sister's face to see: his purpose dire
Disclosing, — force the helpless maid o'ercame,
Loudly exclaiming to her sire; and loud
Her sister's help invoking, equal vain:
But chief she begs celestial powers to aid.
Trembling she lies; so seems a shuddering lamb
Wounded, and from the hoary wolf's fierce jaws
Just 'scap'd, not sure his safety yet he deems:
So seems a dove, her plumes in blood deep-drench'd,
With fear still shivering; still the hungry claws
Dreading, that lately pierc'd her. Soon restor'd
Her mental powers, while scatter'd hung the locks
Rent in her anguish, high her arms she rais'd,
Livid with blows, as those that mourn the dead;
Exclaiming,—”O, barbarian! wretch supreme!
“In cruelty and vice; whom not the charge
“Parental, seal'd with pious tears could move;
“A sister's charge entrusted: not her state,
“Virgin defenceless; not the sacred vows,
“Conjugal plighted. In confusion all

“Commixt, by thee, adulteress here I lie,
“Against my sister. Thou a double spouse,
“To both. This scourge is sure to me not due.
“Why, villain, not my hated life destroy?
“Perfect in deeds atrocious; would my breath
“Before the horrid act suppress had been:
“Then had I guiltless sought the shades. But still
“If powers celestial view this act; if sway
“On earth they hold; if all not sinks with me,
“Thy fate hence-forward from me dread; myself
“Shall unabash’d, thy acts proclaim. If power
“Is granted, when in public walks I roam:
“If here in woods imprison’d, all the woods
“Shall with my plaints resound; the conscious rocks
“I’ll move. May heaven me hear! and if in heaven
“A god abides, me hear!” — Rous’d by her words,
The fierce king’s anger burns; no less his fear
Than anger moves him: strongly spurr’d by each,
His weapon from the pendent sheath he drew:
Dragg’d by the hair, her limbs he forc’d to yield
To fetters; twisting rough her arms behind.
Glad Philomel’ to him her throat presents,
Death from the glittering sword expecting. Grasp’d
In pincers, fierce her tongue he tore away;
Griev’d, and indignant, as her father’s name
She strove to utter: trembling still appear’d
The bloody root; trembling the tongue itself
Murmur’d as on the gore-stain’d earth it lay:
As leaps the serpent’s sever’d tail, the tongue,
Quivering in death, still to her feet advanc’d.
This deed of horror done, ‘tis said that oft
(Incredible the fact) repeated force
Upon her mangled form the wretch employ’d.

Now dares he, all those acts atrocious done,
Return to Procné. Eager as he comes,
For Philomel’ she asks. False tears and groans

He gives: the hapless nymph he feigns deceas'd:
His tears convince. Now from her shoulders torn,
Her robes with gold bright-glittering, sable vests
Her limbs enfolded. High an empty tomb
She rais'd, and pious obsequies perform'd
To manes pretended: for her sister's fate
She mourn'd, whose fate such mourning ill deserv'd.

Through twice six signs had Phœbus journey'd on,
The year completing. What, alas! remains
For Philomela? Guards prevent her flight.
Of stone erected, high the massive walls
Circle her round. Her lips so mute, refuse
The deed to blazon. Keen the sense of grief
Sharpens the soul: — in misery the mind
Ingenious sparkles. Skillful she extends
The Thracian web, and on the snow-white threads,
In purple letters, weaves the dreadful tale.
Complete, a servant with expressive signs,
The present to the queen she bids to bear.
To Procné was it borne, witless the slave
Of what he carry'd. Savage Tereus' spouse
The web unfolded; read the mournful tale
Her hapless sister told, and wonderous! sate
In silence; grief her rising words repress'd:
Indignant, chok'd, her throat refus'd to breathe,
The angry accents to her plaining tongue.
To weep she waits not, in turmoil confus'd,
Justice and fragrance undistinguished lie;
Her mind sole bent for vengeance on her spouse.

Now was the time Sithonia's matrons wont,
The rites triennial of the jovial god
To tend. Those rites to conscious shade alone
Confided. Rhodopé, the brazen sound
Shrill tinkling, hears by night; — by night the queen
The palace quits, attir'd as Bacchus' rites

Demand; and weapon'd with the Bacchant arms.
A vine her forehead girds; the nimble deer
Clothes with his skin her sides; her shoulder bears
A slender spear. Thus maddening, Procné seeks
The woods in ire terrific, crowded round
By all her followers: rack'd by inward pangs,
The furious rant of Bacchus veils her woes.
The lonely stable seen at length, she howls
Aloud,—”Evoë, ho!” — and bursts the door;
Drags thence her sister; — her thence dragg'd, invests I
In Bacchanalian robes; her face inshrouds
In ivy foliage; and astonish'd leads
The trembling damsel o'er the palace steps.
The horrid dome when Philomela saw,
Perforce she enter'd; through her frame she shook;
The blood her face deserted. Procné sought
A spot retir'd, and from her features flung
The sacred trappings, and her sister's face,
Sorrowing and blushing, to the light unveil'd;
Then ran to clasp her. She the sight not bore;
Her eyes she rais'd not; her dejected brows
Bent to the ground; thus by her sister seen,
Encroacher on her bed. Her hands still spoke,
When oaths she wish'd to utter, and to call
Th' attesting gods, her foul disgrace by force
To prove accomplish'd. Furious, Procné burns,
Nor curbs her ire; her sister's streaming tears
Reproving checks, and cries;—”no period now
“For tears, we ask the sword! But if than sword
“Vengeance more keen thou hop'st for, sister dear,
“Behold me for most horrid deeds prepar'd.
“Shall I with flaming torches blaze on high
“His hall imperial, and the villain king
“Heave in the conflagration? Shall I rend
“As thine his tongue? or from his sockets tear,
“His eye-balls? or what other member maim?
“Or this, or instant send his guilty soul

“Thro’ thousand wounds to judgment? What thou speak’st
“Be mighty. I for mightiest acts prepare.
“To fix I hesitate.” As Procné speaks,
Lo! infant Itys to his mother runs;
His sight her mind determines; cruel turn
Her eyes, exclaiming;—”See, how like his sire’s
“Appear his features!” — More she spoke not, fixt
Was straight her dread resolve: now fiercer burn’d
Within her smother’d rage; — yet when the boy
Approach’d, and round her neck his infant arms
Threw, and his kisses printed on her lips,
With bland caresses mingled, even the soul
Of Procné melted. Mollify’d her rage,
Tears hard constrain’d flow’d from unwilling eyes.
Soon as the mother’s feelings softening seem
To melt in extreme fondness; Procné quits
The sight, and to her sister’s face reverts
Again her visage; then on each in turn
Full bent her view, she cries;—”Must one me melt
“With blandish’d soothings? Must the other mute,
“With tongue dismember’d stand? Must he exclaim
“O, mother! — she, O, sister! never more?
“To what a spouse, Pandion’s daughter, see
“Art thou, degenerate wife, conjoin’d! Thy sin
“A spouse like Tereus to have us’d too well.”
More she delays not, infant Itys drags,
Swift as the Indian tiger sweeps the fawn
Through shady forests. Then the lofty dome,
For rooms remote well search’d, in one arrives,
Where she the infant pierces; ‘twixt the breast
And side the weapon enters, while his hands,
Suppliant, his fate foreseeing, he extends,
And,—”mother! O, my mother!” — loudly cries.
Nor mov’d her countenance fell; — the single wound
Was deadly. Philomela, with her steel
The throat divided, and the quivering limbs
Dissever’d, whilst of animation still

Some glimmering sparks remain'd. Of these, they part
In brazen cauldrons boil: part on the spit
Crackling they turn: with gore the secret rooms
Offensive float. Her unsuspecting spouse
Procné to feast invites; delusive feigns
Her country's customs, — where 'twas given, but one
The husband should be nigh; all menial slaves
Far distant. On his ancestral seat
High-lifted, Tereus sate, and feasted there:
And in his bowels deep he there entomb'd
Bowels his own. So blind are human souls, —
“Call Itys to the feast,” — he cries. No more
Could Procné veil her savage joy; — full bent
The slaughter to announce, she loud proclaim'd
“Thou seek'st who with thee rests!” — Around he looks.
Wondering where rests he. Philomela rush'd,
Her tresses sprinkled with the ireful blood,
As griev'd he, Itys calling loud, and flung,
With savage fury Itys' gory head
Full in his father's face; nor ever mourn'd
Lost speech so much; her well-earn'd joy to show,
More griev'd lost power. With outcry loud the king
O'er-turn'd the table; from the Stygian vale,
Invok'd the viper'd sisters: hard he strove
To tear his bosom, and from thence disgorge
The dire repast, the half-digested mass
Of Itys' limbs. Now weeping, wild he mourns,
Himself his offspring's tomb. Now fierce pursues
Pandion's daughters with his unsheath'd sword.
From him escaping, on light wings upborne
Th' Athenians seem'd; light wings their limbs upbore!
One sheltering in the woods: protecting roofs
The other seeking; still the murderous deed,
Mark'd on her breast remains; still on her plumes
The tint of blood is seen. Rapid in rage
And hope of vengeance, Tereus too is chang'd,
And flits a bird; a plumy crest he bears,

High on his head: the lengthen'd sword he bore,
A beak enormous grows. A lapwing now

With fierce-arm'd face he flies.

Untimely sought

Pandion, when the mournful tale he heard,
The Stygian shades, ere yet the lengthen'd date
Of years commanded. Next th' Athenian realm
Erechtheus rul'd, the sceptre dubious held
By right or forceful arms. Proud could he boast
Four sons; — and daughters four to him were given.
Beauteous the maids; in beauty equal two:
Of these Æolian Cephalus was bless'd
With thee as spouse, O, Procris! — Tereus long,
Boreas withstanding, with the power of Thrace,
Long Orithyia, by the god lov'd,
Was lov'd in vain; while soft beseechings more
And prayers, the power to strenuous force preferr'd.
But now those soothings bland so vainly try'd,
Fierce swol'n with rage, his most accusom'd feel
(Too much that passion knows this wind) he cries; —
“Well I deserve it, all my proper arms
“Relinquish'd: savage fierceness, strength, stern rage,
“And threatening force. With humble softening prayers
“Fool have I su'd; in each attempt have fail'd.
“More apt to me is force! by force I drive
“The lowering clouds before me: Ocean's waves
“Forceful I turn; forceful the knotted oak
“Root from its deep foundation; hard the frost

“I bind; and beat the sounding earth with hail:
“I when in open sky, for there our field
“Lies in display, my blustering brethren meet,
“Oppose such might, that midmost sky resounds
“Echoing our forceful conflict; flashing flames
“From the cleft bodies of the hollow clouds,
“Elicited: I too, earth’s secret womb
“Fierce entering, in her deepest caverns strain
“My strength, ‘till trembling wide through all her frame,
“The ghosts below are troubled. These the aid
“My nuptial wish should seek; no longer pray
“Erechtheus for my sire; — my sire by force,
“The monarch shall be made.” — So spoke the god,
Or thus, or more in fury, as he shook
His plumes, whose motion sweep’d through earth’s extent,
And made the wide main tremble. Lofty hills
His dusty mantle covers; as the plains
Rapid he brushes; shrouded deep in mist,
In his dark wings the furious lover clasps
His Orithyia, trembling, pale with fear:
Flying his flames were fann’d, and fiercer blaz’d.
Nor check’d the ravisher his lofty flight,
Till seen the town of Cicones, whose walls
Receiv’d him. There th’ Athenian nymph became
The freezing monarch’s bride: a mother there,
A double birth she brought, whose shoulders bear
The father’s pinions; all their semblance else
Their mother’s. Not at first, ‘tis said, appear’d
The feathers: Calaïs and Zethes, boys
Were yet unplum’d; when yet with ruddy hair,
Their beards appear’d not. From each shoulder shot
The feathers bird-like, at the self-same time,
Their manly cheeks were thick with yellow down.
Now when their youth matur’d to man appear’d,
Through seas unplough’d before, they sought the fleece
Splendid with glittering wool; with all the train
Of Minyæ, in the first-built vessel borne.

BOOK VII

Expedition of the Argonauts. Jason obtains the golden fleece, by the assistance of Medea. Æson restored to youth by her magic powers. Murder of Pelias by his daughters. Medea's flight to Corinth. Murder of her rival and infants. Marriage with Ægeus. Adventures of Theseus. War with Minos. Plague in Ægina. Change of ants into Myrmidons. Cephalus and Procris.

Now in the Pagasæan vessel borne,
Plough'd the wide sea the Argonauts, and saw
The fate of Phineus; whose old age the curse
Of hunger felt, and felt perpetual night.
The youths from Boreas sprung, quick sped to flight
The virgin-featur'd birds, his hapless face,
Far distant. 'Neath great Jason's rule much toil
They bore ere on the oozy banks they stay'd
Of rapid Phasis. Here the king they seek;
And here demand the golden fleece; and here
An answer big with fearful labors learn
The Grecian crew. Meantime the royal maid
Burns with fierce fires: with reason struggling long,
Still her hot flame to quench unable, cries
Aloud Medea;—"vainly I oppose!
"Some unknown god controls. Perhaps 'tis love!
"If love 'tis not, no sentiment more near
"To love can come. Why else my sire's commands
"So harsh appear? But harsh in truth they are.
"But why his failing dread? Why dread his death,
"But barely seen? What cause such fear can give?
"O, hapless maid! would from my virgin breast
"Those flames to fling were given. If mine the power
"More wisdom would I use. But me this force,
"Before unknown, unwilling drags; this love
"Persuades, oppos'd to reason: plain I see
"The better track, — approve it most, yet swerv'd,
"I tread the worse. Why, royal virgin, burn
"Thus for a stranger guest? Why long'st thou thus,

“A foreign partner in the marriage bed
“To clasp? Thy country well can thee supply
“What e’er thou lovest. In the gods’ decree
“His death or safety rests. Yet may he live!
“Pray may’st thou for him sure, — love unconcern’d.
“But what has Jason done? Savage, indeed!
“Were those his youth, his birth, and brilliant deeds
“Not touch’d: how savage too the soul must be
“His beauty touch’d not, were there nought beside;
“My bosom sure it moves. But were my aid
“Deny’d, the furious bulls with flaming breath
“His fate would compass; or the foes that spring
“From earth, his harvest, slay him in the fight;
“Or last, he’d fall the ravenous dragon’s prey.
“If this I suffer, from the tiger sprung
“Believe me; steel and marble in my breast,
“Deem me to wear. Why not his death behold?
“Why not mine eyes with the dread sight pollute!
“Why not the bulls, the earth-born foes incite,
“And sleepless dragon, with redoubled ire?
“Heaven wills it better. But let deeds, not prayers
“My time employ. How! shall I then betray
“My parent’s realm? an unknown stranger aid
“With all my power? who by my power preserv’d,
“Loos’d to the wind his sails, another’s spouse
“Becomes, — me left for punishment behind?
“If this to do, — another nymph to me
“Born to prefer, let him, ingrate! be slain.
“But no! his face denies it; his great soul,
“And graceful form forbid the fear of fraud;
“Or benefits forgot. Yet shall he plight
“His solemn faith first, call th’ attesting gods
“To witness what he vows. What fear I more?
“All’s safe. Medea, hasten, spurn delay, —
“Jason, remaining life to thee shall owe;
“Join’d to his state, the annual torch shall flame
“To thee, preserver! through the Grecian towns

“By crowds of mothers hail’d. Shall I for this
“My sister leave, my brother, and my sire;
“My gods, and natal land? Yes, — fierce my sire;
“My country barbarous; and my brother young:
“With all my wishes, warm my sister joins;
“And dwells within my breast the mightiest god.
“Much I relinquish not, but much I seek.
“The glorious title of the Grecian youth
“Deliverer! gain’d; the sight of lands and towns
“Whose fame even here has journey’d; manners mild,
“And cultur’d arts; and Jason for my spouse,
“For whom all earth’s possessions were too small
“To change. His spouse become, supremely blest,
“Dear to the gods, the loftiest stars I’ll reach.
“What are those rocks, they tell, which ‘mid the waves
“Meet in encounter? Fell Charybdis what, —
“Hostile to ships, now sucking in the tide,
“Now fierce discharging? What the savage bounds,
“Which compass greedy Scylla ‘mid the main
“Sicilian? O’er the wide-spread ocean borne,
“Him whom I love embracing; sheltering close
“In Jason’s bosom; clasp’d by him, no fear
“My soul could harbor. Or if fear I felt,
“For him alone I’d tremble; for my spouse.
“Spouse, dost thou say, Medea? hid’st thou thus,
“With specious names thy crime? Behold the load
“Of guilt thou goest to bear! While power remains
“The sin avoid.” — She said, and duty, shame,
And rectitude, before her eyes appear’d;
And vanquish’d love address’d his wings to flight.
Now to an ancient altar Hecat’ own’d,
By shady trees dark veil’d from day, she came:
Her flames abated, and her eager pulse
Subsided. Here Æsonides she saw,
And bright her love reblaz’d. Warm flush’d her cheeks,
Deep all her visage glow’d. The smallest spark
Thus low in embers hid, its vigor shews;

Help'd by the feeding blast, increasing burns,
And stirr'd in all its wonted fury glows.
Just so the languid passion which but now
All but extinct appear'd, the hero seen
Fresh at his beauteous presence flam'd. By chance
More beauteous Jason on that morn appear'd;
Well might a lover all her love excuse.
She looks, his countenance with her eyes devours
As then first seen; and madly fond, she deems
His features more than mortal: bashful turn'd
Her forehead not from his. But when her guest
Address'd her: when he gently took her hands;
And crav'd assistance in an humble tone,
The nuptial promise giving. Plenteous flow'd
Her tears, exclaiming;—"What I should perform
"Plainly I see: not ignorance me misleads
"But love. My gifts shall aid you, you but keep
"The promise pledg'd." — Sacred the hero swears
By her, the tri-form'd goddess, whom that grove
Acknowledges divine; and by the god,
Whence sprung the sire-in-law he hopes to claim;
The god who all beholds; by all his deeds
Atchiev'd; and by his perils all he swears.
His words believ'd, immediate he receives
The magic plants, their use well taught, and seeks
The roof rejoicing. Now the morn had driven
The glimmering stars far distant, crowding press'd
The people in the sacred field of Mars,
The king himself amidst them, seated high,
In purple clad, with ivory sceptre grac'd.
Lo! come the brazen-footed bulls, who breathe
Through nostrils fenc'd with adamant hot flames:
Parch'd by their breath, the herbage blacken'd burns.
Loud as the blazing forge's chimney roars;
Or loud as lime in earthy furnace laid,
Bursts into heat by watery sprinklings touch'd:
So loud, within their flaming chests contain'd,

The struggling fires loud bellow'd. Scorch'd their throats
The sound transmitted. Boldly Æson's son
March'd onward; fiercely as the youth approach'd,
His foes dark lower'd, and bent their steel-tipt horns,
Paw'd with their clefted hoofs the dusty ground,
And fill'd with smoky bellowings all the air.
Pale grew each Grecian face; advancing on
The fiery blasts he feels not, such the power
The mighty charms possess, but boldly strokes
Their dewlaps pendulous, and to the yoke
Subjected, makes them drag the ponderous plough;
And with the iron cut th' uncustom'd soil.
The Colchians wondering gaze; the Grecians loud
Applaud, and with fresh courage fill his soul.
Then from his brazen helmet pluck'd, he sows
The serpent's teeth, deep in the furrow'd ground:
The ground, the teeth with powerful venom ting'd,
Softened and swell'd them, and a novel shape
Imparted. Thus within the parent's womb,
An human shape the infant mass receives,
Completed perfect in the dark recess;
Nor till mature, to air external given.
So when the manly forms were perfect made
Within earth's pregnant bowels, up they sprung
Thick in the fruitful field; more wonderous still
Their arms they clash'd when born. Then when the Greeks
Their keenly-pointed spears preparing saw
To hurl at Jason's head, low sunk their souls,
And pallid grew their cheeks; Medea ev'n,
Whose art insur'd his safety, trembling fear'd,
When single she the youth beheld assail'd
By foes in hosts; bloodless her face became,
And tremor seiz'd her limbs: then lest the herbs
Presented first, should fail in power, she sings
An helping magic song, and all her arts
Latent, calls forth. Amidst the hostile crowd
A mighty rock he flings; their martial rage

From him diverted, on each other turns.
By mutual wounds the earth-born brothers fall;
In civil discord perish. Joy'd again
The Grecians clasp the conqueror in their arms.
Thou too, Medea, wish'd thine arms to fill
With him victorious. (Shame at first repress'd
Thy open fondness, though thou wast embrac'd)
Now reputation awes thee, now prevents
That bliss. What honor gives, — silent to joy,
And pour glad thanks to all thy magic arts,
And gods their authors, those thou dar'st indulge.
Now sole remains by powerful herbs to lull
The wakeful dragon, whose high-crested head
A triple tongue contains, whose crooked fangs
Dreadful the golden fleece protecting guards.
Him when be sprinkled with the juices prest
From plants Lethean; and repeated thrice,
The words which placid sleep inspire; which still
The ruffled ocean; and arrest the course
Of rapid torrents; sleep before unknown
Stole o'er his eyelids, and th' Æsonian youth
Seiz'd on the golden prize. Proud with the spoil,
(A second spoil possessing) she who gave
The power to conquer, as his wife he bears,
And lands triumphant on Thessalia's shores.

Mothers of Thessaly, and aged sires
For sons restor'd, glad offerings bring: bright flames
The high-heap'd incense; votive victims deck'd
With gilded horns are slain: but Æson, far
The grateful crowd avoids, now near his fate,
Bent by a weight of years. Hence Jason spoke; —
“O, spouse! to thee my life and safety ow'd;
“To me, thou all hast given; the high swol'n sum
“Of all thy favors might belief surpass:
“This more attempt, if this thou can'st, — and what
“Thy magic power defies? My years curtail,

“And to my sire’s existence add the term.”
Fast flow’d his tears while speaking; — while he spoke,
His pious duty mov’d Medea; quick
Her sire Æëta, so deserted, sprung
To thought, and shew’d the two contrasting souls.
But, veil’d her secret thoughts, she thus replies; —
“What impious accents hear I from thy tongue,
“O, spouse religious? Can I then transfer
“Of thy existence part? Not Hecat’s power
“Fateful, would sanction this; nor stands thy wish
“In equity. Yet, Jason, will I try
“More than thou seek’st to give. With all my skill
“Thy sire’s existence to prolong, thy years
“Unshorten’d; should the tri-form’d goddess aid
“Propitious my designs.” — Three nights were now
Deficient, ere the full-form’d horns could meet
The lunar orb to fill. Complete her round;
A solid sphere of light from earth beheld,
Medea wanders forth; loose all her robes;
Naked her feet; bare-headed; while her hair
Wild o’er her shoulders floats; and thus array’d,
Untended, while deep midnight silence reigns
She bends her devious way. Men, beasts, and birds,
In bonds of sleep were chain’d; the hedges still,
No murmur breath’d; nor wav’d the silent trees;
Hush’d was the humid sky; the stars alone
Twinkled: to them her arms extending, thrice
She turn’d around; thrice from the flowing stream
Her tresses sprinkled; thrice with yelling noise
The silence broke; then with her bended knee
The hard earth pressing, cry’d;—”O, night! thou friend
“Of secret deeds; ye glittering stars! whose rays
“With Luna’s, Sol’s diurnal light succeed;
“And thou, O, Hecat’! tripleform’d, who know’st
“My undertaking, and approaching aid’st
“With incantations, and with magic powers:
“And thou, O, earth! whose bosom witching plants

“Affords: ye winds; ye skies; ye mountains; lakes;
“And flowing streams: O, all ye gods! who dwell
“In shady woods; and all ye gods of night,
“Hither approach! by whose high power, at will,
“Rivers I cause between their wondering banks,
“Back to their springs to flow; the stormy deep
“Hush by my song, or lash it into rage;
“Clouds form, or clouds dispel; raise furious blasts,
“Or furious blasts allay; smite with my song
“The dragon’s furious jaws: the living rocks
“I shake; — uproot the oak; the earth upturn;
“Move forests; bid the trembling mountains leap;
“Loud roar the ground; and from the tombs the ghosts
“Affrighted walk. Thee, Luna, too I draw
“From heaven, by all the threatening clash of brass
“Deterr’d not: pale the brighter car becomes,
“My spells once utter’d: by my poisons charm’d,
“Pallid Aurora seems. You, plants! for me,
“Blunted the ardor of the flaming bulls;
“Press’d with the yoke, their necks impatient bent,
“And dragg’d the crooked plough. You bade the race
“Snake-born, upon themselves their warring rage
“To turn. In sleep the roaring dragon’s eyes
“You steep’d; the guard eluded, sent the prize
“To glad the towns of Greece. Now have I need
“Of renovating herbs, to make old age
“Glow once again in all its youthful bloom.
“This will you grant, for sure those stars in vain
“Not sparkle; nor in vain the chariot comes
“Drawn by the dragons wing’d.” The chariot comes
Swift sweeping through the air. Active she mounts,
Strokes the rein’d dragons’ manes, and shakes the thongs.
On high they soar: — Thessalian Tempé far
Beneath she views; then tow’rd the chalky land
Her snakes directs. On Ossa’s top explores
For plants, and seeks what lofty Pelion bears;
Othrys, and Pindus, and Olympus huge.

What please her, part she with their root updrags;
Part with her crooked brazen sickle mows;
Apidanus; Amphrysos, on their banks
Many afforded: nor Enipeus scap'd.
Peneus, and Spercheus, and the rushy shores
Of Bæbé some contributed. She pluck'd
In Anthedon the living grass whose power,
Then Glaucus' form unchang'd, was yet unknown.

Now had nine days, now had nine nights elaps'd,
Borne on her dragon wings, and in her car
Wandering the fields among, ere back she turn'd:
Unfed her dragons, save by odorous smells;
Yet had they shed their scales, with youth renew'd.
Arriv'd, without the palace gate she stays,
And there sole shelter'd by the sky, all touch
Of man denying; altars two she rears
Of turf; sacred to Hecate stood the right,
To Youth the left: when these with vervain bound.
And forest boughs, here sacrifice she makes.
Hard by, two trenches scoops from out the ground;
Smites with her weapon in the sable throat,
A sheep presented; in the open ditch
Empties the blood; then bowls of wine she pours,
And bowls of smoking milk; with mystic words
Invokes the powers terrestrial; begs the king
Of shades, and begs his ravish'd spouse to aid,
Nor of his soul the aged king defraud.
These when with lengthen'd prayers, and murmurings long,
Appeas'd; she bids them tow'rd the altars bring
The feeble Æson; his exhausted limbs
Bound in deep slumber, by her magic power,
Corse-like, she lays extended on the grass.
Then Jason bids, and his attendant crew,
Far thence depart, nor with their view prophane
Her acts mysterious. As she bids they go.
Medea then the flaming altars round,

In Bacchanalian guise her flowing locks,
Circles; and in the ditch's blackening gore
Her splinter'd torches dips; with blood imbu'd,
Burns them upon her altars; thrice with fire,
With sulphur thrice, and thrice with flowing streams,
The sire she lustrates. Heated now in brass,
Her powerful medicines bubble, high and white
The swelling froth appears. There boils she all
The roots in vales Æmonian dug; and seeds,
And flowers, and juices dark: gems unto these,
Sought in the distant East, she adds; and adds
What on the sand the reflux ocean leaves:
More still, the night-long moon collected dew
She brings; the dismal screech-owl's flesh and wings;
The entrails of the wolf ambiguous, wont
His savage face in human guise to wear:
Nor wanted there, the scaly skin which clothes
Th' amphibious snake Cynipian, long and small:
The beak and head a crow nine ages bore,
She adds. Now was the foreign dame prepar'd,
By help of these, and nameless thousands more,
The promis'd boon to give, the whole she stirs
Deep from the bottom, with a bough long rent,
From the mild olive. Lo! the wither'd branch,
The boiling caldron stirring, sudden shoots
In virid freshness! shortly leaves bud forth;
And soon it bends beneath a load of fruit!
Where'er the fire above the hollow brass,
The bubbling foam high-rais'd, and boiling drops
Sprinkled the ground, — the ground with verdure smil'd;
Flowers and soft herbage sprung. Medea sees,
And with her weapon ope's the senior's throat;
His aged blood exhausted sees, and pours
Her juices copious: part his mouth receives;
And part the wound. When Æson these had drank,
Their hoary whiteness lost, his beard and hair,
An ebon tinge receiv'd; his leanness fled;

His pallid ghastly face no more was seen;
His hollow veins with added blood were fill'd;
And all his limbs in lusty plumpness swell'd.
The wondering Æson, such himself beheld,
As the last forty years he ne'er had past.

Bacchus, from heaven survey'd the mighty change
Wonderous, and hence that power was given he found;
His nurses to restore to youthful years:
The boon from Tethys asking, he obtain'd.

Nor cease the frauds yet of the Phasian dame:
Fierce hatred 'gainst her by her spouse she feigns,
And flies to Pelias' court; a suppliant there,
His daughters hail her guest: — the sire bent down
With age. The crafty Colchian these beguiles
Soon, with her well-dissembled friendship's form.
Amid her mighty benefits, she tells
Æson's old age remov'd; relating all,
On this she chiefly dwells. Hope sudden springs
Within their virgin breasts: Pelias their sire,
Such art they trust may yet revivify.
That art they sue for, — highest claim'd reward
To her they promise: mute at first she stands,
And feigning doubt, in hesitation holds,
And anxious poise their eager minds. At last,
She says, when promising,—”That in the deed,
“More faith ye may confide, a leading ram,
“The oldest in your fleecy flocks, a lamb
“My medicine shall transform!” — Instant was dragg'd
The woolly beast, whose wreathing horns around
His hollow temples curl'd; whose wither'd throat
The steel Thessalian stabb'd; the scanty blood
The steel scarce spotting: then th' enchantress steeps
His mangled body in the caldron deep,
With juices powerful: smaller grow his limbs;
Shed are his horns; and vanish'd are his years;

And from the caldron tender bleatings sound:
Instant leaps forth to all the wondering crowd
The bleating lamb, which, frisking, flies and seeks
The swelling teats. With admiration struck,
Now Pelias' daughters faith unshaken give;
More urgent press their wish. Thrice had the sun,
'Merg'd in th' Iberian sea, unyok'd his steeds;
And the fourth night the glittering stars had shone;
When o'er the fire, pure water from the stream,
And powerless plants, the false Medea plac'd.

Now all in sleep relax'd, a death-like sleep,
The monarch's limbs were stretch'd; and with their king,
His guards lay dormant; so her magic words,
And magic tongue had doom'd. Medea leads
Across the steps the daughters; bidd'n by her,
His couch they compass.—"Why, O, feeble souls!
"Thus hesitate?" — she said,— "your swords unsheathe!
"Pour out his far-spent gore, that I may fill
"With youthful, vigorous blood his empty'd veins.
"Your father's life, and years, are in your hands:
"If sways you piety; if empty hopes
"Wavering deceive you not; then well deserve,
"By duty to your sire: quickly expel
"With weapons his old age: let issue forth
"His now congealing blood with brandish'd steel."
Exhorted thus, most pious she who feels,
First impious acts; — a wicked deed performs,
Lest wicked she were call'd: yet on the blow
Not one would bend her sight; with eyes averse
Their savage hands the unseen wounds inflict.
Flowing with gore, he from the bed uprais'd
His limbs; and from his posture strove half-torn
To rise; and stretching forth his pallid arms
'Mid all their threatening swords;—"Daughters!" — he cries,
"What do ye? Why against your parent's life
"Thus arm ye?" — Sink their spirits! drop their hands!

His throat Medea severing, stay'd the words
He more had utter'd, — and the mangled corse,
Deep in the boiling brazen caldron flung.

She now, — but through the air on dragon wings
High borne, — their furious vengeance had not scap'd.
O'er shady Pelion high she flew, and o'er
The cave of Chiron; Othrys; and the spot
For old Cerambus' strange adventure known:
Upborne on wings by kindly-aiding nymphs,
Here, when the solid earth th' incroaching main
Wide delug'd, flying, safe Deucalion's flood
He 'scap'd. Æolian Pitané to left
She quits; and sees the dragon huge, to stone
An image turn'd. And Ida's grove where chang'd
By Bacchus' power, the steer a stag became,
To screen the theft. And where beneath the sand,
A little sand, Corythus' father lies;
And fields which Mæra's new-heard howlings fill.
Euripylus' fam'd town, where Coän dames,
What time the troops of Hercules them left,
With horns were crown'd: and Phæbus' favor'd Rhodes;
Jalysian Telchines, whose hateful eyes
All vitiating, Jove detesting 'whelm'd
Beneath his brother's waves. She passes next
Carthæia' walls in ancient Cæä's isle,
Where wondering saw Alcidamas the sire,
A placid dove his daughter's body bear.
And Hyrié's lake she sees, and Tempé's pool
Cycneiän, which the swan so sudden form'd
Frequented: Phyllius there, a willing slave,
Birds and fierce beasts, to his capricious boy
Oft brought — e'en lions tam'd; a furious bull
He bade him bring, a furious bull he brought;
But now in choler at his craving soul,
The bull refus'd, though as the last gift claim'd:
Indignant, cry'd he,—”soon you'll wish him given!” —

And from the high rock plung'd: all thought he fell:
But form'd a swan, lightly he pois'd in air
On snowy wings. Hyrié, her son thus sav'd,
Knew not, by constant weeping soon dissolv'd;
The lake becoming that still bears her name.
Near this is Pleuron: — Ophian Combé, here
Wafted on wings, her murderous sons escap'd.
Thence she beholds Latona's favorite isle;
Calaurea, where to birds the royal pair
Were chang'd: Cyllené, on the right is plac'd
Where like the savage herd, Menephron sought
His mother's bed. Far hence she spies in tears
Cephisus, for his nephew's fate who mourn'd,
Chang'd by Apollo to a sea-calf huge;
And saw Eumelus' dome, who wept his child,
A bird become. At length on dragon wings,
Pirenian Corinth she regain'd; where tell
The ancient tales, in primal ages, men
From shower-fed mushrooms sprung. Here first was flam'd
In Colchian venoms fierce, the new-made bride;
Then either sea in blazing spires beheld
The royal dome; and with her children's gore
Her impious sword was stain'd. Thus on herself
Reveng'd; from royal Jason's wrath she fled.

Borne hence, her snakes Titanian reach the walls
Of Pallas' city, where most just of men
O, Phineus! thou, and Periphas the old,
With Polyphemon's niece, as birds are seen,
Soaring aloft in air on new-form'd wings.
Here Ægeus' roof receiv'd her, for this deed
Alone to blame: not satisfy'd as host,
In marriage bonds he makes her more his own.
Now Theseus comes, son to his sire unknown,
Whose brave achievements, all the two-sea'd land
In peace had settled. For his death she mix'd
The baneful aconite, long since from shores

Of Scythia brought; which thus old tales relate,
From Cerberus' venom'd jaws was first produc'd,
Through a dark den, with gloomy opening, lies
A path steep shelving, where Alcides dragg'd
Fierce Cerberus to light, resisting strong,
Glancing askance his eyes from day, whose rays
Sparkled too bright, in adamantine chains.
With rabid anger swol'n, a triple yell
Fill'd all the air; he o'er the virid plain
Sprinkled white foam; increasing fast this shoots;
The fruitful soil fresh virulence imparts,
And ranker grows its power: from hardest rocks
It lively springs, and Aconite hence nam'd.
This did old Ægeus, by his crafty spouse
Deceiv'd, to Theseus, as a foe, present.
Unwitting Theseus, in his hand receiv'd
The cup presented; when the sire espy'd
Upon his ivory-hilted sword a mark,
Which prov'd his offspring; from his lips he dash'd
The poison. Wrapp'd in clouds by magic rais'd,
The sorceress from their furious vengeance fled.

The sire, though joy'd, his son in safety found,
Trembles astonish'd at the narrow 'scape;
And horrid crime premeditated: burns
On every altar fires; — to every god
Piles costly gifts: full on the brawny neck
Of oxen falls, their horns with garlands bound,
The sacrificing axe. Ne'er till that day
Had Athens' town, such joyous feasting seen;
Nobles and commons crowd around the board,
And thus, by wine inspir'd, sublime they sing.

"Thee, mighty Theseus! Marathon admires,
"Stain'd by the vanquish'd Cretan bull's black gore.
"Thy aid the swains of Cromyon own; thou gav'st
"That now secure they till their fields. The land

“Of Epidaurus saw the club-arm’d son
“Of Vulcan slain by thee. By thee, beheld
“Cephisus’ shores, the fierce Procrustes die,
“Ceres’ Eleusis hail’d Cercyon’s fall.
“Sinis thou slew’st, gifted with strength ill-us’d;
“His strength high trees could bend, and oft he dragg’d
“Close down to earth the loftiest tops of pines,
“Thus rent the bodies of his victims wide.
“Safe now extends the road to Lelex’ walls,
“Scyron low laid: earth to the robber’s limbs,
“Wide scatter’d, rest refuses; to his bones
“Ocean a tomb denies; long widely tost,
“Age hardens into rock his last remains;
“His name the rock still bears. Should we thy age
“And actions count, thy famous deeds by far
“Thy years outnumber. O, most brave of men!
“For thee the public vows ascend; to thee,
“In Bacchus’ bowl we drink. The royal hall
“Resounds with all the grateful people’s praise;
“Nor through the city glooms one sorrowing spot.”

And yet (so seldom pleasure comes unmix’d,
But still some cares with joy will intervene)
While Ægeus, gladden’d that his son secure
Arriv’d; Minos, for furious war prepares.
Strong though his troops, and though his navy strong
His utmost strength was in paternal rage;
And with just arms Androgeus’ death t’ avenge
He wars: yet first auxiliar strength he gains;
And powerful sweeps the seas with flying ships.
First Anaphe joins him, and Astypalæa; urg’d
By promise this, and that by threats constrain’d,
Low Myconé; Cymolus’ chalky fields;
Bright Cythnos; Scyros; flat Seriphus’ isle;
The marble Paros; and the fort betray’d
For gold, demanded by the impious nymph
Sithonian: still for gold she anxious seeks

Though chang'd a bird; on sable pinions borne,
With sable feet, she flutters as a daw.

But Oliaros, and Didymæ, unite;
And Gyaros, Andros, Tenos, all refuse,
With Peparethos, in bright olives rich,
To aid the Gnessian fleet. Thence to the left
Steering, Cænopia's regions Minos sought;
Cænopia call'd of old, Ægina now,
By Æäcus, his mother's honor'd name.
In crowds the people rush, and pant to view
So highly fam'd a prince: to meet him go
First Telamon, then Peleus next in age,
And Phocas third and last, Ev'n Æäcus
With years opprest, steps tardy forth, and asks
The visit's cause. The hundred-city'd king
Deep sighs, his grief paternal all renew'd,
And thus replies;—"My arms, O, king! assist
"Assum'd, just vengeance for a son to claim.
"Partake this pious war. Peace to his manes
"I seek." — But Asopiades replies; —
"In vain you ask; — my city cannot aid:
"No lands by neighbouring scite more closely bound,
"Than ours and Athens'; hence our league." — The king
Angry departs, exclaiming.—"Much your league
"May cost you!" — But to threaten war more safe
He deems, than wage it there, and waste his force.
Still from Cænopia's walls the fleet was seen,
Not distant far; when sped by swelling sail,
An Attic ship arriv'd; the friendly port
Enter'd. On board was Cephalus who bore
His country's message. Well the royal youths
The hero knew, though long time past beheld;
And gave the friendly hand, and welcome led
To their paternal dome. The graceful chief
Enters, retaining still evincing marks
Of pristine beauty; in his hand he bears

A branch of native olive: in the midst
Senior he stands; and younger on each side,
Clytus, and Butes, Pallas' sons. Complete
Their friendly salutations; next the words
Th' Athenians bade him, Cephalus reports:
Their aid demands; their ancient league recounts;
The oaths their fathers swore; and adds, all Greece
Might perish in their ruin. When their cause
With eloquence the messenger thus urg'd;
On his bright sceptre as his left hand lean'd,
"Take, O Athenians," — Æäcus exclaim'd, —
"Not ask, our aid! Unhesitating draw
"What force this isle possesses, and with yours
"Employ it: with you shall my strongest power
"March forth: strength want we not; our numerous troops
"Abundant, for ourselves and friends suffice:
"Prais'd be the gods! such is our happy state
"Your wish defies evasion."—"Still may grow,"
Said Cephalus,— "your prosperous city's state,
"And yours! — What transport seiz'd me as I walk'd,
"To see each youth so fair, so equal ag'd,
"Of all who met me. Yet in vain I look'd
"For many features, known when last your walls
"Receiv'd me." — Æäcus, with deep-drawn sighs,
And sorrowing voice, thus answers.— "Better fate
"Completed, what a mournful sight began.
"Would I in full could all the facts relate!
"Now unconnected must I speak, or tire
"Your ear with words superfluous. Whom you seek,
"Whom you remember, bones and ashes rest.
"But small their numbers: — Heavens! how small to those,
"My people, who have sunk in death beside.

"A dreadful plague, the angry Juno shed
"Unjust, upon the natives of the land,
"Detested, that her rival's name it bore.
"While human seem'd the scourge, the noxious cause

“Of slaughter yet conceal’d, with physic’s skill
“We strove; in vain! death mock’d the power of art.
“At first thick darkness heavy press’d the earth;
“Pregnant with heat roll’d on the lazy clouds.
“Four times the full-orb’d moon had join’d her horns,
“Four times diminish’d, had she disappear’d;
“Still the hot south-wind blew his deadly blasts.
“Our lakes and fountains, from th’ infected air
“Contagion suck’d; millions of vipers swarm’d
“In our uncultur’d fields, our running streams
“Tainting with poison. First the sudden plague
“Its power display’d, on sheep, on dogs, on fowls,
“Cattle, and forest beasts with deadly power.
“The hapless ploughman, wondering, at his work
“Sees his strong oxen in the furrow sink.
“The woolly flocks with sickly bleatings waste
“In body, while their wool spontaneous falls.
“The steed so fiery, on the dusty plain
“So fam’d, the palm contemns; and all despis’d
“His ancient honors, at his manger groans,
“Prey to disease inglorious. His fierce rage
“The boar forgets. The stag neglects his speed.
“Not rush the bears upon the stronger herds.
“A general languor reigns. In woods, in fields,
“In ways, the filthy carcasses are seen;
“The stench pollutes the air: and, wonderous! dogs,
“Nor birds rapacious, nor the grizzly wolves,
“Touch the dead spoil. Rotting they melt away,
“Poisoning the gale; and spreading wide the pest.
“Now the disease, a heavier scourge, attacks
“The hapless swains, and in the lofty walls
“Of cities rules. First the scorch’d vitals burn;
“The hidden fire the blushing skin betrays,
“And breath laborious drawn; the furr’d tongue swells;
“The parch’d mouth widely gapes, th’ infectious air
“Inhaling copious. On the couch none lie;
“None bear their covering robes; their bodies swol’n,

“On the bare earth they fling; nor coolness find
“Their bodies from the ground; — the ground from them
“Burns hot. Nor aids them now physicians’ skill;
“E’en them the dire pest seizes, and their art
“Fails to assist themselves. Who boldly comes,
“With kindly hand his dying friend to aid,
“Sinks straight in death beside him. Fled all hope
“Of health, and in the grave alone an end
“Beheld of their disease, — some wild indulge
“Their fondest passions, void of every care;
“For every care is vain. Of modest shame
“Regardless, in promiscuous throngs they crowd
“To rivers, fountains, and capacious wells,
“Their hot thirst unextinguish’d, but with life.
“To rise unable, many in the stream
“Sink, and there perish: still their followers drink.
“So irksome to the wretched sufferers seem
“Their couches, thence they spring; — and some too weak
“To lift their limbs, roll desperate to the ground.
“Each quits his home, — to each his home appears,
“The fatal spot; and while obscure the cause,
“Each deems the house contagious. Oft were seen
“Beings half-dead, slow crawling o’er the ways,
“Till power to crawl was lost. Others with moans
“Stretch’d on the ground, rolling their half-clos’d eyes,
“In final motion: raising high their arms
“To heaven’s o’erhanging stars, breathe out their last,
“Caught here by death, and there. Ah! me, what then
“My mind employ’d? What but to loathe my life,
“And pray with my dear countrymen to die?
“Whatever side mine eyes were bent, I saw
“My people strewn; — thick as the mellow fruit,
“Shook from the branches, or the acorns lie.
“Observe that temple, lofty where it towers;
“To Jove ‘tis sacred. Who to that high fane
“Their useless incense brought not? There how oft
“Wife for her husband, parent for her child,

“Before th’ inexorable altar, breath’d
“Their dying gasp, ‘mid deprecating prayers;
“And half their incense unconsum’d remain’d.
“How oft the oxen to the temple dragg’d,
“While now the priest his voice address’d, and pour’d
“The goblet o’er their foreheads, have they dropp’d
“By stroke unlook’d for. When myself, to Jove
“Wish’d sacrifice to offer up; for me,
“My country, and my sons, — the victim loud
“Dire lowings utter’d, and without a blow
“Fell sudden, — scarce with blood the wounding knife
“Was stain’d. The morbid inwards mock’d our wish,
“To learn the truth, and pleasure of the gods:
“The deep-fixt plague had to the bowels pierc’d.
“Before the sacred portals have I seen,
“The corpses spread; before the altars too,
“As death would come in his most hideous form.
“Some with the cord life’s passage choke, and seek
“Death, lest they death should meet. Madly they rush
“And voluntary meet approaching fate.
“The bodies plung’d in death, funereal rites
“Custom’d, receiv’d not; nor the numerous dead
“Could all the gates receive: or un-inhum’d
“Above the earth they lie, or on the pyre
“Unhonor’d by due rites, the bodies flame.
“All sense of reverence lost, for piles they fight;
“And burn their dead in fires which others own.
“To mourn are none; unwept the shadows roam,
“Of young and old alike, of sons and sires.
“The ground for graves too small, for fires the woods.
“Aghast this whirlwind of distress to view,
“O, Jove! — I cry’d — if false they not report,
“That once you in Ægina’s arms were clasp’d; —
“If not, O, mighty sire! asham’d to own
“Yourself my parent, give my people back,
“Or give me death with them. A rattling sign
“He gave, and prosperous thunders roll’d. I spoke; —

“These omens I accept; and pray these signs
“May indicate your happy will: — as pledge
“I take them. — Nigh by chance an oak there stood,
“Thick-set with spreading boughs, Jove’s sacred tree,
“Sprung from Dodona’s stock: here I beheld
“Grain-gathering ants, each burthen’d with his load,
“In his small mouth, as o’er the rugged bark
“In lengthen’d file they march’d. The numerous crowds
“Admiring; — Best of fathers, I exclaim’d,
“So many subjects grant me, to refill
“My desert walls. — Trembled the lofty oak,
“Of wind no breath, yet mov’d the sounding boughs;
“With terror shook my limbs, and upright rear’d
“My hair; then kisses to the ground I gave,
“And kiss’d the oak; scarce hope I dar’d to feel:
“Yet still I nourish’d hope within my soul.
“Night comes; my body worn with cares, to sleep
“Obedience yielded. Still before mine eyes
“The oak appear’d; branches the same it bore,
“And on its branches seem’d the swarms the same;
“So mov’d the boughs, and on the grass below,
“Shook the corn-carrying crowd. Sudden they grew;
“Large, and more large they seem’d, as from the ground
“Themselves they rais’d, and stood in form erect.
“Their slender make, their numerous feet, their hue
“Of sable, disappear’d, and all their limbs
“An human shape confess’d. Sleep fled mine eyes;
“And fled my vision: — As by heaven not mark’d,
“Complaining; — far without the hall I heard
“A murmuring loud, and human seem’d the sounds, —
“Though stranger to mine ears: musing if still
“I slept not, — Lo! quick, Telamon approach’d,
“Wide threw the doors; and cry’d, — O, sire! behold;
“What hope, what faith surpasses! — Forth I come;
“Such men as in my dream my fancy saw,
“I see; — I know them, man by man, again:
“They come, and king salute me: unto Jove

“My votive thanks I pay; my city share
“Amongst my subjects new; and all my lands,
“(Of those who till’d them, empty.) Myrmidons,
“From whence they sprung, I call them. You have seen
“Their bodies, — still their habits are the same:
“A frugal race as wont, patient of toil;
“On gain still bent; tenacious of that gain.
“These equal all, in courage and in years,
“Shall follow you to battle; when the east
“Which blew you here so prosperous, (for the east
“Had brought him) to the southern gales shall yield.”
With these and such like speeches, all the day
They sit conversing; evening they devote
To banquets; and the night to soft repose.
Sol rais’d his golden head, but Eurys still
Prevail’d, and bound their sails. Now Pallas’ sons
To Cephalus, their chief in years, repair,
And to the king with Pallas’ sons he goes;
But still deep-wrapt in sleep the king was laid.
Phocus receiv’d them at the gates; employ’d
Were Telamon and Peleus, troops to chuse
For the new war. Th’ Athenian chief he leads
Within the palace, to the fairest rooms.
When all were seated, Phocus mark’d the dart
The hero bore, shap’d from a wood unknown,
Pointed with gold; and said, with prefac’d words:
“To range the forests, and fierce beasts to slay
“Is all my joy; yet long in doubt I’ve stood
“What tree this dart has form’d; for ash too pale,
“Too smooth for cornel; though from whence it comes
“So ignorant, ne’er before mine eyes beheld
“A fairer weapon.” — Pallas’ son address’d
The youth:—”The javelin’s use you’ll more admire
“Than beauty; — thrown where’er, its mark it gains,
“Unrul’d by erring chance, and bloody, back
“Instant returns.” — Then Phocus curious asks
More full its story, how, and whence it came,

And who the author of so priz'd a gift.
Him Cephalus informs, but shame denies
To tell the whole, and what the present's price.
Full to his mind his consort's loss recall'd,
Tears sudden gush'd:—"O, goddess-born! — he cries,
"This dart (improbable howe'er) my tears
"Has often caus'd, — and long will make them flow; —
"If fate long life should grant. My dear-lov'd spouse
"This dart destroy'd: — O, that this fatal gift
"Had still been unpossess'd! Procris, ally'd
"To stol'n Orithyia (if Orithyia's fame
"Your ears has reach'd) was as her sister fair:
"Nay, match'd in form and manners, she might more
"The robber tempt. Her sire Erechthens join'd
"To me the maid; us love more firmly bound:
"Blest was I call'd, and blest I was indeed,
"And still were blest, but heaven else will'd my fate.
"Now had the second month connubial joys
"Beheld; when chasing dusky darkness far,
"Aurora ruddy, saw me on the heights
"Hymettus flowery rears, as there my toils
"For antler'd stags I spread: and there by force
"She clasp'd me. Truth I wish to guide my tongue
"Nor yet displease the goddess, when I swear
"Though bright her roseate cheeks; though wide she sways
"Of night and day the confines; though she quaffs
"Nectarean liquid, still I Procris lov'd:
"Still in my bosom Procris reign'd, and still
"Procris, my tongue repeated. Oft I urg'd
"The sacred couch, the new-felt joys, the rites
"So recent, and the plighted faith just given,
"To her deserted: when the goddess flam'd,
"Exclaiming; — Ingrate! cease thy doleful complaints,
"Enjoy thy Procris, — if I right foresee
"Thou'lt rue that wish'd enjoyment: — Angry thus
"She fled me. Slow returning, much I mus'd,
"The goddess' words recalling: fear me thrill'd,

“Lest Procris had her nuptial oaths profaned.
“Her age, her beauty, much suspicion mov’d;
“Her virtue bade me chase my fears as vain.
“Yet was I absent, and from whence I came,
“Prov’d how adulterous females might indulge,
“Suspicious love fears all. Studious I seek,
“What found would rack with torture; and I burn
“To bribe with gifts, and try her modest faith.
“Aurora aids my fears, my shape transforms:
“(Conscious I felt it.) To Minerva’s town,
“To all unknown, I hastened, and my house
“Enter’d: the house in faultless guise I found;
“Chaste all appear’d, and anxious all were seen
“For their lost master. By a thousand arts
“Erechtheus’ daughter I at length beheld,
“And seen was stagger’d: near my purpos’d proof
“Relinquish’d of fidelity; most hard
“The cheat to tell not; to refrain most hard
“From conjugal salutes. Sad she appear’d.
“But nought more lovely could in sadness seem:
“Burning in wishes for her absent spouse.
“Image, O, Phocus! what her beauteous face
“Could boast; a face that woe itself became.
“Why should I tell how oft her virtuous soul,
“Repuls’d my tempting offers? Why repeat
“How oft she cry’d; — For one myself I keep,
“For one, where’er he stays, my joys preserve.
“Whose mad suspicion would not this allay?
“This proof of faith? But I, not so content,
“Strive for my own confusion. Lavish gifts
“I proffer for the joys of one short night:
“More and more rich I heap them, till her breast
“Wavers, then loud exclaim, — Lo! here behold,
“Adulteress! one unluckily disguis’d,
“Unluckily betroth’d, thy lawful spouse!
“Perfidious! by those eyes convinc’d I stand.
“Nought she: — with silent shame o’ercome, she fled

“The house deceitful, and her hated spouse.
“With me offended, all the race of men
“Detesting, on the mountain tops she rov’d;
“Diana’s sports close following. Fiercer love
“Flam’d in my bosom, thus deserted left.
“I su’d for pardon, and my fault I own’d;
“Swore that myself so tempted, so had err’d,
“By such high offers brib’d. Confessing thus,
“Her wounded modest pride grew more compos’d;
“And shortly I regain’d her. Long in peace
“We liv’d, and cordial spent the smiling years.
“Herself a gift she priz’d not: more she gave,
“An hound, she from Diana’s hand receiv’d,
“Who said, — accept the fleetest of his race —
“And gave this javelin which you see me bear.
“If of the first the fate you seek to know,
“Attend, th’ adventure will your wonder move.

”The son of Laius had the words explain’d,
“Before his time to every mind obscure;
“And the dark prophetess, down headlong flung,
“Laid lifeless, all her riddling tales forgot.
“Her, fostering Themis saw, and unreveng’d
“To lie not suffer’d. Straight another plague
“On Thebes was loos’d; and all the country swains
“Fear’d by the savage beast their flocks to lose,
“And fear’d their own destruction. With the youths
“Adjacent, I assembled; round the fields
“Our toils we fix; the toils the rapid beast
“O’erleaps high-bounding; ‘bove the loftiest ropes,
“Stretch’d o’er the nets, with active spring he flies.
“The hounds uncoupled, in the chace he mocks,
“And like an agile bird before them plays;
“With outcries loud, for Lælaps’ aid they call.
“(My Procris’ gift, so nam’d.) Long had he tugg’d,
“To extricate him from the chain; to free
“His captive neck: scarce was he loos’d, so swift

“He shot, in vain our eyes his progress mark’d:
“In the light dust his feet were printed, he,
“Rapt from the view, was vanish’d. Swifter flies
“The darted spear not: nor the leaden ball
“Hurl’d from the whirling sling; — nor reedy dart
“Shot from the Cretan bow. A central hill
“High-towering, all the subject plains o’erlooks;
“Thither I climb, and there behold the chase;
“A novel scene. Now seems the beast safe caught;
“Now from the grasp light-springing. Flight right on
“Crafty he shuns, and doubles round the field,
“Cheating his chaser’s mouth; and circling turns
“His foe’s quick speed eluding. Swift he flies, —
“With equal swiftness follow’d. Now to grasp
“His prey seems Lælaps, — in his grasp deceiv’d,
“His empty jaws seize air. Now to my aid
“I call my javelin, — poize it for the blow,
“And bend mine eyes the thongs to fix secure:
“Again I lift them to behold the chase,
“And see astonish’d in the spacious plain
“Two marble statues! this to fly appears, —
“That barking seems to follow. So decreed
“Doubtless the gods, that in the arduous course
“Unconquer’d, each his glory might retain.”

Thus far he spoke, then silent sate.—”What crime,”
Said Phocus—”has the javelin then perform’d?” —
And thus the javelin’s fault the hero tells,
“Since joys supreme my sorrows first forewent,
“Let me, O, Phocus! first those joys recount.
“O, youth! how it delights me to retrace
“Those happy moments, when supremely blest
“In her, the primal years were joyous spent.
“She, equal happy in her darling spouse;
“Each mind of mutual care a portion bore;
“And love’s connubial joys each equal shar’d.

“Jove’s proffer’d couch, with my embrace compar’d,
“Procris had spurn’d; nor could the loveliest nymph
“Me tempt, though Venus’ self had deign’d to sue:
“In either breast an equal ardor flam’d.
“In youthful guise I wont the woods to scour,
“For sport betimes, ere yet the sun had ting’d
“With early beams the lofty mountains’ tops:
“Nor took I servants, nor the courser fleet,
“Nor hounds sharp-scented, nor the knotted snares;
“This dart my sole dependence: when my arm
“With slaughtered spoil was satiate, tir’d I sought
“The cooling shade, and sought where Aura breath’d
“In frigid vales her breezes. ‘Midst the heat
“Refreshing air I sought, and Aura call’d,
“My labour’s recreation; thus I sung,
“I well the words remember; — Aura, come!
“Come, my delight, — within my bosom creep,
“Most grateful friend; come, and as wont remove
“My inward flames. — By chance more tender words
“(So sway’d my destiny) to these I join’d:
“And thus I spoke — O, thou! my greatest joy
“Refreshing, cherishing my strength and power!
“For thee, these woods and lonely spots I love:
“Here does my wishing mouth thy breath inhale. —
“These words ambiguous, busy ears receiv’d,
“And Aura! Aura! oft invok’d, they deem
“A favor’d nymph, — a nymph by me belov’d.
“The rash informer with the imag’d wrong,
“My Procris seeks his whispering tongue relates,
“The words o’erheard. Love credulous believes.
“O’erpress’d with grief, she sudden sunk, when heard
“The tale, — and long she unrecover’d laid.
“Then — hapless wife! — O, wayward fate! she cries: —
“My broken faith bewails, and with my crime
“Imagin’d, troubled, fears what not exists, —
“A name without a being: much she grieves,
“As real were her rival: yet full oft

“Stagger’d, she doubts, and hopes herself deceiv’d:
“Trusts not th’ informer; and her husband’s fault,
“Unless beheld, refuses to believe.
“When next Aurora bade the darkness fly
“I sally’d forth, and sought th’ accustomed wood:
“Then tir’d with conquest, on the grass I stretch’d,
“And, — come, dear Aura, ease my pain, — I cry’d
“Sudden a mournful sigh betwixt my words
“I heard, but still proceeded, — dearest, come! —
“Again the falling leaves a rustling sound
“Causing, a savage beast I thought lay hid,
“And hurl’d my faithful dart. Procris was there!
“And as her tender breast the blow receiv’d
“Alas! she cry’d. — My faithful spouse’s voice
“I knew, and with distracted speed I ran;
“Half-dead I found her, all her robes distain’d
“With flowing blood, — and dragging from the wound,
“Ah, me! — her fatal gift. My guilty arms,
“Her body, dearer far than mine, support;
“My vest I rend, the cruel gash to bind,
“And check the gushing blood; I fearful pray,
“She will not leave me guilty of her fate.
“She now, her strength fast wasting, dying fast,
“These words to utter try’d: — Suppliant I beg,
“By all the oaths that form’d our nuptial ties;
“By all the gods and goddesses above;
“By all my actions which have given you joy;
“By that strong love which thus my fate has caus’d,
“Which now in death my bosom still retains,
“Let not this Aura to my bed succeed. —
“She said, — too late I learn’d, too late I told
“The error of the name; for what avail’d!
“She sinks, her small remaining strength is fled,
“Her last blood flows. While ought she seems to view,
“On me she bends her eyes; her hapless soul
“My lips inhale, yet pleas’d her brow appears
“In death, more calm from what I just explain’d.”

Thus grieving, Cephalus concludes, and all
His audience with him weep. When, lo! appear
King Æäcus, his sons, and troops new-rais'd;
Whom Cephalus, in warlike strength, receives.

BOOK VIII

Nisus betrayed to Minos by his daughter Scylla; changed to a falcon, and Scylla to a lark. Return of Minos to Crete. The Minotaur and labyrinth. Flight of Dædalus and Icarus. Change of Perdix to a partridge. Chase and death of the Calydonian boar, by Meleager and Atalanta. Murder of Meleager's uncles. Vengeance of his mother. Death of Meleager, and transformation of his sisters to birds. Acheloüs. Nymphs transformed into the isles Echinades. Perimelè into an island. Story of Baucis and Philemon. Changes of Proteus. Story of Erisichthon, and transformations of his daughter.

Now leading Phosphor' shining day disclos'd,
The darkness flying; and the eastern gales
Lull'd into calm, the vapoury clouds arose:
The placid south befriending, rapid borne,
The hero Cephalus, and aiding troops,
Ride unexpected in their wish'd-for port.

Minos, meanwhile, the Lelegeian coast
Lays waste, and on Alcatheë's town his power
Essays. Here Nisus rul'd, whose reverend locks
Of silvery brightness, in the midst contain'd
One with rich purple splendid, sacred pledge
Of fortune to his kingdom. Six times seen
Were Luna's horns arising fresh renew'd;
Still hover'd conquest doubtful o'er the war,
On wavering pinions, 'twixt opposing hosts.
A regal tower its vocal walls high-rear'd,
Where once Latona's son his golden lyre
Rested; the music still the stones retain'd.
Oft here the beauteous daughter of the king
Ascended, and the latent music drew
Forth to the ear, by smallest pebbles struck.
Thus she in peaceful times, and here she oft
When war was raging, ventur'd: hence she saw
The rough encounters of the furious field.
So long the tedious warfare, well she knew

The leaders' names, their arms, their prancing steeds:
And knew their garments, and their Cretan bows.
Far beyond all Europa's son she knew,
More than became her state: this Minos well
Could prove; whose head in crested helmet hid,
Most beauteous helm'd appear'd: whose arm, adorn'd
With brazen shield refulgent, well became
The brazen shield: whose hand the tough lance whirl'd,
And back withdrawn, the virgin wondering prais'd
Such strength and skill combin'd: to fit the dart
When to the spreading bow his strength he bent,
She vow'd that Phœbus in such posture stood
His arrows fitting: when, his brazen casque
Relinquish'd, all his features shone display'd,
As purple-rob'd his snow-white steed he press'd,
In painted housings gay, and curb'd his jaws
White foaming, — then the lost Nisean maid,
Scarcely herself, in frantic rapture spoke: —
Blest call'd the javelin, that his hands it touch'd;
Blest call'd the reins he curb'd. Arduous she burns,
(Could she) through hostile ranks her virgin steps
To bend: arduous she burns, from loftiest towers
To fling her body in the Cretan camp.
The brazen portals of the city's walls
Wide to the foe she'd ope: what could she not?
That Minos will'd? As resting here she view'd,
The white pavilion of the Gnosian king
Dubious, she cry'd;—"Or should I grieve or joy,
"This mournful war to witness? Grieve I must
"That Minos so belov'd should be my foe.
"But had the war not been, his lovely face
"Had ne'er to me been known. Now war may cease
"Should I become the hostage: — I retain'd,
"As Minos' comrade, and the pledge of peace.
"Fairest of forms! if she who brought thee forth
"Resembled thee, well might an amorous god
"Burn for her beauty. O! thrice blest were I,

“If borne through air on lightly-waving wings,
“The Cretan monarch’s camp I might explore,
“And there, my rank and love disclos’d, demand
“What dowry he would ask to be my spouse.
“My country’s towers alone, he should not seek.
“Perish the joys of his expected bed,
“Ere I through treason gain them! Yet full oft
“A moderate victor’s clemency affords
“Great blessings to the vanquish’d. Doubtless, he
“Just warfare wages for his murder’d son.
“Strong in his cause, and in his armies strong,
“Which aid that cause, he must the conquest gain.
“Why, if this fate my country waits, should war,
“And not my love unbar to him the gates?
“So may he conquer; slaughter, toil, and blood, —
“His own dear blood, avoided. How I dread,
“Lest some rash hand might that lov’d bosom wound!
“None but the ignorant sure, the savage spear
“At him would hurl. The scheme delights my soul:
“Fixt my resolve; my country as my dower
“Will I deliver, finish so the war!
“But what are resolutions? Watchful guards
“The passes keep; of every gate, the keys
“My father careful holds. Hapless! I dread
“My father only; he alone withstands
“My wishes; would that so the gods had doom’d,
“I had no parent! But to each himself
“A god may surely be; and fortune spurns
“Lazy beseechers. With such love inflam’d,
“Another maid had long ere now destroy’d
“All barriers to her bliss; and why than I,
“Should any dare more boldly? Fearless, I
“Thro’ swords and flames would pass, but swords and flames
“Oppose me not in this: my sole desire
“Comprisd in one small lock of Nisus’ hair:
“Than gold that prize more dear. That purple lock
“Most blest would make me, and my sole desires

“Encompass.” — Speaking thus, the gloomy night,
Imperial nurse of cares, approach’d; more bold
Her daring project with the darkness grew.

Now primal slumbers rul’d o’er weary breasts,
Tir’d with their toil diurnal. Silent, she
Her father’s chamber enters, and (O, dire!)
The daughter from her parent’s head divides
The fateful lock! Her wicked prize possess’d,
Forth from the gate she issues; and the spoil,
So cursed, with her bears; as through the hosts,
(Such boldness gave the deed,) she seeks the king,
Whom thus, astonish’d and aghast, she hails: —
“To wicked deeds love sways; behold me here,
“Scylla, from royal Nisus sprung; to thee
“My household gods and country I betray:
“Thee, sole reward I seek. Pledge of my faith,
“This purple lock receive, and with this lock
“Receive my parent’s head.” — Then in her hand
The impious gift presented. Minos spurn’d
The parricidal present; deeply shock’d
A deed so base to witness, and exclaim’d; —
“May all the gods, from every part of earth
“Thee banish, scandal of our age! may land
“And sea alike reject thee; such a soul
“So monstrous! ne’er with me shall touch the shores
“Of Crete, my land, and cradle of high Jove.”
He said, and on his captive foes impos’d
Most just his equal laws; his men bade loose
Their cables from the beach, and with their oars
His vessels bright with brass, urge on the deep.

Launch’d on the main, when Scylla sees the fleet,
Nor from its leader gain’d the hop’d reward,
Her wicked deed had sought, tir’d of her prayers,
In desperate rage she storms; wild throws her hair;
Stretches her hands, exclaiming;—”Where! O, where!

“Fly’st thou, the author of thy fortune left?
“O, priz’d above my country! ‘bove my sire!
“O cruel, whither fly’st thou, whose success
“At once my merit, and my fault displays?
“Will not the gifted conquest move thy soul?
“Will not my love thee move? Will not the thought
“That all my hopes centre in thee alone?
“By thee deserted, whither shall I fly?
“Back to my natal town? Ruin’d it lies;
“Or if still standing, fast the gates are barr’d
“Against my treason. To my father’s arms,
“Whom I betray’d? Each citizen me hates
“Deserv’dly; neighbours my example dread.
“Banish’d, an exile from each spot of earth, —
“Crete only open lies. Thence dost thou drive
“Me also? Ingrate! dost thou fly me so?
“Europa never bore thee, but some Syrt’
“Inhospitable; or some tigress fell
“Bred in Armenia; or Charybdis vext
“With tempests: Jove was ne’er thy sire, nor feign’d
“A bull’s resemblance to delude her, false
“That fable of thy origin. A bull,
“Real and savage thee begot, whose love
“No heifer mov’d. O father Nisus! now
“Exact thy vengeance. Joy, O town! betray’d
“By my transgression; for the woes I feel
“Most merited I grant; guilty I die:
“Yet should the deadly blow be given by one
“My impious fault has injur’d; not by thee,
“Victor through crimes thou with avenging hate
“Now persecutest. This flagitious deed
“Against my country, and against my sire,
“Was all for thee. Th’ adultress who beguil’d
“In wooden cavity the furious bull;
“Whose womb an ill-assorted birth produc’d;
“Well for a spouse befits thee. Do my words
“Reach to thine ears, or no? Do the brisk winds,

“Thou ingrate! waft my bootless plainings on,
“And waft thy vessels? Wondrous now no more,
“Pasiphaë, to thy embrace a bull
“Preferr’d; for more unpitying is thy soul.
“Joyful, ah! hapless me, — away thou fly’st;
“Thy cleaving oars dash on the sounding waves:
“Me, and my country far from thee recede.
“O wretch! forgetful of my favoring aid,
“Thou striv’st in vain to fly me. ‘Gainst thy wish
“Thee will I follow; on thy crooked ship
“Hanging, embracing, dragg’d through drenching seas.’
Scarce ending, in the waves she furious leaped,
Vigorous by love, and gain’d the flying fleet;
And clasp’d, unwelcome guest, the Gnosian poop.
Here soon her father spy’d her (in the air
He wing’d his way, now cloth’d with yellow plumes
A falcon) and down darted; with his beak
So curv’d, to wound her as she clung. In dread
Her grasp she loos’d, and as she seem’d to fall,
The light air bore her from the waves below:
Plum’d she became, and form’d a feather’d bird,
Ciris they call’d her from the ravish’d lock.

To Jove now Minos all his vows performs,
An hecatomb of bulls; as from the fleet
He lands on Gnosus’ shores: his royal hall
With all his spoils, on high uphung, adorn’d.

Meantime th’ opprobrium of his bed increas’d:
The two-formed monster in a novel birth,
At length the mother’s beastly crime proclaim’d.
Minos, the shameful witness from his couch,
Far to remove determines; in a dome
Intricate winding, he resolves to lodge,
From every eye conceal’d, the birth. Intrusts
The work to Dædalus, in cunning arts
Most fam’d, to build. He all the various marks,

Confuses, puzzles; bent on either side,
The various paths confound the searching eye.
So in the fields the soft Mæander plays,
Here reflux, flowing there with dubious course;
Meeting himself, his wandering stream he sees:
And urges now to whence he first arose;
Now to the open outlet of the main.
Thus Dædalus the numerous paths perplex'd
With puzzlings intricate, so much entwin'd,
Himself could scarce the outer threshold gain.
Here was the double monster, man and bull
Inclos'd; till by the third allotted tribe,
The ninth year, vanquish'd; with Athenian blood
Twice gorg'd before. Then was the secret gate,
So often sought in vain, found by the aid
A virgin lent to trace the winding clue.
Instant for Dias, Theseus loos'd his sails,
With Minos' ravish'd daughter: on that shore
Cruel! he left her. The deserted nymph
Wildly lamenting, Bacchus soon embrac'd,
And gave her needful aid; her fame to fix
Immortal in the skies, her sparkling crown,
Mov'd from her forehead, 'mid the stars he plac'd:
Through the thin air it flies, and as it mounts
To blazing stars, the glittering jewels change.
Still as a crown it shines, its station 'midst
Where stout Alcides Ophiuchus grasps.

Meantime long exile, and the land of Crete
Detesting; burning with a patriot's wish
His native soil to visit, Dædalus,
By sea escape prevented, thus exclaim'd; —
“Let earth and ocean both my flight obstruct,
“Still open lies the air; through air we'll go.
“Minos controlling all, controls not air.” —
He speaks, and bends to unknown arts his skill,
Improving Nature's gift. Quills fixt in rows

He places; small at first in length and size,
Gradual enlarg'd, as if a hill's steep side
Growing, produc'd them: So time past the pipe,
Of rustic origin, by small degrees
Increasing reeds compos'd. Firm fixt with thread
Their middle part he binds, and close with wax
Cements their bottom. All complete he bends
The composition in a gentle curve,
Resembling real wings. Young Icarus
Alone was present; ignorant that the work
Would his destruction cause; with playful tricks
He fingers now the feathers, now his hands
Soften the yellow wax. His sportive wiles
His father's wond'rous essay oft delay.

Now was the last completing stroke impos'd
Upon his undertaking: First the sire
On artificial wings his body pois'd,
And in the beaten air suspended hung:
Then his young offspring, Icarus, he taught. —
“This I my son advise, a middle course,
“To keep be cautious; low if thou should'st skim,
“Heavy with ocean's spray thy wings would droop:
“If high, the sun would scorch them. Steer thy course
““Twixt each extreme. Nor would I wish thine eyes
“To view Boötes, or the northern bear;
“Nor yet Orion's naked sword. My track
“Cautious pursue.” — With anxious care he gives
Rules thus for flight; and to his shoulders fits
The new-form'd pinions. Tears his ancient cheeks
Bedew'd, as thus his admonitions flow'd:
And his paternal hands as thus employ'd,
Beneath the office trembled. Warm salutes
He gave the boy, nor knew he gave the last;
Then on his feathers borne, explores the way,
Timid for him who follows. So the bird,
Tempts from her lofty nest her new-fledg'd brood,

In the thin air. He bids him close pursue,
Tries in each shape to teach the fatal skill;
Shakes his own pinions, bending back to view
His son's. The angler as with quivering reed,
He drew his prey to land; the shepherd-swain,
As o'er his staff he lean'd; the ploughman-clown,
Their flight astonish'd saw, and deem'd them gods,
That so at will could cleave the liquid sky.

Now Samos, Juno's favor'd isle they pass'd,
Delos, and Paros, all to left; — to right
Labyrithos lay, and rich in honey'd sweets
Calymné: when the heedless boy o'erjoy'd
In his bold flight, the precepts of his guide
Contemning, soar'd to heaven a loftier range.
The neighbouring sun's fierce heat the fragrant wax
Which bound, his pinions, soften'd. Soon the wax
Dissolves; and now his naked arms he waves;
But destitute of power his course to steer,
No air his arms can gather; loud he calls
His father's name, as in the azure deep
He drops, — the deep which still his name retains.

The hapless parent, not a parent now,
Loud calls on Icarus;—"Where art thou, son?
"Where shall I seek thee, Icarus?" — He said,
And spy'd his feathers floating on the waves:
Then curs'd his hapless art, as in the earth,
He deep intomb'd him; all the land around
Bears from the youth intomb'd its present name.

The whirring partridge, from a branchy holm
Beheld him, as beneath the turf he plac'd
His son's lamented body, and with joy
Flutter'd his feathers; while his chirping song
Proclaim'd his gladness: then the only bird

Known of his kind, in elder days unseen;
But lately cloth'd with feathers, through the crime
Flagitious, Dædalus, of thee! To thee,
Thy sister, witless how his fate was doom'd,
Her son committed for instructing art,
When twice six annual suns the youth had seen;
His docile mind best fitted then to learn.
He well th' indented bones remark'd, which form
The fish's spiny back, and in like mode,
Sharp steel indenting, first the saw produc'd
For public service. Two steel arms he join'd
Fixt to one orb above; each widely stretch'd,
One steady rests, the other circling turns.
Him Dædalus with envy viewing, forc'd
Headlong, from sacred Pallas' lofty tower,
His death feign'd accidental: but the maid
Divine, to all ingenious minds a friend,
Receiv'd him in his fall; chang'd to a bird,
On pinions bore him through the middle air.
His vigorous powers in force remain the same,
But change their seat; rapid he flies, and quick
He races on the ground; his name remains
Unalter'd: still the cautious bird declines
To trust his weight aloft, nor forms his nest
On lofty boughs, or summits of high trees:
Nigh to the earth he skims; beneath the hedge
His shelly brood deposits; of his fall
Still mindful, towering heights he always shuns.

Now Dædalus, with lengthen'd flight fatigu'd,
Sicilia's realm receiv'd; whose king humane,
Great Cocalus, mov'd with his suppliant pray'r,
Arm'd to assist him. Now by Theseus freed,
Athens no more the mournful tribute paid.
With garlands every temple gay they hang,
Invoke the warlike maid, the mighty Jove,
And every deity: their altars all

With promis'd blood they honor; with rich gifts,
And fragrant incense. Now had wandering fame
Through all the Grecian towns, spread the renown
Of Theseus: and the rich Achaïa's tribes
His aid implor'd, when mighty perils press'd.
Ev'n Calydon, though Meleager brave
Possessing, sought his help with suppliant words.
The cause, a furious boar by Dian' sent,
Avenging instrument of slighted power.

Æneus, from plenteous harvests' full success
Rejoicing, primal fruits to Ceres gave;
To Bacchus pour'd libations of his wine;
To yellow-hair'd Minerva offer'd oil:
The rites invidious, from the rural gods
Commencing, all the bright celestials shar'd.
Latona's daughter only, in her fane,
Nor flames nor offerings on her altar saw.
Rage fires ev'n heavenly breasts.—"Not unreveng'd," —
She cry'd, — shall this be suffer'd; honor'd not!
"Not unappeas'd by vengeance will I rest." —
Then through th' Æneian fields the maid, despis'd,
Sends the fierce boar to ravage. Such his size,
The bulls that in Epirus' pastures graze
More huge appear not: in Sicilia's meads
Far less are seen. Red are his sparkling eyes,
Fire mixt with blood; high rears his fearful neck,
Thick clustering spears the threatening bristles seem:
Hoarse as he grunts, down his wide shoulders spreads
The boiling foam: his tusks the tusks outvie
Of India's hugest beast: the lightening's blast,
Driven from his mouth, burns all the verdant leaves.
Now o'er the corn, but yet in budding ears,
He tramples, immature he reaps the crop;
The loud-lamenting tiller's hopes destroy'd:
The harvest intercepting in the shoot.
In vain the barns, the granaries in vain,

Their promis'd loads expect. Prostrate alike
Are thrown the fruitful clusters of the vine,
With shooting tendrils; and the olive's fruit
With branches ever-blooming. On the flocks
He rages: these not shepherds, not their dogs
Could save; nor could the furious bull his herd.
Wide fled the people; safety none durst hope
Save in their cities' walls; till thirst of fame
Fir'd Meleager, with his chosen band
Of valiant youths. And first were seen the twins
Of Tyndarus, for wond'rous skill renown'd,
This at the cæstus, that to curb the steed:
Jason, whose art the primal ship design'd:
Theseus, in happy concord with his friend
Pirithous, join'd: Thestius' two valiant sons:
Lynceus, Aphareus' offspring: Idas swift:
Leucippus fierce: Acastus unexcell'd
To dart the javelin: Cæneus, now no more
Cloth'd in a female figure: Phœnix, sprung
From old Amyntor: Actor's equal sons:
Hippothoös: Dryas: and from Elis' town
Dispatch'd, came Phileus. Nor was absent there,
Brave Telamon, nor great Achilles' sire:
Nor stout Eurytion; with Pheretus' son:
Nor Hyantean Iölaüs brave:
Echion in speed unconquer'd: Nestor then
In primal youth: Lelex, Narycian born:
Panopeus: Hyleus: Hippasus the fierce:
Nor those whom Hippocoön sent in aid,
From old Amyclæ: nor Ulysses' sire:
Ancæus of Parrhasia: Mopsus sage:
Amphiareus, then by his false spouse's guile
Betray'd not. With them Atalanta came,
The grace and glory of Arcadia's woods.
A shining buckle from the ground confin'd
Her garment's border: simply bound, her hair
One knot confin'd: her ivory quiver, slung

O'er her left shoulder, sounded as she stepp'd:
Her hand sustain'd a bow: and thus array'd
Appear'd her form. Her lineaments disclos'd,
What scarce might feminine in boys appear;
Or hardly boyish in a virgin's face.
The chief of Calydon the maid beheld, —
Beheld, and lov'd: while heaven his love oppos'd.
The secret flames inhaling deep, he cry'd, —
"O, blessed youth! if youth to gain thy hand
"Worthy were deem'd!" — Nor bashful shame, nor time
Would more allow; a mightier deed now claim'd
Their utmost efforts for the furious war.

Darken'd with trees thick-growing, rose a wood;
From earliest ages there the biting axe
Had never sounded; in the plain it rear'd
Facing the sloping fields. The youths arriv'd;
Some spread the knotted toils; some loose the hounds;
Some strive the foot-prints of the boar to trace,
Their danger anxious seeking. Low beneath
A hollow vale extended, where the floods
Fresh showery torrents gather'd, lazy laid.
The flexile willow, and the waving reed;
The fenny bulrush, osier, and the cane
Diminutive, the stagnant depth conceal'd.
Arous'd from hence, the boar impetuous rush'd
Amidst his host of foes; so lightnings dart
When clouds concussive clash. His rapid force
Levels the grove, the crackling trees resound
Where'er he pushes: loud the joyful youth
Exclaim, each grasping with a nervous hand
His weapon brandish'd, while its broad head shakes.
Forward he darts, the dogs he scatters wide,
And each opposing power; his strokes oblique
Their baying drives to distance. Echion's arm
Hurl'd the first dart, but hurl'd the dart in vain;
Lightly a maple's trunk the weapon graz'd.

The next, but over-urg'd the force that sent,
Had pierc'd the rough back of the wish'd-for prey;
Jason's the steel, — it whizz'd beyond him far.
Then Mopsus pray'd,—"O Phœbus! if thy rites
"I e'er perform'd, if still I thee adore,
"Grant my sure weapon what I wish to touch."
The god consented, what he could he gave, —
The boar was struck, but struck without a wound:
Diana from the flying weapon snatch'd
The steely head, and pointless fell the wood.
More chafes the beast, like lightning fierce he burns,
Fire from his eyeballs flashes, from his chest
Clouds of hot smoke through his wide nostrils roll.
Forc'd from the close-drawn string as flies a stone,
Hurl'd at embattl'd walls, or hostile towers
With foes thick crowded: so the deadly beast
Rush'd on the heroes with unerring shock.
Eupalamus and Pelagon, who stood
The right wing guarding, on the earth he threw:
Their fellows snatch'd them from impending fate.
Not so Onesimus, of Hippocoön
The offspring, 'scap'd the death-inflicting blow;
Torn through the ham, just as for flight he turn'd;
His slacken'd nerves could bear his weight no more.
Then Nestor too, long e'er the Trojan times,
Perchance had perish'd, but beside him stood
A tree, whose branches nimbly he attain'd;
A mighty effort, aided by his spear:
Safe in his seat, he view'd the foe he fled,
Beneath him. Fiercely threatening death below,
He whets his tushes on a stumpy oak,
And bold in sharpen'd arms, ranches the thigh,
With crooked fangs, of Othrys' mighty son.
Now the twin-brothers, ere in heaven display'd
Bright constellations, both fair dazzling shone,
Mounted on steeds, whose lily'd hue surpass'd
Th' unsully'd snow; both shook their brandish'd spears,

The trembling motion sounded high in air;
Deep both had pierc'd, but 'mid the darkening trees,
Their bristly foe sought refuge, where nor steed,
Nor dart could reach him. Telamon pursues;
Ardent, and heedless of his steps, a root
Checks his quick feet, and prone the hero falls.
While Peleus aids his brother chief to rise,
The beauteous Atalanta to the string
Fits the swift dart, and from the bended bow
Speeds it; the arrow, fixt beneath his ear,
Razes the monster's skin, and drops of blood
His bristly neck ensanguine. Joys the maid
To see the blow; — but Meleager far
In joy surpass'd her. He the first beheld
The trickling blood; he to his comrades first
The wound display'd, exclaiming,—”Yon fair nymph
“The honors so deserv'dly won shall bear.” —
The warriors blush with shame, and each exhorts
His fellow; shouts their souls more valiant swell;
In heaps confus'd their numerous javelins fly;
Clashing in crowds, each javelin fails to wound.
Lo! now Ancæus furious, to his fate
Blind rushing, rears his double axe, and cries, —
“Behold, O youths! how much a manly arm
“Outstrikes a female's, to my prowess yield
“The palm of conquest. Let Latona's maid
“With all her power protect him, yet my force,
“Spite of Diana, shall the monster slay.” —
Proud his big-boasting tongue thus speaks, then grasps
His two-edg'd weapon firmly in his hands,
And rais'd on tiptoe meditates the blow.
The watchful beast prevents him, through his groin,
To death sure passage, drives his double tusks:
Ancæus drops; his bowels gushing fall,
Roll on the earth, and soak the ground in gore.
Ixion's son, Pirithous, on the foe
Rush'd, in his nervous hand a powerful spear

Brandishing; Theseus loudly to his friend
Exclaim'd,—”O, dearer far than is myself, —
“Half of my soul, at distance wait; the brave
“At distance may engage; valor too rash
“Destroy'd Ancæus.” — As he spoke he hurl'd
His massive cornel spear; its brazen head
Well pois'd, its sender's anxious wish appear'd
Fair to accomplish, when a leafy arm
Branch'd from a beech, oppos'd it in its flight.
Next Æson's son, his javelin threw, but chance
Glanc'd from its mark the weapon, and transpierc'd
An undeserving hound; the dart was drove
Through all his belly, and deep fixt in earth.
But different fortune on the arms awaits
Of Meleager, javelins two he sent;
Deep in the ground the foremost pierc'd, the next
Firm in the monster's back quivering stood fixt.
Nor stays he, whilst he raging furious whirl'd
In giddy circles round, and pour'd his foam,
Mad with the new-felt torture, close at hand
The hero plies his work, provokes his foe
To fiercer ire, and in his furious breast
Buries the glittering spear. A second shout
Loudly proclaims his thronging comrades' joy;
Each to the victor crowding, hand in hand
Congratulating grasps him; each amaz'd
Views the dire savage, as his mighty bulk
O'erspreads a space of land. Scarce think they yet
Their safety sure, him touching; each his spear
Extends, and dips it in the flowing gore.
His foot upon the head destructive fixt,
The conquering youth thus speaks:—”Nonacria fair!
“Receive the spoil my fortune well might claim:
“Fresh glory shall I gain, with thee to share
“The honors of the day.” — Then gives the spoils; —
The chine with horrid bristles rising stiff,
And head, fierce threatening still with mighty tusks.

She takes the welcome gift, for much she joys
From him to take it. Envy seiz'd the rest,
And sullen murmurs through the comrades ran:
Above the rest, were Thestius' sons, — their arms
Out-stretching, clamor'd thus with a mighty noise; —
“Let not thy beauteous form thy mind deceive,
“When from thy eyes the donor of the spoil,
“Besotted with thy love, shall far be mov'd.
“Woman! restore the prize, nor hope to hold
“Our intercepted claims.” — Speaking they rob
Her of the gift, him of the right to give.
Nor passive stood the warlike youth, his teeth
He gnash'd with swelling rage, as fierce he cry'd; —
“Learn, ye base robbers of another's rights,
“What difference threats and valiant actions shew.—”
Then in Plexippus' unsuspecting breast
He plung'd his impious sword: nor suffer'd long
Toxeus to doubt, who hesitating stood,
Now vengeance brooding for his brother's fate,
Now dreading for himself a like swift blow;
Again he warms the weapon, reeking still
Hot from Plexippus' bosom, in his blood.

To every temple of the favoring gods
Althæa bore donations for her son,
Victorious: When the breathless bodies came
Of both her brethren, loud the sounding blows
Of grief were heard, and all the city rung
With lamentable cries: her golden robes
Were straight to sable chang'd. But when the hand
Which struck the blow was known, her every tear
Was dry'd, and vengeance only fill'd her soul.
A log there lay when Thestius' daughter groan'd
In child-bed pangs; which on the greedy flames
The triple sisters flung; and while their thumbs
Twirl'd round the fatal thread, this was their song; —
“O newly born! to thee and to this bough

“Like date of life we give.” — Then ceas’d their words,
And from her presence vanish’d: sudden snatch’d
The mother from the fire the burning brand,
And quench’d it instant in unsparing streams.
Long in most secret darkness had she hid
This fatal wood; and, thus preserv’d, her son
Had safely years mature attain’d; but now
Forth she produc’d it from its close recess.
Fragments of torches on the hearth she heap’d,
And blew the sparklings into deadly flames;
And thrice she rais’d her hands the branch to heave
On the fierce fire; and thrice her hands withdrew.
Sister and mother in one bosom fought,
To adverse acts impelling. Oft her face,
Dread of her meditated crime, bleach’d pale;
Oft to her eyes her furious rage supply’d
A fiery redness; now her countenance glow’d
With threatenings cruel; now her softening looks
To pity seemed to melt; and when fierce ire
Had fill’d her soul, and parch’d up every tear,
Fresh tears would gush. Thus rocks a vessel, driven
By winds and adverse currents, both their force
At once obeys, and can to neither yield.
Thus waver’d Thestius’ daughter, dubious thus
Affection sway’d her; now her rage is calm,
Now her calm’d rage with fourfold fury burns.
At length the sister’s o’er the parent’s tie
The prevalence obtains; impiously good,
With blood her own, she soothes the brethren’s shades.
Now, when the fires destructive fiercely glar’d,
She cry’d:—”Here, funeral pile, my bowels burn!—”
And as the fatal wood her direful hand
Held forth, the hapless mother, at the pyre
Sepulchral, stood, exclaiming;—”Furies three!
“Avenging sisters! hither turn your eyes;
“Behold the furious sacred rites I pay:
“For retribution I commit this crime.

“By death their death must be aveng’d; his fault
“By mine be punish’d; on their funeral biers
“His must be laid; one sinning house must fall,
“In woes accumulated. Blest shall still
“Æneus enjoy his proud victorious son,
“And Thestius childless mourn? Better that both
“Should weep in concert. Dear fraternal ghosts,
“Recent from upper air, my work behold!
“Take to th’ infernal realms my offering bought
“So dear! the hapless pledge my womb produc’d.

“Ah! whither am I swept? Brothers forgive
“The parent. Lo! my faltering hands refuse
“To second my intents. Well he deserves
“To perish; yet by other hands than mine.
“Unpunish’d shall he ‘scape then? Victor live,
“Proud of his high success, and rule the realm
“Of Calydon, while ye are prostrate thrown
“A trivial heap of ashes, and cold shades?
“Patience no more will bear. Perish the wretch!
“Perish his father’s hopes! perish the realm!
“And all the country perish! Where? O, where?
“Is then the mother’s soul, the pious prayers
“A parent should prefer? Where the strong pains
“Which twice five moons I bore? O, that the flames
“First kindled, had thy infant limbs consum’d!
“Would I had not then snatch’d thee from thy fate!
“Thy gift of life is mine; now that thou dy’st
“Thy own demerits ask: take the reward
“Thy deeds deserve: yield up thy twice-given life,
“First in thy birth, then by the brand I sav’d;
“Or lay me with my brethren in their tomb.
“I wish, yet what I would my hands refuse.
“What will my soul determine? Now mine eyes
“The mangled corpses of my brethren fill:
“Now filial fondness, and a mother’s name
“Distract my soul. O, wretched, wretched me!

“Brothers you gain the conquest, yet you gain
“Dearly for me; but on your shades I’ll wait,
“Blest in what gives you once to me again.”
She said; with face averse and trembling hand,
The fateful brand amid the fires was dropt.
The brand a groan deep utter’d, or a groan
To utter seem’d: the flames half backward caught
At length their prey, which gradually consum’d.

Witless of this sad deed, and absent far,
Fierce Meleager, with the self-same fire
Burn’d inward; all his vitals felt the flame
Scorching conceal’d: th’ excruciating pangs
Magnanimous he bore. Yet deep he mourn’d
By such a slothful bloodless fate to fall;
And happy call’d Ancæus in his wounds.
With deep-drawn groans he calls his aged sire,
His brother, sisters, and the nymph belov’d,
Who shar’d his nuptial couch; with final breath,
His mother too perchance. Now glows the fire,
And now the pains increase; now both are faint;
Now both together die. The soul flies forth,
And gently dissipates in empty air.

Low now lies lofty Calydon, — the youths,
And aged seniors weep; the vulgar crowd
And nobles mourn alike; the matrons rend
Their garments, beat their breasts, and tear their hair.
Stretch’d on the earth the wretched sire defiles
His hoary locks, and aged face with dust,
Cursing his lengthen’d years: the conscious hand
Which caus’d the direful end, the mother’s fate
Accomplish’d; through her vitals pierc’d the steel.

Had heaven on me an hundred tongues bestow’d,
With sounding voice, and such capacious wit
As all might fill; and all the Muses’ power,

Still should I fail the grieving sisters' woe
Justly to paint. Heedless of beauteous forms
They beat their bosoms livid; while the corse
Remains, they clasp and cherish in their arms
The senseless mass; the corse they kiss, and kiss
The couch on which it rests: to ashes burn'd,
Careful collected in the urn, they hug
Those ashes to their breasts; and prostrate thrown
His tomb they cover; on the graven stone
Embrace his name; and on the letters pour
Their tears in torrents. Dian' satiate now
The house of Æneus levell'd with the dust,
Rais'd them by wings in air, which sudden shot
From each their bodies. Gorgé sole, and she
The spouse of valiant Hercules, unchang'd
Were left. Long pinions for their arms were seen;
Their mouths to horny bills were turn'd; through air
Thus alter'd, ample range the goddess gives.

Theseus meantime, the toil confederate done,
Homeward to Pallas' towers his journey bent;
But Acheloüs, swol'n by showery floods,
Delay'd his progress. "Fam'd Cecropia's chief," —
He cry'd,— "here shelter, enter 'neath my roof,
"Nor through the furious torrents trust thy steps.
"Whole forests oft they root, and whirl along
"Vast rocks with thundering sound. High stalls I've seen,
"Near to the banks erected, swept away:
"Nor aught avail'd the lusty bull's strong limbs,
"Nor aught the courser's speed: the torrents oft
"Of melted snows, which from the mountains rush,
"Whelm the strong youths beneath the whirling pool.
"To rest is safer, till their wonted banks
"Again the streams confine; the lessen'd waves
"Within their channels pent." — Theseus complies,
And answers:—"Acheloüs, we approve
"Thy prudent counsel, and thy cave will use,"

The grot they enter; hollow pumice, mixt
With rugged tophus, form'd it; tender moss
The moist floor cover'd; fretwork on the roof
The purple murex and the scallop white
Alternate form'd. Now Phœbus' steeds had run
Two thirds their race, when Theseus on his couch
Reclin'd, the comrades of his toil close by;
Pirithous here, Trœzenian Lelex there,
Whose temples now some silvery hairs display'd.
With these were such as Acheloüs, joy'd
At such a noble guest, the honor deem'd
Worthy to share. The barefoot Naiäd nymphs
Heap'd on the board the banquet: food remov'd,
They brought the wine, in cups with jewels deck'd.

The mighty hero then, the distant main
Surveying, asks:—"What land is that I see?—"
And shews the spot,— "tell me what name denotes
"That isle? and yet methinks not one it seems."
The river-god replies:—"What we behold
"A single isle is not, but five; the eye
"Is mock'd by distance. That Diana's wrath
"May less your wonder move, these once were nymphs.
"Ten bullocks had they sacrific'd, and call'd
"Each rural god to taste the sacred feast,
"And join the festal chorus, me alone,
"Forgetful, they invited not. Sore vex'd,
"I swell'd with rage, and as my anger rose,
"My flood increas'd; till at my greatest height,
"Woods I divorc'd from woods; from meadows tore
"The neighbouring meadows; and the Naiäds roll'd,
"Now well-remembering what my godhead claim'd,
"Down with their habitations to the main.
"My waves then, with the ocean's waters join'd,
"The land divided, and those isles you view,
"Echinades, amid the sea were form'd.

”More distant may your vision reach; — behold
“An isle beyond them to my soul most dear;
“By sailors nam’d Perimelé. I snatch’d
“Her virgin-treasure from the much-lov’d maid.
“Hippodamas her sire in fury rav’d;
“And, from a precipice, the pregnant nymph
“Plung’d in the deep. My waves receiv’d the load;
“And whilst I bore her floating, thus I said; —
“O, trident-bearer, thou whom lot decreed
“Lord, next to heaven, o’er all the wandering waves,
“Where all the sacred rivers end their course;
“To which all rivers tend, O, Neptune, aid!
“Propitious, hear my prayer! Much have I wrong’d
“The nymph I now support: if lenient he,
“And equitable, sure Hippodamas,
“Her sire, had pity granted, and myself
“Had pardon’d. Gracious Neptune, grant thy help
“To her a parent’s fury from the earth
“Wide banishes. O, I beseech thee! grant
“A place to her, paternal rage would drown:
“Or to a place transform her, where my waves
“May clasp her still. The ocean-god consents,
“And all his waters shake as nods his head.
“Still floats th’ affrighted nymph; and as she swims,
“I feel her heart with trepid motion beat:
“While pressing fond her bosom, all her form
“Rigidly firm becomes, and round her chest
“Rough earth heaps high; and, whilst I wondring speak,
“A new-form’d land her floating limbs enclasps:
“Her shape transform’d, a solid isle becomes.”

Thus far the watery deity, and ceas’d.
The wondrous tale all mov’d, save one, the son
Of bold Ixion; fierce of soul, he laugh’d
To scorn their minds so credulous, the gods
Impious contemning, as he thus exclaim’d; —
“What tales, O, Acheloüs, you relate!

“Too much of potence to the gods you grant,
“To give and change our figures.” — All struck dumb,
Discourage this bold speech, and Lelex first,
Mature in age, and in experience old
Beyond the rest, thus spoke:—”Celestial power,
“In range is infinite, in sway immense;
“What the gods will, completion instant finds.
“To clear your doubts, upon the Phrygian hills
“An ancient oak, and neighbouring linden stand,
“Girt by a low inclosure; I the spot
“Survey’d, when into Phrygia’s realms dispatch’d
“By Pittheus, when those realms his father rul’d.
“Not far a lake extends, a space once fill’d
“With human ‘habitants, whose waves now swarm
“With fenny coots, and cormorants alone.
“Here Jove in human shape, and with his sire,
“The son of Maiä, came; the last his rod
“Shorn of its wings, still bore. A thousand doors,
“Seeking repose, they knock’d at; every door
“Firm barr’d repuls’d them: one at length flew wide;
“A lowly cot, whose humble roof long reeds,
“And straw firm-matted, cover’d. Baucis there,
“A pious dame, and old Philemon match’d
“In age, had dwelt, since join’d in springtide youth;
“And there grew old together: Full content,
“Their poverty they hid not, and more light
“Their poverty on souls un murmuring weigh’d.
“Here nor for lord, nor servant, was there need
“To seek; beneath the roof these only dwelt;
“Each order’d, each obey’d. The heaven-born guests
“The humble threshold crossing, lowly stoop’d,
“And entrance gain’d: the ancient host bade sit
“And rest their weary’d limbs: the bench was plac’d,
“Which Baucis anxious for their comfort, spread
“With home-made coverings: then with careful hand
“The scarce warm embers on the hearth upturn’d;
“And rous’d the sleeping fires of yestern’s eve,

“With food of leaves and bark dry-parch’d, and fann’d
“To flame the fuel with her aged breath:
“Then threw the small-slit faggots, and the boughs
“Long-wither’d, on the top, divided small:
“And plac’d her brazen vase of scanty size,
“O’er all. Last stripp’d the coleworts’ outer leaves,
“Cull’d by her husband from the water’d ground,
“Which serv’d as garden. He meantime reach’d down,
“With two-fork’d prong, where high on blacken’d beam
“It hung, a paltry portion of an hog,
“Long harden’d there; and from the back he slic’d
“A morsel thin, which soon he soften’d down
“In boiling steam. The intermediate hours
“With pleasing chat they cheat; the short delay
“To feel avoiding. On a nail high hung
“A beechen pail for bathing, by its hand
“Deep-curv’d: with tepid water this he fill’d,
“And plac’d before his guests their feet to lave.
“A couch there stood, whose feet and frame were form’d
“Of willow; tender reeds the centre fill’d,
“With coverings this they spread, coverings which saw
“The light not, but when festal days them claim’d:
“Yet coarse and old were these, and such as well
“With willow couch agreed. The gods laid down.
“The dame close-girt, with tremulous hand prepar’d
“The board; two feet were perfect, ‘neath the third
“She thrust a broken sherd, and all stood firm.
“This sloping mended, all the surface clean
“With fragrant mint she rubb’d: and plac’d in heaps
“The double-teinted fruit of Pallas, maid
“Of unsoil’d purity; autumnal fruits,
“Cornels, in liquid lees of wine preserv’d;
“Endive, and radish, and the milky curd;
“With eggs turn’d lightly o’er a gentle heat:
“All serv’d in earthen dishes. After these
“A clay-carv’d jug was set, and beechen cups,
“Varnish’d all bright with yellow wax within.

“Short the delay, when from the ready fire
“The steaming dish is brought; and wine not long
“Press’d from the grape, again went round, again
“Gave place to see the third remove produc’d.
“Now comes the nut, the fig, the wrinkled date,
“The plumb, the fragrant apple, and the grape
“Pluck’d from the purple vine; all plac’d around
“In spreading baskets: snow-white honey fill’d
“The central space. The prime of all the feast,
“Was looks that hearty welcome gave, and prov’d
“No indigence nor poverty of soul.
“Meantime the empty’d bowls full oft they see
“Spontaneously replenish’d; still the wine
“Springs to the brim. Astonish’d, struck with dread,
“To view the novel scene, the timid pair
“Their hands upraise devoutly, and with prayers
“Excuses utter for their homely treat,
“At unawares requir’d. A lonely goose
“They own’d, the watchman of their puny farm;
“Him would the hosts, to their celestial guests
“A sacred offering make, but swift of wing,
“Their toiling chace with age retarded, long
“He mock’d; at length the gods themselves he seeks
“For sheltering care. The gods his death forbid,
“And speak: — Celestials are we both; a fate
“Well-earn’d, your impious neighbouring roofs shall feel.
“To you, and unto you alone is given
“Exemption from their lot. Your cottage leave
“And tread our footsteps, while of yonder mount
“We seek the loftiest summit. Each obeys;
“The gods precede them, while their tottering limbs
“A trusty staff supports; tardy from years,
“Slowly they labor up the long ascent.
“Now from the summit wanted they not more
“Than what an arrow, shot with strenuous arm,
“At once could gain; when back their view they bent:
“Their house alone they saw, — that singly stood:

“All else were buried in a wide-spread lake.
“Wondring at this, and weeping at the doom
“Their hapless neighbours suffer’d; lo! they see
“Their mouldering cot, e’en for the pair too small,
“Change to a temple; pillars rear on high,
“In place of crotchets; yellow turns the straw,
“The roof seems gilded; sculptur’d shine the gates;
“And marble pavement covers all the floor.
“Then Saturn’s son, in these benignant words
“The pair address’d; — O, ancient man, most just!
“And thou, O woman! worthy of thy spouse,
“Declare your wishes. — Baucis spoke awhile
“With old Philemon; then their joint desire
“The latter to the deities declar’d. —
“To be your ministers, your sacred fane
“To keep we ask: and as our equal years
“In concord we have pass’d, let the same hour
“Remove us hence: may I her tomb not see,
“Nor be by her interr’d. — The gods comply;
“These guard the temple through succeeding life.
“Fill’d now with years, as on the temple’s steps
“They stood, conversing on the wondrous change,
“Baucis beheld Philemon shoot in leaves,
“And leaves Philemon saw from Baucis sprout;
“And from their heads o’er either’s face they grew.
“Still while they could with mutual words they spoke;
“At once exclaim’d, — O, dearest spouse, farewell! —
“At once the bark, their lips thus speaking, clos’d.
“Ev’n yet a Tyanæan shews two trees
“Of neighbouring growth, form’d from the alter’d pair.
“Nor dotard credulous, nor lying tongue
“The fact to me related. On the boughs
“Myself have seen the votive garlands hung;
“And whilst I offered fresher, have I said —
“Heaven guards the good with care; and those who give
“The gods due honors, honors claim themselves.”

He ceas'd: the deed and author all admire,
But Theseus most; whom anxious still to hear
More wondrous actions of the mighty gods,
The stream of Calydon, as on his arm
Reclin'd, he rested, in these words address'd: —
“There are, O, valiant youth! of those once chang'd,
“Still in the new-form'd figures who remain:
“Others there are whose power more wide extends
“To many shapes to alter. — Proteus, thou
“Art one; thou ‘habitant of those wide waves
“Which earth begird: now thou a youth appear'st;
“And now a lion; then a furious boar;
“A serpent next we tremble to approach;
“And then with threatening horns thou seem'st a bull.
“Oft as a stone thou ly'st; oft stand'st a tree:
“Sometimes thy countenance veil'd in fluid streams,
“Thou flow'st a river; sometimes mount'st in flames.
“Nor less of power had Erisichthon's maid,
“Spouse of Autolycus. Her impious sire
“All the divinities of heaven despis'd,
“Nor on their slighted altars offerings burn'd.
“He too, 'tis said, the Cerealean grove
“With axe prophan'd: his violating steel
“The ancient trees attacking. ‘Mid the rest,
“A huge-grown oak, in yearly strength robust,
“Itself a wood, uprose: garlands hung round,
“And wreaths, and grateful tablets, proofs of vows
“For prospering favors paid. The Dryad nymphs
“Oft in its shade their festal dances held;
“Oft would they, clasping hand in hand, surround
“The mighty trunk: its girth around to mete,
“Full thrice five cubits ask'd. To every tree
“Lofty it seem'd; as every tree appear'd
“Lofty, when measur'd with the plants below.
“Yet not for that, did Erisichthon hold
“The biting steel; but bade his servants fell
“The sacred oak; lingering he saw them stand,

“His orders unobey’d; impious he snatch’d
“From one his weapon, and in rage, exclaim’d; —
“What though it be the goddess’ favorite care!
“Were it the goddess’ self, down should it fall,
“And bow its leafy summit to the ground.
“He said; — and pois’d his axe, and aim’d oblique.
“Deep shudderings shook the Cerealian tree,
“And groans were utter’d; all the leaves grew pale,
“And pale the acorns; while the wide-spread boughs
“Cold sweats bedew’d. When in the solid trunk
“His blow ungodly pierc’d, blood flow’d in streams
“From out the shatter’d bark: not flows more full,
“From the deep wound in the divided throat,
“The gore, when at the sacred altar’s foot
“A mighty bull, an offer’d victim drops.
“Dread seizes all; and one most bold attempts
“To check his horrid wickedness, and check
“The murderous weapon: him the villain saw,
“And, — take, — he cries, — the boon thy pious soul
“Merits so well. — And from the trunk the steel
“Turns on the man, and strikes his head away:
“Then with redoubled blows the tree assails.
“Deep from the oak, these words were heard to sound: —
“A nymph am I, within this trunk enclos’d,
“Most dear to Ceres; in my dying hours,
“Prophetic I foresee the keen revenge
“Which will thy deed pursue; and this solace
“Grants comfort ev’n in death. — He, undismay’d,
“His fierce design still follows: now the tree,
“Tottering with numerous blows, by straining cords,
“He drags to earth; and half the wood below,
“Crush’d by its weight, lies prostrate. All astound,
“Of her depriv’d, and at their own sad loss,
“The sister Dryads, clad in sable robes,
“To Ceres hasten; and for vengeance call,
“On Erisichthon. To their urgent prayers
“The beauteous goddess gave assent, and shook

“Her locks; the motion shook the yellow ears,
“Which fill’d the loaded fields; and straight conceiv’d
“A torture piteous, if for pity he
“For acts like these might look: — to tear his form
“By Famine’s power pestiferous. There, herself
“Approach forbidden (fate long since had doom’d
“Ceres and Famine far remov’d should dwell)
“A mountain-nymph she calls, and thus directs; —
“A region stretches on th’ extremest bounds
“Of icy Scythia; dreary seems the place;
“Sterile the soil; nor trees, nor fruits are seen;
“But sluggish cold, and pale affright, and fear:
“Still-craving Famine, there her dwelling holds.
“Bid her within the inmost vitals hide
“Of this most daring, and most impious wretch.
“The proudest plenty shall not make her yield:
“For in the contest, all the power I boast
“To her shall stoop: nor let the lengthen’d way
“Appal thy mind; my car receive; receive
“My dragons; through the air their course direct
“By these long reins. — Speaking, the reins she gave.
“She, borne through ether in the granted car,
“To Scythia’s realm is carried: on the ridge
“A rugged mountain offer’d, first she eas’d
“The dragons’ necks; as Caucasus ‘twas known.
“There she the sought-for Famine soon espy’d,
“Eagerly searching on the stony fields,
“At once with teeth and fangs, for thin-sown herbs.
“Rough matted were her locks; deep sunk her eyes;
“Pale bleach’d her face; her lips with whiten’d slime
“O’erspread; with furry crust her mouth was rough:
“Hard was her skin; and through it might be seen
“Her inwards: ‘bove her hollow loins, upstood
“The arid bones: a belly’s place supply’d
“A belly’s form: her breasts to hang appear’d
“Held only by the chine: her fleshless shape
“Each joint in bulk increas’d: rigidly large

“The knees were swol’n, and each protruding part
“Immod’rately was big. Then as the nymph
“From far beheld her, — for a nigh approach
“She dreaded, what the goddess bade she told.
“Though brief her stay; though distant far she stood;
“Though instant there arriv’d; she felt the power
“Of Famine at the sight, and turning quick
“Her reins, she urg’d her dragons to their speed
“In retrograde direction; still on high,
“Till Thessaly they gain’d. Famine performs
“The wish of Ceres (though her anxious aim
“Is still to thwart her power) and borne on winds
“Swift through the air, the fated house she finds
“And instant enters, where the inmost walls
“The sacrilegious wretch inclose; in sleep
“Deep bury’d, for night reign’d; and with her wings
“Him clasping close, in all the man she breath’d
“Her inspiration: in his throat, his mouth,
“His chest, and in his unreplenish’d veins,
“Her hunger she infus’d. The bidden deed
“Complete, she vanish’d from those verdant fields,
“And turn’d her to the needy roofs again,
“And well-accustom’d caverns. Gentle sleep
“Fann’d Erisichthon still with soothing wings.
“Ev’n in his sleep imagin’d food he craves,
“And vainly moves his mouth; tires jaw on jaw
“With grinding; his deluded throat with stores
“Impalpable he crams; the empty air
“Greedy devouring, for more solid food.
“But soon his slumbers vanish’d, then fierce rag’d
“Insatiate hunger; ruling through his throat,
“And ever-craving stomach. Instant he
“Demands what produce, ocean, earth, and air
“Can furnish: still of hunger he complains,
“Before the full-spread tables: still he seeks
“Victuals to heap on victuals. What might serve
“A city’s population, seems for him

“Too scant; whose stomach when it loads had gorg’d,
“For loads still crav’d. The ocean thus receives
“From all earth’s regions every stream; all streams
“United, still requiring; greedy fire
“On every offer’d aliment thus feeds,
“Countless supplies of wood consuming; — more
“Nutrition craving, still the more it gains;
“More greedy growing from its large increase.
“So Erisichthon’s jaws prophane, rich feasts
“At once devour, at once still more demand.
“All food but stimulates his gust for food
“In added heaps; and eating only seems
“To leave his maw more empty. Lessen’d now,
“In the deep abyss of his stomach huge,
“Were all the riches which his sire’s bequest
“Had given: the direful torment still remain’d
“In undiminish’d strength; his belly’s fire
“Implacable still rag’d. Exhausted now
“On the curst craving all his wealth was spent.
“One daughter sole remaining; of a sire
“Less impious, worthy: her the pauper sold.
“Her free-born soul, a master’s sway disclaim’d.
“Her hands extending, to the neighbouring main,
“O thou! — she cry’d — who gain’d my virgin spoil
“Snatch me from bondage. — Neptune had the maid
“Previous enjoy’d: nor spurn’d her earnest prayer.
“She whom her master following close, had seen
“In her own shape but now, in manly guise
“Appears, — in garments such as fishers clothe.
“The master sees, and speaks: — O, thou! who rul’st
“The trembling reed; whose bending wire thy baits
“Conceal; so may thy wiles the water aid;
“So may the fish deceiv’d, beneath the waves,
“Thy hooks detect not, till too firmly fixt.
“Say thou but where she is, who stood but now
“Upon this beach, in humble robes array’d,
“With locks disorder’d; on this shore she stood;

“I saw her, — but no further mark her feet. —
“The aid of Neptune well the maid perceiv’d,
“And joys that of herself herself is sought,
“Thus his enquiries answering; — Whom thou art
“I know not; studious bent, the deep alone,
“And care to drag my prey, my eyes employ.
“More to remove thy doubts, so may the god
“Who rules the ocean, aid my toiling art,
“As here I swear, no man upon this shore,
“Nor female, I excepted, has appear’d.
“These words the owner credits, and the sand
“Treads with returning steps; deluded goes,
“And as he goes, her former shape returns.
“Soon as this changing power the sire perceiv’d,
“The damsel oft he sold. Now she escapes
“Beneath a mare’s resemblance: now a bird,
“An heifer now, and now a deer she seem’d.
“Her greedy parent’s maw with food ill-gain’d
“Supplying. When at last his forceful plague
“Had every aid consum’d, and every aid
“Fresh food afforded to his fierce disease,
“Then he commenc’d with furious fangs to tear
“For nurture his own limbs; life to support,
“By what his body and his life destroy’d.

”But why on others’ transformations dwell?
“Myself, O youths! enjoy a power, my form
“To alter; not unlimited my range.
“Now in the shape at present I assume;
“Anon I writhe beneath a serpent’s form;
“Or take the figure of a lordly bull,
“And wear my strength in horns, while horns I had:
“Disfigur’d now, my forehead’s side laments
“One weapon ravish’d, as you well may see.” —
He spoke, and heavy sighs his words pursu’d.

BOOK IX

Combat of Acheloüs and Hercules for Dejanira. Death of Nessus. Torments and death of Hercules. His deification. Story of the change of Galanthis to a weasel. Of Dryopè to a Lotus-tree. Iöläiüs restored to youth. Murmuring of the Gods. The incestuous love of Byblis. Her transformation to a fountain. Story of Iphis and länthé.

The son of Ægeus begs the cause to know
Whence spring those groans, and whence that wounded front?
And thus the stream of Calydon replies; —
(His uncomb'd locks with marshy reeds entwin'd).
“A mournful task, O, warrior! you impose; —
“For who, when vanquish'd, joys to tell the fight
“Where he was worsted? yet will I relate
“In order all: vanquish'd, the shame was small;
“The honor great, for such a prize to strive:
“And such a conqueror more the mind relieves.
“Has e'er the beauteous Dejanira's name
“Reach'd to your ears? her charms the envy'd hope
“Of numerous wooers form'd; mine with the rest.
“As o'er the threshold of my wish'd-for sire
“I stepp'd, I hail'd him. — O, Parthaön's son,
“For thine accept me. — So Alcides spoke,
“And all the rest to our pretensions bow'd.
“Of Jove, his sire, he boasts; and all the fame
“His acts deserv'd; and stepdame's cruel laws
“Final completed. I (who shameful thought
“That gods should yield to mortals; then a god
“Alcides was not) thus his claim oppos'd: —
“A king of floods behold me; floods which roll
“With winding current through the land you sway;
“A son in me accept, no stranger sent
“From distant regions; of your country one,
“Part of your rule. Let it not hurt my claim,
“That Juno hates me not; that all the toil
“Of slavish orders I have ne'er perform'd.

“Alcmena was his mother, let him boast!
“Jove is a sire but feign’d, or if one true,
“Is criminally so. He claims a sire
“To prove his mother’s infamy: then chuse —
“Say feign’d thy origin from Jove, or fruit
“Of intercourse adulterous, own thou art. —
“Me, speaking thus, with furious eyes he view’d,
“Nor rul’d his swelling rage, replying fierce; —
“More than my tongue I on my arm depend:
“Whilst I in fighting gain the palm, be thou
“Victor in talking. — Furious on he rush’d.
“So proudly boasting, to submit I scorn’d;
“But stript my sea-green robe, my arms oppos’d,
“And held my firm-clench’d hands before my breast;
“For stout resistance every limb prepar’d,
“To meet the fight. He in his hollow palms
“The dust collecting, sprinkled me all o’er,
“And then the yellow sand upon me threw.
“Now on my neck he seizes; now he grasps
“My slippery thighs: but only thinks to hold,
“In every part assailing. Still secure
“In bulk I stand, and he assails in vain.
“Thus stands a rock, which waves with thundering roar
“Surround; it stands unhurt in all its strength.
“A little we recede, then rush again
“To join the war: stoutly our ground we hold,
“Steady resolv’d to yield not. Foot to foot
“Fixt firm: I prone press with my ample breast,
“And hand with hand, with forehead forehead joins.
“So have I seen two mighty bulls contend,
“When each the fairest heifer of the grove
“Expects the arduous struggle to reward:
“The herds behold and tremble, witless which
“The powerful contest shall successful gain.
“Thrice while I clasp’d him close, Alcides strove
“To throw me from his breast, in vain, — the fourth
“He shook me from him, and my clasping arms

“Unloosing, instant turn’d me with his hand;
“(Truth must I speak,) and heavy on my back
“He hung. If credence may my words demand,
“Nor seek I fame through tales of false deceit,
“A mighty mountain on me seem’d to weigh:
“Scarce were my arms, with trickling sweat bedew’d,
“Loos’d from his grasp; scarce was my body freed
“From his hard gripe, when panting hard for breath,
“Ere I could strength regain, my throat he seiz’d.
“Then on the earth my knee was press’d; my mouth
“Then bit the sand. Inferior prov’d in strength,
“To arts I next betook me. Slipp’d his hands
“In form a long round serpent; while I roll’d
“In winding spires my body; while I shook
“My forked tongue with hisses dire, he laugh’d,
“And mock’d my arts; exclaiming, — snakes to kill
“I in my cradle knew; grant thou excel’st,
“O, Acheloüs! others far in size,
“What art thou mated with the Hydra’s bulk?
“He fertile from his wounds, his hundred heads
“Ne’er felt diminish’d, for straightway his neck,
“With two successors, brav’d the stroke again:
“Yet him I vanquish’d with his branching heads
“From blood produc’d: from every loss more stout,
“Him prostrate I o’erthrew. What hope hast thou,
“In form fallacious, who with borrow’d arms
“Now threaten’st? whom a form precarious hides?
“He said, and fast about my throat he squeez’d
“His nervous fingers; choaking, hard I strove,
“As pincer-like he press’d me, to unloose
“From his tight grasp my neck. Conquer’d in this,
“Still a third shape, the furious bull remain’d:
“Chang’d to a bull, again I wag’d the war.
“Around my brawny neck his arms he threw
“To left, and spite of every effort try’d
“To ‘scape, he dragg’d me down; the solid earth
“Deep with my horn he pierc’d, and stretch’d me prone

“On the wide sand. Unsated yet his rage,
“His fierce hand seiz’d my stubborn horn, and broke
“From my maim’d front the weapon. Naiäd nymphs
“This consecrated, fill’d with fruits, and flowers
“Of odorous fragrance, and the horn is priz’d
“By Plenty’s goddess as her favorite care.”

He spoke, a nymph close-girt like Dian’s train,
Her ample tresses o’er each shoulder spread,
Enter’d, supporting all of Autumn’s fruit
In the rich horn, and mellowest apples came
The second course to grace. Now day appear’d:
The youths when light the loftiest summits touch’d
Of the high hills, departed; waiting not
Till the rough floods in peaceful channels flow’d;
The troubled currents smooth’d. Profound his head
Of rustic semblance, Acheloüs hides
‘Reft of his horn, beneath his deepest waves.
His forehead’s honor lost sore gall’d him: all
Save that was perfect. Ev’n his forehead’s loss
With willow boughs and marshy reeds was hid.

Thou too, rash Nessus, through thy furious love,
Of the same virgin, thy destruction met;
Pierc’d through thy body with the feather’d dart!
Jove’s son returning to his natal soil,
Companion’d by his new-made bride, approach’d
Evenus’ rapid flood. Swol’n was the stream
With wintry showers as wont, and raging whirls
Unfordable proclaim’d it; him, himself
Fearless, yet anxious for his spouse’s care,
Nessus approach’d, in strength of limbs secure,
And knowledge of the fords, and thus he spoke;
“Her, O Alcides! will I safely bear
“To yonder bank; thou all thy efforts use
“In swimming.” Straight the Theban hero gives
The pallid Calydonian to his care,

Shivering with dread; no less the centaur frights
Than the rough flood. The mighty warrior, prest
With his large quiver, and the lion's hide,
For on the bank opposing had he flung
His club and curved bow, exclaim'd—"the stream
"My arms will vanquish, soon as I essay." —
Nor dubious waits, but in the torrent leaps,
Not heeding where most tranquil flows the stream,
But stemming furious all its utmost rage.
Now had he reach'd the bank, now held again
The bow flung o'er, when loud his spouse's shrieks
Assail'd his ear. To Nessus, whom he saw
His trust about betraying, loud he cry'd; —
"What vain reliance on thy rapid speed
"Tempts thee to violence? O, double-shap'd!
"I speak, regard me, — to respect my rights,
"Should deference to me not move thee, think
"How whirls thy sire, and that thy rage may check
"For wishes unallow'd. Yet hope thou not
"With courser's speed to 'scape me: with my dart,
"Not feet, will I pursue thee." — His last words
With deeds he guarantees, and through and through
The flying culprit felt the javelin driv'n;
Out through his breast the forked weapon stood:
Withdrawn, from either wound gush'd forth the gore,
Mixt with the venom of Lernæa's pest.
This he preserv'd.—"Nor will I unreveng'd
"Expire," — he murmur'd faintly to himself;
And gave his raiment, in the warm blood dipt,
A present to the nymph whose spoil he sought;
To wake again her husband's dormant love.

Long was the intermediate time, the deeds,
Of great Alcides, and his step-dame's hate,
Fill'd all the world meanwhile. Victor return'd
From out Æchalia, when the promis'd rites,
To Jove Cænean, he prepar'd to pay,

Tattling report, who joys in falshood mixt
With circumstantial truth, and still the least
Swells with her lies, had in thine ears instill'd,
O Dejanira! that Alcmena's son,
With Iölé was smitten. Ardent love
Sway'd her belief, and terror-struck to hear
Of this new flame, she melted into tears;
With them her weeping grief first flow'd away:
But soon she bursted forth.—"Why weep I so?
"The harlot will but gladden in my tears!
"But ere she here arrives, it me behoves
"Each effort to employ, while time now serves,
"To hinder what he seeks; whilst yet my couch
"Another presses not. Shall I complain,
"Or rest in silence? Shall I Calydon
"Re-seek, or here remain? Shall I abscond
"His habitation, or, if nought else serves,
"Strenuous oppose him? Or if truly bent,
"O, Meleager! with a sister's pride,
"Thy wicked deeds t' outvie, a witness leave,
"The harlot's throat divided, what the rage
"Of woman may accomplish, when so wrong'd." —
In whirls her agitated mind is toss'd;
Determining last to send to him the robe,
In Nessus' blood imbu'd, and so restore
His waning love. Witless of what she sends,
Herself to Lychas' unsuspecting hands
The cause of future grief delivers. Wretch
Most pitiable! she, with warm-coaxing words,
Instructs the boy to bear her spouse the gift.
Th' unwitting warrior takes it, and straight clothes
His shoulders with Echidna's poisonous gore.
Incense he sprinkles in the primal flames
He kindles, — with the flames his prayers ascend.
As from the goblet he the vintage pours
On marble altars; hapless by the heat
The poison more was quicken'd; by the flame

Melted, it grew more potent; wide diffus'd,
Through all the limbs of Hercules it spread.
Still while he could, his fortitude, as wont
His groans suppress'd; at last his patience spent,
Fierce from the altar flinging, C  t  's mount
So woody, with his plaintive shrieks he fills,
And instant from his limbs the deadly robe
Essays to tear: that, where he strips, the skin,
Stript also, follows; dreadful to describe!
Or to his limbs, his utmost struggling vain,
It clings: or bare his lacerated joints
And huge bones stand. With hissing noise his blood
Burns, as when glowing iron in a pool
Is dipp'd, so boils it with the venom fierce.
Nor hope of help remain'd, the greedy fires,
His utmost vitals waste; and purple sweat
Bedews his every limb; his scorch'd nerves crack;
And whilst his marrow, with the latent pest,
Runs fluid, high tow'rd heaven his arms he holds,
Exclaiming;—"now Saturnia, feast thy soul
"With my destruction; joy, O savage! — view
"From lofty heaven my tortures; satiate now
"Thy rancorous soul: — but if a foe may move
"Commiseration, (for thy foe I am)
"Take hence this life, grievous, through direful pains:
"Hateful to thee, and destin'd first for toils.
"Death now would be a boon; and such a boon
"A step-dame might confer. Have I for this,
"Busiris slain, who drench'd the temples deep
"With travellers' blood? For this Ant  us robb'd
"Of nutriment parental? Did thy bulk,
"Of triple-form, swain of Iberia, fright?
"Or thou, three-headed Cerberus, me move?
"Wrought I for this in Elis? at the lake
"Of Stymphalis? and in Parthenian woods?
"Did not my valor seize the golden belt
"Of Thermodon's brave queen? the apples gain,

“Ill-guarded by th’ unsleeping dragon’s care?
“Could the fierce Centaur me resist? or could
“The mighty boar that laid Arcadia waste?
“And what avail’d the Hydra, that he grew
“From every loss, in double strength reviv’d?
“How? Saw I not the Thracian coursers gorg’d
“With human gore! whose stalls with mangled limbs
“Crowded, I overthrew, and slew their lord
“On his slain coursers? Strangled by these hands
“Nemæa’s monster lies. Heaven I upbore
“Upon these shoulders. The fierce wife of Jove
“Weary’d at length with bidding, I untir’d
“Still was of acting. But at length behold
“A new-found plague, which not the bravest soul,
“Nor arms, nor darts can aught resist. Fierce fire,
“Darts through my deepest inwards; all my limbs
“Greedy devouring. Yet Eurystheus lives!
“Still are there who the deities believe?” —
He said, and o’er high C  t   tortur’d rov’d
Like a mad tiger, when the hunter’s dart
Stands in his body, and the wounder flies.
Oft would you see him groaning; storming oft;
Oft straining from his limbs again to fling
The vest; trees rooting up; against the hills
Fierce railing; next up to his father’s skies
His arms extending. Lo! he Lychas spies,
Where trembling in a hollow rock he hides!
Then, all his fury in its utmost strength,
Raging, he cry’d;—”Thou, Lychas, thou supply’d
“This deadly gift. Thou art the author then
“Of my destruction.” — Shuddering he, and pale,
In timid accents strove excuse to plead:
Speaking, and round his knees prepar’d to cling,
Alcides seiz’d him, with an engine’s force
Whirl’d round and round, and hurl’d him in the waves,
Which by Eub  a roll. He, as he shot
Through air, was harden’d. As the falling showers

Concrete by freezing winds, whence snow is form'd:
As snows by rolling, their soft bodies join,
Conglomerating into solid hail:
So ancient times believ'd, the boy thus flung,
Through empty air, by strong Alcides' arm,
Bloodless through fear, and all his moisture drain'd,
Chang'd to a flinty rock. A rock e'en now
High in Eubæa's gulph exalts its head,
Which still of human form the marks retains.
Which, as though still of consciousness possess'd,
The sailors fear to tread, and Lychas call.

Thou, Jove's renowned offspring, fell'd the trees
Which lofty C  t   bore, and built a pile:
Then bade the son of P  an bear thy bow,
Thy mighty quiver, and thy darts, to view
Once more the realm of Troy; and through his aid
The flames were plac'd below, whose greedy spires
Seiz'd on the structure. On the woody top
Thou laid'st the hide Nem  an, and thy head,
Supported with thy club, with brow serene
As though with garlands circled, at a feast
Thou laid'st, 'mid goblets fill'd with sparkling wine.

Now the strong fires spread wide o'er every part,
Crackling, and seizing his regardless limbs,
Who them despis'd. The gods beheld with fear
The earth's avenger. Jove, who saw their care
With joyous countenance, thus the powers address'd:
"This fear, O deities! makes glad my heart;
"And lively pleasure swells in all my breast,
"That sire and sovereign o'er such grateful minds
"I hold my sway; since to my offspring too
"Your favoring care extends. No less, 'tis true,
"His deeds stupendous claim. Still I'm oblig'd.
"But from your anxious breasts banish vain fear;
"Despise those flames of C  t  ; he who all

“O’ercame, shall conquer even the flames you see:
“Nor shall the power of Vulcan ought consume,
“Save his maternal part: what he deriv’d
“From me, is ever-during; safe from death;
“And never vanquish’d by the force of fire.
“That we’ll receive, his earthly race compleat,
“Amidst the heavenly host; and all I trust
“My actions gladly will approve. Should one
“Haply, with grief see Hercules a god,
“And grudge the high reward; ev’n he shall grant
“His great deserts demand it; and allow
“Unwilling approbation.” All assent;
Not even his royal spouse’s forehead wore,
A frown at ought he said; his final words
Irk’d her at length, to be so plainly mark’d.
Vulcan meantime each corruptible part
Bore off in flames, nor could Alcides’ form
Remaining, now be known; nought he retain’d
Of what his mother gave; Jove’s share alone.
A serpent revels thus in glittering scales,
His age and former skin thrown off at once.
So when Tirynthius from his mortal limbs
Departed, in his better part he shone,
Increas’d in stature; and majestic grace
Augustly deck’d his venerable brow.
Veil’d in a hollow cloud, and borne along
By four swift steeds, in a high car, the sire
Him plac’d in glory ‘mid the radiant stars.
Atlas perceiv’d his load increas’d. Nor yet
Eurystheus ‘bated in his rancorous hate,
But cruel exercis’d his savage rage,
Against the offspring of the sire abhorr’d.

But now Alcmena, worn with constant cares,
In Argolis, to Iölé confides
Her aged complaints, to her the labors tells
Her son atchiev’d, o’er all the wide world known;

And her own griefs beside. Alcides' words
Caus'd Hyllus to his couch to take, and take
Iölé, cordial to his inmost heart:
And now with generous fruit, the nymph was large.
Alcmena, thus to her commenc'd her tale. —

"May thee, at least, the favoring gods indulge;
"And all delay diminish, when matur'd,
"Thou to Ilithyia shalt have need to call,
"Who o'er travailing mothers bears the rule;
"Whom Juno's influence made so hard to me.
"Of Hercules toil-bearing, now the birth,
"Approach'd, and in the tenth sign rul'd the sun.
"A mighty bulk swell'd out my womb, so huge,
"Well might you know that Jove the load had caus'd:
"Nor could I longer bear my throes (my limbs
"Cold rigors seize, while now I speak; my pains
"Part ev'n in memory now I seem to feel)
"Through seven long nights, and seven long days with pangs
"Incessant was I rack'd: my arms to heaven
"Stretching, I call'd Lucina, and the powers,
"With outcries mighty. True Lucina came,
"But came by Juno prepossest, and bent
"My life to sacrifice to Juno's rage.
"Soon as my groans she hearken'd, down she sate
"Upon the altar, plac'd without the gates:
"Neath her right ham, her left knee pressing; join'd
"Fingers with fingers cross'd upon her breast
"My labor stay'd; and spellful words she spoke
"In whispering tone; the spellful words delay'd
"Th' approaching birth. I strain, and madly rave
"With vain upbraidings to ungrateful Jove,
"And crave for death; in such expressions 'plain
"As hardest flints might move. The Theban dames
"Around me throng; assist me with their prayers;
"And me my trying pains exhort to bear.
"Galanthis, one who tended me, of race

“Plebeian; yellow-hair’d; and sedulous
“What order’d to perform; and much esteem’d
“For courteous deeds; — she first suspected, (what,
“I know not) somewhat, form’d by Juno’s pique:
“And while she constant pass’d; now to, now fro,
“She saw the goddess on the altar sit,
“Girding her arms, with close-knit fingers o’er
“Her knees, and said; — O dame, whoe’er thou art,
“Our mistress gratulate. Alcmena now
“Argolican, is lighten’d. Now the prayers
“Of the child-bearer meet her hopes. — The dame
“Who rules the womb, straight from her station leap’d,
“And all astounded, her clench’d fingers loos’d:
“I in that moment felt my bonds undone.
“Galanthis, they report, the goddess mock’d
“Thus cheated, by her laughter. Savage, she
“Dragg’d her so laughing, by the tresses seiz’d,
“And forc’d her down to earth, as up she strove
“Erect to rise; and to forefeet her arms
“Transform’d. The same agility remains;
“Her back its colour keeps; her form alone
“Is diverse. She, ‘cause then her lying mouth
“My birth assisted, by her mouth still bears:
“And round my house she harbors as before.” —

She said, and by the memory mov’d, she mourn’d
For her lost servant, whom, lamenting, thus
Her child-in-law address’d.—”If then the form
“Alter’d, of one an alien to your blood,
“O mother! thus affects you, let me tell
“The wond’rous fortune which my sister met:
“Though grief and tears will frequent choke my words.

”Her mother, Dryopé alone could boast,
“(Me to my sire another bore) her charms
“Æthalia all confess’d; whom (rifled first
“Of virgin charms, when passively she felt

“His force, who Delphos, and who Delos rules)
“Andræmon took, and held a happy spouse.
“A lake expands with steep and shelving shores
“Encompass’d; myrtles crown the rising bank.
“Here Dryopé, of fate unconscious came,
“And what must more commiseration move,
“Came to weave chaplets for the Naiad nymphs;
“Her arms sustain’d her boy, a pleasing load,
“His first year scarce complete, as with warm milk
“She nourish’d him. The watery Lotus there,
“For promis’d fruit in Tyrian splendor bright,
“Grew flowering near. The flowers my sister cropp’d,
“And held them to delight her boy; and I,
“(For there I stood,) the same prepar’d to do;
“But from the flowers red flowing drops I saw,
“And all the boughs with tremulous shuddering shook.
“Doubtless it is, (but far too late we learn’d
“By the rough swains,) nymph Lotis, when she fled
“From Priapus obscene, her shape transform’d
“Into this tree which still retains her name.
“My sister witless of this change, in fright
“Would back retreat, and leave the nymphs ador’d,
“But roots her feet retain: these from the ground
“She strains to rend; but save her upper limbs
“Nought can she move; a tender bark grows o’er
“The lower parts, and her mid limbs invades.
“This seeing, and her locks to rend away
“Attempting; her rais’d hand with leaves was fill’d.
“Leaves cover’d all her head. Amphyssus found,
“(His grandsire had the child Amphyssus nam’d)
“His mother’s breasts grow hard; nor when he suck’d
“Lacteal fluid gain’d he. I there stood,
“Of her sad fate spectator: loud I cry’d —
“But, O my sister! aid I could not bring;
“Yet what I could I urg’d; the growing trunk,
“And growing boughs, my close embraces staid:
“In the same bark I glad had been enclos’d.

“Lo! come her spouse Andræmon, and her sire
“So wretched; and for Dryopé they seek:
“A Lotus, as for Dryopé they ask,
“I shew them; to the yet warm wood salutes
“Ardent they give; and prostrate spread, the roots
“They clasp of their own tree. Now, sister dear!
“Nought save thy face but what a tree becomes.
“Thy tears, the leaves thy body form’d, bedew.
“And now, whilst able, while her mouth yet gives
“To words a passage, such like complaints as these
“She breathes; — If faith th’ unhappy e’er can claim,
“I swear by all the deities, this deed
“I never merited: without a crime
“My punishment I suffer. Innocent
“My life has been. If I deceive, may drought
“Parch those new leaves; and, by the hatchet fell’d,
“May fire consume me. Yet this infant bear
“From those maternal branches; to a nurse
“Transfer him; but contrive that oft he comes
“And ‘neath my boughs let him his milk imbibe;
“And ‘neath my boughs sport playful. When with words
“Able to hail me, let him me salute,
“And sorrowing say; — Within that trunk lies hid
“My mother — But the lakes, O! let him dread,
“Nor dare from any tree to snatch a flower;
“But think each shrub he sees a god contains.
“Adieu! dear husband; sister dear, adieu!
“Father, farewell! if pious cares you feel,
“From the sharp axe defend my boughs, and from
“The browsing flocks. And now, as fate denies
“To lean my arms to yours, — your arms advance;
“Approach my lips, whilst you my lips may touch:
“And to them lift my infant boy. More words
“I may not; — now the tender bark my neck,
“So white, invades; my utmost summit hid.
“Move from my lids your fingers, for the bark,
“So rapid growing, will my dying eyes

“Without assistance close. — Her lips to speak
“Cease, and existence ceases: the fresh boughs
“Long in the alter’d body warm were felt.”

While Iölé the mournful fact relates;
And while Alcmena, from Eurytus’ maid,
With ready fingers dry’d the tears; herself
Still weeping, lo! a novel deed assuag’d
Their grief — for Iölaüs, scarcely youth,
His cheeks with tender down just cover’d, stands
Within the porch; to early years restor’d.

Junonian Hebé, by her husband’s prayers
O’ercome, to Iölaüs gave the boon.
Who, when to vow she went, that future times
Should none such gift enjoying, e’er perceive,
Was check’d by Themis. “Now all Thebes,” — she said,
“Discordant warfare moves. Through Jove alone
“Capaneus can be conquer’d. Mutual wounds
“Shall slay the brothers. In the yawning earth
“A living prophet his own tomb shall see.
“A son avenger of his parent’s death
“Upon his parent: impious for the deed,
“At once, and pious: at the action stunn’d,
“Exil’d from home, and from his senses driv’n,
“The furies’ faces, and his mother’s shade
“Shall haunt him; till his wife the fatal gold
“Shall ask: and till the Phegian sword shall pierce
“Their kinsman’s side. Callirhoë then, the nymph
“From Acheloüs sprung, suppliant shall seek
“From Jove, her infants years mature may gain.
“Mov’d by her prayers, Jove will from thee demand,
“Son’s spouse, and daughter of his wife, the boon
“And unripe men thou’lt make the youths become.”

While Themis thus, with fate-foretelling lips,
This spoke; the gods in murmuring grudgings mourn’d,

Angry why others might not grant the gift.
Aurora mourn'd her husband's aged years:
Mild Ceres 'plain'd that Jason's hairs were white:
Vulcan, for Erichthonius pray'd an age
Renew'd. E'en Venus future cares employ'd,
Anxious for promise that Anchises' years
Replenishment might find: And every god
Had whom he lov'd; and dark sedition grew
From special favor; till the mighty sire
The silence broke.—"If reverence I may claim,
"Where rashly rush ye? Which of you the power,
"Fate to control, possesses? Fate it was
"Gave Iölaüs youth restor'd again:
"By Fate Callirhoë's sons ere long shall spring
"To manhood, prematurely; nor can arms
"Nor yet ambition gain this gift. With souls
"More tranquil bear this; since you see the fates
"Me also rule. Could I the fates once change,
"Old age should never bend Æäcus down;
"And Rhadamanthus had perpetual spring
"Of youth enjoy'd, with Minos, now despis'd
"Through load of bitter years, nor reigns as wont."

Jove's words the deities all mov'd; not one
Longer complain'd, when heavy press'd with years
They Æäcus, and Rhadamanthus saw;
And Minos: who, when in his prime of age,
Made mightiest nations tremble at his name.
He, feeble then, at Deïoné's son
Miletus, trembled, who with youthful strength,
And Phœbus' origin proud swol'n, and known
About to rise against his rule: — yet him
He dar'd not from his household roof to drive.
But thou, Miletus, fled'st spontaneous, thou
Th' Ægean waves in thy swift ship didst pass,
And on the Asian land the walls didst found
Which bear the builder's name. Cyancë here,

Mæander's daughter, whose recurving banks
She often trode: (whose stream itself reseek
So oft) in beauteous form, by thee was known,
And, claspt by thee, a double offspring came,
Byblis and Caunus, from the warm embrace.

Let Byblis warn, that nymphs should ne'er indulge
Illicit warmth. Her brother Byblis lov'd;
Not as she ought; not with a sister's soul.
No fires at first the maid suspected; nought
Of sin: the thought that oft her lips to his
She wish'd to join, and clasp her arms around
His neck fraternal, long herself deceiv'd,
Beneath the semblance of a duteous love.
Love gradual bends to him her soul; she comes
Fully adorn'd to see him, anxious pants
Beauteous to seem; if one more beauteous there
She sees, invidious she that face beholds.
Still to herself unconscious was her love:
No wish she form'd beneath that burning flame,
Yet all within was fire. She call'd him lord,
Now kindred's name detesting; anxious more,
Byblis, than sister he should call her still.
Yet waking, ne'er her soul durst entertain
Lascivious wishes. When relax'd in sleep,
Then the lov'd object oft her fancy saw;
Oft seem'd her bosom to his bosom join'd:
Yet blush'd she, tranc'd in sleep. Her slumbers fly,
She lies awhile in silence, and revolves
Her dream: and thus in doubting accents speaks;
"Ah, wretch! what means this dream of silent night,
"Which yet I oft would wish? Why have I known
"This vision? Envy's eyes must own him fair,
"And but his sister am I, all my love
"He might possess; worthy of all my love.
"A sister's claim then hurts me! O! at least
"(While tempted thus I wakeful nought commit)

“Let sleep oft visit with such luscious dreams:
“No witness sees my sleeping joys; my joys,
“Though sleeping, yet are sweet. O, Venus! O,
“Thou feather’d Cupid, with thy tender dame!
“What transports I enjoy’d! what true delight
“Me thrill’d! how lay I, all my soul dissolv’d!
“How joys it me to trace in mind again
“The pleasure though so brief: for flying night
“Invidious check’d enjoyment in the bud.
“O Caunus! that an alter’d name might join
“Us closely; that thy sire a sire-in-law
“To me might be: O, Caunus, how I’d joy
“Wert thou not son, but son-in-law to mine.
“Would that the gods had all in common given,
“Save parents only. Thou in lofty birth
“I would should me excel. O beauteous youth!
“A mother whom thou’lt make I know not; I
“Ne’er can thee know but with a sister’s love:
“Parents the same as thine my hapless lot.
“All that I have, me only pains the more.
“What are to me my visions? Weight have dreams?
“How much more happy are th’ immortal gods!
“The gods embrace their sisters. Saturn clasps
“Ops, join’d to him by blood; Ocean enjoys
“His sister Tethys; and Olympus’ king
“His Juno. Gods peculiar laws possess.
“Why seek I then celestial rites to bring
“Diverse, with human ord’nance to compare?
“Forbidden love shall from my breast be driv’n,
“Or that impossible, may death me seize
“Instant, and cold upon my couch outstretch’d,
“My brother then may kiss me as I lie.
“Yet still my wish double consent requires.
“Grant I should yield, still might the deed to him
“Seem execrable. Yet th’ Æolian youth
“A sister’s nuptial couch ne’er dreaded. Why,
“O, why! on this so dwell? Why thus recal

“Examples to my view? Where am I borne?
“Hence, flames obscene! hence far! a sister’s love,
“And that alone my brother shall enjoy.
“But had his soul first burn’d for me, perchance
“I had indulg’d his passion. Surely then
“I may demand, who would not, ask’d, refuse.
“What couldst thou speak? Couldst thou confess thy flame?
“Love forces, and I can. If shame my lips
“Close binds; yet secret letters may disclose
“The hidden flame.” — With this idea pleas’d,
These words her hesitating mind resolv’d,
Rais’d on her side, supported by her arm. —
“He shall” — she said—”now know it; all my love
“Preposterous confess’d. Alas! what depth
“Now rush I to? What fire has seiz’d my soul?” —
And then with tremulous hand the words compos’d.
Her right hand grasps the style, the left sustains
The waxen tablet smooth; and then begins.
She doubts; she writes; condemns what now she wrote;
Corrects; erases; alters; now dislikes;
And now approves. Now throws the tablet by,
Then seizes it again. Irresolute what
She would; whate’er is done displeases, all.
Shame and audacious boldness in her face
Are mingled. Sister, once her hand had wrote,
But sister, soon as seen, her hand eras’d;
And her fair tablet bore such words as these. —
“To thee, a lover salutation sends,
“And health, which only thou to her canst give:
“Asham’d, she blushes to disclose her name.
“For should I press to gain my wish’d desire,
“Without my name, my cause I trust would find
“Successful aid. Let Byblis not be known
“Till certain hopes of bliss her mind shall cheer.
“Yet faded color, leanness, and pale face,
“With constant dripping eye, and rising sobs
“Shew my unhidden grief. Well might these prove

“To thee an index of a wounded heart.
“My constant clasping, numerous fond salutes,
“If e’er thou’st mark’d, thou well might have perceiv’d
“Not sister-like embracings. In my soul
“Though this deep wound I bear; though in my breast
“This fire consuming burns, yet strive I all,
“(Witness, ye gods! my truth) all to suppress,
“And act with wiser conduct: hapless war
“Long have I wag’d ‘gainst Cupid’s furious rule
“More pressure have I borne, than what a maid
“Could e’er be thought to bear. At length o’ercome,
“And forc’d to yield, thy help I must implore
“With trembling voice: thou only canst preserve,
“Thou only canst the loving nymph destroy.
“With thee the choice remains. No foe thus sues,
“But one by nearest ties to thee conjoin’d,
“Pants to be join’d more nearly; link’d to thee
“With closest bands. Let aged seniors learn
“Our laws, and seek what moral codes permit.
“What is permitted, and what is deny’d,
“Let them enquire, and closely search the laws:
“A bolder love more suits our growing years.
“As yet we know not what the laws allow;
“And judge for all things we free leave enjoy;
“Th’ example following of the mighty gods.
“Nor parent stern, nor strict regard for fame,
“Nor timid thoughts should check us; absent all
“Should be each cause of fear. The dear sweet theft
“Beneath fraternal love may be conceal’d;
“With thee in secret converse I may speak,
“Embrace thee, kiss thee in the open crowd;
“How little then remains! Pity, forgive,
“The declaration of this love, ne’er told
“Had raging fire not urg’d it, nor allow
“Upon my tomb this cause of death to stand.—”

Here the fill’d tablet check’d her hand, in vain

Thus writing, at the utmost edge the lines,
But stay'd. Her crime straightway she firmly press'd,
With her carv'd gem, and moisten'd it with tears:
Her tears of utterance robb'd her. Bashful then
She call'd a page, and blandishing in fear
Exclaim'd.—"Thou faithful boy, this billet bear—"
And hesitated long ere more she said,
Ere—"to my brother, bear it." — As she gave
The tablet, from her trembling hand it fell;
The omen deep disturb'd her. Yet she sent.

A chosen hour the servant sought, went forth
And gave the secret message. Sudden rage
me youth Mæandrian petrify'd; and down
The half-read lines upon the ground he flung.
His hand scarce holding from the trembling face
Of the pale messenger. "Quick, fly!" he cry'd,
"Thou wicked pander of forbidden lust!
"Fly while thou may'st; and know, had not thy fate
"Involv'd our modest name, death hadst thou found.—"
He terrify'd escapes, and backward bears,
To his young mistress all fierce Caunus spoke.

Pale, thou, O Byblis! heardst the rough repulse;
Thy breast with frigid chills beset. But soon
Her spirits rally, and her furious love
Returns: scarce to the trembling air her tongue
Can utterance give in these indignant words; —
"Deserv'dly mourn I, who so rashly gave
"Him of my wounds the conscious tale to learn.
"Why trust so soon to words, what still might hid
"Remain, on tablets hastily compos'd?
"Why were not first the wishes of my soul
"Try'd in ambiguous hints? First, sure I ought
"Whence the wind blew have mark'd; nor loos'd my sails,
"Him flying, to pursue, and the wide main
"In all directions plough: now bellies out

“My canvas; not a single course explor’d.
“Hence am I borne against the rocks; hence ‘whelm’d
“In the wide depth of ocean; nor my sails
“Know I to tack returning. Did not heaven
“Check the indulgence of my love, by marks
“Obvious to all? when from my hand down dropp’d
“The tablet, which the boy was bade to bear.
“Mark’d that my falling hopes not? More deferr’d
“Thy wishes, or the day should sure have been;
“Surely the day. For heaven itself me warn’d,
“And certain signs me gave; but those my mind
“Stupid neglected. Personal my words
“Should I have urg’d, nor trusted to the wax.
“In person should my love have been display’d.
“Then had my tears been seen; then had he view’d
“My raptur’d countenance; then had I spoke
“Far more than power of letters can convey.
“My arms around his neck I then had thrown
“Howe’er unwilling; and, had he been coy,
“In dying posture I his feet had clasp’d;
“And stretch’d before him life demanding, all
“Had I achiev’d. Perchance though, by the boy,
“My messenger commission’d, I have fail’d:
“Aptly perhaps he enter’d not; perhaps,
“And much I fear, improper hours he chose;
“Nor sought a vacant time, when nought his mind
“Disturb’d. This has, alas! my hopes destroy’d:
“For from a tiger Caunus sprung not; round
“His heart not solid steel, nor rigid flint,
“Nor adamant is girt; nor has he suck’d
“The lioness’s milk. He shall be bent,
“And gain’d his heart shall be; nor will I brook
“The smallest bar to what I undertake,
“While now this spirit holds. My primal wish
“(If it were given I might revoke my deeds)
“Is, I had ne’er commenc’d: my second now
“Is, that I persevere in what’s begun.

“For should I now my wishes not pursue,
“Still must he of those daring wishes think;
“And should I now desist, well might he judge
“Form’d lightly my desires: or plann’d to try
“His virtue, and involve in snares his fame:
“Or, (dreadful!) think me not by love o’ercome,
“(Who burns and rages fiercely in my breast)
“But by hot lust. For now conceal’d no more
“My guilty act can be; I’ve written once,
“Once have I ask’d; corrupted all my soul.
“Should further no depravity ensue,
“Guilty I must be call’d. What more remains,
“In crime is little, but in hope immense.” —

She said, and such the wavering of her breast,
That, whilst the trial grieves her which she made,
Farther to try she wishes; every bound
O’erpassing; and, with luckless fate, her suit
Still meets repulsion. He, when endless seem’d
Her pressing, fled his country, and the crime;
And in a foreign region rais’d new walls.

Then, daughter of Miletus, they report,
Forsook thee all thy senses; then in truth
Thou rent thy garments from thy breast; thy breast
Thy furious hands hard smote. Now to the world
Madly she raves; now to the world displays
Her wish’d-for love, deny’d: all hope — despair!
She too forsook her country, and the roof
So hated; and the vagrant steps pursu’d
Her flying brother trode. As Thracia’s dames
O, son of Semelé! thy Thyrsus shake
When celebrating thy triennial rites,
So did the Carian matrons, Byblis see
Fly o’er the wide-spread fields, with shrieks and howls:
These left behind, o’er Caria’s plains she runs,
And through the warlike Leleges, and through

The Lycian realms. Now Cragos had she left,
And Lymiré, and Xanthus' waves behind;
With the high ridge Chimæra lifts, who burns
Central with flames; his breast and front fierce arm'd
A lion — tow'rd his tail a serpent form'd.

Now all the forests past; thou Byblis, faint
With long pursuit, fall'st flat; on the hard ground
Thy locks are spread; dumb now thou ly'st; thy face
Presses the fallen leaves. Oft in their arms
So delicate, the Lelegeïan nymphs
To raise thee up attempted. Oft they strove
To give advice that might thy love control,
And offer solace to thy deafen'd ear.

Still silent Byblis lies; and with her nails
Rends the green herbage; moistens all the grass
With rivulets of tears. And here, they say,
The Naiäd nymphs their bubbling art supply'd.
Ne'er drought to know: more to afford, their power
Sure could not. Straightway, as the pitchy drops
Flow from the fir's cleft bark; from solid earth
As stiff bitumen oozes; or as streams,
By cold congeal'd, thaw with the southern wind
And warming sun: Phœbean Byblis so
By her own tears exhausted, was transform'd,
A fount becoming; which still in that vale,
'Neath a dark ilex springing, keeps her name.

Now had the rumor of this wond'rous change
Spread rapid through the hundred towns of Crete,
But Crete had lately seen a wond'rous change
In her own clime, in Iphis' alter'd form.
There in the Phestian land, near Gnossus' realm
Was Lygdus born: a man of unknown fame,
But a plebeïan of unblemish'd worth:
Nor had he, more than noble stock, estate;
Yet unimpeach'd for honesty his life.
He thus the ears of his then pregnant spouse

Address'd, when near her bearing time approach'd: —
“Two things my wishes bound; first that thy pains
“May lightly press, next that a male thou bring'st:
“More burdensome are females; strength to them
“Nature denies. Then if by fate ordain'd
“To give a female birth, which I detest,
“Unwilling I command, — O piety!
“Excuse it, — let the babe to death be given.” —
He said, and tears profuse the cheeks bedew
Of him who bade, and her who heard his words.
Still Telethusa to the latest hour,
With vain petitions strives her spouse to move,
That thus he should not straighten so his hopes.
Firm to his purpose Lygdus stood. And now
Scarce could the heavy weight her womb sustain;
When in the silent space of night, in sleep
Entranc'd; or Isis stood before her bed,
Or seem'd to stand; surrounded by the pomp
To her belonging. On her forehead shone
The lunar horns, and yellow wheat them bound
In golden radiance, with a regal crown.
With her Anubis, barker came; and came
Bubastis holy; Apis various-mark'd;
He who the voice suppresses, and directs
To silence with his finger; timbrels loud;
Osiris never sought enough; and snakes
Of foreign lands full of somniferous gall.
To her the goddess thus, as rais'd from sleep
She seem'd, and manifest each object stood: —
“O vot'ry, Telethusa! fling aside
“Thy weighty cares; thy husband's mandates cheat;
“Nor waver, when Lucina helps thy pains:
“Save it whate'er it be. A goddess I,
“Assisting, still give aid when rightly claim'd:
“Nor will it e'er thee grieve to have ador'd
“An ingrate goddess.” — Thus as she advis'd,
She vanish'd from the bed. The Cretan dame

Rose from the couch o'erjoy'd; and raising high
To heaven her guiltless hands, pray'd that her dream
On truth was founded. Now her pains increas'd;
And now her burthen forc'd itself to air:
A daughter came, but to the sire unknown.
The mother bade them rear it as a boy,
And all a boy believ'd it; none the truth,
The nurse excepted, knew. Glad prayers the sire
Offers, and from its grandsire is it nam'd:
(Iphis, the grandsire's appellation.) Joy'd
The mother hears the name, which either sex
May claim; and none, in that at least, deceiv'd;
The lie lay hid beneath a pious fraud.
The robes were masculine, the face was such
As beauteous boy, or beauteous girl might own.

And now three annual suns the tenth had pass'd,
Thy father, Iphis, had to thee betroth'd
Iänthé, yellow-hair'd; nymph most admir'd
'Mongst all the Phestians, for her beauteous charms:
Telestes of Dictæa was her sire.
Equal in age, and equal in fair form;
The self-same masters taught the early arts,
Suiting their years. Their unsuspecting minds
Were both by love thus touch'd, in both was fix'd
An equal wound: but far unlike their hopes.
Iänthé, for a spouse impatient looks,
With nuptial torches. Whom a man she thinks,
That spouse she hopes will be. Iphis too loves,
Despairing what she loves e'er to enjoy:
This still the more her love augments, and burns
A virgin for a virgin. Scarce from tears
Refraining;—"What," — she cries,— "for me remains?
"What will the issue be? What cure for this
"New love, unknown to all, who prodigies
"Possess in this desire? If the high gods
"Me wish to spare, straight should they me destroy.

“Yet would they me destroy, they should have given
“A curse more natural; a more usual fate.
“Love for an heifer ne’er an heifer moves;
“Nor burns the mare for mares: rams follow ewes;
“The stag pursues his female; birds thus join:
“Nor animal creation female shews
“With love of female seiz’d. Would none were I!
“But lest all monstrous loves Crete might not shew;
“Sol’s daughter chose a bull; even that was male
“With female. Yet, if candidly I speak,
“My passion wilder far than hers appears.
“She hop’d-for love pursu’d; by fraud enjoy’d;
“Beneath an heifer’s form, th’ adulterous spark
“Deceiving. Be from every part of earth
“Assembled here the skill: let Dædalus
“Hither, on waxen wings rebend his flight,
“What could all aid? Could all their learned art
“Change me from maid to youth? or alter thee
“Iānthé? But why resolute, thy mind
“Not fix? Why Iphis thus thyself forget,
“These stupid wishes driving hence, and thoughts
“So unavailing? Lo! what thou wast born,
“(Save thou would’st also thine own breast deceive)
“What is allow’d behold, and as a maid
“May love, love only. Hope, first snatch’d by love,
“Love feeds on still. From thee all hope is borne.
“No guardians thee debar the dear embrace;
“Nor watchful husband’s care; no sire severe;
“Nor she herself denies thy pressing prayers,
“Yet art thou still forbid, though all agree;
“To reap the bliss, though gods and men unite.
“Behold, too, all my votive prayers succeed:
“The favoring gods whate’er I pray’d have given.
“My sire and hers, and even herself comply,
“But nature far more strong denies, alone
“Me irking with refusal. Lo! arrives
“The wish’d-for hour; the matrimonial light

“Approaches; when Iänthé will be mine;
“And yet far from me. In the midst of waves
“For thirst I perish. Nuptial Juno, why
“Com’st thou, or Hymen to these rites; where none
“Leads to the altar, but where both are led?” —

Here staid her speech; nor less the other nymph
Burn’d; and O, Hymen, pray’d thy quick approach.
But what she wishes Telethusa dreads,
And searches for delays; feign’d sickness oft
Prolongs the time; oft omens dire, and dreams.
Now all her artful fictions are consum’d;
And now the long protracted period came,
For nuptial rites; and, but one day remain’d.
She from her own and daughter’s head unbinds
The fillets; and with locks dishevell’d, clasps
The altar, crying;—”Isis, thou who dwell’st
“In Parætonium; Mareotis’ fields;
“In Pharos; and the sev’nfold mouths of Nile.
“Help me I pray! relieve my trembling dread.
“Thee, goddess, once I saw; and with thee all
“Those images beheld; them all I know:
“Thy train, thy torches, and thy timbrels loud.
“And with a mindful soul thy words I mark’d.
“That she enjoys the light, that I myself,
“Not sinful suffer, to thy counsels, we,
“And admonitions owe. Pity us both;
“Grant us thy helping aid.” — Tears follow’d words.
Straight seem’d the goddess’ altars all to shake;
(And shake they did) trembled the temple’s doors;
The lunar horns blaz’d bright; the timbrels rung.

Forth goes the mother, of the omen glad,
Yet not in faith secure. Iphis pursues
His mother with a step more large than wont:
The snow-like whiteness quits his face; his strength
Increases; fiercer frowns his forehead wears:

Shorten'd his uncomb'd locks: more vigor now
Than as a nymph he felt. For thou, a boy
Now art — so late a female! Bear thy gifts
Straight to the temple; and in faith rejoice.
Straight to the temple they their offerings bore,
And on them this short poem was inscrib'd. —
“Iphis a boy, the offerings pays, which maid,
“Iphis had vow'd.” — The following sun illum'd
The wide world with his rays; when Venus came,
Juno, and Hymen, to the genial fires;
And the boy Iphis his Iänthé clasp'd.

BOOK X

Marriage of Orpheus and Eurydicé. Her death. Descent of Orpheus to Hell, to recover her. Her second loss. His mournful music on mount Hæmus draws the trees, birds, and beasts around him. Change of Cyparissus to a cypress-tree. Song of Orpheus. Ganymede. Hyacinth changed to a flower. The Amanthians to oxen. The Propætidæ to flints. Pygmalion's statue to a woman. Myrrha's incestuous love, and transformation to a tree. Venus' love for Adonis. Story of Atalanta and Hippomenes. Adonis changed to an anemoné.

Thence Hymen, in his saffron vesture clad,
Through the vast air departs; and seeks the land
Ciconian; by the voice of Orpheus call'd
Vainly. He came indeed, but with him brought
No wonted gratulations, no glad face,
Nor happy omen. And the torch he bore
Crackled in hissing smoke; nor gather'd flame
From whirling motion. Still more dire th' event
Prov'd, than the presage. As the new-made bride,
Attended by a train of Naiad nymphs,
Rov'd through the grass, a serpent's fangs her heel
Pierc'd, and she instant dy'd. Her, when long-mourn'd
In upper air, the Rhodopeian bard
Ventur'd to seek in shades, and dar'd descend
Through the Tænarian cave to Stygia's realms.
'Mid shadowy crowds, and bury'd ghosts he goes,
To Proserpine, and him who rules the shades
With sway ungrateful. There he strikes the strings
Responsive to his words, and this his song. —
"Gods of this subterraneous world, where all
"Of mortal origin must come, permit
"That I the truth declare; no tedious tales
"Of falshood will I tell. Here came I not
"Your dusky Hell to view: nor to o'ercome
"The triple-throated Medusæan beast
"Snake-hair'd; — my wife alone my journey caus'd,
"Whose heel a trampled serpent venom'd stung:

“Snatch’d in her bloom of years. Much did I wish,
“My loss to bear; nor ought forbore to strive;
“But love o’ercame. Well do the upper gods
“That deity confess. In doubt I stand
“If here too he is known; but here I judge
“His power is felt: the ancient rape, if true,
“Proves love ev’n you first join’d. You I implore,
“By all those regions fill’d with dread; by this
“Chaos immense; your ample realm, all fill’d
“With silence; once again the thread renew
“Eurydicé too hasty lost. To you
“We all belong; a little while we stay,
“Then soon or late to one repose we haste:
“All hither tend; this is our final home.
“You hold o’er human kind a lengthen’d reign.
“She too, when once her years mature are fill’d,
“To you again, must by just right belong.
“I then request her only as a loan:
“But should the fates this favor me refuse,
“Certain I’ll ne’er return. Two deaths enjoy.” —
The bloodless shadows wept as thus he sung,
And struck the strings in concord with his words.
Nor Tantalus at flying waters caught;
Nor roll’d Ixion’s wheel: the liver gnaw’d
The birds not: rested on their empty urns
The Belides: and Sisyphus, thou sat’st
Upon thy stone. Nay fame declares, then first,
Vanquish’d by song, the furies felt their cheeks
Wetted with tears. Nor could the royal spouse,
Nor he who rules deep darkness, him withstand
Thus praying; and Eurydicé is call’d.
Amid the recent dead she walk’d, and still
Halted with tardy steps from her late wound.
Her, when the bard of Thrace receiv’d, this law
Receiv’d he also: that his eyes reverse
He should not bend, till past Avernus’ realms;
Else he’d the granted favor useless find.

In silence mute, through the steep path they climb
Dark, difficult, and thick with pitchy mist;
Nor far earth's surface wanted they to gain:
The lover here, in dread lest she should stray,
And anxious to behold, bent back his sight,
And instant back she sunk. As forth his arms
He stretch'd, to clasp expecting, and be clasp'd:
Unhappy! nought but fleeting air he held.
Twice dying, she can nought her spouse condemn;
For how blame him because too much he lov'd?
She gives her last farewell; which scarce his ears
Receive, then sinks again to shades below.

Orpheus, thus doubly of his spouse despoil'd,
All stunn'd appear'd: not less than he who saw
In wild affright the triple-headed dog,
Chain'd by the midmost: fear him never fled,
Till fled his former nature: sudden stone
On all his body seizing. Or than he,
Olenus, when the crime upon himself
He took, and guilty wish'd to seem; with thee
Hapless Lethæa, confident in charms.
Once breast to breast you join'd, now join as stones,
Which watery Ida bears. Beseeching vain,
And wishing once again the stream to pass,
The ferryman denies. Then on the bank
In squalid guise he sate, nor tasted food
For seven long days; his cares, and grieving soul,
And tears were all the sustenance he knew.
Cruel he call'd the gods of Erebus,
And to high Rhodopé himself betook,
And lofty Hæmus by the north-wind beat.

Thrice had the sun the year completed, each
By watery Pisces ended. Orpheus still
Fled every female's love: or his deep woe
Made him so cold; or faithful promise giv'n.

Yet crowds there were, who wish'd the bard's embrace:
And crowds with sorrow saw their love repuls'd.
A hill there rose, and on its summit spread
A wide extended plain, with herbage green:
Shade to the place was wanting; hither came
The heaven-born poet; seated him, and touch'd
His sounding strings, and straight a shade approach'd.
Nor wanted there Chaöonian trees; nor groves
Of poplars; nor the acorn's spacious leaves:
The linden soft, the beech, the virgin bay,
The brittle hazle, and spear-forming ash;
The knotless fir; ilex with fruit low-bow'd;
The genial plane; the maple various stain'd;
Stream-loving willow; and the watery lote;
Box of perpetual green; slight tamarisk;
Two-teinted myrtle; and the laurustine
With purple berries. Thou too, ivy, cam'st
Hither with flexile feet: together flock'd
Grape-bearing vines; and elms with vines entwin'd:
Wild ash, and pitch tree; and arbutus, bent
With loads of ruddy fruit; the pliant palm,
Meed of the conqueror; the pine close bound
About its boughs, but at its summit shagg'd:
Dear to the mother of celestial powers,
Since Atys Cybeleïan was transform'd,
And in the trunk a rigid tree became.

In form pyramidal, amid the crowd,
The cypress came; now tree, but once a boy;
Dear to the god who rules the lyre's fine chords,
And rules the bowstring. Once was known a stag
Sacred to nymphs that own Carthæa's fields,
Who bore upon his head a lofty shade
From his wide-spreading horns; his horns bright shone
With gold; his collar, with bright gems bedeck'd,
Fell o'er his shoulders from his round neck hung;
A silver boss, by slender reins control'd

Mov'd o'er his brow; a brazen pair the same,
Shone o'er his temples hanging from his ears:
Devoid of fear, his nature's timid dread
Relinquish'd, oft the houses would he seek;
And oft would gently fondling stoop his neck,
Heedless who strok'd him. Cyparissus, thou
Beyond all others priz'd the sacred beast:
Thou, fairest far amongst the Cæan youths.

Thou to fresh pastures led'st the stag; to streams
Of cooling fountains: oft his horns entwin'd
With variegated garlands. Horseman-like
Now on his back thou pressest; and now here,
Now there, thou rul'st his soft jaws with the reins
Of purple tinge. 'Twas once in mid-day heat,
When burnt the bent claws of the sea-shore crab,
In Sol's fierce vapor; on the grassy earth
The weary stag repos'd his limbs, and drew
Cool breezes from the trees umbrageous shades.
Here the boy Cyparissus careless flung
His painted dart, and fix'd it in his side.
Who, when he from the cruel wound beheld
Him dying, instant bent his mind to die.
What consolation did not Phœbus speak?
Urging the loss far slighter grief deserv'd:
Yet mourn'd he still, and from the gods supreme
Begg'd this last gift, to latest times to mourn.
His blood in constant tears exhausted, now
His limbs a green hue take; his locks which late
Hung o'er his snowy forehead, rough become
In frightful bushiness; and hardening quick,
Shoot up to heaven in form a slender spire.
The mourning god, in grief exclaim'd—"By me
"Bemoan'd, thou shalt with others always grieve;
"And henceforth mourners shalt thou still attend." —
Thus did the bard a wood collect around;
And in the midst he sate of thronging beasts,
And crowding birds. The chords he amply try'd

With his impulsive thumb, and vary'd much
In sound, he found their notes concordant still;
Then to this song rais'd his melodious voice. —

”O parent muse! from Jove derive my song:
“All yield to Jove’s dominion. Oft my verse
“Before the mightiness of Jove has sung.
“I sung the giants, in a strain sublime,
“And vengeful thunders, o’er Phlegræa’s plain
“Scatter’d; a tender theme now claims my lyre:
“I sing of youths by deities belov’d;
“And nymphs who with forbidden wishes burn’d,
“And met the doom their sensual lusts deserv’d.
“The king of gods made Phrygian Ganymede
“His favorite, but some other form possess’d.
“Jove must in shape be something else than Jove.
“He deems no form becomes him, save the bird
“That bears his thunder. Instant all is done;
“The Phrygian borne away: the air he beats
“With his feign’d wing. And now this youth the cup
“Of nectar hands, in Juno’s spite, to Jove.

”Son of Amycla, thee had Phœbus plac’d
“Also the skies amidst, had fate allow’d
“For such position place; yet still thou hold’st
“Eternal, what fate grants: oft as the spring
“Winter repulses, and the ram succeeds
“The watery fishes, thou spring’st forth in flower
“Mid the green sward. Beyond all else my sire
“Thee lov’d, and Delphos, plac’d in midmost earth,
“Wanted its ruling power, whilst now the god
“Eurotas lov’d, and Sparta un-intrench’d.
“Nor lyre, nor darts attention claim’d as wont;
“Of dignity unmindful, he not spurns
“To bear the nets; to curb the hounds; to climb
“With the full train the steepest mountain’s ridge:
“And every toil augments his pleasure more.

“Now had the sun the midmost point near gain’d
““Twixt flying night, and night approaching, each
“Distant in equal space; when from their limbs
“They flung their robes; with the fat olive’s juice
“Their bodies shone; they enter’d in the lists
“Of the broad disk, which Phœbus first well pois’d,
“Then flung through lofty air; opposing clouds
“Flying it cleft; at length on solid earth
“It pitch’d, displaying skill with strength combin’d.
“Instant the rash Tænarian boy, impell’d
“By love of sport, sprung on to snatch the orb,
“But the hard ground repulsive in thy face,
“O, Hyacinth! it flung. Pale as the boy
“The god appear’d: he rais’d his fainting limbs,
“And in his arms now cherishes, now wipes
“The fatal wound, now stays his fleeting breath,
“With herbs apply’d; but all his arts are vain;
“Incurable the hurt. Just so, when broke,
“The violet, poppy, or the lily hang,
“Whose dark stems in a water’d garden spring;
“Flaccid they instant droop; the weighty head
“No longer upright rais’d, but bent to earth.
“So bent his dying face; his neck, bereft
“Of vigor, heavy on his shoulder laid.
“Phœbus exclaim’d; — Fall’st thou, Cæbalian youth,
“Depriv’d of life in prime? and must I see
“Thy death my fault? thou art my grief, my crime;
“My hand the charge of thy destruction bears:
“I am the cause of thy untimely fate!
“But what my crime? unless with him to sport;
“Unless a fault it were too much to love.
“Would I could life for thee, or with thee quit;
“But fatal laws restrain me: yet shalt thou
“Be with me still; dwell ever on my lips;
“My hand shall sound thee on the lyre I touch;
“My songs of thee shall tell: a new-found flower
“Shall bear the letters which my griefs resound:

“And time shall come, when a most valiant chief
“Shall join him to thy flower; in the same leaf
“His name too shall be read. — As words like these
“The truth-predicting lips of Phœbus spoke,
“Behold! the blood which flow’d along the ground,
“And all the herbage ting’d, is blood no more;
“But springs a flower than Tyrian red more bright,
“A form assuming such as lilies wear:
“Like it, save purple this, that silvery white.
“Nor yet content was Phœbus; for from him
“The honor was deriv’d. Upon its leaves
“He trac’d his groans: *ai, ai*, on every flower
“In mournful characters is fair inscrib’d.
“Nor blush the Spartans, Hyacinth to own:
“His honors still the present age attend;
“And annual are the Hyacinthian feasts,
“In pomp surpassing aught of ancient days.

”Should you by chance of Amathus enquire,
“If williang the Propœtides it bore,
“Denying nods would equally disclaim
“Them, and the race whose foreheads once were rough
“With double horns; Cerastæ, hence their name.
“Jove’s hospitable altar at their gates
“Of mournful wickedness was rear’d: who saw
“This stain’d with gore, if stranger, might conceive
“That sucking calves, or two-year’s sheep there bled.
“There bled the guest! Mild Venus griev’d
“At these most impious rites, at first prepar’d
“To quit her cities, and her Cyprian fields: —
“But how, — she said, — can my beloved clime?
“How can my towns have given offence? what fault
“Abides in them? Rather the impious race,
“Shall vengeance feel in exile, or in death;
“Save death and exile medium may allow:
“How may that be, unless their shape is chang’d? —
“Then while she doubts what shape they shall assume,

“Their horns attract her eyes; struck by the hint,
“Their mighty horns she leaves them, and transforms
“To savage oxen all their lusty limbs.

”Still dar’d th’ obscene Propœtides deny
“Venus a goddess’ power; for which, fame says
“They first, so forc’d the deity’s revenge,
“Their bodies prostituted, and their charms.
“As shame them left, the blood which ting’d their cheeks
“Harden’d, and soon they rigid stone became.

”These saw Pygmalion, and the age beheld
“With crimes o’er-run; the shameful vice abhorr’d
“Which lavish nature gave their female souls.
“Single, and spouseless liv’d he; long a mate
“Press’d not his couch. Meantime the ivory white
“With happy skill, and wond’rous art he carv’d;
“And form’d a beauteous figure; never maid
“So perfect yet was born, and his own work
“With love inspir’d him. Of a nymph her face
“Was such, you must believe the form to live,
“And move, if not by bashfulness restrain’d.
“Thus art his art conceal’d. Pygmalion stares
“In admiration; and his breast draws flames
“From the feign’d body: oft his hands his work
“Approach, if ivory or if flesh to judge;
“Nor ivory then will he confess the form.
“Kisses he gives, and thinks each kiss return’d:
“He speaks, he grasps her; where he grasps, he thinks
“His hands impression leave; and fears to see
“On the prest limbs some marks of livid blue.
“Now blandish’d words he uses; now he bears
“Those gifts so grateful to a girlish mind;
“Pearls, and smooth-polish’d gems, and smallest birds,
“With variegated flowers, and lilies fair,
“And painted figures, and the Heliads’ tears,
“Dropt from the weeping tree: with garments gay

“Her limbs too he adorns, and jewels gives
“To deck her fingers; while a necklace large
“Hangs round her neck: her ears light pearls suspend;
“And a bright zone is circled round her waist.
“All well became her, yet most beauteous far
“She unattir’d appear’d. Her on a couch,
“Ting’d with the shell Sidonian, then he laid,
“And call’d her partner of his bed; and plac’d
“Her head reclin’d, as if with sense endu’d,
“On the soft pillow. Now the feast approach’d
“Of Venus, through all Cyprus’ isle so fam’d,
“And snowy-chested heifers, whose bent horns
“With gold were gay, receiv’d the deadly blow;
“And incense burnt in clouds. Pygmalion stood
“Before the altar, with his offer’d gifts:
“Timid he spoke, — O ye all-potent gods!
“Give me a spouse just like my ivory nymph, —
“Give me my ivory nymph — he blush’d to say.
“Bright Venus then, as present at her feast,
“Perceiv’d the inmost wishes of his soul;
“And gave the omen of a friendly power.
“Thrice blaz’d the fire, and thrice the flame leap’d high.

”Returning, he the darling statue seeks
“Of his fair nymph; extends him on the couch;
“Kisses, and thinks he feels her lips grow warm:
“Applies his lips again, and with his hand
“Presses her bosom: prest the ivory yields,
“Softening beneath his fingers; nor remains
“Its rigid harshness. So Hymettus’ wax
“Yields to the heat, when tempering thumbs it mould
“In various forms; and fit for future use.
“Astonish’d now he joys with trembling soul,
“But fears deception; then he loves again,
“And with his hands again his wishes proves:
““Twas flesh, the prest pulse leap’d beneath his thumb.
“Then did the Cyprian youth, in words most full

“Of gratitude and love, to Venus pray.
“Then to her living lips his lips he join’d,
“And then the damsel felt his warm salute:
“Blushing she felt it, and her timid eyes
“Op’d to the light, and with the light beheld
“Her lover. Venus bless’d the match she made;
“And when nine times the moon’s full orb was seen
“Sharpen’d to horns, the damsel Paphos bore;
“Whose appellation oft the isle receives.

”She Cinyras too bore; if childless he
“A place amongst the happiest might he claim.
“A direful song I sing! be distant far
“Ye daughters; distant far, O, parents be!
“Or if of pleasure to your minds my verse
“Aught gives, in this at least my truth suspect.
“Believe the deed not: if you must believe,
“Mark well the punishment the crime deserv’d.
“Since nature could such heinous deeds permit;
“The Thracian realms, my land, I ‘gratulate;
“And joy this clime at such a distance lies,
“From that which could such monstrous acts produce.
“Let Araby be in amomum rich;
“And cinnamon, and zedoary produce;
“Incense which through the wood exudes; and flowers
“Of vary’d teints, — while Myrrha too it bears:
“Too great the price which this new tree procur’d.
“Cupid denies, O Myrrha! that his darts
“Thee wounded; vindicating from that crime
“His weapons. Thee, with Stygian torch most fierce,
“And viperous venom furies did enflame.
“Wicked to hate thy parent sure had been,
“But thus to love is worse than bitterest hate.
“The choicest nobles come from every part
“To gain thee; youths from all the East arrive,
“To struggle for thy hand. Chuse, Myrrha, chuse
“One from the crowd: one only in the world

“Whom chuse thou may'st not. She herself perceiv'd,
“And curb'd the baneful passion in her mind;
“Communing thus: — Ah! whither rove my thoughts?
“What meditate I? O, ye gods! I pray,
“O piety, O parents' sacred laws,
“Forbid this wicked act; oppose a deed
“So full of horrid guilt, — if guilt it be!
“But pious nature ne'er such love condemns.
“All animals in undistinguish'd form
“Cohabit: shame the heifer never feels
“Join'd with her sire; the steed his daughter takes
“As partner; with the female flock, who ow'd
“To him their being, couples oft the goat;
“And birds bring forth to birds who them produc'd.
“Blest those who thus enjoy; but human race
“Perversest laws invents: vexatious rules
“Forbid what nature grants. Yet am I told,
“Nations exist, where mother joins with son,
“And daughter with her sire; their pious love
“Increas'd more strongly by the double bond.
“Ah, me! unhappy, in such glorious climes
“Begotten not; I suffer but from place.
“But why on these ideas dwell? hence far
“Forbidden hopes. Well he deserves thy love,
“But as a father love him. Wert thou not
“Of mighty Cinyras the daughter, then
“Thou might'st the couch of Cinyras ascend.
“Now mine he is so much, he is not mine;
“Our very nearness is my greatest curse:
“More close, a perfect stranger had I been.
“Far hence I would depart; my country leave,
“This mischief flying; but curs'd love restrains.
“For, present, Cinyras I may behold;
“Touch, speak, my kisses to his face apply,
“If nought he'll grant beyond. How! impious maid,
“Dar'st thou hope ought beyond? perceiv'st thou not
“What laws, what names thou would'st confound? would'st thou

“The mother’s rival be? — thy father’s whore?
“Thy offspring’s sister would’st thou then be call’d?
“Thy brother’s parent? Fear’st thou not the three,
“Whose locks with sable serpents horrid curl?
“Who conscious bosoms pierce with searching eyes,
“And hurl their furious torches in the face?
“While yet thy body can resist, no more
“Cherish the heinous guilt thus in thy mind;
“Nor violate great Nature’s sacred law
“With lust forbidden. Grant I should consent,
“The king would me deny: too pious he,
“Too dear to him the law. O, that in him
“Such furious passion rag’d as burns in me! —

”She ended; Cinyras, the worthy crowd
“Of suitors held in doubt; herself he ask’d,
“As name by name he counted, which as spouse
“She most would wish. Silent at first she stood,
“Then burning gaz’d on his paternal face,
“As the warm tears gush’d in her shining eyes.
“These, Cinyras effects of virgin fear
“Believing, chid her and forbade to weep.
“Drying her cheeks, he on them press’d a kiss;
“With too much pleasure she the kiss receiv’d:
“And when consulted what the spouse must be
“She would prefer, she answer’d, — one like you. —
“He witless of her meaning, prais’d her words,
“And said, — be such thy pious duty still —
“The sound of piety the virgin’s eyes,
“With sense of guilt, cast conscious to the ground.

”’Twas now deep night when sleep sooth’d all the cares
“Of mortal breasts. But Myrrha wakeful laid
“Consum’d with raging fires; and rolling deep
“Her frantic wishes in her wandering mind.
“Despairing now, and now resolv’d to try;
“Now shame o’ercomes her, and anon desire:

“And undetermin’d how to act she rests.
“A mighty tree thus, wounded by the axe,
“Ere yet it feels the final blow, in doubt
“Seems where to fall; they fear on every side:
“Thus did her stagger’d mind from vary’d force
“Waver now here, now there; press’d hard by each,
“No ease for love, no rest but death appears.
“Death pleas’d. She rose, and round her throat prepar’d
“The cord to fasten; from the topmost beam
“She ty’d her girdle, and — farewell! — exclaim’d —
“Dear Cinyras! guess whence my fatal end. —
“Then drew the noose around her pallid neck.
“‘Tis said, th’ imperfect murmuring of her words,
“Reach’d to the faithful nurse’s ears, who laid
“Before the threshold of her foster-child.
“The matron rose, threw wide the door, and saw
“Prepar’d the instrument of death. At once
“She scream’d aloud, her bosom tore, deep blows
“Gave her own limbs, and from the rescu’d neck
“Tore the tight noose. Then had she time to weep,
“Then to embrace, then to inquire the cause
“Of the dread cord. But dumb the virgin sate
“And motionless, her eyes to earth were fix’d;
“Griev’d that so check’d her efforts were for death.
“More the nurse presses, bares her silver’d hairs
“And wither’d bosom; by the cradle begs,
“And the first food she tasted, to confess
“To her the cause of sorrow. Myrrha sighs,
“But turns her eyes aside as thus she begs.
“Determin’d still to know, the nurse persists
“And not content her secrecy alone
“To promise, says — yet tell me, and my aid
“Allow me to afford thee. Not yet slow,
“Though aged. Is it love? with charms and plants
“I know thy love to cure. Have envious eyes
“Thee harm’d? with magic rites their charm I’ll spoil.
“Are the gods angry? with appeasing rites

“Their anger we will soothe. What ill beside
“Can be conjectur’d? Lo! thy house secure,
“And safe thy fortune; both in prosperous train.
“Yet lives thy mother, and thy father lives. —
“Her father’s name when Myrrha heard she drew
“Deep from her breast a mournful sigh; nor yet
“The nurse suspected guilt was in her soul:
“But saw that love disturb’d her. In her aim
“Inflexible; again she urg’d to know
“The grief whate’er it prov’d; and lull’d her head
“Upon her aged lap, and clasp’d her form
“In her own feeble arms, as thus she spoke; —
“I see thou lovest; banish far thy fear,
“My diligence in this shall aid thee; nay
“Not e’en thy father shall the secret know. —
“Madly she bounded from the lap, and cry’d,
“While press’d the couch her face, — I beg thee go!
“And spare my grievous shame. — More pressing still —
“Or go — she said — or ask not why I mourn:
“What thou so seek’st to know is shameful guilt. —
“With horror struck, the ancient dame holds forth
“Her hands, which equal shook with fear and age;
“Then suppliant at her foster-daughter’s feet
“Fell. Now she coaxes; now she threatens loud;
“If not made privy, threatens to declare
“The cord’s adventure, and half-finish’d death:
“And offers aid once more her love to gain.
“She rais’d her head, and fill’d her nurse’s breast
“With sudden gushing tears. And oft she strove
“All to confess; as oft her tongue was mute;
“And in her garments hid her blushing face. —
“Then, — happy mother in thy spouse! — she said;
“No more, but groan’d. Through her cold limbs and bones,
“The ancient nurse a shivering tremor felt,
“And her white hairs all o’er her head, erect
“Like bristles stood; for all the truth she saw.
“Much did she urge the direful flame to drive

“Far from her soul, if that could be. The maid
“Knows all is just she argues, yet is fix’d
“For death, unless her lover is obtain’d.
“Then she; — O live, enjoy thy — silent there,
“Enjoy thy parent — she not dar’d to say:
“Yet by a sacred oath her promise bound.

”Now Ceres’ annual feast, the pious dames
“All solemniz’d: in snowy robes enwrap,
“They offer’d wheaten wreaths, and primal fruits.
“The rites of Venus, and the touch of man,
“For thrice three nights forbidden things they held.
“The monarch’s spouse Cenchreïs, ‘mid the crowd
“Forth went to celebrate the secret feast:
“And while the couch its legal partner lack’d,
“The ill-officious nurse the king espy’d
“Oppress’d with wine, and told the tale of love,
“Beneath a fictitious name, and prais’d her charms.
“The virgin’s years he asks. — Equal her age
“To Myrrha’s — she replies. — Desir’d to bring
“The damsel, she returns: — Rejoice! — she cries,
“Rejoice! our point is gain’d. — The hapless nymph
“Felt not a general joy; presaging pangs
“Shot through her bosom; still she joy’d: her mind
“Such discord tore. Now was the silent hour;
“Boötes ‘mid the Triönes had bent
“His wain with sloping pole; when Myrrha came
“To her flagitious crime. Bright Luna fled
“The skies; black clouds the lurking stars o’erspread;
“The night saw not its fires. Thou, Icarus,
“Thy face first hidst; and thou, Erigóné
“Hallow’d for thy parental love so pure.
“Thrice was she warn’d by stumbling feet, and thrice
“The owl funereal utter’d her death-note.
“Yet on she went; darkness and sable night
“Her shame diminish’d. Fast her left hand grasps
“Her nurse, the other waves t’explore the way.

“The threshold of the nuptial chamber now
“She touches; now she gently opes the door;
“Now enters. Then her trembling knees loose shook
“Beneath her bending hams; her color fled:
“Her blood flow’d back; and all her wishes sunk.
“The nearer was her crime approach’d, the more
“With horror she beheld it, and sore mourn’d
“Her daring; anxious to return unknown.
“The hoary dame, her, lingering thus, dragg’d on,
“And when presented at the lofty couch,
“Said — Cinyras receive her, she’s thine own! —
“And the devoted bodies gave to join.
“The sire his proper bowels, on the bed
“Obscene, receiv’d; her virgin terrors calm’d,
“And sooth’d her trembling. Haply too, he said —
“My daughter, — from her age; and haply she —
“My sire, — lest names were wanting to their crime.
“Fill’d with her father from the bed she rose,
“Bearing in her dire womb the impious fruit;
“Carrying her crime conceiv’d. Th’ ensuing night
“Her incest she repeats, nor ends she here.
“But Cinyras eager at length to know,
“After such frequent converse, who him lov’d;
“At once his daughter and his sin beheld,
“By lamps brought sudden. Grief repress’d all words;
“But from the sheath he snatch’d his glittering sword.
“Quick Myrrha fled; darkness and favoring night
“Sav’d her from death. O’er wide-spread fields she roam’d;
“Through Araby palm-bearing, and the lands
“Panchæa holds. Nine times returning light
“Had fill’d the horns of Luna, still she stray’d:
“Then weary rested in Sabæa’s fields;
“While scarce she bore the burden of her womb.
“Then what to ask uncertain, ‘twixt the fear
“Of death and weariness of hated life;
“In words like these she utter’d forth her prayers, —
“Ye powers, if those who guilt confess are heard,

“A punishment exemplar I deserve;
“I shrink not from it. Yet the living race
“Lest I contaminate, if left to live;
“Or lest I mix prophane with shades below,
“Drive me from either realm; from life and death
“Debar me, into some new shape transform’d. —
“The penitent some god propitious heard;
“Her final prayer at least success obtain’d:
“For as she spoke rose round her legs the earth;
“The lofty tree’s foundation, crooked roots
“Shot from her spreading toes; hard wood her bones
“Became; the marrow in the midst remain’d
“As pith; as sappy juice still flow’d her blood:
“Her arms large boughs were spread; her fingers chang’d
“To slender twigs; rough bark her skin became.
“The growing tree press’d hard the gravid womb;
“Invested next her breast, and o’er her neck
“Threaten’d to spread. Impatient of delay
“She shrunk below to meet th’ approaching wood,
“And hid beneath the rising bark her face.
“Human sensation with her change of shape
“She lost, yet still she weeps; and from the tree
“Warm drops yet fall, and much the tears are priz’d.
“The myrrh which oozes from the bark still holds
“Its mistress’ name, well known in every age.

”Meantime the misbegotten infant grew
“Within the trunk, and press’d to find a way
“To push to light, and leave the parent womb.
“Within the tree the gravid womb swell’d large,
“Stretch’d was the mother with the load, but mute
“Were all her woes; nor in travailing voice
“Lucina could she call. Yet hard to strain
“She seem’d; thick groans oft gave the bending bole,
“And tears flow’d copious. Mild Lucina came,
“And stood before the groaning boughs, and gave
“Assisting help, and spoke the spellful words.

“Cleft is the tree, and through the fissur’d bark
“A living burthen comes: the infant cries,
“Who on soft grass plac’d. The Naiad nymphs
“Him bathe in tears maternal: such a face
“Ev’n Envy could not blame. As painters form
“The naked Cupid’s beauty, such had he;
“And that their dress no help to guess may give,
“This the light quiver take, or that resign.
“Quick passing time unheeded glides along
“Deceiving: nought than years more quickly flies.
“The child, of sister and of grandsire born,
“Late in the tree confin’d, late thence reliev’d;
“Just seen most beauteous of the infant tribe,
“Now youth, now man appears, more beauteous still:
“Now Venus charm’d, his mother’s pangs aveng’d.

”As kisses sweet the quiver-bearing boy
“Press’d on his mother’s lips, he witless raz’d
“Slightly her bosom, with a dart that stood
“Protruding. Venus, wounded, angry push’d
“Her son far from her; light the wound appear’d;
“At first even her deceiving. With the blaze
“Of manly beauty caught, she now contemns
“The Cythereian shores; nor Paphos seeks,
“Girt by profoundest seas; Cnidos, so fam’d
“For fish; nor Amathus with metals rich.
“Heaven too, she quits, to heaven she now prefers
“Adonis: him she follows, him attends;
“Whose sole employ was loitering in the shade,
“In anxious study to increase her charms.
“Bare to the knee, her robe, like Dian’s train
“High-girt, o’er hills, through woods, and brambly rocks
“She roves: exhorts the dogs, and drives such game
“As threaten not with danger; fearful hares,
“High-antler’d stags, and rapid-flying deer.
“Fierce boars she shuns, and shuns the robber-wolf,
“Strong-talon’d bears, and lions slaughter-gorg’d.

”Thou too, Adonis, admonition heardst
“These to avoid, if admonition ought
“With thee could weigh: — Be brave, — the goddess said —
“To those who fly thee; courage ‘gainst the bold
“To danger drags. Dear youth, thy heart is brave;
“Indulge not to my hazard, nor provoke
“Fierce beasts by nature arm’d, nor seek for fame.
“Nor youth nor beauty, such as Venus move,
“Will move the lion, or the bristly boar:
“Their eyes and breasts untouch’d by brightest charms.
“Thunder and lightning in his bended tusks
“The fierce boar carries; rapid is the force
“The tawny lion, (hated race!) exerts:
“My cause of hatred when to thee disclos’d,
“Will raise thy wonder at the monstrous crime,
“In days of yore committed. Now hard toil
“Unwonted tires me. Lo! the poplar’s shade
“So opportune invites; and the green turf
“A couch presents. Upon the ground with thee
“I’ll rest: — she spoke, and as she stretch’d along,
“She press’d the grass, and press’d the lovely youth:
“Smiling, her head upon his breast reclin’d,
““Midst intermingling kisses, thus she spoke. —

”Perhaps thou’st heard of that renowned maid,
“Whose fleetness in the race the swiftest man’s
“Surpass’d. Not fabulous the tale you heard:
“She vanquish’d all. And hard it was to say,
“If praise for swiftmess, or for beauteous form,
“She most deserv’d. To her, who once enquir’d
“Of marriage, fate-predicting Phœbus said —
“A spouse would, Atalanta, be thy bane;
“Avoid an husband’s couch. Yet wilt thou not
“An husband’s couch avoid; but lose thyself,
“Thyself yet living. — Terror-struck to hear
“The sentence of the god, maiden she lives
“Amid the thickest woods; driving severe

“The throngs of pressing suitors from her far,
“By hard conditions. — Ne’er can I be gain’d —
“She said — till vanquish’d in the race. With me
“Your swiftness try: the conqueror in the strife,
“Shall gain me spouse, and gain a genial couch;
“But death must him who lags behind reward.
“Such be the laws of trial. — Pitiless
“The law appear’d; but (such is beauty’s power)
“Crowds of rash lovers to the law agreed.
“There sat Hippomenes to view the race
“Unequal; and exclaim’d, — are there so mad,
“As seek a wife through peril so immense? —
“And the blind love of all the youths condemn’d.
“But when her face he saw, and saw her limbs
“Bar’d for the contest, (limbs like mine, or thine,
“Were thine of female mould,) amaz’d he look’d
“With uprais’d hands, and cry’d; — forgive my fault,
“Ye whom but now I blam’d; the great reward
“For which you labor, then to me unknown! —
“Thus praising, fire he feels, and hopes no youth
“More swift will run, and envious fears their speed —
“But why the fortune of this contest leave,
“Untry’d — he said, — myself? Heaven helps the bold. —
“While musing thus Hippomenes remarks
“The virgin’s flying pace. Though not less swift
“Th’ Aōnian youth beheld her, than the dart
“Shot from the Scythian bow; her beauty more
“Ravish’d his eyes, and speed her charms increas’d.
“Th’ opposing breeze, which met her rapid feet,
“Blew back the ribbons which her sandals bound;
“Her tresses floated down her ivory back;
“And loosely flow’d her garment o’er her knees,
“With painted border gay: a purple bloom
“With virgin whiteness mixt, her body shew’d;
“As when the snow-white hall a deepen’d tinge
“From purple curtains shews. While this the guest
“Intently notes, the utmost goal is pass’d:

“Victorious Atalanta with the wreath
“Is crown’d: the vanquish’d sigh, and meet the doom
“Agreed. He, by the youths’ untimely fate
“Deterr’d not, forward stood, and on the nymph
“Fix’d full his eyes, and said; — Why seek you thus
“An easy conquest, vanquishing the weak?
“With me contend. So potent am I born
“You need not blush to such high rank to yield.
“Megareus was my sire, Onchestius his,
“Grandson to Neptune; thus the fourth I boast
“From Ocean’s sovereign. Nor beneath my race
“Stoops aught my valor; should success me crown,
“A lofty and an everlasting fame,
“Hippomenes your conqueror, would you gain. —
“As thus he spoke, with softening eyes the maid
“Beheld him, doubtful which ‘twere best to wish,
“To vanquish or be vanquish’d. While she thus
“Utter’d her thoughts — What god, an envious foe
“To beauty would destroy him: urg’d to seek
“My bed, by risking thus his own dear life?
“I cannot sure so great a prize be thought!
“His beauty melts me not; though yet I own
“Such beauty well might melt. But such a youth
“He seems, he moves me not but from his years.
“What courage in him reigns! his soul unaw’d
“By death. He springs the fourth from Ocean’s king!
“Then how he loves! and prizes so my hand,
“That should hard fortune keep me from his arms,
“He’d perish. Stranger, while thou may’st, depart;
“Avoid the bloody nuptials. Marriage, I
“Too cruel make. No maid would thee refuse;
“And soon may’st thou a wiser nymph select.
“But why for him this care? from me who see
“So many die, whom he too has beheld?
“Then let him perish; since the numerous train
“Of slaughter’d lovers warns him not: he spurns
“An hated life. How! should he then be slain

“Because with me to live he wishes? Death
“Inglorious must he gain, reward of love?
“Hatred would such a conquest still attend.
“Still is not mine the fault. Do thou desist;
“Or if thy madness holds, O, that thy feet
“More swift may be! See in his youthful face
“What virgin beauties! Ah! Hippomenes,
“Would Atalanta thou had’st never seen.
“Well worthy thou of life. Were I more blest;
“Had rugged fate not me a spouse forbade,
“Thou, sole art he, by whom to Hymen’s couch
“With joy I would be led. — Thus spoke the nymph,
“In fond simplicity, first touch’d by love,
“Unknowing what she felt: ardent she lov’d,
“Yet knew the passion not which rul’d her soul.

”Now loud the people, and the king demand,
“The wonted race. To me with anxious words
“Hippomenes, great Neptune’s offspring pray’d —
“O Cytherea! I adjure thee, aid
“My bold attempt; from thee those flames I felt,
“Grant them thy succour. — Gales auspicious waft
“To me the tender prayers, my soul is mov’d:
“Nor long the aid so needful I delay.
“A tract there lies in Cyprus’ richest lands,
“Nam’d Tamasene by those who dwell around,
“This ancient times made sacred unto me:
“And with this gift my temples were endow’d.
““Midst of the field appears a shining tree;
“Yellow its leaves, its crackling branches gold.
“By chance there straying, from the boughs I pluck’d
“Three golden apples, bore them in my hand,
“And seen by none, except the favor’d youth,
“Approach’d Hippomenes, and taught their use.
“The trumpets gave the sign, each ready sprung —
“Shot from the barrier, and with rapid feet
“Skimm’d lightly o’er the sand. O’er the wide main

“With feet unwetted, they might seem to fly;
“Or sweep th’ unbending ears of hoary grain.
“Loud shouts encouraging, and cheering words,
“On every side a stimulus afford,
“To urge the youth’s exertions. — Now, — they cry, —
“Now, now, Hippomenes, the time to press!
“On, on! exert thy vigor — flag not now, —
“The race is thine. — The grateful sounds both heard,
“Megareus’ son, and Schœneus’ daughter; hard
“Which joy’d the most to judge. How oft her pace
“She slacken’d, when with ease she might have pass’d,
“And ceas’d unwilling on his face to gaze.
“Tir’d now, parch’d breathings from the mouth ascends
“Of Neptune’s son, and far remote the goal.
“Then, as his last resource, he distant flung
“One of the tree’s bright produce. In amaze
“The virgin saw it roll; and from the course
“Swerv’d, tempted to obtain the glittering fruit.
“Hippomenes o’ershoots her; all around
“Applauses ring. She soon corrects delay,
“And wasted moments, with more rapid speed,
“And leaves again the youth behind. Again,
“Delay’d to catch the second flying fruit,
“The youth is follow’d, and again o’erpass’d.
“Now near the goal they come, — O, goddess! now
“Who gave the boon assist; he said, and flung
“With youthful force obliquely o’er the plain,
“More to detain, the last bright glittering gold.
“In doubt the virgin saw it fly: I urg’d
“That she should follow; and fresh weight I gave
“The apple when obtain’d; thus by the load
“Her course impeding, and obtain’d delay.
“But lest my tale, in length surpass the race,
“The vanquish’d virgin was the victor’s prize.

”Think’st thou Adonis, did I not deserve
“Most grateful thanks in smoking incense paid?

“Mindless, nor thanks, nor incense yielded he;
“And sudden anger in my bosom rag’d.
“Irk’d at the slight, I instantly provide
“That future times with less contempt behave:
“And ‘gainst them both my raging bosom burns.
“Now pass’d they near a temple, long since rais’d
“By fam’d Echion, in a shady wood,
“To the great mother of the heavenly gods,
“When the long journey tempted to repose;
“And there, inspir’d by me, ill-tim’d desire
“Hippomenes excited. Near the fane
“A cave-like close recess dim-lighted stood,
“With native pumice roof’d, hallow’d of old;
“Where priests the numerous images had plac’d,
“Of ancient deities. They enter’d here,
“And with forbidden lust the place defil’d.
“The wooden images their eyes avert:
“The tower-crown’d goddess dubious stands to plunge,
“The guilty couple in the Stygian wave.
“Too light that sentence seems: straight yellow manes
“Cover their soft smooth necks; their fingers curve
“To mighty claws; their arms to fore-legs turn;
“And new-form’d tails sweep lightly o’er the sand:
“Angry their countenance glares; for speech they roar;
“They haunt the forests for their nuptial dome.
“Transform’d to lions, and by others fear’d,
“Their tam’d mouths champ the Cybeleian reins.
“Do thou, O dearest boy! their rage avoid;
“Not theirs alone, but all the savage tribe,
“That stubborn meet with breasts the furious war;
“Not turn their backs for flight: lest bold too much,
“Thou and myself, have cause too much too mourn. —

”Thus she admonish’d; and by coupled swans
“Upborne, she cleft the air; but his brave soul
“Her cautious admonitions rash contemn’d.

”By chance his dogs the well-mark’d footprints trac’d,
“And from his lurking covert rous’d a boar;
“Whom with a stroke oblique, as from the brake
“To spring he went, the gallant youth transpierc’d.
“Instant, with crooked tusks, the gore-stain’d spear
“Wrench’d the fierce boar away, and at him rush’d,
“Trembling, and safety seeking: every fang
“Deep in his groin he plung’d, and on the sand
“Stretch’d him expiring. Cytherea, borne
“Through midmost ether in her chariot light,
“Had not at Cyprus with her swans arriv’d,
“When, known from far, she heard his dying groans;
“And thither turn’d her snowy birds. From high
“When lifeless she beheld him, in his blood
“Convulsive struggling, quick she darted down,
“She tore her garments, and she tore her hair;
“And with un pitying hands her breast she smote.
“Then, fate upbraiding first, she said; — Not all
“Shall bend to your decision; still shalt thou
“Remain, Adonis, monument of woe,
“Suffer’d by me! The image of thy death,
“Annual repeated, annual shall renew
“Remembrance of my mourning. But thy blood
“A flower shall form. Shalt thou, O Proserpine,
“A female body to a scented herb
“Transform; and I the Cinyreïan youth
“Forbidden be to change? — She said, and flung
“Nectar most odorous on the ebbing gore;
“Which instant swelling rose. So bubbles rise
“On the smooth stream when showery floods descend.
“Nor long the term, an hour’s short space elaps’d,
“When the same tainted flower the blood produc’d:
“Such flowers the deep pomegranate bears, which hides
“Its purple grains beneath a flexile rind.
“But short its boast, for the same winds afford
“Its name, and shake them where they light adhere:
“Ripe for their fall in fragile beauty gay.”

BOOK XI

Rage of the Thracian women. Massacre of Orpheus. The women transformed to trees by Bacchus. Midas' foolish wish to change all things he touched into gold. Contest of skill between Pan and Apollo. The ears of Midas transformed to asses ears. Troy built by Apollo and Neptune. Laomedon's perfidy. Hesione freed by Hercules, and married to Telamon. Peleus and Thetis. Birth of Achilles. Chioné ravished by Mercury, and by Apollo. Slain by Diana. Her sire Dædalion changed into an hawk. A wolf changed by Thetis to marble. Voyage of Cējx to Delphos. Lost in a storm. Grief of Alcyoné. Morpheus acquaints her with her husband's death. Change of both to kingfishers. Æsacus into a cormorant.

While thus the Thracian bard the forests drew,
And rocks, and furious beasts with strains divine; —
Behold the Thracian dames! their madden'd breasts
Clad with the shaggy spoil of furious beasts,
Espy'd him from an hillock's rising swell,
As to his sounding strings he shap'd the song.
When one, her tresses in the ruffling air
Wild streaming, cry'd—"Lo! him who spurns our ties!" —
And full her dart 'gainst the harmonious mouth
Of Phœbus' son she flung: entwisted round
With leaves, a bruise without a wound appear'd.
A stone another for a weapon seiz'd;
The flying stone was even in air subdu'd
By harmony and song; and at his feet
Low fell, as suppliant for its daring fault.
But now the tumult swells more furious, — bounds
It knows not! mad Erinnys reigns around.
Yet all their weapons had his music's power
Soften'd; but clamor, Berecynthian horns,
Drums, clappings, bacchanalian shouts, and howls,
Drown'd the soft lyre. Then were the stones distain'd
With silenc'd Orpheus' blood. The Bacchæ first
Drove wide the crowding birds, the snakes, the beasts,
In throngs collected by his tuneful voice;
Glory of Orpheus' stage. From thence they turn'd

Their gory hands on Orpheus, and around
Cluster'd like fowls that in the day espy
The bird of darkness. Then as in the morn
The high-rai'd amphitheatre beholds
The stag a prey to hounds; so they the bard
Attack'd, and flung their Thyrsi twin'd with leaves;
For different use first form'd. Those hurl huge clods:
These branches torn from trees; and others stones.
Lest to their fury arms were wanting, lo!
A yoke of oxen with the ploughshare broke
The ground, not distant far; with sinews there
Of nervous strength, the husbandmen upturn'd
The stubborn soil; with sweat producing fruit.
These, when the troop they saw, affrighted fled,
Quitting their instruments of toil. Their rakes,
Their ponderous harrows, and their huge long spades,
Were scatter'd left on the deserted field.
These when their furious hands had seiz'd, and tore
From the strong oxen's heads the threatening horns,
Back they return'd to end the poet's fate;
And sacrilegious, as he stretch'd his hands,
They slaughter'd him! Then first in vain his words
Were utter'd; nought could then his speech avail.
Then, heavenly powers! his spirit was expell'd
And breath'd in air, even through that mouth whose sound
Hard rocks had heard, and wildest beasts had own'd.
For thee, O Orpheus! mourn'd the feather'd tribe,
And crowds of savage monsters; flinty rocks
Bewail'd thee; forests, which thy tempting song
So oft had caus'd to follow, wept; the trees,
Shorn of their pride, bewail'd with falling leaves.
Each stream, 'tis said, with flowing tears increas'd
Its current. Naiad nymphs and Dryads wore
Garments of sable tinge, with streaming hair.
Wide scatter'd lie his limbs. His head and lyre
Thou, Hebrus, dost receive; and while they glide,
Wond'rous occurrence! down the floating stream,

The lyre a mournful moan sends forth; the lips,
Now lifeless, murmur plaintive; and the bank
Echoes the lamentations. Borne along
To ocean, now his native stream they leave,
And reach Methymna on the Lesbian shore.

The head, expos'd thus on the foreign sand,
And locks still dropping with the watery wave,
A snake approach'd. But Phœbus gave his aid,
And check'd the greedy bite; with open jaws
The serpent rears in stone congeal'd, as then
Widely he gap'd. The ghost from earth descends,
And views the regions he had view'd before.
Exploring through th' Elysian fields he meets
His dear Eurydicé; with longing arms
He clasps her. Here they walk, now side by side,
With equal pace; now follows he, and now
A little space precedes her: Orpheus there
Back on Eurydicé in safety looks.

But Bacchus suffer'd not the heinous deed
Unpunish'd to remain; griev'd that the bard
Who sung his praises, thus was snatch'd away,
He bound the Thracian matrons, who the crime
Had perpetrated, fast by twisted roots
To earth as trees. He stretch'd their feet and toes,
Which follow'd him so swift, and struck their points
Deep in the solid earth: A bird ensnar'd
Thus finds his leg imprison'd by the wires
Hid by the crafty fowler, and his wings
Beats, while his fluttering draws more tight the noose.
So each, as firmly fixt to earth she stood,
Affrighted strove to fly, but strove in vain:
The flexile roots detain'd them; and fast ty'd,
Spite of their struggling bounds, while they explore
For toes and nails, and while they seek for feet,
They see the wood their taper legs conceal;

Their grieving hands to beat their thighs are rais'd;
Their hands strike solid wood: their shoulders, breasts,
Are also wood become. Their outstretch'd arms
Extended boughs appear'd, and boughs they were.

Nor sated yet was Bacchus; all their fields
He quits; attended by a worthier troop.
To Tmolus' vineyards and Pactolus' stream
He hies: the stream not yet for gold was fam'd;
Not yet so precious were its envy'd sands.
Satyrs and Bacchant' nymphs, his 'custom'd choir
Attend him, but Silenus was not found.
Him drunken had the rustic Phrygians seiz'd,
Reeling with wine, and tottering 'neath his years;
With ivy crown'd; and fetter'd to their king,
The royal Midas, brought him. Midas once
The Thracian Orpheus Bacchus' orgies taught,
With sage Eumolpus; and at once he knew
His old associate in the sacred rites;
And joyful feasted with voluptuous fare,
For twice five days, and twice five nights his guest.
Th' eleventh time Phosphor' now the lofty host
Of stars had chas'd from heaven; the jovial king
Went forth to Lydia's fields, and there restor'd
Silenus to the youth his foster-child.
He, joy'd again his nursing sire to see,
On him bestow'd his anxious sought desire,
Though useless was the gift. Greedy he crav'd
What only harm'd him, — saying—"Grant, O, power!
"Whate'er I touch may straight to gold be chang'd" —
Bacchus consents to what he wishes; — gives
The hurtful gift; but grieves to see his mind
No better wish demand. Joyful departs
The Berecynthian monarch, with ill-fate
Delighted; and, each object touching, tries
The promis'd faith. Scarcely himself believ'd,
When from a growing ilex down he tore

A sprouting bough, straight gold the bough became:
A stone from earth he lifted, pale the stone
In gold appear'd: he touch'd a turfy clod,
The clod quick harden'd with the potent touch:
He pluck'd the ripen'd hoary ears of wheat,
And golden shone the grain: he from the tree
An apple snatch'd, the fam'd Hesperian fruit
He seem'd to hold: where'er his fingers touch'd
The lofty pillars, all the pillars shone:
Nay, where his hands he in the waters lav'd,
The waters flowing from his hands seem'd such
As Danaë might deceive. Scarce can his breast
His towering projects hold; all fancy'd gold.
Th' attendant slaves before their master, joy'd
At this great fortune, heap'd the table high
With dainties; nor was bread deficient there:
But when his hands the Cerealian boon
Had touch'd, the Cerealian boon grew hard:
And when the dainty food with greedy tooth
He strove to eat, the dainty food grew bright,
In glittering plates, where'er his teeth had touch'd.
He mixt pure water with his patron's wine,
And fluid gold adown his cheeks straight flow'd.
With panic seiz'd, the new-found plague to view,
Rich, yet most wretched; from his wealthy hoard
Fain would he fly; and from his soul detests
What late he anxious pray'd. The plenteous gold
Abates his hunger nought, and parching thirst
Burns in his throat. He well deserves the curse
Caus'd by now-hated gold. Lifting his hands
And splendid arms to heaven, he cries,—”O sire
”Lenæan! pardon my offence: my fault
”Is evident; but pity me, I pray,
”And from me move this fair deceitful curse.”
Bacchus, the gentlest of celestial powers,
Reliev'd him, as he thus his error own'd:
The compact first agreed dissolv'd, and void

The grant became:—"Lest still thou shouldst remain
"With gold" — he said,— "so madly wish'd, imbu'd,
"Haste to the stream by mighty Sardis' town
"Which flows; thy path along the mountain's ridge
"Explore, opposing still the gliding waves,
"Till thou the spring espy'st. Then deeply plunge
"Beneath the foaming gush thy head, where full
"It spouts its waters; and thy error cleanse,
"As clean thy limbs thou wastest." — To the stream
The king as bidden hastes. The golden charm
Tinges the river; from the monarch's limbs
It passes to the stream. And now the banks
Harden in veins of gold to sight disclos'd;
And the pale sands in glittering splendor shine.

Detesting riches, now in woods he lives,
And rural dales; with Pan, who still resorts
To mountain caverns. Still his soul remains
Stupidly dull; the folly of his breast
Was doom'd to harm its owner as before.

High Tmolus rears with steep ascent his head,
O'erlooking distant ocean; wide he spreads
His bounds abrupt; confin'd by Sardis here,
By small Hypæpé there. Upon his top,
While Pan in boastful strain the tender nymphs
Pleas'd with his notes, and on his wax-join'd reeds
A paltry ditty play'd; boldly he dar'd
To place his own above Apollo's song.
The god to try th' unequal strife descends;
Tmolus the umpire. On his mountain plac'd,
The ancient judge from his attentive ears
The branches clear'd; save that his azure head
With oak was crown'd, and acorns dangling down
His hollow temples grac'd. The shepherd's god
Beholding,— "no delay, your judge," — he said —
"Shall cause," — and straight Pan sounds the rural reeds.

His barbarous music much the judgment pleas'd
Of Midas, who amidst the crowd approach'd.
Now venerable Tmolus on the face
Of Phœbus turn'd his eyes; and with him turn'd
Th' attentive woods. Parnassian laurel bound
His golden locks; deep dipt in Tyrian dye,
His garment swept the ground; his left hand held
The instrument with gems and ivory rich;
The other grasp'd the bow: his posture shew'd
The skilful master's art: lightly he touch'd
The chords with thumb experienc'd. Justly charm'd
With melody so sweet, Tmolus decreed
The pipe of Pan to Phœbus' lute should yield.

Much did the judgment of the sacred hill,
And much his sentence all delight, save one:
For Midas blames him, and unjust declares
The arbitration. Human shape no more
The god permits his foolish ears to wear;
But long extends them, and with hoary hairs
Fills them within; and grants them power to move,
From their foundation flexile. All beside
Was man, one part felt his revenge alone;
A slowly pacing asses ears he bears.
His head, weigh'd heavy with his load of shame,
He strove in purple turban to enfold;
Thus his disgrace to hide. But when as wont
His slave his hairs, unseemly lengthen'd, cropp'd,
He saw the change; the tale he fear'd to tell,
Of what he witness'd, though he anxious wish'd
In public to proclaim it: yet to hold
Sacred the trust surpass'd his power. He went
Forth, and digg'd up the earth; with whispering voice
There he imparted of his master's ears
What he had seen; and murmur'd to the sod:
But bury'd close the confidential words
Beneath the turf again: then, all fill'd up,

Silently he departed. From the spot
Began a thick-grown tuft of trembling reeds
To spring, which ripening with the year's full round,
Betray'd their planter. By the light south wind
When agitated, they the bury'd words
Disclos'd, betraying what the monarch's ears.
Latona's son, aveng'd, high Tmolus leaves,
And cleaving liquid air, lights in the realm
Laomedon commands: on the strait sea,
Nepheleian Hellé names, an altar stands
Sacred to Panomphæan Jove, where seen
Lofty Rhætæum rises to the left,
Sigæum to the right. From thence he saw
Laomedon, as first he toil'd to build
The walls of infant Troy; with toil immense
The undertaking in progression grew,
And mighty sums he saw the work would ask.
A mortal shape he takes; a mortal shape
Clothes too the trident-bearing sire, who rules
The swelling deep. The Phrygian monarch's walls
They raise, a certain treasure for their toil
Agreed on first. The work is finished. Base,
The king disowns the compact, and his lies
Perfidious, backs with perjury.—"Boast not
"This treatment calmly borne," the ocean's god
Exclaim'd; and o'er the sordid Trojan's shores
Pour'd all his flood of billows; and transform'd
The land to sheets of water; swept away
The tiller's treasure; bury'd all the meads.
Nor sated with this ruin, he demands
The monarch's daughter should be given a prey
To an huge monster of the main; whom, chain'd
To the hard rock, Alcides' arm set free,
And claim'd the boon his due; the promis'd steeds.
Refus'd the prize his valorous deed deserv'd,
He sack'd the walls of doubly-perjur'd Troy,
Nor thence did Telamon, whose powerful arm

The hero aided, unrewarded go;
Hesioné was by Alcides given.

Peleus was famous for his goddess-spouse:
Proud not more justly of his grandsire's fame,
Than of his consort's father; numbers more
Might boast them grandsons of imperial Jove;
To him alone a goddess-bride belong'd.
For aged Proteus had to Thetis said, —
"O, goddess of the waves, a child conceive!
"Thou shalt be mother of a youth, whose deeds
"Will far the bravest of his sire's transcend:
"And mightier than his sire's shall be his name."
Hence, lest the world than Jove a mightier god
Should know, though Jove with amorous flames fierce burn'd,
He shunn'd th' embraces of the watery dame:
And bade his grandson Peleus to his hopes
Succeed, and clasp the virgin in his arms.

Hæmonia's coast a bay possesses, curv'd
Like a bent bow; whose arms enclosing stretch
Far in the sea; where if more deep the waves
An haven would be form'd: the waters spread
Just o'er the sand. Firm is the level shore;
Such as would ne'er the race retard, nor hold
The print of feet; no seaweed there was spread.
Nigh sprung a grove of myrtle, cover'd thick
With double-tinted berries: in the midst
A cave appear'd, by art or nature form'd;
But art most plain was seen. Here, Thetis! oft,
Plac'd unattir'd on thy rein'd dolphin's back,
Thou didst delight to come. There, as thou laid'st
In slumbers bound, did Peleus on thee seize.
And when his most endearing prayers were spurn'd,
Force he prepar'd; both arms around thy neck
Close clasp'd. And then to thy accusom'd arts,
Of often-varied-form, hadst thou not fled,

He might have prosper'd in his daring hope.
But now a bird thou wert; the bird he held:
Now an huge tree; Peleus the tree grasp'd firm:
A spotted tiger then thy third-chang'd shape;
Frighted at that, Æacides his hold
Quit from her body. Then the ocean powers
He worshipp'd, pouring wine upon the waves,
And bleating victims slew, and incense burn'd:
Till from the gulf profound the prophet spoke
Of Carpathus. "O, Peleus! gain thou shalt
"The wish'd-for nuptials; only when she rests
"In the cool cavern sleeping, thou with cords
"And fetters strong her, unsuspecting, bind;
"Nor let an hundred shapes thy soul deceive;
"Still hold her fast whatever form she wears,
"Till in her pristine looks she shines again."
This Proteus said, and plung'd his head beneath
The waves, while scarce his final words were heard.

Prone down the west was Titan speeding now;
And to th' Hesperian waves his car inclin'd,
When the fair Nereïd from the wide deep came,
And sought her 'custom'd couch. Scarce Peleus seiz'd
Her virgin limbs, when straight a thousand forms
She try'd, till fast she saw her members ty'd;
And her arms fetter'd close in every part:
Then sigh'd, and said; "thou conquerest by some god:"
And the fair form of Thetis was display'd.
The hero clasp'd her, and his wishes gain'd;
And great Achilles straight the nymph conceiv'd.

Now blest was Peleus in his son and bride;
And blest in all which can to man belong;
Save in the crime of murder'd Phocus. Driven
From his paternal home, of brother's blood
Guilty, Trachinia's soil receiv'd him first.
Here Ceyx, Phosphor's offspring, who retain'd

His father's splendor on his forehead, rul'd
The land; which knew not bloodshed, knew not force.
At that time gloomy, sad, himself unlike,
He mourn'd a brother's loss. To him, fatigu'd
With travel, and with care worn out, the son
Of Æäcus arriv'd; and in the town
Enter'd with followers few: the flocks and herds
That journey'd with him, just without the walls,
In a dark vale were left. When the first grant
T'approach the monarch was obtain'd, he rais'd
The olive in his suppliant hand; then told
His name, and lineage, but his crime conceal'd.
His cause of flight dissembling, next he beg'd,
For him and his, some pastures and a town.
Then thus Trachinia's king with friendly brow:
"To all, the very meanest of mankind,
"Are our possessions free; nor do I rule
"A realm inhospitable: add to these
"Inducements strong, thine own illustrious name,
"And grandsire Jove. In praying lose not time.
"Whate'er thou wouldst, thou shalt receive; and all,
"Such as it is, with me most freely share;
"Would it were better." Speaking thus, he wept:
His cause of grief to Peleus and his friends,
Anxious enquiring, then the monarch told.

"Perchance this bird, which by fierce rapine lives,
"Dread of the feather'd tribe, you think still wings
"Possess'd. Once man, he bore a noble soul;
"Though stern, and rough in war, and fond of blood.
"His name Dædalion: from the sire produc'd
"Who calls Aurora forth, and last of stars
"Relinquishes the sky. Peace my delight;
"Peace to preserve was still my care: my joys
"I shar'd in Hymen's bonds. Fierce wars alone,
"My brother pleas'd. His valor then o'erthrew
"Monarchs and nations, who, in alter'd form,

“Drives now Thisbæan pigeons through the air.
“His daughter Chioné, in beauty rich,
“For marriage ripe, now fourteen years had seen;
“And numerous suitors with her charms were fir’d.
“It chanc’d that Phœbus once, and Maiä’s son,
“Returning from his favorite Delphos this,
“That from Cyllené’s top, together saw
“The nymph, — together felt the amorous flame.
“Apollo his warm hopes till night defers;
“But Hermes brooks delay not: with his rod,
“Compelling sleep, he strokes the virgin’s face;
“Beneath the potent touch she sinks, and yields
“Without resistance to his amorous force.
“Night spread o’er heaven the stars, when Phœbus took
“A matron’s form, and seiz’d fore-tasted joys.
“When its full time the womb matur’d had seen,
“Autolycus was born; the crafty seed
“Of the wing’d-footed god; acute of thought
“To every shade of theft; from his sire’s art
“Degenerate nought; white he was wont to make
“Appear as black; and black from white produce.
“Philammon, famous with the lyre and song,
“Was born to Phœbus (twins the nymph brought forth).
“But where the benefit that two she bears?
“Where that the favorite of two gods she boasts?
“What that a valiant sire she claims? and claims
“As ancestor the mighty thundering god?
“Is it that glory such as this still harms?
“Certain it hurtful prov’d to her, who dar’d
“Herself prefer to Dian’, and despise
“The goddess’ beauty; fierce in ire she cry’d, —
“At least I’ll try to make my actions please. —
“Nor stay’d; the bow she bent, and from the cord
“Impell’d the dart; through her deserving tongue
“The reed was sent. Mute straight that tongue became;
“Nor sound, nor what she try’d to utter, heard:
“Striving to speak, life flow’d with flowing blood.

“What woe (O hapless piety!) oppress’d
“My heart! What solace to her tender sire
“I spoke; my solace just the same he heard,
“As rocks hear murmuring waves. But still he moan’d
“For his lost child; but when the flames he saw
“Ascending, four times ‘mid the funeral fires
“He strove to plunge; four times from thence repuls’d,
“His rapid limbs address’d for flight, and rush’d
“Like a young bullock, when the hornet’s sting
“Deep in his neck he bears, in pathless ways.
“Ev’n now more swift than man he seem’d to run:
“His feet seem’d wings to wear, for all behind
“He left far distant. Through desire of death,
“Rapid he gain’d Parnassus’ loftiest ridge.
“Apollo, pitying, when Dædalion flung
“From the high rock his body, to a bird
“Transform’d him, and on sudden pinions bore
“Him floating: bended hooks he gave his claws,
“And gave a crooked beak; valor as wont;
“And strength more great than such a body shews.
“Now as an hawk, to every bird a foe,
“He wages war on all; and griev’d himself,
“He constant cause for others grief affords.”

While these miraculous deeds bright Phosphor’s sob
Tells of his brother, Peleus’ herdsman comes,
Phocian Anetor, flying, and, with speed
Breathless, “O Peleus! Peleus!” he exclaims,
“Of horrid slaughter messenger I come!”
Him Peleus bids, whate’er he brings, to speak;
Trachinia’s monarch even with friendly dread
Trembles the news to hear. When thus the man:
“The weary cattle to the curving shore
“I’d driv’n, when Sol from loftiest heaven might view
“His journey half perform’d, while half remain’d.
“Part of the oxen on the yellow sand,
“On their knees bending view’d the spacious plain

“Of wide-spread waters; part with loitering pace
“Stray’d here, and thither; others swam and rear’d
“Their lofty necks above the waves. There stood
“Close to the sea a temple, where nor gold,
“Nor polish’d marble shone; but rear’d with trees
“Thick-pil’d, it gloom’d within an ancient grove.
“This, Nereus and the Nereïd nymphs possess.
“A fisherman, as on the shore he dry’d
“His nets, inform’d us these the temple own’d.
“A marsh joins near the fane, with willows thick
“Beset, which waves o’erflowing first has form’d.
“A wolf from thence, a beast of monstrous bulk,
“Thundering with mighty clash, with terror struck
“The neighbouring spots: then from the marshy woods
“Sprung out; his jaws terrific, smear’d with foam
“And clotted gore; his eyes with red flames glar’d.
“Mad though he rag’d with ire and famine both,
“Famine less strong appear’d; for his dire maw
“And craving hunger, he not car’d to fill
“With the slain oxen; wounding all the herd:
“All hostile overthrowing. Some of us,
“Ranch’d by his deadly tooth, to death were sent
“Defence attempting. The shore and marsh
“With bellowings echoing, and the ocean’s edge
“Redden with blood. But ruinous, delay!
“For hesitation leisure is not now.
“While ought remains, let all together join;
“Arm! arm! and on him hurl united spears.”
The herdsman ceas’d, Peleus the loss not mov’d;
But conscious of his fault, infers the plague
Sent by the childless Nereïd to avenge
Her slaughter’d Phocus’ loss. Yet Ceÿx bids
His warriors arm, and take their forceful darts;
With them prepar’d to issue: but his spouse
Alcyöné, rous’d by the tumult, sprung
Forth from her chamber; unadorn’d her locks,
Which scatter’d hung around her. Ceÿx’ neck

Clasping, she begg'd with moving words and tears,
Aid he would send, but go not; thus preserve
Two lives in one. Then Peleus to the queen;
"Banish your laudable and duteous fears.
"For what the king intended, thanks are due.
"Arms 'gainst this novel plague I will not take:
"Prayers must the goddess of the deep appease."

A lofty tower there stood, whose summit bore
A beacon; grateful object to the sight
Of weary mariners. Thither they mount,
And see with sighs the herd strew'd o'er the beach;
The monster ravaging with gory jaw,
And his long shaggy hairs in blood bedy'd.
Thence Peleus, stretching to the wide sea shore
His arms, to Psamathé cerulean pray'd,
To finish there her rage, and grant relief.
Unmov'd she heard Æäcides implore:
But Thetis, suppliant, from the goddess gain'd
The favor for her spouse. Uncheck'd, the wolf
The furious slaughter quits not, fierce the more
From the sweet taste of blood, till to a stone
Transform'd, as on a bull's torn neck he hung.
His form remains; and, save his color, all;
The color only shews him wolf no more:
And shews no terror he shall now inspire.

Still in this realm the angry fates deny'd
Peleus to stay; exil'd, he wander'd on,
And reach'd Magnesia: from Acastus there
Thessalian, expiation he receiv'd.

Ceÿx meantime, with anxious doubts disturb'd;
First with the prodigy, his brother's change,
Then those which follow'd; to the Clarian god
Prepar'd to go, the oracles to seek,
Which sweetly solace men's uneasy minds.

Delphos was inaccessible; the road
Phorbas prophane, with all his Phlegians barr'd.
Yet first Alcyöné, most faithful spouse!
He tells thee of his purpose. Instant seiz'd
A death-like coldness on her inmost heart:
A boxen paleness o'er her features spread;
And down her cheeks the tears in torrents roll'd.
Thrice she attempted words, but thrice her tears
Her words prevented; then her pious complaints,
Broken by interrupted sobs, she spoke.
"My dearest lord! what hapless fault of mine
"Thy soul has alter'd? Where that love for me
"Thou wont'st to shew? Canst thou now unconcern'd
"Depart, and leave Alcyöné behind?
"Glads thee this tedious journey? Am I lov'd
"Most dearly farthest absent? Yet by land
"Was all thy journey, then I should but grieve,
"Not tremble: sighs would then of fears take place.
"The sea, the dread appearance of the main,
"Me terrifies. But lately I beheld
"Torn planks bestrew the shore: and oft I've read
"On empty tombs, the names of dead inscrib'd.
"Let not fallacious confidence thy mind
"Mislead, that Æölus I call my sire;
"Who binds the furious winds in caves, and smoothes
"At will the ocean. No! when issu'd once,
"They sweep the main, no power of his can rule:
"And uncontroll'd they ravage all the land:
"Nor checks them aught on ocean. Clouds of heaven,
"They clash; and ruddy lightnings hurl along
"In fierce encounter. More their force I know,
"(For well I knew, and oft have mark'd their power,
"While yet an infant at my sire's abode,)
"The more I deem them such as should be fear'd.
"Yet dearest spouse, if thy firm-fixt resolve
"No prayers can change, and obstinate thou stand'st
"For sailing, let me also with thee go:

“Together then the buffeting we’ll bear.
“Then shall I fear but what I suffer; then
“Whate’er we suffer we’ll together feel:
“Together sailing o’er the boundless main.”

Her words and tears the star-born husband mov’d;
For less of love he felt not. Yet his scheme
To voyage o’er the deep he could not change;
Nor yet consent Alcyöné should share
His peril: and with soothing soft replies,
He try’d to calm her timid breast. Nor yet
Himself approv’d the arguments he try’d,
His consort to persuade consent to yield
To his departure. This at length he adds
As solace, which alone her bosom mov’d.
“All absence tedious seems; but by the fires
“My father bears, I swear, if fates permit,
“Returning, thou shalt see me, ere the moon
“Shall twice have fill’d her orb.” Hope in her breast
Thus rais’d by promise of a quick return,
Instant the vessel, from the dock drawn forth,
He bids them launch in ocean, and complete
In all her stores and tackling. This beheld
Alcyöné; and, presaging again
Woes of the future, trembled, and a flood
Of tears again gush’d forth; again she clasp’d
His neck; at length, as, wretched wife, she cry’d, —
“Farewell” she, swooning, lifeless sunk to earth.

The rowers now, while Ceÿx sought delays,
To their strong breasts the double-ranking oars
Drew back, and cleft with equal stroke the surge.
Her humid eyes she rais’d, and first beheld
Her husband standing on the crooked poop,
Waving his hand as signal; she his sign
Return’d. When farther from the land they shot,
Her straining eyes no more indulg’d to know

His features; still, while yet they could, her eyes
Pursu'd the flying vessel. This at length
Increasing distance her forbade to see;
Still she perceiv'd the floating sails, which spread
From the mast's loftiest summit. Sails at length
Were also lost in distance: then she sought
Anxious her widow'd chamber; and her limbs
Threw on the couch. The bed, the vacant space,
Renew'd her tears, reminding of her loss.

Now far from port they'd sail'd, when the strong ropes
The breeze began to strain; the rowers turn
Their oars, and lash them to the vessel's side;
Hoist to the mast's extremest height their yards;
And loose their sails to catch the coming breeze.
Scarce half, not more than half, the sea's extent
The vessel now had plough'd; and either land
Was distant far; when, as dim night approach'd,
The sea seem'd foaming white with rising waves;
And the strong East more furious 'gan to blow.
Long had the master cry'd,—"Lower down your yards,
"And close furl every sail!" — he bids; the storm
Adverse, impedes the sound; the roaring waves
Drown every voice in noise. Yet some, untold,
Haste to secure the oars; part bind the sails;
Part fortify the sides: this water laves,
Ejecting seas on seas; that lowers the yards.
While thus they toil unguided, rough the storm
Increases; from each quarter furious winds
Wage warfare, and with mounting billows join.
Trembles the ruler of the bark, and owns
His state; he knows not what he should command,
Nor what forbid; so swift the sudden storm;
So much more strong the tempest than his skill.
Men clamorous shout; cords rattle; mighty waves
Roar, on waves rushing; thunders roll through air;
In billows mounts the ocean, and appears

To meet the sky, and o'er the hanging clouds
Sprinkles its foam. Now from the lowest depths,
As yellow sands they turn, the billows shine;
Now blacker seem they than the Stygian waves;
Now flatten'd, all with spumy froth is spread.
The ship Trachinian too, each rapid change
In agitation heaves; now rais'd sublime
The deepen'd vale she views as from a ridge
So lofty: down to Acheron's low depths,
Now in the hollow of the wave she falls,
And views th' o'erhanging heaven from hell's deep gulf.
Oft bursting on her side with loud report
The billows sound; nor with less fury beat
Than the balista, or huge battering ram,
Driv'n on the tottering fort: or lions fierce,
Whose strength and rage increasing with their speed,
Rush on the armour'd breast and outstretch'd spear.
So rush'd the waves with wind-propelling power
High o'er the decks; and 'bove the rigging rose.

Now shook the wedges; open rents appear'd,
The pitchy covering gone, and wide-display'd,
A passage opens to the deadly flood.
Then from the breaking clouds fell torrent showers;
All heaven seem'd sweeping down to swell the main;
And the swol'n main, ascending to invade
Celestial regions, soak'd with floods each sail:
And ocean's briny waters mix'd with rain.
No light the firmament possess'd, and night
Frown'd blacker through the tempest. Lightning oft
Reft the thick gloom, and gave a brilliant blaze;
And while the lightnings flame the waters burn.

Now o'er the vessel's cover'd deck the waves
High tower; and as a soldier, braver far
Than all his fellows, urg'd by thirst of fame,

(The well-defended walls to scale oft try'd,) At length his hope obtains, and singly keeps His post, by foes on every side assail'd: So when the furious billows raging beat The lofty side, the tenth impetuous rears Above the rest, and forceful rushes on; The battery ceasing not on the spent bark, Till o'er the wall, as of a captur'd town, Downward it rushes. Part without invade, And part are lodg'd within. In terror all In trembling panic stand: not more the crowd Which fill a city's walls, when foes without Mine their foundations; while an entrance gain'd Within, part rage already. Art no more Can aid; all courage droops; as many deaths Seem rapid rushing as the billows break. This wails in tears his fate; that stupid stands; This calls those blest whom funeral rites await: One to his deity rich offerings vows, And vainly stretching forth to heaven his arms, The heaven he sees not, begs for aid: his friends, Brethren and parents, fill of this the mind; Of that his children, or whate'er he leaves.

Alcyöné, alone in Ceÿx' soul Found place; and but Alcyöné, his lips Nought utter'd. Her alone he wish'd to see; Yet joy'd she far was absent. Much he long'd To view once more his dear paternal shores; And turn his last looks tow'rd his regal dome: But where to turn he knows not; in a whirl So boils the sea; and all the heaven is hid In shade, by more than pitchy clouds produc'd: Night doubly darken'd. Now the whirlwind's force Shivers the mast, and tears the helm away: And like a victor, proud to view his spoils,

Mounts an high wave, and scornfully beholds
The lower billows; thundering down it sweeps,
Impell'd by force that Athos might o'erturn,
Or Pindus, from their roots; and plunge in sea.
Down in the lowest depths, the weight and blow
Bury'd the vessel; with her most the crew
Sunk in the raging gulf: some met their fate,
Ne'er to return to air: some floated still;
To splinter'd fragments of the bark they clung.
Ceÿx himself, grasp'd only in that hand
A shatter'd plank, which once a sceptre held;
And Æölus and Phosphor' call'd in vain:
But chiefly from his lips was, as he swam,
Alcyöné resounded; that lov'd name
Remember'd constant, and repeated most.
He prays the billows may his body bear
To meet her eyes; and prays her friendly hands
His burial may perform. While thus he swims,
Alcyöné he names, whene'er the waves
To gasp for breath permit him; and beneath
The billows, tries Alcyöné to sound.
Lo! a black towering arch of waters broke
Midst of the surges; in the boiling foam
Involv'd, o'erwhelm'd he sunk. That mournful night
Was Phosphor' dark, impalpable to view:
And since stern fate to heaven his post fast bound,
He veil'd in densest clouds his grieving face.

Meantime Alcyöné her height of woe
Unknown, counts each sad night, and now with haste
The garments he should wear prepares; and now
Those to adorn herself when him she meets;
Cherishing emptiest hopes of his return.
Devoutest offerings to the heavenly powers
She bore; but incense far before the rest
On Juno's altar burn'd; and oft she pray'd
For him who was not. For his safety pray'd;

For his return; and that his love might still
Without a rival hers remain: the last
Of all her ardent prayers indulgence found.
But longer bore the goddess not to hear
Such vain petitions for the dead; these hands
Polluted, from her altars to remove,
To Iris thus she spoke:—"O, faithful maid!
"Most trusty messenger, with speed repair
"To Somnus' drowsy hall; him bid to send
"A vision form'd in lifeless Ceyx' shape
"To tell Alcyoné her woes' extent."
She ended: in her various-tinted robe
Attir'd, and spreading o'er the spacious heaven
Her sweeping arch, Iris the dwelling sought
The goddess order'd. Hid beneath a steep
Near the Cimmerians, in a deep dug cave,
Form'd in a hollow mountain, stands the hall
And secret dwelling of inactive sleep;
Where Phœbus rising, or in mid-day height,
Or setting-radiance, ne'er can dart his beams.
Clouds with dim darkness mingled, from the ground
Exhale, and twilight makes a doubtful day.
The watchful bird, with crested head, ne'er calls
Aurora with his song; no wakeful dog,
Nor goose more wakeful, e'er the silence breaks;
No savage beasts, no pastur'd flocks, no boughs
Shook by the breeze; no brawl of human voice
There sounds: but death-like silence reigns around.
Yet from the rock's foundation, gently flows
A stream of Lethe's water, whose dull waves
In gentle murmuring o'er the pebbles purl,
Tempting to slumber. At the cavern door
The fruitful poppy, and ten thousand plants,
From which moist night the drowsy juices drains,
Then scatters o'er the shady earth, grew thick.
Round all the house no gate was seen, which, turn'd
On the dry hinge should creak; no centry strict

The threshold to protect. But in the midst
The lofty bed of ebon form'd, was plac'd.
Black were the feathers; all the coverings black,
And stretch'd at length the god was seen; his limbs
With lassitude relax'd. Around him throng'd
In every part, vain dreams, in various forms,
In number more than what the harvest bears
Of bearded grains; the woods of verdant leaves;
Or shore of yellow sands. Here came the nymph;
Th' opposing dreams push'd sideways with her hands,
And through the sacred mansion from her robe
Scatter'd refulgent light. With pain the god,
His eyelids weigh'd with slothful torpor, rais'd;
But at each effort down they sunk again:
And on his breast his nodding chin still smote.
At length he rous'd him from his drowsy state;
And, on his elbow resting, ask'd the nymph,
For well he knew her, why she thither came.
Then she—"O Somnus! peaceful rest of all!
"Somnus! most placid of immortal powers;
"Calm of the soul; whom care for ever flies;
"Who soothest bosoms, with diurnal toil
"Fatigu'd; and renovat'st for toil again;
"Dispatch a vision to Trachinia's town,
"(By great Alcides founded,) in the form
"Its hapless monarch bore: let it display
"The lively image of her husband's wreck,
"To sad Alcyoné. This Juno bids." —
Iris, her message thus deliver'd, turn'd:
For more the soporific mist, which rose
Around, she bore not; soon as sleep she felt
Stealing upon her limbs, abrupt she fled,
Mounting the bow by which she glided down.

The drowsy sire, from 'midst a thousand sons,
Calls Morpheus forth, an artful god, who well
All shapes can feign. None copies else so close

The bidden gait, the features, and the mode
Of converse; vesture too the same he wears,
And language such as most they wont to speak.
Mankind alone he imitates. To seem
Fierce beasts, and birds, and long-extended snakes
Another claims: this Icelos the gods
Have nam'd; by mortals as Photebor known.
A third is Phantasus of different skill;
His change is happiest when he earth becomes,
Or rocks, or waves, or trees, or substance aught
That animation lacks. These shew their forms
By night to mighty heroes and to kings;
The rest before th' ignobler crowd perform.
All these the ancient Somnus pass'd, and chose
Morpheus alone from all his brethren crowd,
The deed Thaumantian Iris bade, to do;
Then, weigh'd with slumber, dropp'd again his head,
And shrunk once more within the sable couch.

He flies through darkness on unrustling wings,
And short the space, ere in Trachinia's town
He lights; and from his shoulders lays aside
His pinions; when he Ceÿx' form assumes.
In Ceÿx' ghastly shape pallid he stood,
Despoil'd of garments, at the widow'd bed
Of the sad queen: soak'd was his beard, and streams
Seem'd from his heavy dripping locks to flow.
Then leaning o'er the couch, while gushing tears
O'erspread his cheeks, he thus his wife bespoke; —
“Know'st thou thy Ceÿx, wretched, wretched wife?
“Or are my features chang'd by death? Again
“View me, and here behold thy husband's shade,
“Instead of husband: all thy pious prayers
“For me, Alcyöné, were vain. I'm lost!
“No more false hopes encourage, me to see.
“The showery southwind, on th' Ægean main,
“Seiz'd on our vessel, and with mighty blast

“Shiver’d it wide in fragments; and the waves
“Rush’d in my throat as loud thy name I call’d;
“But call’d in vain. No doubtful author brings
“To thee these tidings; no vague rumor this,
“In person I relate it. Shipwreck’d I,
“My fate to thee detail. Rise, and assist!
“Pour forth thy tears; in sable garments clothe;
“Nor send my ghost to wander undeplor’d,
“In shady Tartarus.” Thus Morpheus spoke;
And in such accents, that the queen, deceiv’d,
Believ’d her husband spoke. Adown his cheeks
Seem’d real tears to flow; and even his hand
With Ceÿx’ motion mov’d. Deeply she groan’d,
Ev’n in her sleep, and rais’d her longing arms
To clasp his body; empty air she clasp’d:
Exclaiming;—”stay; O whither dost thou fly?
“Together let us hence!” — Rous’d with the noise,
And spectre of her spouse; sleep fled her eyes,
And round she cast her gaze for that to seek
Which she but now beheld. Wak’d by her voice,
Her slaves approach’d with lights; but when in vain
She search’d for what she lack’d, her face she struck;
Rent from her breasts her garments; beat her breasts
Themselves: nor stay’d her twisted hair to loose,
But tore the bands away; then to her nurse
Anxious the subject of her grief to learn —
“Alcyöné,” — she cries—”is now no more!
“She with her Ceÿx in one moment fell.
“Hence with your soothing words; shipwreck’d he dy’d.
“I saw; I knew him; as he fled me, stretch’d
“My arms to hold the fugitive. — Ah! no!
“The shadow fled, ‘twas but his ghost; but shade
“My husband mere resembling ne’er was form’d.
“Yet had he not his wonted looks, nor shone
“In former brightness his beloved face.
“I saw him, hapless stand with pallid cheek,
“Naked, with tresses dropping still. Lo! here

“Wretched he stood, just on the spot I point:” —
Then anxious try’d his footmarks there to trace. —
“This did my mind foreboding fear; I pray’d
“When me thou fled’st, the winds thou would’st not trust:
“But since to sure destruction forth thou went’st,
“Would that by me companion’d thou had’st gone.
“With thee my bliss had been; — with thee to go.
“Unwasted then one moment of the space
“For life allow’d; not ev’n in death disjoin’d.
“But now I perish, and upon the waves,
“Though absent, float; the main me overwhelms,
“Though from the main far distant. Mental storms
“To me more cruel were than ocean’s waves,
“Should I but longer seek to spin out life,
“And combat such deep grief? I will not strive
“Nor wretched thee desert; but now, though late,
“Now will I join thee; and the funeral verse
“Shall us unite; not in the self-same urn,
“Yet in the self-same tomb; bones join’d with bones,
“Allow’d not, yet shall name with name be seen.” —
The rest by grief was chok’d, and sounding blows
Each sentence interrupted; while deep groans
Burst from her raving bosom. Morning shone,
And forth she issu’d to the shore, and sought
In grief the spot, where last his face she view’d
Departing. “Here,” — she said,—”as slow he went,
“As slow he loos’d his cables; on this beach
“The parting kiss he gave.” While her mind’s eye
Retraces every circumstance, she looks,
And something sees far floating on the waves,
Not much unlike a man: dubious at first
What it may be, she views it: nearer now
The billows drive it; and though distant still,
Plain to the eye a body was descry’d.
Whose body, witless, still a shipwreck’d wretch
With boding omen mov’d her; and in tears
She wail’d him as a stranger in these plaints. —

“Unhappy wretch! whoe’er thou art; and she
“Thy wife, if wife thou had’s’t” — but now the surge
More near the body bore. The more she views
Nearer the corps; the more her senses fly.
And now close driven to shore it floats, and now
Well she discern’d it was, it was — her spouse!
“‘Tis he!” — she loudly shriek’d, and tore her face,
Her hair, her garments. Then her trembling arms
To Ceÿx stretching; “Dearest husband!” — cry’d.
“Art thou restor’d thus to my wretched breast?”

High-rais’d by art, adjoining to the beach
A mole was form’d, which broke the primal strength
Of ocean’s fury, and the fierce waves tir’d.
Hither she sprung, and, wond’rous that she could!
She flew; the light air winnowing with her wings
New-sprung; a mournful bird she skimm’d along
The water’s surface. As she flies, her beak
Slender and small, a creaking noise sends forth,
Of mournful sound, and full of sad complaint.
Soon as the silent bloodless corse she reach’d,
Around his dear-lov’d limbs her wings she clasp’d,
And gave cold kisses with her horny bill.
If Ceÿx felt them, or his head was rais’d
To meet her by the waves, th’ unlearned doubt.
But sure he felt them. Both at length, the gods
Commisserating, chang’d to feather’d birds.
The same their love remains, and subject still
To the same fates; and in the plumag’d pair
The nuptial bond is sacred; join’d in one
Parents they soon become; and Halcyon sits
Sev’n peaceful days ‘mid winter’s keenest rule
Upon her floating nest. Safe then the main:
For Æölus with watchful care the winds
Guards, and prevents their egress; and the seas
Smooths for the offspring, with a grandsire’s care.

These, as they skimm'd the surface of the main,
An ancient sire beheld, and prais'd their love:
Constant in death: his neighbour or himself
Also repeats; — the bird which there you see,
Brushing the ocean with his slender legs,
(And shews a corm'rant with his spacious maw)
A monarch's offspring was; would you descend
Through the long series, 'till to him you reach;
Ilus; Assaracus; and Ganymede,
Borne up to heaven by Jove, supply'd the stock
From whence he sprung; Laomedon the old;
And Priam doom'd to end his days with Troy.
Hector his brother; but in spring of youth
He felt this strange adventure, he perchance
As Hector's might have left a towering name:
Though from old Dymas' daughter Hector sprung.
Fair Alixirrhoë, so fame reports,
Daughter of two-horn'd Granicus, brought forth,
By stealth, Æsacus 'neath thick Ida's shade.
Wall'd cities he detested; and remote
From glittering palaces, secluded hills
Inhabited, and unambitious plains;
And scarce at Troy's assemblies e'er was seen.
Yet had he not a clownish heart, nor breast
To love impregnable. By chance he saw
Cebrenus' daughter, fair Hesperie — oft
By him through every shady wood pursu'd —
As on her father's banks her tresses, spread
Adown her back, in Phœbus' rays she dry'd.
The nymph, discover'd, fled. So rapid flies
Th' affrighted stag to 'scape the tawny Wolf;
Or duck, stream-loving, from the hawk, when caught,
Far from her wonted lakes. The Trojan youth
Quick follows, swift through hope; she swift through fear.
Lo! in the herbage hid, her flying foot
With crooked fang a serpent bit, and pour'd
O'er all her limbs the poison: with her flight

Her life was stopp'd. Frantic, he clasps her form
Now lifeless, and exclaims—"how grieve I now,
"That e'er I thee pursu'd; not this I fear'd!
"How mean my conquest, bought at such a price!
"Both, hapless nymph! in thy destruction join'd:
"I gave the cause, the serpent but the wound.
"I guiltier far than he, unless my death
"Shall thine avenge." — He said, and in the main,
From an high rock, by hoarsely-roaring waves
Deep-worn beneath, prepar'd to plunge. Receiv'd
By pitying Tethys softly in his fall,
She clothes him, as he swims the main, with wings;
And death, so much desir'd, denies him still.
The lover, furious at th' unwelcome gift
Of life upon him forc'd, and his pent soul,
Bent on escaping from its hated seat
Confin'd, soon as the new-shot plumes he felt
Spring from his shoulders, up he flew, and plunged
Again his body in the depths below:
His feathers broke his fall. Æsacus rav'd,
And deeply div'd; with headlong fury still,
And endless perseverance death he sought.
Love keeps him meagre still; from joint to joint
His legs still longer grow; his outstretch'd neck
Is long; and distant far his head is plac'd.
He loves the ocean, and the name he bears,
From constant diving, seems correctly giv'n.

BOOK XII

Rape of Helen. Expedition of the Greeks against Troy. House of Fame. The Trojan war. Combat of Achilles and Cygnus. The latter slain and transformed to a swan. Story of Cæneus. Fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs. Change of Cæneus to a bird. Contest of Hercules with Periclymenos. Death of Achilles. Dispute for his arms.

Priam the sire, much mourn'd, to him unknown
That still his son, on pinions borne, surviv'd:
While Hector and his brethren round the tomb,
A name alone possessing, empty rites
Perform'd. Save Paris, from the solemn scene
None absent were; he with the ravish'd wife
Brought to his shores a long protracted war.
Quick was he follow'd by confederate ships
Ten hundred, and the whole Pelasgian race.
Nor had their vengeance borne so long delay,
But adverse raging tempests made the main
Impassable; and on Bœotia's shores,
In Aulis' port th' impatient vessels bound.

Here, while the Greeks the rites of Jove prepare,
Their country's custom, as the altar blaz'd,
They saw an azure serpent writhe around
A plane, which near the altar rear'd its boughs.
Its lofty summit held a nest; within
Eight callow birds were lodg'd; on these he seiz'd,
And seiz'd the mother, who, with trembling wings,
Hover'd around her loss, all burying deep
Within his greedy maw. All stare with dread.
But Thestor's son, prophetic truths who still
Beheld, exclaim'd—"Rejoice! O Greeks, rejoice!
"Conquest is ours, and lofty Troy must fall.
"But great our toil, and tedious our delay."
Then shew'd the birds a nine years' war foretold.
The snake, entwining 'mid the virid boughs,
Hard stone becomes, but keeps his serpent's form.

But still th' Aōnian waves in violent swell
Were lash'd by Neptune, nor their vessels bore;
And many deem'd that Troy he wish'd to spare,
Whose walls his labor rais'd. Not so the son
Of Thestor thought: neither he knew hot so,
Nor what he knew conceal'd: — a victim dire
The virgin-goddess claim'd; a virgin's blood!
When o'er affection public weal prevail'd,
The king o'ercame the father; and before
The altar Iphigenia stood, prepar'd
Her spotless blood to shed, as tears gush'd forth
Even from the sacrificial 'tendants. Then
"Was Dian' mov'd, and threw before their sight
A cloud opaque, and (so tradition tells)
The maid Thycenian to an hind was chang'd,
Amid the priests, the pious crowd and all
Who deprecating heard her doom. This done,
Dian' by such a sacrifice appeas'd
As Dian' best became; and sooth'd her ire,
The angry aspect of the seas was smooth'd;
And all the thousand vessels felt the breeze
Abaft, and bore the long impatient crowd
To Phrygia's shores. A spot there lies, whose seat
Midst of created space, 'twixt earth, and sea,
And heavenly regions, on the confines rests
Of the three-sever'd world; whence are beheld
All objects and all actions though remote,
And every sound by tending ears is heard.
Here Fame resides; and in the loftiest towers
Her dwelling chuses; and some thousand ways,
And thousand portals to the dwelling makes:
No portal clos'd with gates. By day, by night,
Open they stand; of sounding brass all form'd;
All echoing sound; all back the voice rebound:
And all reit'rate every word they hear.
No rest within, no silence there is found,
Yet clamor is not, but a murmur low;

Such as the billows wont to make when heard
From far, or such as distant thunder sends,
When Jove the dark clouds rends and drives aloof.
Crowds fill the halls: the trifling vulgar come
And issue forth. Ten thousand rumors vague
With truth commingled to and fro are heard.
Words in confusion fly. Amid the throng
These preach their words to vacant air, and those
To others tales narrate; the measure still
Of every fiction in narration grows;
And every author adds to what he hears.
Here lives credulity; and here abides
Rash error; transports vain; astonied fear;
Sedition sudden; and, uncertain whence,
Dark whisperings. Fame herself sits high aloft,
And views what deeds in heaven, and earth, and sea
Are done, and searches all creation round.
The news she spreads, that now the Grecian barks
Approach with valiant force; nor did the foe
Unlook'd-for threat the realm. All Troy impedes
Their landing, and the shores defends. Thou first,
Protesilaüs! by great Hector's spear
Unluckily wast slain. The war begun,
Their valiant souls, ere yet they Hector knew,
Dear cost the Greeks. Nor small the blood which flow'd
From Phrygia's sons, by Grecia's valor spill'd.

Now blush'd Sigæum's shores with spouting blood,
Where Cygnus, Neptune's offspring, gave to death
Whole crowds. Achilles in his chariot stood,
And with his forceful Pelian spear o'erthrew
Thick ranks of Trojans; and as through the fights
Cygnus or Hector to engage he sought,
Cygnus he met: delay'd was Hector's fate
To the tenth year. Then to his white-neck'd steeds,
Press'd by the yoke, with cheering shouts he spoke;
And full against the foe his chariot drove.

His quivering lance well-pois'd he shook, and call'd,
"Whoe'er thou art, O youth! this comfort learn
"In death, that by Achilles' arm thou dy'st."
Thus far Pelides; and his massive spear
Close follow'd on his words. With truth it fled;
Yet did the steely point, unerring hurl'd,
Fall harmless: with a deaden'd point his breast
Was struck. Then he;—"O goddess-born! (for fame
"Thy race to me has long before made known)
"Why wonder'st thou that I unwounded stand?"
(For wondering stood Pelides.) "Not this helm,
"Which thou behold'st, gay with the courser's mane.
"Nor the curv'd buckler by my arm sustain'd,
"For aid are worn. For comely grace alone
"They deck me. Thus is Mars himself adorn'd.
"Thrown every guard far from my limbs, my limbs
"Unwounded would remain. Sure I may boast!
"Sprung not from Nereus' daughter, but from him
"Who rules o'er Nereus; o'er his daughter rules;
"And all th' extent of ocean." Cygnus spoke:
And at Pelides launch'd his spear to pierce
His orb'd shield; its brazen front it pierc'd,
And nine bull-hides beneath; stay'd at the tenth,
The warrior shook it forth; with strenuous arm
The quivering weapon hostile back return'd:
Cygnus again unwounded felt the blow.
Nor felt his naked bosom, to the force
Of the third weapon vauntingly expos'd,
Aught harm'd. Less fiercely in the Circus wide
Rages the bull not, when the scarlet vests
To urge his fury fixt, with furious horn
To gore attempting, finds elusion still,
The unhurt limbs invading. Seeks he now
If fall'n the metal from his weapon's point:
Fast to the wood the metal still appears;
And cries he;—"Weak is then my hand? and spent
"On one, is all the strength I once could boast?

“For surely strength that arm could boast, which erst
“Lyrnessus’ wall o’erthrew, and when with gore
“It Tenedos, and Thebes made stream; or when
“Caÿcus purple flow’d, stain’d with their blood
“Who on its banks had dwelt; and when twice prov’d
“By Telephus, the virtue of my spear.
“This nervous arm has here too shewn its force
“In hills of slain by me up-heap’d; these shores
“Attest it.” Speaking so, his spear he sent
Against Menœtes ‘mid the Lycian crowd,
As doubting faintly deeds perform’d before:
And pierc’d at once his corslet and his breast.
From the hot smoking wound as forth he drew
The dart, — as with his dying head was struck
The solid ground, he spoke:—”This is the hand,
“And this the spear which conquest knew before:
“This will I ‘gainst him use. May it, when sent,
“The same success attend.” — Ere ceas’d his words
Cygnus again with aim he sought, nor swerv’d
His ashen weapon whence he aim’d, but rung,
Unshrunk from, on the shoulder: thence repell’d,
As from a wall or rugged rock it fell:
Yet where the blow was felt, did Cygnus seem
With blood distain’d. Achilles’ joy was vain,
For wound was not. Menœtes’ blood was there.
Then furious from his lofty car he sprung,
And close at hand his braving foe assail’d
With glittering falchion; by the falchion broke,
The helm and shield he saw, but the keen edge
His stubborn body blunted. More the son
Of Peleus bore not, but the warrior’s face
With furious buffets from his shield, unclaspt
First from his arm, he smote, and with his hilt
Heavy his temples; and with headstrong rage
Bore on him: nor to his astounded soul
Respite allow’d. Dread through his bosom spread;
Before his eyes swam darkness: when amidst

The plain, a stone his retrogressive feet
Oppos'd. Pelides, with his mightiest strength,
Struck Cygnus against it, and to earth
Hard forc'd him, thrown supine. Pent with his shield,
And nervous knees upon his bosom prest
Tight, he the lacing of the helmet drew,
Which 'neath his chin was ty'd; close press'd his throat,
His breathing passage and his life at once
Destroy'd he. When his conquer'd foe to spoil
Of all his arms he went, the arms he found
Vacant. The ocean-god had to a bird
Of snowy plumage chang'd his offspring's form:
A bird which still the name of Cygnus bears.

Here stay'd the toil, here did the battle gain
Of numerous days a respite, either power
Resting on arms unhostile. Then, while guards,
Watchful, the Trojan walls protective kept;
And sentries equal wakeful o'er the trench
Form'd by the Argives watch'd, a feast was held,
Where Cygnus' victor, stout Achilles, gave
An heifer ribbon-bound to Athen's maid.
The sever'd flesh was on the altar plac'd,
Whose smoking fragrance, grateful to the gods,
High to th' ethereal regions mounted. Part,
Their due, th' official sacrificers took;
To swell the feast the rest was given. Outstretch'd
On couches, laid the noble guests, and fill'd
With the drest meat their hunger; and with wine
At once their thirst and all their cares assuag'd.
No lyre them sooth'd; no sound of vocal song;
Nor long extended boxen pipe with holes
Multiferous pierc'd: but all night long, discourse
Protracted; valiant deeds alone the theme.
Alike the valiant acts their foes perform'd,
And those their own they speak. Much they enjoy
To tell by turns what hazards they o'ercame;

And what they oft successful try'd. What else
Could e'er Achilles' speech employ? What else
By great Achilles could with joy be heard?
Chief in the converse, was the conquest late
O'er Cygnus gain'd, the topic. Strange to all
Seem'd it; the youth, from every weapon safe
By wound unconquerable, and with skin
Blunting the keenest steel. Wonder the Greeks,
And wonders ev'n Pelides: when in words
Like these, old Nestor hail'd them. "Cygnus, proof
"Gainst steel, — unpierceable by furious blows
"Your age alone has known. These eyes have seen
"Perrhæbian Cæneus bear ten thousand strokes
"Unhurt. He, fam'd for warlike actions, dwelt
"On Othrys, and more strange those warlike deeds,
"Since female was he born." The wondering crowd,
Mov'd with the novel prodigy, beseech
(Their spokesman was Achilles) that the tale
Nestor would give them. "Eloquent old man!
"Of all our age most prudent, tell, for all
"The same desire prevails o'er, who was he,
"This Cæneus? why was chang'd his sex? what wars
"Of fierce encounter made him known to thee?
"And if by any conquer'd, tell the name."

Then thus the senior: "Though decrepid age
"Weighs heavy on me, and the deeds beheld
"In prime of youth, in numbers 'scape my mind;
"Yet than those facts, 'mid all of peace and war,
"Nought on my bosom made a deeper print.
"Yet may extended age of all beheld
"Part of the numerous acts and objects seen
"Relate, — I twice one hundred years have pass'd;
"Now in the third I breathe. Cænis, a nymph
"Sprung from Elateus, fam'd was all around
"For brightest beauty; fairest of the maids
"Who Thessaly adorn; theme of vain hopes

“To crowds of wooers through the neighbouring towns;
“And ev’n through thine, Achilles; for the land
“Thou claim’st produc’d her. Nay, her nuptial couch,
“Peleus perchance had sought, save that the rites
“Already with thy mother were compleat,
“Or were in promise ready. Nuptial couch
“She never press’d, for on the lonely shore
“Strolling, so fame declares, the vigorous clasp
“Of Ocean’s god she felt. The charms possess
“Of his new object, Neptune said — whate’er
“Thou wishest, chuse, secure of no repulse. —
“This too does fame report, that Cænis cry’d —
“Wrongs such as mine no trivial gift deserve,
“That ne’er such shame again I suffer, grant
“I woman be no longer; that will all
“Favors comprize. — Her closing words betray’d
“A graver sound; manly appear’d her voice:
“And masculine it was. Deep ocean’s god
“Acceded to her wish, and granted, more,
“That wounds should never harm her, nor by steel
“Should she e’er fall. Joy’d at the gift, the god
“Atracia’s hero leaves — employs his age
“In studies warlike; and among the fields,
“Where fertilizing Peneus wanders, roams.

”Now bold Ixion’s son had gain’d the hand
“Of Hippodamia; and the fierce-soul’d crowd
“Cloud-born, had bidden to attend the boards,
“In order rang’d within a cavern’s mouth,
“By trees thick-shaded. All the princes round
“Of Thessaly attended: I, myself
“Amongst them went. Loud rung the regal feast
“With the mixt concourse; all most joyful sung
“O Hymen! Iö Hymen! and each hall
“Blaz’d bright with fires. The virgin then approach’d
“Pre-excellent in fairness, with a band
“Of matrons and unwedded nymphs begirt.

“Most blest, we all exclaim’d, in such a spouse
“Must be Pirithoüs — but such boding hopes
“Well nigh deceiv’d us. For when drunken lust
“O’er thee, Eurytus! govern’d, of the blood
“Of savage Centaurs, far most savage, fir’d
“Whether by wine, or by the virgin’s charms
“Thou saw’st, thy breast. Instant, the board o’erturn’d,
“Routed the guests convivial, and the bride
“Caught by her locks, was forceful dragg’d away.
“Eurytus Hippodamia seiz’d; the rest
“Grasp’d such as pleas’d them, or whoe’er they met.
“It show’d the image of a captur’d town.

”With female shrieks the place resounded; swift
“We start, and Theseus foremost thus exclaims: —
“What frenzy, O Eurytus! thee impels
“Pirithoüs thus to wrong me still in life!
“Ign’rant that two thou wound’st in one? — Nor vain
“The chief magnanimous his threat’nings spoke:
“Th’ aggressors back repell’d; and, while they rag’d,
“The ravish’d bride recover’d. Nought he said,
“Nor could such acts defence by words allow;
“But with rude inconsiderate hands he press’d
“Full on her champion’s face; his valiant breast
“Assaulting. Near by chance a cup there stood,
“Of mould antique, and rough with rising forms:
“Mighty it was, but Theseus, mightier still,
“Seiz’d it, and full against his hostile face
“It dash’d; he vomits forth, with clots of gore,
“His brains, and wine; these issuing from the wound;
“That from his mouth; and on the soaking sand
“Supine he sprawls. With rage the two-form’d race
“Burn for their brother’s slaughter; all with voice
“United, eager call — to arms! to arms!
“Wine gave them courage, and the primal fight
“Was goblets, fragile casks, and hollow jars,
“Dash’d on: once instruments to feasts alone

“Pertaining; now for slaughter us’d and blood.

”First Amycus, of Ophion son, not fear’d
“To rob the sacred chambers of their spoils;
“And from its cord suspensive, tore away,
“As from the roof it hung, a glittering lamp;
“And hurl’d it, lofty-pois’d, full in the front
“Of Lapithæan Celadon. So falls
“On the white neck the victim bull presents,
“The sacrificial axe, and all his bones
“Were shatter’d left; one all confounded wound.
“His eyes sprang forth; his palate bones displac’d,
“His nose driv’n back within his palate falls.
“Him Belates Pellæan with a foot
“Torn from a maple table, on the ground
“Stretch’d prone; his chin forc’d downward on his breast;
“And sputtering teeth, with blackest gore commixt,
“Sent by a second blow to Stygia’s shades.

”As next he stood, and with tremendous brow
“The flaming altar view’d, Gryneus exclaim’d —
“Why use we this not? and the ponderous load
“With all its fires he seiz’d, and ‘mid the crowd
“Of Lapithæans flung: two low it press’d;
“Broteas and bold Orion. From her sphere
“Orion’s mother Mycalé, by charms
“The moon to drag to earth has oft been known.

”Loud cry’d Exodius: — Were but weapons found
“That death impunity would boast not. Horns
“An ancient stag once brandish’d, on a pine
“Hung lofty, serv’d for arms; the forky branch
“Hurl’d in his face deep dug out either eye.
“Part to the horns adhere; part flowing down
“His beard, thence hang in ropes of clotted gore.
“Lo! Rhætus snatches from the altar’s height
“A burning torch of size immense, and through

“Charaxus’ dexter temple, with bright hair
“Shaded, he drives it. Like the arid corn
“Caught by the rapid flame, the tresses burn;
“And the scorch’d blood the wound sent forth, a sound
“Of horrid crackling gave. Oft whizzes steel
“So, drawn forth glowing from the fire, with tongs
“Bent, and in cooling waters frequent plung’d;
“And crackling sounds, immers’d in tepid waves.
“The wounded hero from his tresses shook
“The greedy flames, and in his arms upheav’d,
“Tom from the earth, a mighty threshold stone,
“A waggon’s burthen; but the ponderous load
“Forbade his strength to hurl it on the foe:
“And on Cometes, who beside him stood,
“Dropp’d the huge bulk. Nor Rhætus then his joy
“Disguis’d, exclaiming: — Such may be the aid
“That all your friends receive! — Then with his brand
“Half burnt, his blows redoubling, burst the skull
“With the strong force; and on the pulpy brain
“By frequent strokes the bones beat down. From thence
“Victor, Evagrus, Corythus, he met
“And Dryas. Corythus o’erthrown, whose cheeks
“The first down shaded; loud Evagrus cry’d: —
“What glory thine, thus a weak boy to slay? —
“No more to utter Rhætus gave, but fierce
“Plung’d the red-flaming weapon in his mouth,
“Thus speaking; and deep forc’d it down his throat.
“Thee also, furious Dryas! with the brand,
“Whirl’d round and round his head, he next assails.
“But thee the same sad fortune not befel:
“Him, proud triumphing from increas’d success
“In blood, thou piercest with an harden’d stake,
“Where the neck meets the shoulder. Rhætus groan’d:
“And from the hard bone scarce the wood could draw;
“As drench’d in blood his own, by flight he scap’d.
“With him fled Lycabas; and Orneus fled;
“Thaumas; Pisenor; Medon, who was struck

“Neath the right shoulder; Mermeros, who late
“In rapid race all else surpass’d, but now
“Mov’d halting with his wound; Abas, of boars
“The spoiler; Pholus, and Melaneus too;
“With Astylos the seer, who from the war
“Dissuaded, but in vain, his brethren crowd.
“Nay more, to Nessus, fearing wounds, he cry’d —
“Fly not! — thou’lt for Alcides’ bow be sav’d.

”Euronymus, nor Lycidas, their fate,
“Areos, nor Imbreos fled; whom face to face
“Confronting, Dryas’ hand smote down. Thou too,
“Crenæus! felt thy death in front, though turn’d
“For flight thy feet; for looking back thou caught’st
“Betwixt thine eyes the massy steel; where joins
“The nose’s basement to the forehead bones.

”With endless draughts of stupefactive wine
“Aphidas lay, ‘mid all the raging noise
“Unrous’d; and grasping in his languid hand
“A ready-mingled bowl: stretch’d was he seen,
“On a rough bear-skin, brought from Ossa’s hill.
“Him from afar, as Phorbas saw, no arms
“Dreading, he fix’d his fingers in the thongs,
“And said — with Stygian waters mixt, thy wine
“Now drink; — and instant round his javelin twin’d
“The youth: for as supinely stietch’d he lay
“The ash-form’d javelin through his throat was driv’n.
“No sense of death he felt; his dark brown gore
“Flow’d in full stream upon the couch, and flow’d
“In his grasp’d goblet. I, Petræus saw,
“An acorn-loaded oak from earth to rend
“Endeavoring; which while compass’d with both arms
“He strains, now this way, now the other, shook
“Appear’d the tottering tree. Pirithous’ dart
“Driv’n through the ribs, Petræus’ straining breast
“Nail’d to the rigid wood. Pirithous’ arm

“Lycus o’erthrew; and ‘neath Pirithous’ force
“Fell Chromis, — so they tell. But less of fame
“The conqueror gain’d from these, than from the death
“Of Helops, and of Dictys. Helops felt
“The dart through both his temples; swift it whizz’d
“His right ear enter’d, shewing at his left.
“But Dictys, from a dangerous mountain’s brow
“As flying, trembling from Ixion’s son
“Close following, he descended, headlong down
“He tumbled; with his ponderous fall he broke
“A mighty ash; within his riven side
“The stumps his bowels tore. Aphareus fierce,
“Came on for vengeance; and a massive rock,
“Torn from the hill, upheav’d to throw — to throw
“Attempted. Theseus with an oaken club
“Prevented, and his mighty elbow broke:
“Nor now his leisure suits, nor cares he now
“A foe disabled to dispatch to hell:
“But on Biamor’s lofty back he springs,
“Unwont to bear, except himself, before:
“Press’d with his knees his ribs, and grasping firm,
“With his left hand his locks, he bruis’d his face,
“His frowning forehead, and his harden’d skull,
“With the rough club. With the same club he lays
“Nidymnus prostrate; and Lycotas, skill’d
“To fling the javelin; Hippasus, whose beard
“Immense, his breast o’ershaded; Ripheus sprung
“From lofty woods; and Tereus wont to drag
“Home furious bears still living, on the hills
“Thessalian, caught. Nor longer in the fight
“Raging with such success, Demoleon bore
“Theseus to see, but from a crowded wood,
“With giant efforts strove a pine to rend,
“Of ancient growth, up by the roots, but foil’d
“He flung the broken fragment ‘mid the foe.
“Warn’d by Minerva, from the flying wood
“Theseus withdrew; so would he we believe.

“Yet harmless fell the tree not; from the breast
“And shoulder of great Crantor, was the neck
“Sever’d. The faithful follower of thy sire
“Was he, Achilles. Him, Amyntor, king
“Of all Dolopia, in the warlike strife
“O’ercome, as pledge of peace and faithful words
“Gave to Æacides. Him mangled so
“With cruel wound, Peleus far distant saw;
“And thus exclaim’d, — O, Crantor! dearest youth!
“Thy funeral obsequies behold. — He said,
“And hurl’d his ashen spear with vigorous arm,
“And with a spirit not less vigorous, forth,
“Full on Demoleon: tearing through the fence
“Of his strong chest, it quiver’d in the bones.
“The pointless wood his hand dragg’d out; the wood
“With difficulty dragg’d he: in his lungs
“Deep was the steel retain’d. To his fierce soul
“Fresh vigor gave the smart. Hurt as he was
“He rear’d against the foe, and with his hoofs
“Trampled thy sire. He, with his helm and shield,
“Wards off the sounding blows; his shoulders guards;
“Holds his protended steel, and his foe’s chest
“Full ‘twixt the shoulders; one strong blow transpierc’d.
“Yet had he slain by distant darts before
“Both Hylis and Phlegræus; and in fight
“More close, had Clanis and Hipponous fall’n.
“To these must Dorilas be added, he
“A wolf skin round his forehead wore; and, bent,
“A double wound presenting, o’er his brows
“He bore the weapons of a savage bull;
“With streaming gore deep blushing. Loud I cry’d,
“While courage gave me strength — see how my steel
“Thy horns surpasses — and my dart I flung.
“My dart to ‘scape unable, o’er his brow
“To ward the blow, his hand he held; his hand
“Was to his forehead nail’d. Loud shouts were heard,
“And Peleus at him, wounded thus, rush’d on,

“(He nearer stood) and with a furious blow
“Mid belly plac’d, dispatch’d him. High he sprung
“On earth his entrails dragging; — as they dragg’d
“Madly he trampled; — what he trampled tore:
“These round his legs entwining, down he falls;
“And with an empty’d body sinks to death.

”Nor could thy beauty, Cyllarus, avail
“Aught in the contest! if to forms like thine
“Beauty we grant. His beard to sprout began,
“His beard of golden hue; golden the locks
“That down his neck, and o’er his shoulders flow’d.
“Cheerful his face; his shoulders, neck, and arms,
“Approach’d the models which the artists praise.
“Thus all that man resembled. Nor fell short
“The horse’s portion: beauteous for a beast.
“A neck and head supply’d, a steed were form’d,
“Of Castor worthy: so was for the seat
“Fitted his back; so full outstood his chest:
“His coat all blacker than the darkest pitch;
“Save his white legs, and ample flowing tail.
“Crowds of his race him lov’d; but one alone,
“Hylonomé, could charm him; fairest nymph
“Of all the two-form’d race that roam’d the groves.
“She sole enraptur’d Cyllarus, with words
“Of blandishment; beloved, and her love
“For him confessing. Grace in all her limbs
“And dress, for him was studied; smooth her hair
“For him was comb’d; with rosemary now bound;
“Now with the violet; with fresh roses now;
“And oft the snow-white lily wore she; twice
“Daily she bath’d her features in the stream,
“That from Pagasis’ woody summit falls;
“Twice daily in the current lav’d her limbs.
“Nor cloth’d she e’er her shoulders, or her side,
“Save with the chosen spoils of beasts which best
“Her form became. Most equal was their love:

“As one they o’er the mountains stray’d; as one
“The caves they sought; and both together then
“The Lapithæan roof had enter’d; both
“Now wag’d the furious war. By whom unknown,
“From the left side a javelin came, and pierc’d
“Thee deep, O Cyllarus! ‘neath where thy chest
“Joins to thy neck. Drawn from the small-form’d wound,
“The weapon, — with the mangled heart, the limbs
“Grew rigid all. Hylonomé supports
“His dying body, and her aiding hand
“Presses against the wound; leans face to face,
“And tries his fleeting life awhile to stay.
“When fled she saw it, with laments which noise
“Drown’d ere my ears they reach’d, full on the dart
“Which through him stuck she fell; and clasp’d in death
“Her dear-lov’d husband’s form. Before my eyes
“Still stands Phæöcomes, whom, closely-join’d,
“Six lions’ hides protected; man and horse
“Equal the covering shar’d. Phonoleus’ son
“Fierce on the skull he smote, with stump immense,
“Huge as four oxen might with labor move.
“Crush’d was the rounding broadness of the head;
“And the soft brain gush’d forth at both his ears;
“His mouth, his hollow nostrils, and his eyes.
“So through the straining oaken twigs appears,
“Coagulated milk: so liquid flows
“Through the fine sieve, by supercumbent weights
“Prest down, the thick curd at the small-form’d holes.
“Deep in his lowest flank the foe I pierc’d,
“As from our fallen friend the arms to strip
“Prepar’d, he stoop’d. Thy father saw the deed.
“Chthonius too fell beneath my sword, and fell
“Teleboas. Chthonius bore a forky bough;
“A javelin arm’d the other; with its steel
“He pierc’d me. Lo! the mark the wound has left: —
“Still the old scar appears. Then was the time
“They should have sent me to the siege of Troy:

“Then had I power great Hector’s arm to stay;
“To check, if not to conquer. Hector then
“Was born not, or a boy. Now age me robs
“Of all my force. Why should I say how fell
“Two-form’d Pyretus, by the strength o’erthrown
“Of Periphantes? Why of Amphyx tell,
“Who in Oëclus’ hostile front deep sunk,
“(Oëclus centaur-born) a pointless spear?
“Macareus, Erigdupus, (near the hill
“Of Pelethronus born, against his chest
“Full-bearing,) prostrate laid. Nor should I pass,
“How I the spear beheld, by Nessus’ hands
“Launch’d forth, and bury’d in Cymelus’ groin.
“Nor think you Mopsus, Amphyx’ son, excell’d
“Alone to teach the future. By the dart
“Of Mopsus, fell Odites double-form’d.
“To speak in vain he strove, for tongue to chin,
“And chin to throat were by the javelin nail’d.

”Cæneus ere this had five to death dispatch’d
“Bromius, Antimachus with hatchet arm’d;
“Pyracmon, Stiphelus, and Helimus.
“What wounds them slew I know not; well their names,
“And numbers I remember. Latreus big
“In body and in limbs, sprung forth adorn’d
“In the gay arms Halesus once had own’d;
“Halesus of Thessalia by him slain:
““Twixt strong virility and age his years,
“Still strong virility his arm could boast;
“Gray hairs his temples sprinkled. Lofty seen
“In helm and shield, and Macedonian spear,
“Proudly between the adverse ranks he rode;
“And clash’d his arms, and circling scower’d along.
“These boasting words to the resounding air
“Brave issuing — Cænis, shall I bear thee so?
“Still will I think thee Cænis; — female still

“By me thou’lt be consider’d. ‘Bates it nought
“Thy valor, when thy origin thy soul
“Reflects on? When thy mind allows to own
“What deed the grant obtained? What price was paid
“To gain the false resemblance of a man?
“What thou was born, remember: mark as well
“Who has embrac’d thee. Go, the distaff take,
“And carding basket. With thy fingers twirl
“The flax, and martial contests leave to men.
“The spear which Cæneus hurl’d, deep in his side
“Bare as he cours’d, expos’d the blow to meet,
“Pierc’d him when boasting thus, just where the man
“Join’d the four-footed form. With smart he rag’d,
“And to the Phyllian warrior’s face his spear
“Presented. Back the spear rebounded: so
“Bound the hard hailstones from the roof; so leap
“The paltry pebbles on the hollow drum.
“Now hand to hand he rushes to engage,
“And in his harden’d sides attempts to plunge
“His weapon deep. Pervious his weapon finds
“No spot. Then cry’d he, — still thou shalt not ‘scape:
“Though blunted is my point my edge shall slay; —
“And aim’d a blow oblique, to ope his side,
“While round his flank was grasp’d his forceful arm.
“Sounded the stroke as marble struck would sound;
“The shiver’d steel rebounding from his neck.
“His limbs unwounded, to the wondering foe
“Thus long expos’d, loud Cæneus call’d; — Now try
“Our arms thy limbs to pierce! — Up to the hilt
“His deadly weapon ‘twixt his shoulders plung’d;
“Then thrust and dug with blows unseeing ‘mid
“His entrails deep; thus forming wounds on wounds.

”Now all the furious crowd of double forms
“Rush raging round him; all their weapons hurl;
“And all assail with blows this single foe.
“Blunted their weapons fall, and Cæneus stands

“Unpierc’d, unbleeding, from ten thousand strokes:
“Astonish’d at the miracle they gaze;
“But Monychus exclaims; — What blasting shame
“A race o’erthrown by one; that one a man,
“But dubious. Grant him man, our coward deeds
“Prove us but what he has been. What avail
“Our giant limbs? What boots our double strength;
“Strength of created forms the mightiest two,
“In us conjoin’d? A goddess-mother we
“Assur’dly should not boast; nor boast for sire
“Ixion, whose great daring soul him mov’d
“To clasp the lofty Juno in his arms.
“Now vanquish’d by a foe half-male. Him whelm
“With trees, with rocks: whole mountains heap’d on high,
“Whole falling forests, let that stubborn soul
“Crush out. The woods upon his throat shall press,
“And weight for wounds shall serve. — The centaur spoke,
“Seizing a tree which lay by chance uptorn
“By raging Auster; on his valiant foe
“The bulk he hurl’d. All in like efforts join’d:
“And quickly Othrys of his woods was stript:
“Nor Pelion shade retain’d. Cæneus opprest
“Beneath the pile immense — the woody load, —
“Hot pants, and with his forceful shoulders bears,
“To heave th’ unwieldy weight: but soon the heap
“Reaches his face, and then o’ertops his head:
“Nor breath is left his spirit can inhale.
“Now faint he sinks, and struggles now in vain
“To lift his head to air, and from him heave
“The heap’d-up forests: then the pile but shakes,
“As shakes the lofty Ida you behold,
“When by an earthquake stirr’d. Doubtful his end.
“His body, by the sylvan load down prest,
“Some thought that shadowy Tartarus receiv’d.
“But Mopsus this deny’d, who spy’d a bird
“From ‘mid the pile ascend, and mount the skies
“On yellow pinions. I the bird beheld,

“Then first, then last. As wide on buoyant wing
“Our force surveying, Mopsus saw him fly,
“And rustling round with mighty noise, his eyes
“And soul close mark’d him, and he loud exclaim’d, —
“Hail, Cæneus! of the Lapithæan race
“The glory! once of men the first, and now
“Bird of thy kind unique! — The seer’s belief
“Made credible the fact. Grief spurr’d our rage.
“Nor bore we calmly that a single youth
“By hosts of foes should fall. Nor ceas’d our swords
“In gore to rage ‘till most to death were given:
“The rest by favoring darkness say’d in flight.”

While thus the Pylian sage, the wars narrates
Wag’d by the Lapithæan race, and foe
Centaurs half-human; his splenetic ire
Tlepolemus could hide not, when he found
Alcides’ deeds past o’er; but angry spoke. —
“Old sire, astonish’d, I perceive the praise
“The deeds of Hercules demand, has ‘scap’d
“Your mind. My father has been wont to tell
“Whom, he of cloud-begotten race o’erthrew:
“Oft have I heard him.” Nestor sad reply’d;
“Why force me thus my miseries to recal
“To recollection; freshening up the woes
“Long years have blunted; and confess the hate
“I bear thy sire for injuries receiv’d.
“He, (O, ye gods!) has deeds atchiev’d which far
“All faith surpass; and has the wide world fill’d
“With his high fame. Would I could this deny!
“For praise we e’er Deïphobus? or praise
“Give we Polydamas, or Hector’s self?
“Who can a foe applaud? This sire of thine
“Messenia’s walls laid prostrate, and destroy’d
“Elis and Pylos, unoffending towns;
“Rushing with fire and sword in our abode.
“To pass the rest who ‘neath his fury fell, —

“Twice six of Neleus’ sons were we beheld;
“Twice six save me beneath Alcides’ arm,
“There dy’d. With ease were conquer’d all but one;
“Strange was of Periclymenos the death;
“Whom Neptune, founder of our line, had given,
“What form he will’d to take; that form thrown off.
“His own again resume. When vainly chang’d
“To multifarious shapes; he to the bird
“Most dear to heaven’s high sovereign, whose curv’d claws
“The thunders bear, himself transform’d; the strength
“That bird possesses, using, with bow’d wings,
“His crooked beak and talons pounc’d his face.
“Gainst him Tyrinthus his unerring bow
“Bent, and as high amid the clouds he tower’d,
“And poisoning hung, pierc’d where his side and wing
“Just met: nor deep the hurt; the sinew torn
“Still him disabled, and deny’d the power
“To move his wing, or strength to urge his flight.
“To earth he fell; his pinions unendow’d
“With power to gather air: and the light dart
“Fixt superficial in the wing, his fall
“Deep in his body pierc’d; out his left side,
“Close by his throat the pointed mischief stood.

”Now, valiant leader of the Rhodian fleet,
“Judge what from me the great Alcides’ deeds
“Of blazonry can claim? Yet the revenge
“I give my brethren, is on his brave acts
“Silent to rest: to thee still firm ally’d
“In friendship.” Thus his eloquent discourse
The son of Neleus ended, and the gift
Of Bacchus, oft repeated, circled round
To the old senior’s words; then from the board
They rose, and night’s remainder gave to sleep.

But now the deity, whose trident rules

The ocean waters, with a father's grief
Mourns for his offspring to a bird transform'd.
Savage 'gainst fierce Achilles, he pursues
His well-remember'd ire with hostile rage.
And now the war near twice ten years had seen,
When long-hair'd Phœbus, thus the god address'd;
"O power! to me most dear, of all the sons
"My brother boasts! whose hands with mine uprear'd
"In vain the walls of Troy! griev'st thou not now
"Those towers beholding as they ruin'd fall?
"Griev'st thou not now such thousands to behold
"Slain, those high towers attempting to defend?
"Griev'st thou not (more I need not speak) to think
"Of Hector's body round his own Troy dragg'd,
"When still the fierce Achilles, ev'n than war
"More ruthless, of our works destroyer, lives?
"Would it to me were given — my trident's power,
"Well know I, he should prove; but since deny'd
"To rush, and hand to hand this foe engage,
"Slay him with unsuspected secret dart."
The Delian god consented, and at once
His uncle's vengeance and his own indulg'd.
Veil'd in a cloud amid the Ilian host
He darts, and 'mid a slaughter'd crowd beholds
Where Paris, on plebeian foes his shafts
Unerring hurls: to him confess'd, the god
Exclaims;—"Why wast'st thou in ignoble blood
"Thy weapons? If thy friends employ thy care,
"Turn on Pelides every dart, revenge
"Thy murder'd brothers." — Phœbus spoke, and shew'd
Where with his steel Achilles ranks on ranks
Of Troy o'erthrew. On him the bow he turns;
To him he guides the sure, the deadly dart.

Now may old Priam joy for Hector slain;
For thou, Achilles, victor o'er such hosts,
Fall'st by the coward's hand, who stole from Greece

The ravish'd wife. O! if foredoom'd thy lot
By woman-warrior to be slain, to fall
By Amazonian weapon had'st thou chos'n.
Now burns Æäcides, the Phrygians' dread;
The pride, the guardian of the Grecian name;
The chief in war unconquer'd: and the god
Who arm'd him once, consumes him. Ashes now;
Nought of the great Pelides can be found,
Save what with ease a little urn contains.
But still his glory lives, and fills all earth:
Such bounds alone the hero suit; his fame
Equals himself, nor sinks he to the shades.

His shield itself, as conscious whose the shield,
Fomented wars; and quarrels for his arms
Arose. Tydides fear'd to urge his claim;
Ajax, Oïleus' son; Atrides' each,
Him youngest, and the monarch who surpass'd
In age and warlike skill; and all the crowd.
Laërtes' son, and Telamon's alone
Try'd the bold glorious contest. From himself
All blame invidious Agamemnon mov'd:
The Grecian chiefs amid the camp he plac'd,
And bade the host around the cause decide.

BOOK XIII

Contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the arms of Achilles. Success of Ulysses and death of Ajax. Sack of Troy. Sacrifice of Polyxena to the ghost of Achilles. Lamentation of Hecuba. She tears out the eyes of Polymnestor, and is changed into a bitch. Birds arise from the funeral pile of Memnon, and kill each other. Escape of Æneas from Troy, and voyage to Delos. The daughters of Anius transformed to doves. Voyage to Crete and Italy. Story of Acis and Galatea. Love of Glaucus for Scylla.

The princes sate; the common troops in crowds
Circled them round; when Ajax in the midst,
Lord of the seven-fold shield, arose, with rage
Uncurb'd. Sigæum's shores he fiercely view'd;
And ship-clad beach, while with extended arms,
"O, Jupiter!" he cry'd, "before this fleet
"Must then our cause be try'd? With me contends
"Ulysses? He who yielded all a prey
"To Hector's fires; whom I alone repell'd?
"Fires which I from that fleet drove far? More safe
" 'Tis sure with artful language to contend,
"Than battle hand to hand. Hard 'tis for me
"To speak; for him 'tis no less hard to fight.
"And much as I in keen-urg'd blows excel,
"And arduous contest, such in words is he.
"My deeds, O Grecians! to rehearse what need?
"Have you not seen them? Let Ulysses tell
"His actions, feats without a witness done;
"Night only privy. Mighty is the prize,
"I own; but Ajax' glory suffers much,
"Striving with such a rival. Granted, great
"Its value; where the boast to have obtain'd
"What this Ulysses hop'd for? He ev'n now
"Enjoys th' advantage of the contest. Foil'd,
"His pride will be to boast with me he strove.
"But I, if doubtful is my valor deem'd,
"Have claims most potent in my noble race:
"Sprung from great Telamon, who Troy's proud town,

“Neath brave Alcides captur’d; and explor’d
“The shores of Colchis in th’ Hæmonian bark.
“His sire was Æäcus, who equal law
“Dispenses ‘mid the silent shades; where toils
“Æölian Sisyphus beneath his stone.
“Well mighty Jove knows Æäcus, and owns
“Him son. Thus Ajax ranks but third from Jove.
“Nor yet, O, Greeks! should this descent my cause
“Assist, save that Achilles claim’d the same.
“Of brothers born, a kinsman’s right I ask.
“Why should one sprung of Sisyphæan blood,
“Like his progenitor in theft and fraud,
“Ingraft an alien name upon the stock
“Of Æäcus? Am I the arms refus’d
“That first I join’d the warriors? join’d your host
“Betray’d not by informers? Worthier he,
“That last his arms he took? with madness feign’d
“Shunning the warfare; till more crafty came
“Naupliades, though luckless for himself; —
“Who shew’d his coward soul’s devices plain;
“And hither dragg’d him to the hated wars?
“Now let him arms most glorious take, who arms
“To wear refus’d. Let me unhonor’d go,
“Robb’d of my kindred right, who first arriv’d
“To face the perils. Would, ye gods! that true,
“Or thought so, his insanity had been.
“Then, counsellor of cruel deeds, he ne’er
“Had join’d our camp before the Phrygian walls.
“Then thou, O Pæän’s son! had Lemnos ne’er
“Known — to our shame abandon’d on the shore.
“Thou now, so fame reports, in woody caves
“Shelter’d, ev’n rocks mov’st with thy rending groans;
“Pray’st that Laërtes’ son his justest meeds
“May gain. Ye gods! ye gods! grant ye his prayers
“A favoring ear! Now he, by oath combin’d
“With us in war; — O, heavens! a leader too!
“Heir to employ Alcides’ faithful darts,

“Sinks both by famine and disease opprest:
“By birds sustain’d, and cloth’d by birds, he spends
“Upon his feather’d prey, the darts design’d
“To end the fate of Troy. Yet still he lives:
“For here he never with Ulysses came.
“Content had hapless Palamedes been
“Deserted so. Life might he have enjoy’d
“Perchance; and blameless sure to death had sunk.
“He whom this wretch, too mindful of the time
“His counterfeited madness was expos’d,
“Feign’d had betray’d the Greeks; and prov’d the crime
“By forg’d assistance: shewing forth the gold
“First bury’d by himself. Thus he destroys
“The strength of Greece, by exile or by death.
“Thus fights Ulysses; thus must he be fear’d
“Who, though old faithful Nestor he surpass’d
“In eloquence, not all would e’er avail,
“To prove deserting Nestor was no shame:
“Who press’d with age, and with a wounded horse
“Delay’d, Ulysses’ aid besought: behind
“His coward comrade left him. Well, this deed
“Tydides can declare, by me not feign’d,
“Who oft him reprimanded by his name,
“And curs’d the flying of his trembling friend.
“Gods with just eyes all mortal actions view.
“Lo! he who aid would give not, aid requires!
“Who Nestor left, deserted was himself:
“Himself prescrib’d the treatment which he found.
“Loud call’d he to his friends. I come, I see,
“Pale trembling, where he lies, with dread to view
“Impending death. My mighty shield I fling;
“Beneath it shade him, and his coward breast
“(My smallest claim to glory) I protect.
“If still persisting, thou the strife wilt urge,
“Thither again return. Recal the foe;
“Thy wound; thy wonted terror; and lie hid
“Beneath my shield. ‘Neath that with me contend.

“Lo! him I snatch’d from death, whose wounds refus’d
“Ev’n power to stand; retarded not by wounds,
“In agile flight sped on. Now Hector comes,
“Whom in the fight the deities attend.
“Where’er he swept, not thou Ulysses sole
“Wast struck with dread; the bravest of our host
“Shrunk, such the terror which then fill’d the field.
“When hand to hand engag’d, him prone I laid,
“Proud of his slaughter, on th’ ensanguin’d plain,
“With a huge stone. I singly him oppos’d,
“All single challeng’d; all the Greeks to me
“Pray’d for the lot: nor vain your prayers were found.
“Enquire ye, what the fortune of the fight?
“I stood, by him unconquer’d, when all Troy
“Rush’d on the fleet of Greece, with fire, with sword,
“And aiding Jove: Where was Ulysses then?
“The eloquent Ulysses? I alone,
“A thousand ships, the hopes of your return,
“Defended with my breast: this crowd of ships
“Deserves those arms. Nay, if with truth to speak
“You grant, those arms more glory gain from me
“Than I from them; our honor is conjoin’d.
“Ajax the arms demand, not Ajax arms.
“Let Ithacus compare his Rhæsus slain;
“And slain unwarlike Dolon; and trepann’d
“Helenus, Priam’s son; and Pallas’ form.
“In open day nought done, and nought perform’d,
“Save Diomed’ assisted. Grant for once,
“Such paltry service could the armour claim;
“Divide the prize, and lo! the largest share
“Tydides must demand. But why this prize
“Seeks Ithacus? who all his deeds performs
“In private; traversing unarm’d; the foe,
“While unsuspecting, conquering by deceit.
“This helmet’s radiance from the glittering gold
“Darting, would shew his plots, and open lay
“The latent spy. But his Dulichian head,

“Cas’d in Achilles’ casque, the weight would ‘whelm,
“And for his languid arms, the Pelian spear
“Too weighty would be found. That shield engrav’d,
“With all earth’s various scenes, but ill would grace
“His arm, for stealthy deeds alone design’d.
“Presumptuous fool! to seek a prize, which gain’d
“Would only mar thy power. By erring votes
“Of Grecians giv’n to thee, cause would it be
“The foe would strip thee; not thy prowess fear.
“And flight, in which, O trembler! erst alone
“Thou all surpass’d, slow would’st thou then pursue;
“Such ponderous armor dragging. Those, thy shield
“Which bears so rare the brunt of battle, shines
“Yet whole: a new successor mine demands,
“Which gash’d by weapons, shews a thousand rents.
“To end, what need of words? let actions shew
“Each one’s deserts. Amid the foe be thrown
“The valiant warrior’s arms. Thence bid us bring
“The prize; — who brings it, let him wear the spoil.”

So spake the Telamonian warrior; round
A murmur follow’d from the circling crowd.
Till up the chief of Ithaca arose;
His eyes (awhile cast down) rais’d from the earth;
The chiefs with anxious look’d-for sounds address’d:
Nor grace was wanting to persuasive words.
“O Grecians! had your prayers and mine been heard,
“Owner of what such cause of strife affords
“Were now not dubious: thou, Pelides, still
“These arms possessing, we possessing thee.
“But since unpitying fate, to you, to me,
“Denies him” — (here as weeping, o’er his eyes
His hand he draws)—”who with so just a right
“Can great Achilles now succeed, as he
“Who great Achilles brought the Greeks to join?
“Let it not aid his cause, that fool he seems,
“Or stupid is indeed; nor aught let harm

“The ingenuity I claim, to mine:
“Which, O, ye Argives! still has aided you.
“Let not my eloquence, if such I boast,
“And words, whose ‘vantage often you have prov’d,
“Now for their author, move invidious thoughts:
“Nor what each claims his proper gift, refuse.
“Scarce can we call our ancestry, our race,
“Or deeds by them perform’d, merits our own:
“Yet since of grandsire Jove this Ajax boasts,
“I too, can boast him author of my line:
“Nor more degrees remov’d. My sire was nam’d
“Laërtes; his Arcesius; and from Jove
“Arcesius came direct: nor in this line,
“E’er any exil’d or condemn’d appear’d.
“Cyllenius too, his noble lineage adds
“Through my maternal stock. Each parent boasts
“A god-descended race. Yet claim I not
“The arms contested, merely that I spring
“Maternally more noble; nor them claim
“That from a brother’s blood my sire is free:
“By merits solely you the cause adjudge.
“These only none to Ajax, that his sire,
“And Peleus brethren were, e’er grant. The prize
“Desert, and not propinquity of blood,
“Should gain. If kindred, then the hero’s heir
“Demands it: Peleus still survives, his sire;
“And Pyrrhus is his son. Where Ajax’ right?
“To Phthia, or to Scyros be it borne.
“Nor less is Teucer cousin than himself;
“Yet does he ask, or does he hope the arms?
“But since the obvious contest is by deeds
“Perform’d, though mine outnumber far what words
“Can easy compass; yet will I relate

“In order some: —

“The Nereïd mother knew

“His future fate; her offspring’s dress disguis’d;
“And all, ev’n Ajax, the fallacious robes
“Deceiv’d. With female wares I mingled arms,
“Which stir the martial soul. Nor had the youth
“Disrob’d him of his virgin dress, when grasp’d
“As in his hand the shield and lance he held,
“I cry’d — O, goddess-born! reserv’d for thee
“Is Ilium’s fate. The mighty Trojan walls
“Why to o’erthrow demur’st thou? — Him I seiz’d.
“Sent the brave youth, brave actions to atchieve:
“And all his actions as my own I claim.
“My spear then conquer’d Telephus in fight;
“And after heal’d the suppliant vanquish’d foe.
“Thebes low by me was laid. I, you must own,
“Lesbos, and Tenedos, and Scyros took;
“Chrysa, and Cylla, bright Apollo’s towns.
“My arm Lyrnessus’ walls shook, and laid low.
“But other deeds I well may pass: since I
“Gave to the host what dreadful Hector slew;
“By me renowned Hector fell. Those arms
“I claim, who gave those arms, which to the Greeks
“Achilles found. Living, those arms I gave;
“Him dead, those arms I gave, again demand.

”The wrongs of one through every Grecian breast
“Spread wide; a thousand ships th’ Eubœan port
“Of Aulis fill’d. The long-expected gales
“Or came not, or blew adverse to the fleet.
“The rigid oracle Atrides bade
“His guiltless daughter sacrifice to calm

“Ruthless Diana. Stern the sire deny’d,
“And rag’d against the gods: the sovereign all
“Lost in the father. I with soothing words
“The parent’s bosom mollify’d, and turn’d
“To thoughts of public good. Still, I confess,
“(And such confession will the king excuse;)
“An arduous cause I pleaded, where my judge
“Was by affection warp’d. The people’s weal,
“His brother, and the lofty rank he held
“Mov’d him at length; and glory with his blood
“He bought. Then to the mother was I sent,
“Where reasoning had no force, but subtle craft.
“There had you sent the son of Telamon,
“Still had jour sails the needful breezes lack’d.
“Sent was I also to the Ilian towers,
“A daring envoy. Troy’s fam’d court I saw;
“Troy’s court I enter’d, then with heroes fill’d.
“There undismay’d, I pleaded all that Greece
“Bade for their common cause; Paris accus’d;
“Helen demanded, and the stolen spoil;
“And Priam and Antenor both convinc’d.
“But Paris, Paris’ brethren, and the crowd
“Who aided in the rape, their impious hands
“Could scarce withhold. (Thou, Menelaüs, know’st,
“Who then with me the dawning of the war
“Didst prove in danger.) Long the tale, to speak
“Of all my deeds have done, the public cause
“To aid; since first the lengthen’d war began:
“By counsel or by valor. Wag’d the first
“Rough skirmish, long our foes within their walls
“Protected lay; no scope for open war:
“But in the tenth year now we fight again.
“In all that period what hast thou, who know’st
“But fighting, done? Where was thy service then?
“I, if my deeds thou seek’st, the foe betray’d
“By subtilty; girt us with trenches round;
“Inspired our soldiers; made them bear,

“With mind un murmuring, all the tedious war;
“Taught where to find the means to gain supplies
“Of food and arms; wherever need me call’d,
“There always was I sent. Lo! when the king,
“From Jove’s deceptive dream, gave word to quit
“Th’ unfinish’d war, he might the deed defend
“Through him who bade. But Ajax disapproves
“The flight; insists Troy shall in ruins lie,
“Asserts our power may do it! No! our troops
“Embarking, he not stay’d. Why seiz’d he not
“His arms? Why somewhat to the wavering crowd
“Said not, to fix? no weighty task to him
“Who ne’er harangues, except on mighty themes.
“Why? but that Ajax fled himself! I saw,
“But blush’d to see thee, when thy back thou turn’dst
“Hasting, thy coward sails to hoist; I spoke
“Instant — O fellow soldiers! whither now?
“What voice insane now urges you to leave
“Already-captur’d Troy? What will you bear
“Homeward, a lengthen’d ten years’ shame besides? —
“With words like these back from the flying fleet
“I brought them; eloquence had sorrow’s aid.

“Atides call’d the council, all with dread
“Trembling were dumb; nor there dar’d Ajax gape:
“But there Thersites durst with galling words
“The king provoke; vengeance he met from me.
“I rose, our panic-stricken friends, once more
“Rous’d ‘gainst the foe: I, by my words recall’d
“Departed valor. Hence, whoever boasts
“Since then of valiant deeds, those deeds are mine,
“Who back recall’d him, as he turn’d for flight.
“Last, tell me which of all the Greeks applauds,
“Or as a comrade seeks thee. All his acts
“With me Tydides shares, allows me praise:
“Ulysses still his confidential friend.
“Sure from such thousands of the Argive ranks

“By Diomed’ selected, I may boast.
“Nor lot me bade to go, when void of fear,
“Through double danger of the foe and night,
“I went; and Phrygian Dolon slew, who dar’d
“On our adventure come; but slew him not
“Till made to utter all; the wiles betray
“Perfidious Troy intended. All I learnt;
“Nor ought for further search remain’d. Now I,
“The camp with fame sufficient might have gain’d;
“But not content, for Rhesus’ tents I push;
“Him, and his guard surrounding, in his camp
“I slay. Victorious so, possess’d of all
“My hopes design’d, the car I mount, and proud
“A glad triumpher ride. Now me deny
“The arms of him, whose steeds the spy had hop’d
“Meed of his bold excursion. Ajax say
“More worthy. Why Sarpedon’s Lycian troop
“Vanquish’d, should I with boastful tongue relate?
“I vanquish’d Ceranos, Iphitus’ son;
“Alastor, Chromius, and Alcander stout;
“Halius, Noëmon, Prytanis, with crowds
“Slaughter’d beside. Thoön to hell I sent,
“Chersidamas, and Charops; and to fates
“Unpitying, Ennomus dispatch’d: with these
“Beneath yon’ walls whole heaps of meaner rank
“This hand has slain. And, fellow soldiers, lo!
“My wounds are honorable all in place:
“Believe not empty words, yourselves behold.” —
Then stript his robe, exclaiming—”Here the breast
“Still for your good employ’d. No drop of blood
“Has Ajax shed since first our host he join’d:
“In all these years, his body still remains
“Unwounded. Yet on this why should I dwell,
“If he must boast, that for the Argive fleet
“He fought alone ‘gainst Jupiter and Troy?
“He fought, I grant it; no malignant spite
“Shall move detraction from his valiant deeds.

“But let him not the common rites of more
“Monopolize; let him to each allow
“The honor which they claim. Patroclus, fear’d
“In great Pelides’ semblance, backward drove
“All Troy and Troy’s protector from the ships,
“Then burning. Next his vanity would boast
“He only in the field of Mars durst strive
“With Hector; of the king, the chiefs, and me
“Forgetful; in the list the ninth alone,
“Solely by lot preferr’d. Yet, warrior brave,
“What was the issue of this daring fight?
“Hector unwounded left you. Mournful theme!
“With what deep sorrow I the time recal,
“When, bulwark of the Greeks, Achilles fell!
“Nor tears, vain lamentations, nor pale fear
“Me check’d; the prostrate body from the ground
“I rais’d. Upon those shoulders — yes, I swear,
“These very shoulders, I Pelides bore,
“With all his arms. The arms I now require.
“Strength I must have to bear with such a load:
“As sure your votes will meet a grateful mind.
“Was it because the bright celestial gift
“Might clothe the limbs of one without a soul,
“Stupidly dull, that all her anxious care
“The green-hair’d mother on her son employ’d;
“Arms wrought with art so great? Knows he the least
“The shield’s engravings? Ocean, or the land:
“The lofty sky; the planets; Pleiäds bright;
“Hyäds; the bear, ne’er plung’d beneath the main;
“Orion’s glittering sword, or various towns?
“Arms he demands he cannot understand.
“But how asserts he I the toils of war
“Evaded; joining late the fighting host,
“Nor sees he scandalizes too the fame
“Of great Pelides? If indeed a crime
“Dissembling must be call’d, — dissembled both.
“If faulty all delay, the first I came.

“A tender wife me kept; a tender tie,
“A mother, kept Achilles. Our life’s spring
“To them was given, the rest reserv’d for you.
“Nor should I fear, even were this crime, I share
“With such a man, of all defence deny’d.
“Yet his disguise Ulysses’ cunning found:
“Ajax ne’er found Ulysses. Needs surprize
“To hear th’ abusing of his booby tongue,
“When with like guilt he stigmatizes you?
“Shames most that I this Palamedes brought,
“Falsely accus’d your sentence to receive,
“Or that you doom’d him so accus’d to die?
“But Nauplius’ son not ev’n defence could urge,
“So plain his crime appear’d; nor did you trust
“The accusation heard: obvious you saw
“The bribe for which you doom’d him. Nor of blame
“Deserve I ought, that Philoctetes stays
“In Vulcan’s Lemnos. You the deed excuse:
“All to the deed assented. Yet my voice,
“Persuasive, will I not deny, I us’d;
“That spar’d from travel, and from war’s fatigue,
“In rest he might his cruel pains assuage:
“He lik’d my words, and lives. My counsel here
“Not merely faithful (though our faith the whole
“Our promise can insure) but happy prov’d.
“His presence since the seers prophetic ask
“T’ atchieve the fall of Troy, dispatch not me;
“Ajax will better go, will better soothe
“With eloquence of tongue, a man who burns
“With raging choler, and with smarting pains:
“Or with some stratagem him thence allure.
“But Simoïs’ stream shall sooner backward flow;
“Ida unwooded stand: Achaïa aid
“The Trojan power, than Ajax’ stupid soul
“Shall help the Greeks, when first my anxious mind
“Striving to aid you, has been found to fail.
“O, stubborn Philoctetes! though enrag’d

“Against thy comrades, ‘gainst the king, and me;
“Though thou may’st curse me, and my head devote
“Through endless days; though in thy grief thou ask’st
“To meet me, and to glut thee with my blood,
“Still will I try thee, and if fortune smiles,
“So will I gain thy arrows, as I gain’d
“The Trojan prophet, whom I captive made;
“As I the oracles of heaven laid ope;
“And all the fate of Troy: as from its room
“Close-hidden, I the form of Pallas brought,
“The charm of Troy, through ranks of hostile foes.
“Mates Ajax here with me? Fate had deny’d
“Of Troy the capture till that prize obtain’d.
“Where then the mighty Ajax? Where the boasts
“Of this brave hero? Why this risk evade?
“Why dar’d Ulysses through the watchful guards
“Steal ‘mid the darkling night? and find his way,
“Not merely past the Trojan walls, but high
“Through raging swords their loftiest turrets scale;
“Bear off the goddess from her sacred fane,
“And with the prize again repass the foe?
“This deed not done, Ajax had bore in vain
“On his huge arm the sevenfold oxen hide.
“From that night’s deeds I Ilium’s conquest share.
“Then Troy I conquer’d, when the fact was done,
“Which made Troy vincible. Cease thou to mark
“With looks and mutterings Diomed’ my friend;
“His share in all was glorious. Nor wast thou
“Single, when with thy buckler thou didst guard
“The general fleet; crowds aided, I was one.
“He, but he knows too well that less esteem
“Valor demands than wisdom; that the prize,
“A mere unconquer’d arm not justly claims,
“Had also sought: thy milder namesake too;
“Or fierce Eurypilus; or Thoas, son
“Of bold Andræmon. Equal right to hope,
“Idomeneus, Meriones, might boast,

“Each Cretan born; and who the sovereign king
“His brother claims; but all their valorous breasts
“(Nor does their martial prowess stoop to thine)
“Yield to my wisdom. In the fight thy arm
“Is mighty; prudence boast I, which that arm
“Directs. To thee a force immense is given,
“Without a brain; foresight is given to me.
“Well, thou canst wage the war; the time that war
“To wage, Atrides oft with me resolves.
“Thou aidest with thy body, I with mind:
“And as the guider of the ship transcends
“Him who but plies the oar: as soars above
“The soldier, he who leads him, so must I
“Thee far surpass; for far the mental powers
“In me surpass the merits of my arm:
“In mind my vigor lies. Ye nobles, speak;
“Give to your watchful guardian this reward,
“For the long annual care with anxious mind
“He gave you. This reward at length bestow,
“To his deserts but due: his labor done.
“Th’ obstructing destinies by me remov’d,
“High Troy by me is captur’d; since by me
“The means high Troy to overthrow are given.
“Now beg I by our hopes conjoin’d; the walls
“Of Troy already tottering; by the gods
“Gain’d from the foe so lately; by what more
“Through wisdom may be done, if aught remains;
“Or aught of boldness, which through peril sought,
“Wanting, you still may deem to fill Troy’s fate.
“If mindful of my merits you would rest,
“The arms award to this, if not to me:”
And pointed to Minerva’s fateful form.

Mov’d were the band of nobles. Plainly shewn
What eloquence could do: — persuasion gain’d
The valiant warrior’s arms. Then he who stood

‘Gainst steel, and fire, and the whole force of Jove,
So oft, his own vexation now o’ercame:
Grief conquer’d his unconquerable soul.
He seiz’d his sword,—”And surely this” — he cry’d —
“Still is my own! or claims Ulysses this?
“Against myself this steel must now be us’d:
“This stain’d so oft with Phrygian blood, be stain’d
“With his who owns it; lest another hand
“Than Ajax’ own should Ajax overcome.” —
No more; but where his breast unguarded lay,
Pervious at length to wounds, his deadly blade
He plung’d, nor could his hand the blade withdraw;
The gushing blood expell’d it. Straight there sprung
Through the green turf, form’d by the blood-soak’d earth,
A purple flower, like that which sprung before
From Hyäcinthus’ wound. Amid the leaves
Of each the self-same letters are inscrib’d;
The boy’s complainings, and the hero’s name.

Victorious Ithacus his sails unfurls,
To seek the land Hypsipylé once rul’d,
And Thoäs fam’d. An isle of old disgrac’d
By slaughter of its males, to bring the darts,
The weapons of Tyrinthius. These obtain’d
To Greece, and with their owner brought, at length
The furious war was finish’d. Priam falls
With Troy; and Priam’s more unhappy spouse,
To crown her losses, loses human shape;
With new-heard barkings shaking foreign climes.
Where the long Hellespont’s contracted bounds
Are seen, Troy blaz’d: nor yet the fires were quench’d.
The scanty drops of blood Jove’s altar soak’d,
Which flow’d from aged Priam. By her locks
Dragg’d on, Apollo’s priestess vainly stretch’d
To lofty heaven her arms. The victor Greeks
Tear off the Trojan mothers as they clasp
Their country’s imag’d gods; and as they cling

To flaming temples — an invidious prey.
Astyānax is from those turrets flung,
Whence erst he wont to view his sire, whose arm
Him guarding, and his ancestral realm
In fight, his mother shew'd. And Boreas now
Departure urg'd. Swol'n by a favoring breeze
The rattling canvas warn'd the sailor crew.
“O, Troy! farewell!” — The Trojan matrons cry —
“Hence are we borne.” — They kiss their natal soil;
And leave the smoking ruins of their domes.
Last — mournful object! Hecuba, descry'd
Amid her children's graves, the bark ascends.
Ulysses' hand her dragg'd, as close she grasp'd
Their tombs, and kiss'd their bones which still remain'd.
Yet snatch'd she hastily, and bore away
Of Hector's ashes some, and in her breast
Hugg'd them; and on the top of Hector's tomb
Left her grey hairs; her hairs, and flowing tears.
Oblation fruitless to his last remains.

Oppos'd to Phrygia, where Troy once was seen,
A country stands, where live Bistonia's race:
Where Polymnestor, wealthy monarch, rul'd,
To whom, O, Polydore! thy cautious sire
Thee sent; from Iliūm's battles far remov'd,
For safe protection. Wisdom sway'd the king;
Save that he sent him store of treasure too,
Reward of wickedness; and tempting much
His greedy soul. Soon as Troy's fortune sank,
Impious the Thracian monarch plung'd his sword
In his young charge's throat: as if his crime
And body from his sight at once 'twere given
To move, he flung him in the dashing main.

Now on the Thracian coast, Atrides moor'd
His fleet, till placid were the waves again,
And favoring more, the winds. Achilles here,

Out from the earth, by sudden rupture rent,
Appear'd in 'semblance of his living form:
Threatening his brow appear'd, as when so fierce
He Agamemnon with rebellious sword
Sought to assail.—"Depart ye then, O, Greeks!"
He cry'd—"of me unmindful? Is the fame
"Of all my yaliant acts with me interr'd?
"Treat me not thus. That honors due my tomb
"May want not, let Polyxena be given
"In sacrifice to soothe Achilles' ghost."
He said; his fellows with the ruthless shade
Complying, from the mother's bosom tore
Her whom she sole had left to cherish. Brave
Than female more, the hapless maid was led
To the dire tomb in sacrificial pomp.
She, of her state still mindful, when before
The cruel altar brought; when all prepar'd
The savage-urg'd oblation of herself
She saw; and Neoptolemus beheld
There stand, the steel there grasping; on his face
Her eyes firm-fixing, spoke.—"My noble blood
"This instant spill. Delay not — plunge thy blade
"Or in my throat, or bosom;" — and her throat
And bosom, as she spoke she bar'd—"for ne'er
"Polyxena, a slavish life had borne.
"Yet grateful is this victim to no god!
"My only wish, that from my mother dear
"May be my death conceal'd: my mother clogs
"My final passage; damps the joys of death.
"Yet should she wail my death not, but my life.
"But distant stand ye all, that to the shades
"Inviolat I sink; if what I ask
"Be just, let every hand of man avoid
"A virgin's touch. Whoe'er your steel prepares
"To move propitiatory with my blood,
"A victim quite untainted best must please.
"And should the final accents that I speak,

“(King Priam’s daughter, not a captive sues)
“My corse unransom’d to my mother give.
“Let her not buy the sad sepulchral rites
“With gold, but tears. Yet time has been, with gold
“I might have been redeem’d.” — The princess ceas’d,
And save her own no cheek unwet was seen.
And ev’n the priest reluctant, and in tears,
Op’d by a sudden plunge the offer’d breast.
She, to earth sinking, ‘neath her tottering limbs,
Wore to the last a face unmov’d; ev’n then
Her final care was in her fall to veil
Limbs that a veil demanded, as she sank;
And decent pride of modesty preserve.

The Trojan dames receive her, and recount
The woes of Priam’s house, the streams of blood
That single stock has spent. Thee too, O, maid!
They weep; and thee, a royal spouse so late,
And royal parent stil’d; pride of the realm
Of glorious Asia; now a mournful lot
Amid the spoil; whom Ithacus would scorn
To own, great Hector hadst thou not brought forth:
The name of Hector scarce a master finds,
To claim his mother. She, the lifeless trunk
Embracing, which had held a soul so brave,
Tears pour’d; tears often had she pour’d before,
For country, husband, children — now for her
Those tears gush’d in the wound; lips press’d to lips;
And beat that breast which oft with grievous blows
Was punish’d. Sweeping ‘mid the clotted blood
Her silver’d tresses; all these complaints, and more
She utter’d, as she still her bosom rent.

”My child, thy mother’s last afflicting grief
“(For who is spar’d me?) low, my child, thou ly’st;
“And in thy wound, I all my wounds behold.
“Yes, lest a single remnant of my race

“Unslaughter’d should expire, thou too must bleed.
“A female, thee, safe from the sword I thought:
“A female, thee the sword has stretch’d in death.
“The same Achilles, ruiner of Troy,
“Bereaver of my offspring, all destroy’d, —
“Yes, all thy brethren, he, now murders thee!
“Yet when by Paris’ and Apollo’s darts
“He fell, — now, surely, — said I, — now no more
“Pelides need be dreaded! Yet ev’n now,
“Dreadful to me he proves. Inurned, rage
“His ashes ‘gainst our hapless race; we feel
“Ev’n in his grave the anger of this foe.
“I fruitful only for Pelides prov’d.
“Low lies proud Iliüm, and the public woe,
“The heavy ruin ends: if ended yet:
“For Troy to me still stands; my sufferings still
“Roll endless on. I, late in power so high,
“Great in my children, in my husband great,
“Am now dragg’d forth in poverty; exil’d
“From all my children’s tombs; a gift to please
“Penelopé; who, while my daily task
“She gives to Ithaca’s proud dames, will taunt,
“And cry; — of Hector, the fam’d mother see!
“Lo! Priam’s spouse! — And thou who sole wast spar’d
“To soothe maternal pangs, so many lost,
“Now bleed’st, atonement to an hostile shade:
“And funeral victims has my womb produc’d
“T’ appease a foe. Why holds this stubborn heart?
“Why still delay I? What to me avails
“This loath’d, this long-protracted life? Why spin,
“O, cruel deities! the lengthen’d thread
“Of an old wretch, save that she yet may see
“More deaths? Who e’er could Priam happy deem,
“Iliüm o’erthrown? Yet happy was his death,
“Thy sacrifice, my daughter! not to see;
“At once of life and realm bereft. Yet sure
“O, royal maid! funereal rites await

“Thy last remains; thy corse will be inhum’d
“In ancestral sepulchres. Ah, no!
“Such fortune smiles not on our house; the tears
“A mother can bestow, are all thy gifts;
“Sprinkled with foreign dust. All have I lost.
“Of the whole stock I could as parent boast,
“To tempt me now still longer to sustain
“This life, my Polydore alone is left;
“Once least of all my manly sons, erst given
“To Thracia’s monarch’s care, upon these shores.
“But why delay to cleanse that ghastly wound
“With water, and that face, with spouting blood
“Besmear’d.” — She ceas’d, and bent her tottering steps,
With torn and scatter’d locks down to the shore.
And as the hapless wretch—”O, Trojans!” — cry’d,
“An urn supply to draw the liquid waves;” —
The corse of Polydore, flung on the beach
She saw, pierc’d deep with wounds of Thracian steel.
Loud shriek’d the Trojan matrons; she by grief
Dumb-stricken stood. Affliction keen suppress’d
Her rising moans, and ready-springing tears:
Stupid, and like a rigid stone she stood.
Now on the earth her eyes are fixt; and now
To heaven her furious countenance she lifts:
Now dwells she on his face, now on the wounds
Her son receiv’d, and on the wounds the most:
And now her bosom with collected rage
Furiously burning, all on vengeance fierce
Her soul is bent, as still in power a queen.
As storms a lioness robb’d of her cub,
The track pursuing of her flying foe,
Whom yet she sees not: rage and grief were mixt
Just so in Hecuba; of her old years
Regardless, mindful of her ire alone.
She Polymnestor seeks, of the dire deed
The perpetrator, and his ear demands —
That more of gold, intended for her boy,

Her wish was to disclose. The Thracian king
Heard credulous; lur'd by his wonted love
Of gain, with her withdrew, and wily thus;
With coaxing words;—"quick, Hecuba!" — exclaim'd,
"Give for thy son the treasure. By the gods!
"I swear, all shall be his; what more thou giv'st,
"And what thou gav'st before." — Him, speaking so,
And falsely swearing, savagely she view'd,
And her fierce bosom swell'd with double rage.
Then instant on him, by the captive dames
Fast held, she flies; in his perfidious face
Digs deep; her fingers (rage all strength supply'd)
Tear from their orbs his eyes; bury'd her hands,
Streaming with blood, where once the eyes had been;
Widening the wounds, for eyes no more remain'd.

Fir'd at their monarch's fate the Thracian crowd
With stones and darts t'attack the queen began.
The queen with harsher voice, as they pursue,
Bites at th' assailing stones, and, trying words,
Barkings her jaws produce. The place remains
Nam'd from the change. She, of her ancient woes
Long mindful, grieving still, Sithonia's fields
With howlings fill'd. Her fate with pity mov'd
Her fellow Trojans; and the hostile Greeks;
Nay, all the gods above; and all deny,
(Ev'n she, the sister-wife of mighty Jove)
That Hecuba so harsh a lot deserv'd.

Nor leisure now Aurora had to mourn
(Though strong their cause she favor'd) the sad fall,
And mournful fate of Hecuba, and Troy.
A nearer case, a more domestic woe,
The loss of Memnon, wrung the goddess' breast:
Whom on the Phrygian plains the mother saw
Beneath the weapon of Achilles sink.
She saw — that color which the blushing morn

Displays, grew pale, and heaven with clouds was hid.
Still could the parent not support the sight,
Plac'd on the funeral pyre his limbs, but straight
With locks dishevell'd, not disdain'd to sue
Prostrate before the knees of mighty Jove.
These words her tears assisting.—"Meanest I,
"Of those the golden heaven supports; to me
"The fewest temples through earth's space are rais'd:
"Yet still a goddess sues. Not to demand
"Temples, nor festal days, nor altars warm'd
"With blazing fires; yet if you but behold
"What I, a female, for you all atchieve,
"Bounding night's confines with new-springing light,
"Such boons you might consider but my due.
"But these are not my care. Aurora's mind
"Not now e'en honors merited demands.
"I come, my Memnon lost, who bravely fought,
"But vainly, in his uncle Priam's cause:
"And in his prime of youth (so will'd your fates)
"Fell by the stout Achilles. Lord supreme!
"Of all the deities, grant, I beseech
"To him some honor, solace of his death;
"Allay the smarting of a mother's wounds."

Jove nodded, round the lofty funeral pile
Of Memnon, rose th' aspiring flames; black clouds
Of smoke the day obscur'd. So streams exhale
The rising mists which Phœbus' rays conceal.
Mount the black ashes, and conglob'd in one
They thicken in a body, and a shape
That body takes, and heat and light receives
From the bright flames. Its lightness gave it wings:
Much like a bird at first, and soon indeed
A bird, its pinions sounded. And a crowd
Of sister birds, their pinions sounded too;
Their origin the same. Thrice they surround
The pile, and thrice with noisy clang the air

Resounds; the fourth time all the troop divide:
Then two and two, they furious wage the war
On either side; fierce with their crooked claws
And beaks, they pounce their adversary's breast,
And tire his wings. Each kindred body falls
An offering to the ashes of the dead,
And prove their offspring from a valiant man.
These birds of sudden origin receive
Their name, Memnonides, from him whose limbs
Produc'd them. Oft as Sol through all his signs
Has run, the battle they renew again,
To perish at their parent-warrior's tomb.
Thus, while all others Dymas' daughter weep
In howling shape, Aurora still on griefs
Her own sad brooding, her maternal tears
Sprinkles in dew o'er all th' extent of earth.

Yet fate doom'd not with Iliüm's towers the fall
Of Iliüm's hopes. The Cythereän prince
Bore off his gods; and on his shoulders bore
A no less sacred, venerable load,
His sire. Of all his riches these preferr'd.
The pious hero, with his youthful son
Ascanius, from Antandros, o'er the main
Borne in the flying fleet, leaves far the shore
Of savage Thrace, still moisten'd with the blood
Of Polydore, and enters Phæbus' port;
Aided by currents, and by gentle gales,
With all his social crew. Anius receives
The exile, in his temple, — in his dome;
Where o'er the land he monarch rul'd; and where,
As Phæbus' priest, he tended due his rites:
The city, and the votive temples shew'd,
And shew'd two trees, once by Latona grasp'd
In bearing throes. The incense in the flames
Distributed, wine o'er the incense thrown,
The entrails of the offer'd bulls consum'd

As wont; the regal roof approach they all;
And high on tapestry reclin'd, partake
Of Ceres' gift, and Bacchus' flowing boon.
Then good Anchises, thus—"O chosen priest
"Of Phœbus! was I then deceiv'd? methought,
"As far as memory aids me to recal,
"When first mine eyes these lofty walls beheld,
"That twice two daughters, and a son were thine."
Old Anius shook his head, begirt around
With snowy fillets, as in grief, he said: —
"No, mighty hero! not deceiv'd art thou,
"Me hast thou seen of five the parent; now
"Thou well-nigh childless see'st me: (such to man
"The varying change of sublunary things)
"For, ah! what can an absent son bestow
"To aid me, who, in Andros' isle now dwells,
"Where for his sire the realm and state he holds?
"Delius on him prophetic art bestow'd;
"And Bacchus, to my female offspring, gave
"A boon beyond all credit, and their hopes.
"For all whate'er, which felt my daughters' touch
"To corn, and wine, and olives, was transformed:
"A mighty treasure in themselves they held.
"But Agamemnon, Troy's destroyer learn'd
"This gift (think not but that your overthrow
"In some respect we shar'd,) by ruthless force,
"Tore them unwilling from their parent's arms;
"And stern commanded that the heavenly gift
"Should feed the Grecian fleet. Each as she can
"Escapes. Eubœa two attain, and two
"Fraternal Andros seek. The troops pursue
"And threaten warfare, if withheld the maids.
"Fraternal love was vanquish'd in his breast
"By fear, (that thou this terror mayst excuse,
"Reflect, Æneäs was not there, nor there
"Was Hector, Andros to defend, whose arms
"To the tenth year made Ilium stand.) And now

“Chains were prepar’d their captive arms to bind.
“While yet unchain’d, those arms to heaven they rais’d,
“O father Bacchus! — crying — grant thy aid. —
“And aid the author of the gift bestow’d:
“If them to lose by an unheard-of mode
“Be aid bestowing. Then could I not know,
“Nor now relate the order of the change
“Which lost their shapes; the summit of my grief
“I know; with plumage were they cloth’d; transform’d
“To snowy doves, thy spouse’s favor’d bird.”

With these, and tales like these, the feast was clos’d:
The board remov’d, all sought repose. With day
Arising, all Apollo’s shrine attend;
Who bids that they their ancient mother seek,
And kindred shores. The king attends them, gives
His presents as they go. Anchises holds
A sceptre, while a quiver and a robe
Ascanius boasts; Æneäs holds a cup,
Erst from Bœötia’s shores to Anius sent,
By Theban Therses. Therses sent the gift;
Sicilian Alcon form’d it, and engrav’d
A copious tale around. A town was there,
And seven wide gates appear’d: for name were these,
What town it was displaying. All without
Its walls were funeral trains, and tombs beheld;
And fires; and piles; and matrons, whose bare breasts,
And locks dishevell’d, shew’d their mournful woe.
Weeping the nymphs appear’d, and seem’d to wail
Their arid streams; the leafless trees were hard;
The goats were browsing on the naked rocks:
And, lo! amid the Theban town was seen
Orion’s daughters: this her naked throat
Offering, with more than female courage; that
On the sharp weapon’s point forth leaning, dy’d,
To save the people: round the town are borne
Their pompous funerals, they in splendor burn.

Then, lest the race should perish, spring two youths
From out their virgin ashes; which by fame
Are call'd Coronæ, and the pomp attend,
When their maternal ashes are interr'd.

Thus far the images on ancient brass
Were grav'n; the bordering summit of the cup
In gold acanthus rough appear'd. Nor gave
The Trojans gifts less worthy than they took.
To hold his incense, they a vase present
The royal priest; a goblet, and a crown,
Shining with gold, and bright with sparkling gems.

Thence, mindful that the Trojan race first sprung
From Teucer's blood, tow'rd Crete their course they bend:
But long Jove's native clime they could not bear.
The hundred-city'd isle now left behind,
Ausonia's port they hope to gain. Rough swell
The wintry storms, and toss them on the main;
And in the port of faithless Strophades
Receiv'd, the wing'd Aëlle scares them far.
Now had they sail'd beyond Dulichium's bay;
Samos; and Ithaca, Neritus' soil;
The realms Ulysses, so perfidious, sway'd:
And saw Ambracia, for the strife of gods
Renown'd, and stone to which the judge was chang'd;
Now as Apollo's Actium far more fam'd:
And saw Dodona's land with vocal groves;
And deep Chaonia's bay, where vain-urg'd flames
Molossus' sons, on new-sprung pinions 'scap'd.
Phæäcia's neighbouring country, planted thick
With grateful apples, now they reach; from thence
Epirus and Buthrotus, by the seer
Of Iliüm govern'd, image true of Troy.
Thence of the future certain, full of faith,
In all that Helenus of fate them told,
Sicilia's isle they enter, which extends

Midst of the waves its promontories three.
Pachymos, tow'rd the showery south is plac'd;
And Zephyr soft on Lilybæum blows:
But 'gainst the Arctic bear that shuns the sea,
And Boreas' rugged storms, Pelorus looks.
By this the Trojans steer; urg'd by their oars,
And favoring tide, by night on Zanclé's beach
The fleet is moor'd. Here Scylla on the right;
Charybdis, restless, on the left alarms.
This sucks the destin'd ships beneath the waves,
And whirls them up again: fierce dogs surround
The other's sable belly, while she bears
A virgin's face; and, if what poets tell
Be feign'd not all, she had a virgin been.

Her many wooers sought; these all repuls'd,
She join'd the ocean nymphs; by ocean's nymphs
Much favor'd was the maid; and told the loves
Of all the baffled youths. Her, while she gave
Her locks to comb, thus Galatea fair,
Bespoke, but first suppress'd a rising sigh.
“'Tis true, O maid! a gentle race thee seeks,
“Whom safely, as thou dost, thou may'st deny:
“But I, whose sire is Nereus; who was born
“Of blue-hair'd Doris; who am potent too
“In crowds of sisters, refuge only found
“From the fierce Cyclops' love, in my own waves.”
Tears chok'd her utterance here; which when the maid
Had wip'd with marble fingers, and had sooth'd
The goddess.—”Dearest Galatea! speak;
“Nor from thy friend this cause of grief conceal:
“Faithful am I to thee.” The goddess yields,
And to Cratæis' daughter, thus replies.

”From Faunus and the nymph Symethis sprung
“Acis, his sire's delight, his mother's pride;
“But far to me more dear. For me the youth,

“And me alone, lov’d warmly; twice eight years
“Had o’er him pass’d; when on his tender cheek
“A doubtful down appear’d. Him I desir’d,
“As ceaseless as the Cyclops sought for me.
“Nor should you ask, if in my bosom dwelt
“For him most hate, or most for Acis love,
“Could I inform you: equal both in force.
“O, gentle Venus! with what mighty power
“Thou sway’st; lo! he, the merciless, the dread
“Of his own woods; whom hapless guest ne’er saw
“With safety; spurner of the power of Jove,
“And all the host of heaven, what love is, feels!
“Seiz’d with desire of me he flames, forgets
“His flocks, and caverns. All thy anxious care
“Thy beauty, Polyphemus! to improve,
“And all thy anxious care is now to please.
“And now with rakes thou comb’st thy rugged hair;
“Now with a scythe thou mow’st thy bushy beard:
“Thy features to behold in the clear brook,
“And calm their fire employs thee. All his love
“Of slaughter; all his fierceness; all his thirst
“Cruel of blood, him leaves; and on the coast,
“Ships safely moor, and safe again depart.
“Meantime at Etna Telemus arriv’d,
“Of Eurymus the son, whom never bird
“Deceiv’d; he to dread Polyphemus came,
“And spoke: — Thee, of the single light thou bear’st
“Mid front, Ulysses will deprive. — Loud laugh’d
“The monster, saying; — Stupidest of seers,
“How much thou err’st! — already is it gone. —
“So spurns the truth the prophet told in vain.
“Then moving on along the shore, he sinks
“The sand with heavy steps, or tir’d returns
“To his dark caves. Far stretching in the main
“A wedge-like promontory rears its ridge
“Aloft; on either side the surging waves
“Foam on it. To its loftiest height ascends

“The Cyclops fierce; his station in the midst
“Assumes; his woolly flocks his steps pursue
“Unshepherded. He when the pine immense,
“Which serv’d him for a staff, though fit to serve
“For sailyard, low beneath his feet had thrown;
“And grasp’d the pipe, an hundred ‘pacted reeds
“Compos’d; the pastoral whistling all around
“The hills confess’d, and all the waters nigh.
“I, hid beneath a rock, my head reclin’d
“On my dear Acis’ bosom, heard these words — ,
“And still the words are noted in my breast. —

”O, Galatea! brighter than the leaves
“Of snow-white lilies; fresher than the meads;
“More lofty far than towering alder trees;
“Than chrystal clearer; than the wanton kid
“More gay; than shells, by ocean’s constant waves
“Smooth polish’d, smoother; dearer than the shade
“In summer’s heat; than winter’s sun more dear;
“More than the apple bright; and fairer far
“Than lofty planetrees; clearer than the frost;
“More beauteous than the ripen’d grape; more soft
“Than the swan’s plumage; or the new-prest milk:
“And, but thou fly’st, more than the garden fine
“With water’d streamlets. Yet the same art thou,
“Wild Galatea, than the untam’d steer
“More fierce; more stubborn than the ancient oak;
“Than water more deceitful; slippery more
“Than bending willows, or the greenest vines;
“More stubborn than these rocks; than seas more rough;
“Than the prais’d peacock prouder; sharper far
“Than fire; and piercing more than thistles keen.
“More savage than a nursing bear; more deaf
“Than raging billows; than the trodden snake
“More pitiless; and, what I more than all
“Would wish thou wast not, fleeter than the deer,
“Chas’d by shrill hunters; fleeter than wing’d air,

“Or winds. If well thou knew’st me, much thou’dst grieve
“That e’er thou fled’sst; thou’dst blame thy dull delay,
“And sue and labor to retain my love.
“Caverns I have, scoop’d in the living rock
“Beneath the mountain’s side, where never sun
“In mid-day heat, nor winter’s cold can come.
“My apples bend the branches; grapes are mine
“On the long vine-trees clustering; some like gold;
“Some of a purple teint; and these and those
“Will I preserve for thee. Thy own fair hands
“Shall gather strawberries soft, beneath the shade;
“Autumnal cornels; and the purple plumb,
“Dark with its juice, and that still nobler kind
“Like new-made wax in hue. Nor shalt thou lack
“The chesnut; nor the red arbutus’ fruit:
“Be but my spouse. All trees shall thee supply.
“Mine are these flocks, and thousands more besides
“Which roam the vallies; thousands like the woods;
“And thousands shelter in the shady caves:
“Nor could I, should’st thou ask, their numbers tell.
“Poor he who counts his store. Believe not me
“When these I praise; before thine eyes behold
“How scarce their legs the swelling udder bear.
“Mine are the tender lambs, in the warm fold
“Secure; and mine are kids of equal age
“In folds apart. The whitest milk have I;
“But still for drink shall serve, and thicken’d, part
“Shall harden into cheese. Nor wilt thou find
“But cheap delights, and common vulgar gifts:
“For deer, and hares, and goats, thou shalt possess;
“Pigeons in pairs, and nests from mountains gain’d.
“Upon the hills, a shaggy bear’s twin cubs
“I found; so like, no difference could be seen,
“With thee to play I found them: these, I said,
“These will I force my mistress to obey.
“O Galatea! raise thy lovely head
“Above the azure deep; come! only come;

“Nor scorn my gifts. Right well myself I know:
“I view’d me lately in the liquid stream;
“And much my image satisfy’d my view.
“Behold, how vast my bulk! Jove, in his heaven,
“(For of some Jove ye oft are wont to tell
“Who rules there) towers not in a mightier size.
“Thick bushy locks o’er my stern forehead hang,
“And like a forest down my shoulders spread.
“Nor deem my body, with hard bristles rough,
“Unseemly; most unsightly is the tree,
“Without a leaf; unsightly is the steed,
“Save on his neck the flowing mane is spread:
“Plumes clothe the feather’d race; and their own wool
“Becomes the sheep; so beards become mankind,
“And bushy bristles, o’er their limbs bespread.
“True in my forehead but one light is plac’d;
“But huge that light, and like a mighty shield
“In size. Yet does not Sol from heaven’s high round
“All view? and Sol possesses lights no more.
“Remember too, my father o’er your realm
“Rules sovereign; I in him a sire-in-law
“Would give thee. Only pity me, I pray,
“And hear my suppliant vows. To thee alone
“I bend: and while I scorn your mighty Jove,
“His heaven, and piercing thunder, thee, O nymph!
“I fear: than fiercest lightnings dreading more
“Thy anger. Far more patient should I rest
“With this contempt, all didst thou thus contemn.
“But how, the Cyclops first repuls’d, dar’st thou
“This Acis love? this Acis dare prefer
“To my embraces? Yet may he himself
“Delight; nay let him Galatea please,
“If so it must be, though what most I’d spurn:
“Let but the scope be given, soon should he prove
“My strength is equal to my mighty bulk.
“Living his entrails would I tear, and spread
“His mangled members o’er the fields, and o’er

“Thy waters: let him mingle with thee so.
“For oh! I burn; more fierce my injur’d love
“Now rages: in ray breast I seem to bear
“All Etna and its fires. But all my pains
“Can nought, O Galatea! thee affect. —

”Thus with vain ‘plainings (for the whole I saw)
“He rises, raging like a furious bull
“Robb’d of his heifer; paces restless round,
“And bounds along the forests and the coasts.
“When me and Acis, heedless of such fate,
“And unsuspecting, he beheld, and roar’d: —
“I see ye! but the period of your love
“Will I accomplish. — Loud his threats were heard,
“As all the Cyclops’ power of voice could raise.
“All Etna trembled at the sound. In flight
“I plung’d for safety in the neighbouring waves;
“While fair Symethis’ son for flight prepar’d;
“And — help me, Galatea! — he exclaim’d —
“Help me, O help! and ye, my parents, aid;
“And, perishing, receive me in your realm. —
“Close at his heels the Cyclops comes, and hurls
“A mighty fragment from a mountain rent;
“A corner only of the mighty rock
“Him reach’d: that corner Acis all o’erwhelm’d.
“But I, what fate alone would grant, perform’d,
“That Acis still his ancestral race
“Should join: his purple gore flow’d from the rock;
“And soon the redness pal’d; it seem’d a stream
“Disturb’d by drenching showers; and soon this stream
“Was clear’d to limpid purity. The rock
“Gap’d wide, and living reeds sprung up erect,
“On either brink. Loud roars the pressing flood
“In the rock’s hollow womb, and (wond’rous sight!)
“A youth, his new-form’d horns with reeds begirt,
“Sudden appear’d, ‘mid waist above the waves;
“Who but in stature larger, and his skin

“Of azure tint, might Acis well be deem’d.
“Acis indeed it was, Acis transform’d
“To a clear stream which still his name retains.”

Here Galatea ceas’d, the listening choir
Dividing, all depart. The Nereïd train
Swim o’er the placid waves. Scylla returns;
Fearful to venture ‘mid the boundless main,
And vestless roams along the soaking sand;
Or weary’d; finding some sequester’d pool,
Cools in the shelter’d waters her fair limbs.
Lo! Glaucus, lately of the mighty deep
An ‘habitant receiv’d, his shape transform’d
Upon Bœötia’s shores, cleaves through the waves;
And feels desire as he the nymph beholds.
All he can urge to stay her flight he tries;
Yet still she flies him, swifter from her fear.
She gains a mountain’s summit, which the shore
O’erhung. High to the main the lofty ridge
An undivided sbrubless top presents,
Down shelving to the sea. In safety here
She stood; and, dubious monster he, or god,
Admir’d his color, and the locks which spread
Adown his shoulders, and his back below:
And that a wreathing fish’s form should end
His figure from his groin. He saw her gaze;
And on a neighbouring rock his elbow lean’d,
As thus he spoke.—”No monstrous thing am I,
“Fair virgin! nor a savage of the sea;
“A watery god I am; nor on the main
“Has Proteus; Triton; or Palæmon, son
“Of Athamas, more power. Yet time has been
“When I was mortal, yet even then attach’d
“To the deep water, on the ocean I,
“Still joy’d to labor. Now the following shoal
“Of fishes in my net I dragg’d; and now,
“Plac’d on a rock, I with my flexile rod

“Guided the line. Bordering a verdant mead
“A bank there lies, the waves its circuit bound
“In part; in part the virid grass surrounds;
“A mead which ne’er the horned herd had cropp’d:
“Where ne’er the placid flock, nor hairy goats
“Had brows’d; nor bees industrious cull’d the flowers
“For sweets: no genial chaplets there were pluck’d
“To grace the head; nor had the mower’s arm
“E’er spoil’d the crop. The first of mortals, I
“On the turf rested. As my nets I dry’d;
“And as my captur’d scaly prey to count,
“Upon the grass I spread, — whatever the net
“Escape prevented, and the hook had snar’d
“Through their own folly. (Like a fiction sounds
“The fact, but what avails to me to feign?)
“Soon as the grass they touch, my captiv’d prey
“Begin to move, and on their sides to turn;
“And ply their fins on earth as in the main.
“Then, while with wonder struck I pause, all fly
“The shore in heaps, and their new master quit,
“Their native waves regaining. I, surpriz’d,
“Long doubtful stand to guess the wond’rous cause.
“Whether some god, or but the grasses’ juice
“Accomplish’d this. What herb — at last, I said —
“Can power like this possess? — and with my hand
“Pluck’d up, and with my teeth the herbage chew’d.
“Scarce had my throat th’ untasted juice first try’d,
“When all my entrails sudden tremblings shook,
“And with a love of something yet unknown
“My breast was mov’d; nor could I longer keep
“My place. — O earth! where I shall ne’er return —
“Farewell! I cry’d, — and plung’d below the waves.
“Worthy the ocean deities me deem’d
“To join their social troop, and anxious pray’d
“To Tethys, and old Ocean, Tethys’ spouse,
“To purge whate’er of mortal I retain’d.
“By them lustrated, and the potent song

“Nine times repeated, earthly taints to cleanse,
“They bade me ‘neath an hundred gushing streams
“To place my bosom. No delay I seek;
“The floods from numerous fountains pour’d, the main
“O’erwhelm’d my head. Thus far what deeds were done
“My memory helps me to relate; thus far
“Alone can I remember; all the rest
“Dark to my memory seems. My sense restor’d,
“I found my body chang’d in every part;
“Nor was my mind the same. Then first I saw
“This beard of dingy green, and these long locks
“Which through the seas I sweep; these shoulders huge;
“Those azure arms and thighs in fish-like form
“Furnish’d with fins. But what avails this shape?
“What that by all the deities marine
“I dear am held? a deity myself?
“If all these honors cannot touch thy breast.”
These words he spoke, and more to speak prepar’d,
When Scylla left the god. Repuls’d, he griev’d
And sought Titanian Circé’s monstrous court.

BOOK XIV

Scylla transformed to a monster by Circé through jealousy; and ultimately to a rock. Continuation of Æneas' voyage. Dido. Cercopians changed to apes. Descent of Æneas to hell. The Cumæan Sybil. Adventures of Achæmenides with Polyphemos: and of Macareus amongst the Lestrigonians. Enchantments of Circé. Story of the transformation of Picus to a woodpecker; and of the nymph Canens to air. The Latian wars. Misfortunes of Diomedé. Agmon and others changed to herons. Appulus to a wild olive. The Trojan ships changed to sea-nymphs. The city Ardea to a bird. Deification of Æneas. Latin kings. Vertumnus and Pomona. Story of Iphis and Anaxareté. Wars with the Sabines. Apotheösis of Romulus; and of his wife Hersilia.

Now had Eubœan Glaucus, who could cleave
The surging sea, left Etna, o'er the breasts
Of giants thrown, and left the Cyclops' fields,
Unconscious of the plough's or harrow's use;
And unindebted to the oxen yok'd.
Zanclé he left, and its opposing shore
Where Rhegium's turrets tower; and the strait sea
For shipwreck fam'd, which by incroaching shores
Press'd narrow, forms the separating bound
Betwixt Ausonia's and Sicilia's land.
Thence glides he swift along the Tyrrhene coast,
By powerful arms impell'd, and gains the dome,
And herbag'd hills of Circé Phœbus sprung:
(The dome with forms of wildest beasts full cramm'd)
Whom, soon as greeting salutations pass'd,
He thus address'd:—"O powerful goddess! grant
"Thy pity to a god; and thou alone,
"If worth that aid thou deem'st me, canst afford
"Aid to my love. For, O Titanian maid!
"To none the power of plants is better known
"Than me, who by the power of plants was chang'd.
"But lest the object of my lore, to thee
"Unknown, be hid; I Scylla late beheld
"Upon th' Italian shore: Messenia's walls

“Opposing. Shame me hinders to relate
“What promises, what prayers, what coaxing words
“I us’d: my words all heard with proud contempt.
“Do thou with magic lips thy charms repeat,
“If power in charms abides: or if in herbs
“More force is found, then use the well-try’d strength
“Of herbs of power. I wish thee not to soothe
“My heart; I wish thee not these wounds to cure;
“Still may they last, let her such flames but feel.”

Then Circé spoke, (and she a mind possess’d
Most apt to flame with love, or in her frame
The stimulus was plac’d; or Venus, irk’d
At what her sire discover’d, caus’d the heat.)
“O, better far the willing nymph pursue
“Who would in wishes meet thee; wh’o is seiz’d
“With equal love: well worthy of the maid
“Thou wast; nay shouldst have been the first besought;
“And if but hope thou wilt afford, believe
“My words, thou shalt spontaneously be lov’d.
“Fear not, but on thy beauteous form depend;
“Lo! I, a goddess! of the splendid sun
“A daughter, who with powerful spells so much
“And herbs can do, to be thy consort sue.
“Spurn her who spurns thee; her who thee desires
“Desiring meet; and both at once avenge.”
But to her tempting speeches Glaucus thus
Reply’d—”The trees shall sooner in the waves
“Spring up, and sea-weed on the mountain’s top,
“Than I, while Scylla lives, my love transfer.”
The goddess swol’n with anger, since his form
To harm ‘twas given her not, and love deny’d,
Turn’d on her happier rival all her rage.
Irk’d at her slighted passion, straight she grinds
Herbs infamous, to gain their horrid juice;
And mixes all with Hecatéan spells.
Then clothes her in a sable robe, and forth

Through crouds of fawning savage beasts she goes,
From her gay palace. Rhegium's coast she seeks
O'erlooking Zanclé's rocks; and on the waves
With fury boiling, steps; o'er them she walks
As on a solid shore, and skims along
The ridgy billows with unwetted feet.

A little pool, bent in a gentle curve,
With peaceful surface oft did Scylla tempt;
And often thither she herself betook
To 'scape from ocean's, and from Phœbus' heat,
When high in noon-tide fierceness short the shade
Was from the head describ'd. Before she came
The goddess poison'd all the pool; she pour'd
Her potent juice, of monster-breeding power,
Prest from pernicious roots, within the waves;
And mutter'd thrice nine times with magic lips,
In sounds scarce audible, her well-known spells.
Here Scylla came, and waded to the waist;
And straight, with barking monsters she espies
Her womb deform'd: at first, of her own limbs
Not dreaming they are part, she from them flies;
And chides them thence, and fears their savage mouths.
But what she flies she with her drags; she looks
To find her thighs, and find her legs, and feet;
But for those limbs Cerberean jaws are found.
Furious the dogs still howl; on their fierce backs
Her shorten'd groin, and swelling belly rest.

The amorous Glaucus griev'd, and spurn'd the love
Of Circé, who so rancorously had us'd
The power of plants. Her station Scylla kept;
And soon as scope for vengeance she perceiv'd,
In hate to Circé, of his comrade crew
Depriv'd Ulysses. Next the Trojan fleet
Had she o'erwhelm'd; but ere they pass'd, transform'd
To stone, she tower'd aloft a flinty rock,

And still do mariners that rock avoid.

The Phrygian ships that danger 'scap'd, and 'scap'd
Charybdis fell, by oars propell'd; but now
Ausonia's shore well nigh attain'd, were driv'n
By adverse tempests to the Libyan coast.
Æneās then the queen Sidonian took
Most welcome to her bosom, and her dome;
Nor bore her Phrygian spouse's sudden flight,
With calm indifference: on a lofty pile
Rear'd for pretended sacred rites, she stood,
And on the sword's point fell; herself deceiv'd,
She all around outwitted. Flying far
The new-rai'd city of the sandy plains
To Eryx' country was he borne; where liv'd
Acestes faithful: here he sacrific'd,
And gave due honors to his father's tomb.
Then loos'd his ships for sea, well nigh in flames
By Juno's Iris: all th' Æoliän realm;
The islands blazing with sulphuric fire;
And rocks of Acheloüs' siren nymphs,
He left. The vessel now, of him who rul'd
The helm, bereft, along Ænaria's shore;
And Prochyta; and Pithecusa, plac'd
Upon a sterile hill, its name deriv'd
From those who dwelt there, coasted. Erst the sire
Of gods, detesting perjuries and fraud,
Which that deceitful race so much employ'd,
Chang'd to an animal deform'd their shapes;
Where still a likeness and unlikeness seems
To man. Their every limb contracted small;
Their turn'd-up noses flatten'd from the brow;
And ancient furrows plough'd adown their cheeks.
Then sent them, all their bodies cover'd o'er
With yellow hairs, this district to possess.
Yet sent them not till of the power of speech
Depriv'd; and tongue for direst falsehoods us'd:

But left their chattering jaws the power to 'plain.
These past, and left Parthenopé's high towers
To right; and musical Misenus' tomb,
And Cuma's shores to left; spots cover'd thick
With marshy reeds, he enters in the cave
Where dwelt the ancient Sybil; and in treats
That through Avernus' darkness he may pass,
His father's shade to seek. Then she, her eyes,
Long firmly fixt on earth, uprais'd; and next,
Fill'd with the god, in furious raving spoke.

"Much dost thou ask, O man of mighty deeds!
"Whose valor by the sword is amply prov'd,
"And piety through flames. Yet, Trojan chief,
"Fear not; thou shalt what thou desir'st attain:
"By me conducted, thou th' Elysian field,
"The lowest portion of the tri-form realm,
"And thy beloved parent's shade shalt see:
"No path to genuine virtue e'er is clos'd."
She spoke, and pointed to th' Avernian grove,
Sacred to Proserpine; and shew'd a bough
With gold refulgent; this she bade him tear
From off its trunk. Æneäs her obeys,
And sees the treasures of hell's awful king;
His ancestors', and great Anchises' shades:
Is taught the laws and customs of the dead;
And what deep perils he in future wars
Must face. As then the backward path he trode
With weary'd step; the labor he beguil'd
By grateful speech with his Cumæan guide.
And, while through darkling twilight he pursu'd
His fearful way, he thus:—"Or, goddess, thou,
"Or of the gods high-favor'd, unto me
"Still shalt thou as a deity appear.
"My life I own thy gift, who hast me given
"To view the realms of death: who hast me brought,

“The realms of death beheld, to life again.
“For these high favors, when to air restor’d
“Statues to thee I’ll raise, and incense burn.”
Backward the prophetess, to him her eyes
Directs, and heaves a sigh; as thus she speaks:
“No goddess I; deem not my mortal frame
“The sacred incense’ honors can deserve:
“Err not through ignorance. Eternal youth
“Had I possess’d, if on Apollo’s love
“My virgin purity had been bestow’d.
“This while he hop’d, and while he strove to tempt
“With gifts, — O, chuse — he said, — Cumæan maid!
“Whate’er thou would’st — whate’er thou would’st is thine.
“I, pointing to an heap of gather’d dust,
“With thoughtless mind, besought so many years
“I might exist, as grains of sand were there:
“Mindless to ask for years of constant youth.
“The years he granted, and had granted too
“Eternal youth, had I his passion quench’d.
“A virgin I remain; Apollo’s gift
“Despis’d: but now the age of joy is fled;
“Decrepitude with trembling steps has come,
“Which long I must endure. Seven ages now
“I have existed; ere the number’d grains
“Are equall’d, thrice an hundred harvests I,
“And thrice an hundred vintages must see.
“The time will come, my body, shrunk with age,
“And wither’d limbs, shall to small substance waste;
“Nor shall it seem that e’er an amorous god
“With me was smitten. Phœbus then himself
“Or me will know not, or deny that e’er
“He sought my love. Till quite complete my change,
“To all invisible, by words alone
“I shall be known. Fate still my voice will leave.”

On the steep journey thus the Sybil spoke:
And from the Stygian shades Æneäs rose,

At Cuma's town; there sacrific'd as wont,
And to the shores proceeded, which as yet
His nurse's name not bore. Here rested too,
After long toil, Macareus, the constant friend
Of wise Ulysses: Achæmenides,
Erst left amid Etnæan rocks, he knows:
Astonish'd there, his former friend to find,
In life unhop'd, he cry'd; "What chance? What god
"O Achæmenides! has thee preserv'd?
"How does a Greek a foreign vessel bear?
"And to what shores is now this vessel bound?"

Then Achæmenides, not ragged now,
In robes with thorns united, but all free,
Thus answer'd his enquiries. "May I view
"Once more that Polyphemus, and those jaws
"With human gore o'erflowing; if I deem
"This ship to me than Ithaca less dear;
"And less Æneäs than my sire esteem.
"For how too grateful can I be to him,
"Though all to him I give? Can I e'er be
"Unthankful or forgetful? That I speak,
"And breathe, and view the heavens and glorious sun
"He gave: that in the Cyclops' jaws my life
"Was clos'd not; that when now the vital spark
"Me quits, I may be properly intomb'd,
"Not in the monster's entrails. Heavens! what thoughts
"Possess'd my mind, (unless by pallid dread
"Of sense and thought bereft) when, left behind,
"I saw you push to sea. Loud had I call'd,
"But fear'd my cries would guide to me the foe.
"Ulysses' clamor near your ship destroy'd.
"I saw the monster, when a mighty rock,
"Torn from a mountain's summit, in the waves
"He flung: I saw him when with giant arm
"Huge stones he hurl'd, with such impetuous force,
"As though an engine sent them. Fear'd I long,

“Lest or the stones or waves the bark would sink;
“Forgetful then that not on board was I.
“But when you ‘scap’d from cruel death, by flight,
“Then did he madly rave indeed; and roam’d
“All Etna o’er; and grop’d amid the woods;
“Depriv’d of sight he stumbles on the rocks;
“And stretching to the sea his horrid arms,
“Blacken’d with gore, he execrates the Greeks;
“And thus exclaims; — O! would some lucky chance
“Restore Ulysses to me, or restore
“One of his comrades, who might glut my rage;
“Whose entrails I might gorge; whose living limbs
“My hand might rend; whose blood might sluice my throat;
“And mangled members tremble in my teeth.
“O! then how light, and next to none the curse
“Of sight bereft. — Raging, he this and more
“Fierce utter’d. I, with pallid dread o’ercome,
“Beheld his face still flowing down with blood;
“The orb of light depriv’d; his ruthless hands;
“His giant members; and his shaggy beard,
“Clotted with human gore. Death to my eyes
“Was obvious, yet was death my smallest dread.
“Now seiz’d I thought me; thought him now prepar’d
“T’inclose my mangled bowels in his own:
“And to my mind recurr’d the time I saw
“Two of my comrades’ bodies furious dash’d
“Repeated on the earth: he, o’er them stretcht
“Prone, like a shaggy lion, in his maw
“Their flesh, their entrails, their yet-quivering limbs,
“Their marrow, and cranch’d bones, greedy ingulf’d.
“Horror me seiz’d. Bloodless and sad I stood,
“To see him champ, and from his mouth disgorge
“The bloody banquet; morsels mixt with wine
“Forth vomiting: and such a fate appear’d
“For wretched me prepar’d. Some tedious days
“Skulk’d I, and shudder’d at the smallest sound:
“Fearful of death, yet praying much to die;

“Repelling hunger by green herbs, and leaves,
“With acorns mixt; a solitary wretch,
“Poor, and to sufferings and to death decreed.
“Long was the time, ere I, not distant far,
“A ship beheld; I by my gestures shew’d
“My wish for flight, and hasten’d to the shore.
“Their hearts were mov’d, and thus a Trojan bark
“Receiv’d a Greek. — And now, my friend most dear,
“Tell thy adventures, and the chief’s, and crew’s,
“Who with thee launch’d upon th’ extended main.”

He tells how Æölus his kingdom holds
On the deep Tuscan main, who curbs the winds
In cavern’d prisons; which, a noble boon!
Close pent within an ox’s stubborn hide,
Dulichium’s chief, from Æölus receiv’d.
How for nine days with prosperous breeze they sail’d;
And saw the long-sought land. How on the tenth,
Aurora rising bright, his comrades, urg’d
By envy, and by thirst of glittering spoil,
Gold deeming there inclos’d, the winds unloos’d.
How, driven by them, the ship was backward sped
Through the same waves she had so lately plough’d;
And reach’d the port of Æölus again.
“Thence,” — he continued—”to the ancient town
“Of Lestrygonian Lamus we arrive,
“Where rules Antiphates; to him dispatch’d
“I go, by two attended. I with one
“Scarce find in flight our safety: with his gore
“The hapless third, the Lestrygonians’ jaws
“Besmeared: our flying footsteps they pursue,
“While fierce Antiphates speeds on the crowd.
“Around they press, and unremitting hurl
“Huge rocks, and trunks of trees; our men o’erwhelm,
“And sink our fleet; one ship alone escapes,
“Which great Ulysses and myself contains.
“Most of our band thus lost, and angry much,

“Lamenting more, we floated to these isles,
“Which hence, though distant far, you may descry.
“Those isles, by me too near beheld, do thou
“At distance only view! O, goddess-born!
“Most righteous of all Troy, (for now no more,
“Æneās, must thou enemy be stil’d
“To us, war ended) fly, I warn thee, fly
“The shore of Circé. We, our vessel moor’d
“Fast to that beach, not mindless of the deeds
“Antiphates perform’d, nor Cyclops, wretch
“Inhuman, now to tempt this unknown land
“Refuse. The choice by lot is fix’d. The lot
“Me sends, and with me sends Polites true;
“Eurylochus; and poor Elphenor, fond
“Too much of wine; with twice nine comrades mote,
“To seek the dome Circéan. Thither come;
“We at the entrance stand: a thousand wolves,
“And bears, and lionesses, with wolves mixt,
“Meet us, and terror in our bosoms strike.
“But ground for terror none: of all the crew
“None try our limbs to wound, but friendly wave
“Their arching tails, and fawningly attend
“Our steps; till by the menial train receiv’d,
“Through marbled halls to where their mistress sate,
“Our troop is led. She, in a bright recess,
“Upon a lofty throne of state, was plac’d,
“Cloth’d in a splendid robe; a golden veil
“Around her head, and o’er her shoulders thrown.
“Nereïds, and nymphs around (whose fingers quick
“The wool ne’er drew, nor form’d the following thread)
“Were plants arranging, and selecting flowers,
“And various tinted herbs, confus’dly mixt
“In baskets. She compleats the work they do;
“And well she knows the latent power each leaf
“Possesses; well their force combin’d she knows:
“And all the nice-weigh’d herbs inspects with care.
“When us she spy’d, and salutations pass’d

“Mutual; her forehead brighten’d, and she gave
“Our every wish. Nor waited more, but bade
“The beverage of the roasted grain be mix’d;
“And added honey, all the strength of wine,
“And curdy milk, and juices, which beneath
“Such powerful sweetness undetected lay.
“The cup from her accursed hand, I take,
“And, soon as thirsty I, with parch’d mouth drink,
“And the dire goddess with her wand had strok’d
“My head (I blush while I the rest relate)
“Roughen’d with bristles, I begin to grow;
“Nor now can speak; hoarse grunting comes for words;
“And all my face bends downwards to the ground;
“Callous I feel my mouth become, in form
“A crooked snout; and feel my brawny neck
“Swell o’er my chest; and what but now the cup
“Had grasp’d, that part does marks of feet imprint;
“With all my fellows treated thus, so great
“The medicine’s potency, close was I shut
“Within a sty: there I, Eurylochus
“Alone unalter’d to a hog, beheld!
“He only had the offer’d cup refus’d.
“Which had he not avoided, he as one
“The bristly herd had join’d; nor had our chief,
“The great Ulysses, by his tale inform’d
“To Circé come, avenger of our woe.
“To him Cyllenius, messenger of peace
“A milk-white flower presented; by the gods
“Call’d Moly: from a sable root it-springs.
“Safe in the gift, and in th’ advice of heaven,
“He enters Circé’s dome; and her repels,
“Coaxing to taste th’ invidious cup; his head
“To stroke attempting with her potent wand;
“And awes her trembling with his unsheath’d steel.
“Then, faith exchang’d, hands join’d, he to her bed
“Receiv’d, he makes the dowry of himself
“That all his comrades’ bodies be restor’d.

"Now are we sprinkled with innocuous juice
"Of better herbs; with the inverted wand
"Our heads are touch'd; the charms, already spoke,
"Strong charms of import opposite destroy.
"The more she sings her incantations, we
"Rise more from earth erect; the bristles fall;
"And the wide fissure leaves our cloven feet;
"Our shoulders form again; and arms beneath
"Are shap'd. Him, weeping too, weeping we clasp,
"And round our leader's neck embracing hang.
"No words at first to utter have we power,
"But such as testify our grateful joy.

"A year's delay there kept us. There, mine eyes
"In that long period much beheld; mine ears
"Much heard. This with the rest, in private told
"To me, by one of four most-favor'd nymphs
"Who aided in her spells: while Circé toy'd
"In private with our leader, she me shew'd
"A youthful statue carv'd in whitest stone,
"Bearing a feather'd pecker upon his head;
"Plac'd in a sacred shrine, with numerous wreaths
"Encircled. Unto my enquiring words,
"And wish to know who this could be, and why
"There worshipp'd in the shrine, and why that bird
"He bore, — then, Macareus, — she said — receive
"Thy wish; and also learn what mighty power
"My mistress boasts; attentive hear my words.

"Saturnian Picus in Ausonia's climes
"Was king; delighted still was he to train
"Steeds for the fight. The beauty you behold
"As man was his. So strong the 'semblance strikes,
"His real form in the feign'd stone appears.
"His mind his beauty equall'd. Nor as yet,
"The games quinquennial Grecian Elis gives,
"Four times could he have seen. He, by his face

“The Dryad nymphs who on the Latian hills
“Were born, attracted. Naiäds, river-nymphs,
“Him sought, whom Albula, and Anio bear;
“Almo’s short course; the rapid stream of Nar;
“And Numicus; and Farfar’s lovely shades;
“With all that Scythian Dian’s woody realm
“Traverse; and all who haunt the sedgy lakes.
“But he, all these despis’d, lov’d one fair nymph,
“Whom erst Venilia, fame reports, brought forth
“To Janus on Palatiura’s mount. When reach’d
“The nuptial age, preferr’d before the rest,
“Laurentian Picus gain’d the lovely maid.
“Wond’rous was she for beauty, wond’rous more
“Her art in song, and hence was Canens nam’d.
“Wont was her voice forests and rocks to move;
“Soothe savage beasts; arrest the course of streams;
“And stay the flying birds. While warbling thus
“With voice mature her song, Picus went forth
“To pierce amid Laurentium’s fields the boars,
“Their native dwelling; on a fiery steed
“He rode; two quivering spears his left hand bore;
“His purple vestment golden clasps confin’d.
“In the same woods Apollo’s daughter came,
“And from the fertile hills as herbs she cull’d,
“She left the fields, from her Circæan nam’d.
“When, veil’d by twigs herself, the youth she saw,
“Amaz’d she stood. Down from her bosom dropp’d
“The gather’d plants, and quickly through her frame
“The fire was felt to shoot. Soon as her mind
“Collected strength to curb the furious flame,
“She would have told him instant what she wish’d,
“But his impetuous steed, and circling crowd
“Of followers, kept her far. — Yet shalt thou not,
“If I but know my power, me fly; not should
“The winds thee bear away; else is the force
“Of plants all vanished, and my spells deceive.
“She said; and form’d an incorporeal shape

“Like to a boar; and bade it glance across
“The monarch’s sight; and seem itself to hide
“In the dense thicket, where the trees grew thick:
“A spot impervious to the courser’s foot.
“‘Tis done; unwitting Picus eager seeks
“His shadowy prey; leaps from his smoking steed;
“And, vain-hop’d spoil pursuing, wanders deep
“In the thick woods. She baneful words repeats,
“And cursing charms collects. With new-fram’d verse
“Invokes strange deities: verse which erst while
“Has dull’d the splendid circle of the moon;
“And hid with rain-charg’d clouds her father’s face.
“This verse repeated, instant heaven grew dark,
“And mists from earth arose: his comrades roam
“Through the dark paths; the king without a guard
“Is left. This spot, and time so suiting gain’d,
“Thus Circé cry’d — O fairest thou of forms!
“By those bright eyes which me enslav’d, by all
“Thy beauteous charms which make a goddess sue,
“Indulge my flame; accept th’ all-seeing sun,
“My sire, for thine; nor, rigidly austere,
“Titanian Circé spurn. — She ceas’d; he stern
“Repuls’d the goddess, and her praying suit;
“Exclaiming, — be thou whom thou may’st, yet thine
“I am not; captive me another holds;
“And fervently, I pray, to lengthen’d years
“She still may hold me. Never will I wrong
“The nuptial bond with stranger’s lawless love,
“While Janus’ daughter, my lov’d Canens lives. —
“Sol’s daughter then (re-iterated prayers
“In vain oft try’d) exclaim’d: — Nor shalt thou boast
“Impunity; nor e’er returning see
“Thy Canens; but learn well what may be done
“By slighted, loving woman: Circé loves,
“Is woman, and is slighted. — To the west
“She turn’d her twice, and turn’d her twice to east;
“Thrice with her wand she struck the youth, and thrice

“Her charm-fraught song repeated. Swift he fled,
“And wondering that more swift he ran than wont,
“Plumes on his limbs beheld. Constrain’d to add
“A new-form’d ‘habitant to Latium’s groves,
“Angry he wounds the spreading boughs, and digs
“The stubborn oak-tree with his rigid beak.
“A purple tinge his feathers take, the hue
“His garment shew’d; the gold, a buckle once,
“Which clasp’d his robe, to feathers too is chang’d;
“The shining gold circles his neck around:
“Nor aught remains of Picus save the name.

”Meantime his comrades vainly Picus call,
“Through all the groves; but Picus no where find.
“Circé they meet, for now the air was clear’d,
“The clouds dispers’d, or by the winds or sun;
“Charge her with crimes committed, and demand
“Their king; force threaten, and prepare to lift
“Their savage spears. The goddess sprinkles round
“Her noxious poisons and envenom’d juice;
“Invokes old night, and the nocturnal gods,
“Chaos, and Erebus; and Hecat’s help,
“With magic howlings, prays. Woods (wond’rous sight!)
“Leap from their seats; earth groans; the neighbouring trees
“Grow pale; the grass with sprinkled blood is wet;
“Stones hoarsely seem to roar, and dogs to howl;
“Earth with black serpents swarms; unmatter’d forms
“Of bodies long defunct, flit through the air.
“Tremble the crowd, struck with th’ appalling scene:
“Appall’d, and trembling, on their heads she strikes
“Th’ envenom’d rod. From the rod’s potent touch,
“For men a various crowd of furious beasts
“Appear’d: his form no single youth retain’d.

”Descending Phœbus had Hesperia’s shores
“Now touch’d; and Canens with her heart and looks
“Sought for her spouse in vain: her servants all,

“And all the people roam through every wood,
“Bearing bright torches. Not content the nymph
“To weep, to tear her tresses, and to beat
“Her bosom, though not one of these was spar’d,
“She sally’d forth herself; and frantic stray’d
“Through Latium’s plains. Six times the night beheld,
“And six returning suns, her, wandering o’er
“The mountain tops, or through the vallies deep,
“As chance directed: foodless, sleepless, still.
“Tiber at length beheld her; with her toil,
“And woe, worn out, upon his chilling banks
“Her limbs extending. There her very griefs,
“Pour’d with her tears, still musically sound.
“Mourning, her words in a soft dying tone
“Are heard, as when of old th’ expiring swan
“Sung his own elegy. Wasted at length
“Her finest marrow, fast she pin’d away;
“And vanish’d quite to unsubstantial air.
“Yet still tradition marks the spot, the muse
“Of ancient days, still Canens call’d the place,
“In honor of the nymph, and justly too.

”Many the tales like these I heard; and much
“Like this I saw in that long tedious year.
“Sluggish and indolent for lack of toil,
“Thence are we bid to plough the deep again;
“Again to hoist the sail. But Circé told
“So much of doubtful ways, of voyage vast,
“And all the perils of the raging deep
“We must encounter; that my soul I own
“Trembled. I gain’d this shore, and here remain’d.”

Here Macareus finish’d; to Æneäs’ nurse
Inurn’d in marble, this short verse was given:
“Cajeta here, sav’d from the flames of Greece,
“Her foster-son, for piety renown’d,
“With fires more fitting burn’d.” Loos’d are the ropes

That bound them to the grassy beach, and far
They leave the dwelling of the guileful power;
And seek the groves, beneath whose cloudy shade
The yellow-sanded Tiber in the main
Fierce rushes. Here Æneäs gains the realm,
And daughter of Latinus, Faunus' son:
But not without a war. Battles ensue
With the fierce people. For his promis'd bride
Turnus loud rages. All the Tuscans join
With Latium, and with doubtful warfare long
Is sought the conquest. Either side augment
With foreign aid their strength. Rutilians crowds
Defend, and crowds the Trojan trenches guard.

Not bootless, suppliant to Evander's roof
Æneäs went; though Venulus in vain,
To exil'd Diomed's great town was sent.
A mighty city Diomed' had rear'd
Beneath Apulian Daunus, and possess'd
His lands by marriage dower. But when made known
By Venulus, the message Turnus sent,
Beseeching aid, th' Etolian hero aid
Deny'd. For neither was his wish to send
His father's troops to fight, nor of his own
Had he, which might the strenuous warfare wage. —
“Lest this but feign'd you think,” he said, “though grief
“The sad relation will once more renew,
“Yet will I now th'afflicting tale repeat.

”When lofty Ilium was consum'd, — the towers
“Of Pergamus a prey to Grecian flames,
“The Locrian Ajax, for the ravish'd maid,
“Drew vengeance on us all; which he alone
“Deserv'd from angry Pallas. Scatter'd wide,
“And swept by tempests through the foaming deep,
“The Grecians, thunders, rains, and darkness bore,
“All heaven's and ocean's rage; and all to crown,

“On the Capharean rocks the fleet was dash’d.
“But not to tire you with each mournful scene
“In order; Greece might then the tears have drawn
“Ev’n from old Priam. Yet Minerva’s care
“Snatch’d me in safety from the surge. Again
“From Argos, my paternal land, I’m driven;
“Bright Venus bearing still in mind the wound
“Of former days. Upon th’expanded deep
“Such toils I bore excessive; on the land
“So in stern combat strove, that oft those seem’d
“To me most blest, who in the common wreck,
“Caphareus sunk beneath the boisterous waves;
“A fate I anxious wish’d I’d with them shar’d.
“Now all my comrades, of the toilsome main,
“And constant warfare weary; respite crav’d
“From their long wanderings. Not was Agmon so,
“Fierce still his bosom burn’d; and now he rag’d
“From his misfortunes fiercer, as he cry’d —
“What, fellows! can remain which now to bear
“Your patience should refuse? What, though she would,
“Possesses Cythereä to inflict?
“When worse is to be dreaded, is the time
“For prayers: but when our state the worst has seen
“Fear should be spurn’d at; in our depth of woe
“Secure. Let she herself hear all my words;
“And let her hate, as hate she does, each man
“Who follows Diomed’! Yet will we all
“Her hatred mock, and stand against her power
“So mighty, with a no less mighty breast. —
“With words like these Etolian Agmon goads
“Th’ already raging goddess, and revives
“Her ancient hate. Few with his boldness pleas’d;
“Far most my friends his daring speech condemn.
“Aiming at words respondent, straight his voice
“And throat are narrow’d; into plumes his hair
“Is alter’d; plumes o’er his new neck are spread;
“And o’er his chest, and back; his arms receive

“Long pinions, bending into light-form’d wings;
“Most of his feet is cleft in claws; his mouth
“Hardens to horn, and in a sharp beak ends.
“Lycus, Rhetenor, Nycteus, Abas, stare
With wonder, and while wondering there they stand
“The same appearance take; and far the most
“Of all my troop on wings up fly: and round
“The ship the air resounds with clapping wings.
“If what new shape those birds so sudden form’d
“Distinguish’d, you would know: swans not to be,
“Nought could the snowy swan resemble more.
“Son now to Daunus, my diminish’d host
“Scarce guards this kingdom, and those barren fields.”

Thus far Diomedes; and Venulus
Th’ Apulian kingdom left, Calabria’s gulf
Pass’d, and Messapia’s plains, where he beheld
Caverns with woods deep shaded, with light rills
Cool water’d: here the goatish Pan now dwelt;
Once tenanted by wood-nymphs. From the spot
Them, Appulus, a shepherd drove to flight;
Alarm’d at first by sudden dread, but soon,
Resum’d their courage, his pursuit despis’d,
They to the measur’d notes their agile feet
Mov’d in the dance. The clown insults them more,
Mimics their motions in his boorish steps,
To coarse abusing adding speech obscene:
Nor ceas’d his tongue ‘till bury’d in a tree.
Well may his manner from the fruit be known;
For the wild olive marks his tongue’s reproach,
In berries most austere: to them transferr’d
The rough ungrateful sharpness of his words.

Return’d the legates, and the message told,
Th’ Etolians’ aid deny’d; without their help
Wage the Rutilians now the ready war:

And streams of blood from either army flow.
Lo! Turnus comes, and greedy torches brings
To fire the cover'd ships; the flames they fear
Whom tempests spar'd. And now the fire consum'd
The pitch, the wax, with all that flame could feed;
Then, mounting up the lofty mast, assail'd
The canvas; and the rowers' benches smok'd.
This saw the sacred mother of the gods,
And mindful that from Ida's lofty top
The pines were hew'd, with clash of tinkling brass,
And sounds of hollow box, fill'd all the air.
Then borne through ether by her lions tam'd,
She said; "Those flames with sacrilegious hand
"Thou hurl'st in vain: I will them snatch away.
"Ne'er will I calmly view the greedy fire
"Aught of the forests, which are mine consume."
Loud thunders rattled as the goddess spoke;
And showery floods with hard rebounding hail,
The thunder follow'd. In the troubled air
The blustering brethren rag'd, and swell'd the main:
The billows furious clash'd. The mother us'd
One blast's exerted force; the cables burst,
Which bound the Phrygian vessels to the shore;
Them swiftly swept along, and in the deep
Low plung'd them. Straight the rigid wood grows soft
The timber turns to flesh; the crooked prows
To heads are chang'd: the oars to floating legs,
And toes; while what were ribs, as ribs remain;
The keels, deep in the vessels sunk, become
The spinal bones; in soft long tresses flows
The cordage; into arms the sailyards change:
The hue of all cerulean as before.
And now the Naiäds of the ocean sport
With girlish play, amid those very waves
Ere while so dreaded: sprung from rugged hills
They love the gentle main; nor aught their birth
Their bosoms irks. Yet mindful still what risks

Themselves encounter'd on the raging main,
Oft with assisting hand the high-tost bark
They aid; save Greeks the hapless bark contains.
Mindful of Ilium's fall, they still detest
The Argives; and with joyful looks behold
The shatter'd fragments of Ulysses' ship:
With joy behold the bark Alcinous gave
Harden to rock, stone growing from the wood.

'Twas hop'd, the fleet transform'd to nymphs marine,
The fierce Rutilians, struck with awe, might cease
The war; but stubborn either side persists.
Each have their gods, and each have godlike souls.
Nor seek they now, so much the kingdom dower,
Latinus' sceptre, or Lavinia! thee,
As conquest: waging war through shame to cease.
Venus at last beholds, brave Turnus slain,
Her son's victorious arms; and Ardea falls,
A mighty town when Turnus yet was safe:
It cruel flames destroy'd; and every roof
The smoking embers hid; up from the heap
Of ruins, sprung a bird unknown before,
And beat the ashes with its sounding wings:
Its voice, its leanness, pallid hue, and all,
Suit well a captur'd city; and the name
Retaining still, with beating wings it wails.

Now had Æneäs' virtues, all the gods,
Ev'n Juno, forc'd to cease their ancient hate.
The young Iulus' growing empire fixt
On firm foundations, ripe was then for heaven
The Cytheréan prince. Venus besought
That favor of the gods; round her sire's neck
Her arms she clasp'd—"O, father!" — she exclaim'd —
"Indulgent still, be more than ever kind:
"Grant that a deity, though e'er so low,
"Æneäs may become! who through my blood

“Claims thee as grandsire; something let him gain.
“Let it suffice, that he has once beheld
“The dreary realm; and once already past
“The Stygian stream.” — The deities consent:
Nor does the heavenly queen, her forehead stern
Retain, consenting with a cheerful mien.
Then spoke the sire. “Both, daughter, merit well
“The boon celestial: what thou ask’st receive,
“Since thou desir’st it, and since he deserves.”
He ceas’d. O’erjoy’d, she grateful thanks returns;
And by yok’d turtles borne through yielding air,
She seeks Laurentum’s shore, where gently creep
Numicius’ waters ‘midst a reedy shade
Into the neighbouring main. She bids him cleanse
All of Æneäs that to death was given;
And bear him silent floating to the sea.
The horned god, what Venus bade perform’d:
All that Æneäs had of mortal mould
He purg’d away, and wash’d him with his waves.
His better part remain’d. Odours divine,
O’er his lustrated limbs, the mother pour’d;
And with ambrosia and sweet nectar touch’d
His lips, and perfect is the new-made god:
Whom Indiges, the Roman people call,
Worship with altars, and in temples place.

Alba, and Latium then beneath the rule
Of young Iūlus, call’d Ascanius, came.
Him Sylvius follow’d. Then Latinus held
The ancient sceptre, with his grandsire’s name.
Alba to fam’d Latinus was the next.
Then Epitus; Capetus; Capys reign’d:
Capys before Capetus. After these
The realm was sway’d by Tiberinus; sunk
Beneath the billows of the Tuscan stream,
The waters took his name. His sons were two,
Fierce Remulus, and Acrota; the first

Pre-eminent in years, the thunder mock'd;
And by the thunder dy'd. Of meeker mind
His brother, to brave Aventinus left
The throne; who bury'd 'neath the self-same hill
Where once he reign'd, gave to the hill a name;
And Procas now the Latian people rul'd.

Beneath this monarch fair Pomona liv'd,
Than whom amongst the Hamadryad train
None tended closer to her garden's care;
None o'er the trees' young fruit more anxious watch'd;
And thence her name. In rivers, she, and woods,
Delighted not, for fields were all her joy;
And branches bending with delicious loads.
Nor grasps her hand a javelin, but a hook,
With which she now luxurious boughs restrains,
And prunes the stragglers, when too wide they spread:
Now she divides the rind, and in the cleft
Inserts a scion, and supporting juice
Affords th' adopted stranger. Ne'er she bears
That drought they feel, but oft with flowing streams
Waters the crooked fibres of their roots:
This all her love, this all her care, for man
She heeded not. Yet of the lawless force
Of rustics fearful, she her orchard round
Well fenc'd, and every part from access barr'd,
And fled from all mankind. What was there left
Untry'd, by satyrs, by the wanton fawns,
Or pine-crown'd Pan; Sylvanus, ever youth;
Or him whose sickle frights nocturnal thieves
To gain her? These Vertumnus all excell'd
In passion; but not happier he than they.
How oft a basket of ripe grain he bore,
Clad like a hardy reaper, and in form
A real reaper seem'd! Oft with new hay
His temples bound, who turns the fresh cut grass
He might be thought. Oft in his horny hand

He bears a goad; then might you swear, that now
The weary oxen he had just unyok'd.
Arm'd with a pruning hook, he one appears
Who lops the vines. When he the ladder lifts,
Apples about to pluck he seems. His sword
Shews him a soldier; and his trembling reed
An angler. Thus a thousand shapes he tries,
T' enjoy the pleasure of her beauteous sight.
Now leaning on a staff, his temples clad
In painted bonnet, he an ancient dame,
With silver locks thin scatter'd o'er her head,
Would seem; and in the well-trimm'd orchard walks;
Admires the fruit—"But, O! how far beyond
"Are these;" — he said, and kiss'd the lips he prais'd:
No ancient dame such kisses e'er bestow'd.
Then rested on the swelling turf, and view'd
The branches bending with th' autumnal load.

An elm there stood right opposite, full spread
With swelling grapes, which, with its social vine,
He prais'd;—"Yet should that trunk there single stand" —
Said he,— "without its vine, nought but the leaves
"Desirable would seem. As well the vine
"Which rests now safe upon its wedded elm,
"If not so join'd, were prostrate on the ground.
"Yet does the tree's example move not thee.
"Thou fly'st from marriage; fly'st from nuptial joys;
"Would they could charm thy soul. Not Helen e'er
"Such crowds of wooers sought; not her who mov'd
"The Lapithæan war; nor the bright queen
"Of Ithacus, still 'gainst the coward brave,
"As would pursue thee. Now, though all thou fly'st,
"Thy suitors scorning, thousands seek thy hand,
"Both demi-gods and gods, whoever dwell
"Of deities on Alba's lofty hills.
"Yet wisely would'st thou act, and happy wed,
"Attend my aged counsel (thee I love

“More than all these, and more than thou’dst believe)
“Reject such vulgar offers, and select
“Vertumnus for the consort of thy bed:
“And for his worth accept of me as pledge.
“For to himself not better is he known
“Than me. No truant through the earth he roves;
“These spots he dwells in, and in these alone,
“Nor loves he, like thy wooer’s greatest share,
“Instant whate’er he sees. Thou his first flame
“Shalt be, and be his last. He will devote
“His every year to thee, and thee alone.
“Add too his youth, and nature’s bounteous gifts
“Which decorate him; and that changed with ease,
“He every form can take, and those the best
“That thou may’st like, for all thou may’st command.
“Are not your pleasures both the same? the fruits
“Thou gatherest first, are they not given to him?
“Who takes thy offerings with a grateful hand.
“But now he seeks not fruits pluck’d from thy trees,
“Nor herbs thy garden feeds with mellow juice,
“Nor aught, save thee. Have pity on his flame:
“Think ‘tis himself that sues; think that he prays
“Through me. O fear the vengeance of the gods!
“Affronted Venus’ unrelenting rage;
“And fear Rhamnusia’s still vindictive mind.
“That these you more may dread, I will relate
“(For age has much to me made known) a fact
“Notorious through all Cyprus which may urge
“Your soul more quickly to relent and love.

”Ipheis of humble origin beheld
“The noble Anaxareté — the blood
“Of ancient Teucer: he beheld, and felt
“Love burn through all his frame; he struggled long
“By reason to o’ercome the flame, in vain.
“He came a humble suppliant to her gate.
“To her old nurse, he now his hapless love

“Confess’d, and pray’d her by her nursing’s hopes,
“She would not be severe. Now he assails
“All her attendants with his flattering speech,
“And anxious begs of each to intercede.
“Oft, grav’n on tablets, were his amorous words
“Borne to her. Oft against her door he hung
“Garlands, wet dropping with the dew of tears.
“Plac’d on the threshold hard his tender side,
“Venting reproaches on the cruel bar.
“But she more deaf than surges which arise
“With setting stars; and harder than the steel
“Numician fires have temper’d; or the rock
“Still living in its bed, spurn’d him, and laugh’d:
“And cruel, added lofty words to deeds
“Unmerciful, and robb’d him ev’n of hope.
“Impatient Iphis, now no longer bore
“The pangs of endless grief, but at her gate
“Thus utter’d his last ‘plaints — Thou hast o’ercome
“O Anaxareté! for never more
“Will I molest thy quiet. Now prepare
“Glad triumphs; Pæan call; and bind thy brows
“With laurel bright, for thou victorious art,
“And joyfully I die. O heart of steel!
“Enjoy thy bliss. Now will I force thy praise
“In something; — somehow find a way to please,
“And thee constrain to grant I have desert.
“Yet still remember, that my love for thee
“Leaves me not but with life! at once I lose
“A double light. But fame shall not announce
“To thee my death, for I myself will come.
“Lest thou should’st doubt, thou shalt thyself behold
“My death, and on my lifeless body glut
“Thy cruel eyes. But, O ye gods above!
“If mortal deeds ye view, remember me:
“No more my tongue can dare to ask, than this,
“That distant ages may my fortune know;
“Grant fame to him, whom ye of life deprive. —

“He spoke, and to the porch so oft adorn’d
“With flowing chaplets, rais’d his humid eyes,
“And stretch’d his pallid arms; then to the post,
“The cord with noose well-fitted, fastening, cry’d: —
“Nymph, pitiless and cruel! pleas’d the best
“With garlands such as these! — Then in the cord,
“His head inserted; tow’rd the maid still turn’d,
“As, hapless load! with strangled throat he hung.
“Struck by his dangling feet, the portals seem’d
“A sound to give, which mighty seem’d to mourn;
“And open thrown, the horrid deed display’d:
“Loudly the servants shriek, and vainly bear
“His breathless body to his mother’s dome.
“(Defunct his sire) She clasp’d him to her breast,
“Embrac’d his clay-cold limbs; and all she said
“That wretched parents say; and all she did
“That hapless mothers do: then through the town
“The melancholy funeral pomp she led,
“The lurid members following, on a bier
“For burning. In the road the dwelling stood
“Through which the sad procession took its way,
“And sound of lamentation struck the ears
“Of Anaxareté, whom now the power
“Of vengeance follow’d. Mov’d, she now exclaim’d —
“I will this melancholy prospect view. —
“And to the open casement mounted high.
“Scarce had she Iphis on the bier beheld,
“When harden’d grew her eyes; a pallid hue
“O’erspread her body as the warm blood fled.
“Her feet to move for flight she try’d, her feet
“Stuck fast; her face she try’d to turn away;
“She could not turn it; and by small degrees
“The stony hardness of her breast was spread
“O’er all her limbs. Believe not that I feign,
“For Salamis the figure of the nymph
“Still keeps; and there a temple is high rear’d
“Where Venus, the beholder, they adore.

“Mindful of this, O dearest nymph! lay by
“That cold disdain, and join thee to a spouse.
“So may no vernal frosts thy budding fruits
“Destroy, nor sweeping storms despoil thy flowers.”
When this the god, to various shapes in vain
Transform’d, had utter’d; he assum’d again
The youth, and flung the garb of age aside:
And so appear’d, as seems the radiant sun,
Freed from opposing clouds, and darting bright
His glory round. Force he prepar’d, but force
He needed not. The nymph his beauty mov’d,
And straight her bosom felt a mutual flame.

Th’ Ausonian realm Amulius’ force unjust
Commanded next; and ancient Numitor
By his young grandsons the lost realm regain’d.
The city’s walls on Pales’ feast were laid.
Now Tatius and the Sabine sires wage war
Against it; and the fortress’ gate unclos’d,
Tarpeia, well-deserving of her fate,
Breathes out her soul beneath a pile of shields.
Thence Cures’ sons, each sound of voice repress’d,
Silent as wolves, steal on them drown’d in sleep,
And gain the gates, which Ilia’s son had clos’d
With massive bars. But Juno one threw ope,
Nor creak’d the portal on its turning hinge.
Venus alone the fastening of the gate
Withdrawn, perceiv’d, and had it clos’d again,
Save that the acts a deity performs,
No deity can e’er undo. A spot
Near Janus’ temple, cool with flowing streams,
Ausonia’s Naiäds own’d; and aid from these
She sought. Nor could the nymphs deny a boon
So just; and instant all their rills and floods
Burst forth. But still to Janus’ open gate
The way was passable, nor could the waves
Oppose their way. They to the fruitful springs

Apply blue sulphur, and the hollow caves
Fire with bitumen; to the lowest depth
They forceful penetrate, both this, and that.
And streams that late might vie with Alpine cold,
To flames themselves, not now in heat would yield.
The porches of the deity two-fac'd
Smok'd with the fiery sprinkling; and the gate,
Op'd to the hardy Sabine troops in vain,
Was by the new-sprung fountain guarded, 'till
The sons of Mars had girt them in their arms.
Soon Romulus attack'd them, and Rome's soil
Was strew'd with Sabine bodies and her own:
And impious weapons mingled blood of sires
With blood of sons-in-law; yet so it pleas'd,
War settled into peace, nor rag'd the steel
To ultimate destruction; in the realm
Tatius as equal sovereign was receiv'd.

Tatius deceas'd, thou, Romulus, dispens'd,
To the joint nations, equitable laws.
When Mars, his helmet thrown aside, the sire
Of gods and men, in words like these, address'd. —
“O parent! (since the Roman realm has gain'd
“A strong and wide foundation, nor should look
“To one protector only) lo! the time
“To grant the favor, promis'd me so long,
“To thy deserving grandson. Snatch'd from earth
“Let him in heaven he plac'd. Time was, long since,
“In a full council of the gods thou said'st,
“Well I remember, well my mindful breast
“The tender words remark'd; a son of mine
“By thee should in the azure sky be plac'd:
“Now be the fulness of thy words complete.”
Th' Omnipotent consented; with black clouds
Darken'd the air; and frighten'd all the town
With flaming thunders. When the martial god
Perceiv'd this fiat of the promis'd change,

Propp'd on his spear he fearless mounts the steeds,
Press'd by the bloody yoke; loud sounds the lash,
And prone the air he cleaves, lights on the top
Of shady Palatine. There Ilia's son
Delivering regal laws to Romans round,
He saw, and swept him thence: his mortal limbs
Waste in the empty air, as balls of lead
Hurl'd from a sling, melt in the midmost sky:
More fair his face appears, and worthy more
Of the high shrines: such now appears the form
Of great Quirinus, clad in purple robe.

His spouse him wept as lost, when heaven's high queen
Bade Iris on her sweeping bow descend,
And thus her orders to Hersilia speak: —
“O matron! glory of the Latian land;
“Pride of the Sabine race; most worthy spouse
“Of such an hero once; spouse worthy now
“Of god Quirinus, cease thy tears: if wish
“To see thy husband warms thee, led by me,
“To yonder grove upon Quirinus' hill
“Which flourishes, and overshades the fane
“Of Rome's great monarch, haste.” — Iris obeys;
Upon her painted bow to earth slides down,
And hails Hersilia in the bidden words.
Her eyes scarce lifting, she with blushing face
Replies—”O goddess! whom thou art, to me
“Unknown; that thou a goddess art is plain.
“Lead me, O lead! shew me my spouse's face:
“Which if fate grant I may once more behold,
“Heaven I'll allow I've seen.” Nor waits she more,
But with Thaumantian Iris, to the hill
Of Romulus proceeds. There, shot from heaven,
A star tow'rd earth descended; from its rays
Bright flam'd Hersilia's hair, and with the star
Mounted aloft. Rome's founder's well-known arms
Receive her. Now her former name is chang'd,

As chang'd her body: known as Ora, now,
A goddess, with her great Quirinus join'd.

BOOK XV

Numa's journey to Crotona. The Pythagorean philosophy of transmigration of the soul, and relation of various transformations. Death of Numa, and grief of Egeria. Story of Hippolytus. Change of Egeria to a fountain. Cippus. Visit of Esculapius to Rome, in the form of a snake. Assassination and apotheösis of Julius Cæsar. Praise of Augustus. Prophetic conclusion.

Meantime they seek who may the mighty load
Sustain; who may succeed so great a king.
Fame, harbinger of truth, the realm decreed
To noble Numa. Not content to know
The laws and customs of the Sabine race,
His mind capacious grasp'd a larger field.
He sought for nature's laws. Fir'd by this wish,
His country left, he journey'd to the town
Of him, who erst was great Alcides' host:
And as he sought to learn what founder first
These Grecian walls rear'd on Italia's shore,
Thus an old 'habitant, well vers'd in tales
Of yore, reply'd.—"Jove's son, rich in the herds
'Iberia bred, his prosperous journey bent
'By ocean unto fair Lacinia's shores:
'Enter'd himself the hospitable roof
'Of mighty Croto, while his cattle' stray'd
'Amid the tender grass; and his long toil
'Reliev'd by rest. Departing, thus he spoke —
'Here in thy grandson's age a town shall rise. —
'And true the promis'd words; for Myscelos,
'Argive Alemon's son, dear to the gods,
'Beyond all mortals of that time, now liv'd.
'The club-arm'd god, as press'd with heavy sleep,
'He lay, hung o'er him, and directed thus. —
'Haste leave thy native land; — where distant flows
'The rocky stream of Æsaris, go seek. —
'And threaten'd much if disobedient found:
'Then disappear'd the god and sleep at once.

“Alemon’s son arose; with silent care
“Revolv’d the new-seen vision in his soul,
“And undetermin’d waver’d long his mind.
“The god commands, — the laws forbid to go:
“Death is the punishment to him decreed
“Who would his country quit. Now glorious Sol
“Had in the ocean hid his glittering face,
“And densest night shew’d her star-studded head;
“Again the god was seen to come; again
“Admonish, and with threats more stern demand
“Obedience. Terror-struck he now prepar’d
“His property and household gods to move
“To this new seat. Quick through the city flies
“The rumor; as a sligher of the laws
“Is he denounc’d. The trial ends at once;
“Th’ acknowledg’d crime without a witness prov’d.
“The wretched culprit lifts his eyes and hands
“To heaven, exclaiming; — Thou whose toils twice six
“Have given thee claim to glory, lend thy aid;
“Thou art the cause that I offence have given. —
“Sentence in old, by stones of white and black
“Was shewn: by these th’ accus’d was clear’d, by those
“Condemn’d. Thus is the heavy doom now pass’d,
“And in the fatal urn each flings a stone
“Of sable hue. Inverted then to count
“The pebbles, lo! their color all is chang’d
“From black to white; and thus, the doom revers’d,
“Alemon’s son by Hercules is freed.
“Thanks to Alcmena’s son, his kinsman, given,
“He o’er th’ Ionian sea with favoring winds
“Sail’d, and Tarentum, Sparta’s city, pass’d,
“And Sybaris, Neæthus Salentine,
“The gulph of Thurium, and Japygia’s fields,
“With Temeses; which shores at distance seen
“By him, were scarcely pass’d, when he beheld
“The mouth of Æsaris, the destin’d flood:
“And thence not far a lofty heap of earth,

“Where Croto’s hallow’d bones were safe inhum’d.
“There he as bidden rais’d the walls, which took
“From the high sepulchre their lasting name.
“Plain then the city’s origin appears
“By fame, thus built upon Italia’s shores.”

Here dwelt a sage whom Samos claim’d by birth,
But Samos and its masters he had fled;
A willing exile from tyrannic rule.
Though from celestial regions far remov’d
His mind to heaven could soar; with mental eyes
He things explor’d which to the human ken
Nature deny’d. When all with watchful care
Was learnt in secret, to the listening crowd
He public spoke. Told to their wondering ears
The primal origin of this great world;
The cause of things; what nature is; what god;
Whence snow; and whence tremendous thunder springs, —
From Jove, or from the rattling of rent clouds;
What shakes earth’s pillars; by what law the stars
Wander; and what besides lies hid from man.
And first that animals should heap the board
For food, he strict forbade; and first in words
Thus eloquent, but unbeliev’d he spoke.

”Cease, mortals, cease your bodies to pollute
“With food unhallow’d: plentiful is grain;
“The apples bend the branches with their load;
“The vines bear swelling heaps of clustering grapes;
“Bland herbs you have; and such as heat require
“To mollify for use. Nor do you lack
“The milky fluid, or the honey sweet,
“Fragrant of thyme. The lavish earth supplies
“Mild aliments, her riches and affords
“Dainties, with nought of slaughter or of blood.
“Their hunger beasts alone with flesh allay,

“And beasts not all; the generous steed, the flock,
“The herd, on grass subsist. But lions grim,
“Armenian tigers, bears, and wolves, delight
“In bloody feasts. How impious to behold
“Bowels in bowels bury’d! greedy limbs
“Fatten on limbs digested, and prolong’d
“One’s animation by another’s death.
“In vain the earth, benignant mother, gives
“Her copious stores, if nought can thee delight,
“Save with a savage tooth this living food
“To chew, and Cyclopéan feasts renew.
“Can’st thou not cloy the appetite’s keen rage,
“Deprav’d desire! unless another die?
“That early age, to which we give the name
“Of golden, happy was in mellow fruits,
“And plants, by earth produc’d; nor e’er did gore
“The mouth defile. In safety through the air
“Fowls way’d their feathers: fearless through the fields
“Wander’d the hare: nor, on the barb’d hook hung
“By his credulity, was snar’d the fish.
“Fraud was not, none suspicious of deceit;
“And all was fill’d with harmony and peace.
“But soon some wretch (whatever wretch was he)
“Such food disliking, in his greedy maw
“Bury’d what animation once possess’d.
“He led the way to wickedness. And first
“The weapon smok’d with blood of ravenous beasts:
“And there it should have stay’d. Just is the plea
“To take their lives that follow us for prey;
“But not devour them when destroy’d. From thence
“Wide spread the horrid practice, and the sow,
“Doom’d the first victim, is decreed to die,
“For digging up with crooked snout the seed;
“And blasting all the prospect of the year.
“The goat had gnaw’d the vine; — the culprit bled
“On Bacchus’ altars to appease his ire.
“These two their fate deserv’d. But how, O sheep!

“Ye harmless flocks, have ye this merited,
“Form’d to receive protection from mankind?
“Who in your swelling dugs bland liquors bear,
“Who give your fleecy coverings, garments soft
“For us to form; and more in life than death
“Assist our wants. What has the ox deserved?
“A simple harmless beast, and born for toil,
“Of guile and fraud devoid? Forgetful man!
“And undeserving of the harvest’s boon,
“Who could, the crooked joke just from his neck
“Remov’d, his faithful tiller sacrifice;
“Smite with the axe that neck with labor worn,
“With which so oft he had the soil renew’d;
“Which had so many crops on him bestow’d.
“Nor is this all, the savage deed perform’d,
“They implicate the heavenly gods themselves,
“Pretend th’ almighty deities delight
“To see the slaughter of laborious steers.
“Spotless must be the victim; in his form
“Perfection: (fatal thus too much to please!)
“With gold and fillets gay, the beast is led
“Before the altar, hears the unknown prayers,
“And sees the meal, the product of his toil,
“Betwixt his horns full in his forehead flung:
“Then struck, he stains the weapon with his blood,
“The weapon in reflecting waves beneath
“Haply beheld before. Next they inspect
“His torn-out living entrails, and from thence
“Learn what the bosoms of the gods intend.
“Whence, man, such passion for forbidden food?
“How dar’st thou, mortal man! in flesh indulge?
“O! I conjure you, do it not; my words
“Deep in your minds revolve, when to your mouth
“The mangled members of the ox you raise,
“Know, and reflect, your laborer you devour.

”And now the god inspires my tongue, my tongue

“Shall follow what th’ inspiring god directs,
“My truths I will disclose, display all heaven,
“And oracles of mind divine reveal.
“I sing of mighty things, by none before
“Investigated; what has long lain hid.
“It glads me through the lofty heavens to go;
“To sail amid the clouds, the sluggish earth
“Left far below; and on the shoulders mount
“Of mighty Atlas; thence from far look down,
“On wandering souls of reasoning aid depriv’d,
“Shivering and trembling at the thoughts of death.
“I thus exhort, and scenes of fate unfold.

”O race! whom terror of cold death affrights,
“Why fear ye Styx? why darkness? why vain names,
“The dreams of poets? why in fancy’d worlds
“Severe atonements? Whether slow disease,
“Or on the pile the body flames consume,
“Think not that any suffering it can feel.
“The soul from death is free, and one seat left,
“Another habitation finds and lives.
“Well I remember I was Pantheus’ son,
“Euphorbus, in the fatal war of Troy,
“Whose breast the young Atrides’ massive spear
“Transpierc’d in fight. I lately knew the shield
“My left arm bore, in Juno’s temple hung,
“In Abantean Argos. All is chang’d,
“But nothing dies. The spirit roams about
“From that to this, from this to that again;
“And enters vacant bodies at its will.
“Now from a beast’s to human frame it goes,
“Now from the man it passes to a beast;
“And never perishes. As yielding wax
“Is with new figures printed, nor remains
“Long in one form, nor holds its pristine shape;
“And yet is still the same: so do I teach,
“The soul the same, though vary’d are its seats.

“Hence, lest thy belly’s keen desire o’ercome
“All piety, (and prophet-like I speak)
“Forbear by impious slaughter to disturb
“The souls of kindred friends; and let not blood
“With blood be fed. Now on the boundless sea
“Since I am borne, and to the breeze have loos’d
“My swelling sail, this more: — Nought that the world
“Contains, is in appearance still the same
“All moving alters; changeable is form’d
“Each image. And with constant motion flows
“Ev’n time itself, just like a passing stream;
“For nor the river, nor the flying hour
“Can be detain’d. As wave by wave impell’d,
“The foremost prest by that behind; itself
“Urging its predecessor; so time flies,
“And so is follow’d, ever seeming new.
“For what has been, is lost; what is, no more
“Shall be, and every moment is renew’d.
“You see the night emerge to glorious day,
“And the bright sun in shady darkness sink.
“Nor shews the sky one hue when nature all
“Worn out, in midnight quiet rests; and when
“Bright Lucifer dismounts his snowy steed:
“Varying again when fair Aurora comes
“Of light fore-runner, and the world, to Sol
“About to yield, dyes deep. The orb’d god,
“When from earth’s margin rising, in the morn
“Blushing appears, and blushing seems at eve
“Descending to the main, but at heaven’s height
“Shines in white splendor; there th’ ethereal air
“Is purest, earth’s contagion distant far.
“Nor can nocturnal Phœbe always shew
“Her form the same, nor equal: less to-day,
“If waxing, than to-morrow she’ll appear;
“If waning, greater. Note you not the year
“In four succeeding seasons passing on?
“A lively image of our mortal life.

“Tender and milky, like young infancy
“Is the new spring: then gaily shine the plants,
“Tumid with juice, but helpless; and delight
“With hope the planter: blooming all appears,
“And smiles in varied flowers the feeding earth;
“But delicate and pow’rless are the leaves.
“Robuster now the year, to spring succeeds
“The summer, and a sturdy youth becomes:
“No age is stronger, none more fertile yields
“Its stores, and none with heat more fervid glows.
“Next autumn follows, all the fire of youth
“Allay’d, mature in mildness, just between
“Old age and youth a medium temper holds;
“Some silvery tresses o’er his temples strew’d.
“Then aged winter, frightful object! comes
“With tottering step, and bald appears his head;
“Or snowy white the few remaining hairs.
“Our bodies too themselves submit to change
“Without remission. Nor what we have been,
“Nor what we are, to-morrow shall we be.
“The day has been when we were but as seed,
“And in his mother’s womb the future man
“Dwelt. Nature with her aiding power appear’d,
“Bade that the embryo bury’d deep within
“The pregnant mother, should not rack her more:
“And from its dwelling to the free drawn air
“Produc’d it. To the day the infant brought,
“Lies sinewless; then quadruped he crawls
“In beast-like guise; then trembling, by degrees
“He stands erect, but with a leg unfirm,
“His knees assisting with some strong support.
“Now is he strong and swift, and youth’s brisk stage
“Quick passes; then, the flower of years o’ergone,
“He slides down gradual to descending age:
“This undermines, demolishes the strength
“Of former years. And ancient Milo weeps,
“When he beholds those aged feeble arms

“Hang dangling by his side, once like the limbs
“Of Hercules; so muscular, so large.
“And Helen weeps when in her glass she views
“Her aged wrinkles, wondering to herself
“Why she was ravish’d twice. Consuming time!
“And envious age! all substance ye destroy;
“All things your teeth decay; and you consume
“By gradual progress, but by certain death.
“These also, which the elements we call,
“Their varying changes know: lo! I explain
“Their regular vicissitudes, — attend.

”Four elements th’ eternal world contains;
“Two, earth and water, which their ponderous weight
“Sinks low; and two, the air and purer fire,
“Void of dense gravity, soar up on high,
“Free, unconfin’d. Though distant far in space,
“Yet from these four are all things form’d, and all
“To them resolve again. The earth dissolv’d
“Melts into liquid dew; more subtile grown
“It passes to the breezes and the air;
“And air again, when in its thinnest form,
“Depriv’d of weight, springs to the fires on high.
“Thence retrograde they come, inverting all
“This order: fire is thicken’d to dense air;
“Air into water; water to hard earth;
“Nor aught retains its form. Nature, of things
“Renewer, figures from old figures makes.
“Nought that the world contains (doubt not my truth)
“E’er perishes, but changes; and receives
“An alter’d shape. What to be born we call,
“Is to begin in different guise to seem
“Than what we were; and what we call to die,
“Is but to cease to wear our wonted form.
“Though haply some part hither may be mov’d,
“Some thither, still the aggregate’s the same.
“Nor can I think that aught can long endure

“Unalter’d. Soon the primal ages came
“From gold to iron. Quite transform’d is oft
“The state of places. I have seen what once
“Was earth most solid, chang’d to fluid waves.
“Land have I seen from ocean form’d; and shells
“Marine, lie scatter’d distant from all shore:
“Old anchors bury’d in the mountain tops.
“The rush of waters hollow vallies forms
“Where once were plains; and level lie the hills
“Beneath the deluge: dry the marshy ground
“With barren sand becomes; and what was parch’d
“Is soak’d, a marshy fen. Here nature opes
“New fountains; there she closes up the old.
“Rivers have bursted forth, when earthquakes shook
“The globe; some chok’d have disappear’d below.
“Thus Lycus, swallow’d by the yawning earth,
“Bursts far from thence again, another stream:
“The mighty Erasinus, now absorb’d,
“Now flows, to Argive fields again restor’d.
“And Myssus, they relate, who both his stream
“And banks disliking, as Caïcus now
“Twixt others flows. With Amenane who rolls
“O’er sands Sicilian, flowing oft, and oft
“With clos’d-up fountains dry. Anigros, once
“Sweet to the thirsty, now his waters pours
“Untouch’d by lips, since (save we must deny
“To poets faith) the double-body’d race
“There bath’d the wounds Alcides’ arrows gave.
“And is not Hypanis, the flood that springs
“From Scythia’s hills, once sweet, with bitter salts
“Now tainted? By the waves begirt were once
“Antissa, Pharos, and Phœnician Tyre;
“And not a spot an island now remains.
“The ancient clowns, Leucadia to the land
“Saw join’d; now surges beat around its base;
“And Zanclé, they relate, was once conjoin’d
“To Italy, ‘till ocean burst his bounds,

“And rent the land, and girt it with his waves.
“For Helicé or Buris should you seek,
“Achaïan towns, o’erwhelm’d beneath the waves
“You’ll find them: boatmen oft are wont to shew
“The tottering cities, and their walls immers’d.
“Near Pitthean Trœzen is a lofty hill
“By trees unshaded; now indeed an hill
“But once a level plain. Wond’rous to tell
“The wind’s resistless force, in caverns deep
“Inclos’d, for exit somewhere as it strain’d,
“And struggled long in vain, a freer range
“Of air to sweep; when all the prison round
“Was found no fissure pervious to the blast,
“It swell’d the high-rais’d ground: just so the breath
“Puffs out the bladder, or the horn’d goat’s skin.
“The tumor still remains, and now appears,
“Grown hard by lapse of time, a lofty hill.
“Though numbers to my mind occur, or seen
“Or heard, but few beside I will relate.
“Do not streams too receive and lose new powers?
“Thy fountain, horned Ammon, at mid-day
“Is icy cold, but hot at morn and eve.
“The waters of Athamanis, are said,
“Sprinkled on wood, when Luna’s lessening orb
“Shines in the heavens, to warm it into flame.
“A river have the Cicones, which turns
“To marble what it touches: whoso drinks
“Instant his inwards harden into stone.
“Cathis and Sybaris, which border near
“Our pastures, make the hair resemble gold.
“More wond’rous still, waters there are, with power
“The mind to change as well as change the limbs.
“Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene?
“And Ethiopa’s lake, which whoso drinks
“Or furious raves, or sinks in sleep profound?
“Whoe’er his thirst at the Clitorian fount
“Quenches, he loathes all wine: abstemious, joys

“To drink pure water: whether power the waves
“Possess to thwart the heating vinous juice,
“Or, as the natives tell, with herbs and charms
“When the mad Prætides Melampus cur’d,
“He in the stream the mental medicine flung;
“And hate of wine the fountain still retains.
“Lyncestius’ river flows with different power;
“Of this who swallows but the smallest draught
“Staggers, as charg’d with plenteous cups of wine.
“A dangerous place Arcadia holds (of yore
“Call’d Pheneos) for its waters’ two-fold force:
“Dreaded by night: for drank by night they harm,
“But guiltless of all mischief drank by day.
“Thus lakes and rivers now these powers possess;
“Now those. Time was Ortygia on the waves
“Floated, now firm she rests. Argo, first ship
“Dreaded the isles Cyanean scatter’d round
“And clashing oft amid the roaring waves;
“Which rest unmov’d now, and the winds despise.
“Nor Etna whose sulphureous furnace flames
“Will always burn; time was it burn’d not yet:
“For let earth be an animated mass,
“Which lives, and breathing holes in various parts
“Exhaling flame, possesses, she may change,
“Each time she moves, those passages of air;
“These caverns close, and others open throw.
“Or whether wind, confin’d in those deep caves,
“Hurls rocks on rocks, and what the seeds of fire
“Contain; and flames from the concussion burst;
“The winds appeas’d, cold will the caves be left.
“Or if the flame be by bitumen caught,
“Or by pale sulphur, fiercely will it burn
“To the last particle; but when the earth
“Fuel and oily nutriment no more
“The flame shall give; a tedious length of years
“Its force exhausting, and its nutriment
“By nature’s tooth consum’d, the famish’d flames

“Will this desert, deserted by their food.
“Fame says, the men who in Pallené live,
“A northern clime, when nine times in the lake
“Tritonian plung’d, in plumage light are clad.
“This scarce can I believe. They also tell
“That Scythia’s females, sprinkling on their limbs
“Rank poisons, such like transformation gain.
“Yet when well-try’d experience us instructs,
“Faith may be given. Do we not bodies see
“Decaying slow with moisture and with heat,
“To animalcules chang’d? Nay, go, inter
“A chosen slaughter’d steer, (well known the fact,
“And much in use;) lo! from the putrid paunch
“Swarms of the flower-collecting bee will rise,
“Which rove the meadows as their parent rov’d:
“And urge their toil and labor still in hope.
“The warlike courser, prostrate on the ground,
“Becomes the source whence angry hornets rise.
“Cut from the sea-shore crab his crooked claws,
“And place the rest in earth, a scorpion thence,
“Will come, and threaten with his hooked tail.
“The meadow worms too, which with silky threads
“(Well noted is the fact,) are wont to weave
“The foliage, change the figures which they wear,
“Like the gay butterfly of funeral fame.
“The life-producing seeds of grass-green frogs
“Mud holds; and forms them first devoid of feet,
“Then gives them legs for swimming well contriv’d;
“And, apt that they for lengthen’d leaps may suit,
“Behind these far surpass the first in length.
“The cub the bear brings forth, at its first birth
“Is but a lump of barely living flesh:
“Licking, the mother forms the limbs, and gives
“As much of shape as she herself enjoys.
“See we the young not of the honey’d bee,
“Clos’d in the wax hexagonally shap’d,
“First form’d a body limbless, gaining late

“Their feet and wings? And who could e’er suppose,
“Except the fact he knew, that Juno’s bird
“Which bears the starry tail; that Venus’ doves;
“The thunder-bearer of almighty Jove;
“And all the race of birds, their being owe
“To a small egg’s still smaller central part?
“There are, who think the human marrow chang’d,
“A snake becomes, when putrid turns the spine
“In a close sepulchre. These, each and all,
“Their origin from other things derive.
“One bird there is, which from herself alone
“Springs, and regenerates without foreign aid:
“Assyrians call her Phoenix. Not on grain,
“Nor herbs she lives, but on strong frankincense,
“And rich amomums’ juice: when she has pass’d
“Five ages of her life, with her broad bill
“And talons, she upon the ilex’ boughs,
“Or on the summit of the trembling palm,
“A nest constructs: on this she cassia strews,
“Spikes of sweet-smelling nard, the dark brown myrrh,
“And cinnamon well bruis’d: then lays herself
“Above, and on the odorous pile expires.
“Then, they report, an infant Phoenix springs
“From the parental corse, to which is given
“Five ages too, to live. When years afford
“Due strength to lift, and bear the ponderous load,
“She lightens of the weighty nest the boughs;
“With pious duty her own cradle takes,
“And parent’s sepulchre; then, having gain’d
“Hyperion’s city through the yielding air,
“Before the sacred portal lays it down.
“If of stupendous wonder aught ye find
“In this, hyænas must your wonder move;
“Alternate changing, females now they bear;
“And annual alter unto males again:
“That reptile too, which feeds on wind and air;
“And what it touches, straight its hue assumes.

“India by cluster-bearing Bacchus gain’d,
“Lynxes upon the conquering god bestow’d:
“And, (so they tell) whate’er their bladders void,
“Concretes to gems, and hardens in the air.
“Thus too, the coral hardens to a stone;
“A plant so flexible beneath the waves.
“Day would desert us; Phœbus’ panting steeds
“Would in the mighty deep be plung’d, ere I
“Could finish, should I every substance tell
“Chang’d to new form. This we perceive, that time
“All turns. These nations mighty strength attain:
“Those sink in power. Thus Troy in wealth and strength
“Was mighty; and for ten long years could shed
“Her blood in torrents. Low she lies, and shews
“Her ancient ruins, and her numerous tombs
“For all her riches. Sparta once was great;
“And fam’d Mycené once in power was strong;
“With Athens; and the town Amphion rais’d.
“Now a mean spot is Sparta; low now lies
“Lofty Mycené; what of Thebes remains,
“The town of Œdipus, except his tale?
“What of Pandion’s Athens, but the name?
“And now begins the fame of Dardan Rome
“To rise; the waves of Tiber from the hills
“Of Appenine descending, bathe her walls:
“Plac’d on a huge foundation shall she fix
“Her empire’s base. By increase shall she change;
“And shall hereafter of the mighty world
“Be head. This prophets, they assert, have said,
“And fate-predicting oracles. Myself
“Remember Helenus, old Priam’s son,
“Address’d Æneas, when the Trojan towers
“Were tottering, weeping, — and of future fate
“Doubtful, in words like these — O goddess born!
“If the prognostics of my soul I read
“Rightly, Troy ne’er, while thou art safe, will fall.
“Flames and the sword shall ope to thee a path

“Thou shalt depart, and with thyself convey
“An Iliüm, till a foreign land thou find’st;
“A land more friendly both to thee and Troy.
“Now, to the Phrygians’ offspring due, I see
“A city rais’d; such former ages ne’er
“Beheld; such is not; such will never be.
“Thousands of worthies in a length of years,
“Its power shall spread; but lord of all the globe
“Shall he, descended of Iulus, reign;
“Who, when by earth awhile enjoy’d, shall gain —
“A seat celestial; and the heavens shall be
“The bound of his career. — Well does my mind
“Retain, that Helenus in such like words
“Address’d the chief who bore his country’s gods.
“Joy’d I behold my kindred walls increase;
“And Grecia’s conquest happy prove for Troy.
“But lest too wide I wander, and my steeds
“Forget the goal; know, heaven, and all beneath;
“Earth, and all earth’s contents their shapes must change.
“Let us then, members of the world (not form’d
“Of body only, but with winged souls
“Which to the bodies of wild beasts may pass,
“Or dwell within the breasts of grazing herds)
“Permit those forms which may the souls contain
“Of parents, brethren, or of those once join’d
“To us by other bonds, certain of men,
“To rest secure and safe from savage wounds;
“Nor load our bowels at Thyestes’ board.
“Soon, by ill custom warp’d, does he prepare
“To bathe his impious hands in human gore,
“Who severs with his knife the lowing throat
“Of the young calf, and turns a deafen’d ear
“To all its cries: or who the kid can slay,
“Moaning in plaintive tone like children’s cries:
“Or who the fowl he fed before, can eat.
“What more is wanting, that may now complete
“The measure of iniquity? From thence

“Where the next step? Then let thine oxen plough,
“And let their death be due alone to age.
“Let from dread Boreas’ piercing cold the sheep
“Defend thee with her wool. Let the full goat
“Present her udder to thy hand to press.
“Throw far thy nets, thy nooses, and thy snares,
“And all thy treacherous skill; nor with lim’d twig
“Deceive the bird; nor with strong toils the deer;
“Nor hide the barbed hook with treacherous bait.
“If animals annoy ye, them destroy:
“But slay them only. From the taste of flesh
“Free be your mouths, while food more fit ye eat.”

His breast with these, and such like doctrines fill’d,
Numa, ‘tis said, back to his country came;
And held, unsought for, the supreme command
O’er Latium’s realm. Blest with the nymph his spouse,
And by the muses guided, all the rites
Of sacrifice he taught: the people train’d,
Fond of fierce war, to arts of gentle peace.
When late he finish’d reign at once, and life,
The Latian females, nobles, commons, all
In streaming tears, bewail’d their Numa dead.
His consort Rome deserted, and lay hid
In the deep forests of Aricia’s vale;
And with her wailings and her mournful sighs,
The rites impeded in Diana’s fane.
How oft the nymphs who dwelt in lakes and groves,
Kind admonitions gave her not to mourn,
And sooth’d her with consolatory words!
How oft the son of Theseus weeping, said;
“Cease thus to grieve, nor think your fate alone
“Is hard. Look round awhile on others’ woes;
“More mild your own you’ll bear. Would that not mine
“Were such as might assuage your woe; but mine,
“When heard, to calm your grief may something yield.

"Haply report has sounded in your ears
"Of one Hippolytus the fate, destroy'd
"Through his most impious step-dame's treacherous fraud,
"And sire's credulity. With much surprize
"You'll hear, — nay scarcely will you trust my words,
"But he am I! Pasiphaë's daughter me
"Accus'd, that I with vain endeavour try'd
"To violate my parent's nuptial couch:
"Me feigning guilty of the crime she wish'd;
"On me th' offence retorting, or through fear
"I might accuse, or rage at her repulse.
"My sire, me guiltless from the city drove,
"And curs'd me going with most hostile prayers.
"To Pitthean Træzen I my exil'd flight
"Directed: and now drove along the shore
"Of Corinth's sea; when ocean sudden heav'd;
"A mighty heap of waters bent appear'd,
"Like an huge hill, and increase seem'd to gain;
"Then roaring loud was at its summit cleft.
"Thence, from the bursting waves a horned bull
"Rush'd forth, breast-high uprearing in the air;
"Spouting the waves through his capacious mouth
"And nostrils. Terror seiz'd my comrades' breasts:
"Fill'd with the thoughts of exile, mine alone
"Unmov'd remain'd. While my impatient steeds,
"Turn'd to the main their heads; with ears erect
"Affrighted stood; then by the beast appall'd,
"Rush'd rapid with the car o'er lofty rocks.
"With a vain hand I strive to gird the curb,
"Besmear'd with foaming whiteness; bending back
"With all my might I pull the pliant reins.
"Nor had my horses' furious madness mock'd
"My strength, save that the fast-revolving wheel
"A tree opposing struck, and shatter'd: wide
"The fragments flew. I from the car was thrown,
"Entangled in the harness: plain to view
"Were seen my living bowels dragg'd along;

“My sinews twisted round the stump; my limbs
“Part swept away, and part entangled left:
“Loud crash’d my fractur’d bones; my weary’d soul
“At length exhal’d; my body nought retain’d
“That could be known, one all-continued wound.
“Can you, O nymph! or dare you, now compare
“Your woe with mine? Since then I have beheld
“The realm of darkness, and my mangled limbs
“Bath’d in the waves of Phlegethon. Nor life
“Had been restor’d, but through the forceful help,
“Of medicine that Apollo’s offspring gave.
“From him Pæonian aid when I had gain’d
“By plants of power, though much in Pluto’s spite,
“Cynthia me cover’d with her densest clouds:
“And lest my sight their hatred should increase,
“That safe I might remain, and without risk
“Be seen, she gave to my appearance age,
“Nor left me features to be known again:
“And long deliberated, whether Crete
“Or Delos, for my dwelling she would chuse.
“But, Crete and Delos both abandon’d, here
“She plac’d me, and my name she bade renounce
“Which still reminded me of my wild steeds;
“Saying — O thou, Hippolytus who wast!
“Be Virbius now! Thenceforth within these groves
“I dwell, — a minor deity, I tend
“My heavenly mistress, and increase her train.”

But foreign griefs possess’d not power to chase
Egeria’s woe; who at a mountain’s foot
Thrown prostrate, melted in a flood of tears;
‘Till Phœbus’ sister by her sorrow mov’d,
Transform’d her body to a cooling fount;
And her limbs melted to still-during streams.

The miracle the wondering nymphs beheld;

Nor stood the son of Amazonia's queen
With less surprize than on the bosom seiz'd
Of the Tyrrhenian ploughman, when he view'd
The fate-foretelling clod, amidst the fields.
At first spontaneous and untouch'd it mov'd;
Then took a human figure; shook off earth,
And op'd its new-form'd prophesying mouth:
Tages the natives call'd him, who first taught
Th' Etruscan race the future to explain:
Or Romulus, when he his spear beheld
Stuck on Palatium's hill, and sudden sprout:
By a new root, not by its steely point,
Fixt fast: no more a weapon, but a tree,
With pliant branches, which afford a shade
Unlook'd for to the wondering people round:
Or Cippus, when he in the flowing stream
Beheld his new-form'd horns (for them he saw)
But thought th' appearance false; and what he view'd,
Oft rais'd his fingers to his head to touch:
No more his eyes distrusting, then he stood,
(As victor from a conquer'd foe he came,)
And raising up to heaven his hands and eyes,
"Ye gods!" he said, "whatever this portends,
"If happy, to my country, to the state,
"Be it; — if ominous of ill, to me."
And then with odorous fires the gods ador'd,
On grassy altars of the green sward form'd;
And from the goblets pour'd the wine; and search'd,
The panting entrails of the slaughter'd sheep,
For what was meant. Th' Etruscan seer beheld
That mighty revolutions they foretold;
But yet obscurely: till his piercing eye
He from the entrails turn'd to Cippus' horns.
Then cry'd;—"Save thee, O king! for lo! the place
"For thee, O Cippus! and thy horns, the towers
"Of Latium will obey. Thou only haste;
"Delay not, but within the open gates

“Enter; so fate commands. In them receiv’d
“King wilt thou be; in safety wilt enjoy
“An ever-during kingdom.” Back he drew
His feet, and from the city’s walls he turn’d
Sternly his looks; exclaiming; “far, ye gods!
“O, far avert these omens! Better I
“An exile roam for life, than monarch rule
“The Capitol.” Then he assembled straight
The reverend senate, and the people round:
But first with peaceful laurel veil’d his horns:
Then on a mound, there by the soldiers rais’d,
He stood; and pray’d in ancient mode to heaven.
“Lo! here,” he cry’d, “is one, whom save ye drive
“Far from your city, will your monarch be;
“By marks, but not by name I him describe:
“Two horns his forehead bears. He is the man,
“Once in the town receiv’d, the augur tells,
“With servile laws will rule ye. Nay, he might
“Your open gates have enter’d, but myself
“Oppos’d him; though more near to me is none.
“Expel him, Romans! from your city far;
“Or, if he merit them, with massive chains
“Load him: or rid yourself at once of fear
“By the proud tyrant’s death.” Such murmurs sound
‘Mid lofty pines, when Eurus whistles fierce;
Such is the roaring of the ocean waves
Rolling far distant, as the crowd sent forth:
Till from amidst the all-confounding noise
One spoke more loud, and—”which is he?” exclaim’d.
Then all the brows they search’d, the horns to find.
Cippus again address’d them. “What you seek
“Behold!” and from his head the garland tore,
Spite of their efforts, and his forehead shew’d,
With double horns distinguish’d. All their eyes
Depress’d, and sighs from every bosom burst:
Unwillingly, (incredible!) they view
That head so bright with merit. Then, no more

Bearing that honors due he should not gain,
They bind his temples with a festal crown.
Thee, Cippus! since within the walls forbid
To enter, now the senators present
A grateful gift; a tract of land so large
As with a plough, by two yok'd oxen drawn,
Thou canst from morn till close of day surround.
The horns, the type of this stupendous fact,
Long shall remain on brazen pillars grav'd.

Ye muses, patrons of the poet's song,
Explain (for all complete your knowledge, age
Most distant ne'er deceives you) why the isle
In Tiber's bosom, by his billows wash'd,
The rites of Esculapius introduc'd
Into the town of Romulus! A plague
Of direst form infected Latium's air,
And the pale bloodless bodies wasted thin
Squalid in poison. When the numerous deaths
Prov'd every effort of mankind was vain,
And vain the art of medicine, they beseech
Celestial aid, and unto Delphos go,
Apollo's oracle, 'mid place of earth;
Pray him to help their miserable state
With health-affording words; and end at once
The dreadful pest which scourg'd their mighty town.
The fane, the laurel, and the quiver, slung
Upon his shoulder, shook; and this reply
The tripod from its secret depth return'd;
Thrilling their fear-struck bosoms: "What you seek,
"O Romans! here, you should have nearer sought:
"And nearer now ev'n seek it. Phœbus' aid
"Your woe can lessen not; but Phœbus' son
"Can help ye: therefore with good omens go,
"And call my offspring to afford relief."
Soon as the prudent senators receiv'd
The god's commands, with diligence they seek

What city's walls Apollo's son contain;
Depute a band, whom favoring breezes waft
To Epidaurus' shores. Soon as their keels
Touch'd on the strand, they to th' assembled crowd
Of Grecian elders haste; and earnest beg
To grant their deity, to check the rage
Of death amongst the hapless Latian race,
By his mere presence. So unerring fate
Had said. Divided is the council's voice:
Some would the aid besought, be granted; some,
And many, these oppose; refuse to send
To foreign lands their patron, and their god.
While dubious they deliberated, eve
Chas'd the remains of light, and the earth's shade
Threw darkness round; when, lo! the helping god
Appear'd in sleep before the Roman's bed
To stand, in form like what his temples grace.
His left hand bore a rugged staff; his right
Strok'd down the hairs of his expanded beard;
As thus with words of import mild he spoke;
"Fear not, for I will come; my temple leave.
"View but this snake which with his circling folds
"My staff entwines; remark him, that again
"You well may know him; chang'd to such a form
"Will I be; but more huge I will appear;
"Mighty in bulk as heavenly beings ought."
The vision ceas'd, and vanish'd with the words:
And with the god fled sleep; and cheerful light
Follow'd the flight of Somnus. Now the morn
Had chas'd the starry fires; the Grecian chiefs,
Still dubious, in the splendid temple meet
Of the intreated deity, and pray
That some celestial sign he should display,
To prove which country for his seat he chose.
Scarce had they ended, when the shining god
Fore-running hisses sent; and as a snake
With lofty crest appear'd: at his approach

His statue, altars, portals, gilded roofs,
And marble pavement shook. He rear'd his chest
Sublime amid the temple; and around
Darted his eyes, which shone with living fire.
Trembled the fear-struck crowd. The sacred priest,
His hair encircled with a snowy band,
Straight knew him; and, "the God! the God!" exclaim'd:
"All present, him with hearts and tongues adore!
"O glorious deity! may thou, thus seen,
"Propitious be; thy worshippers protect,
"Who keep thy rites." All present to the god
Adoring bend, and all his words repeat;
And Rome's ambassadors with fervor join
In mind and voice. To these the god consents,
And his crest moving, certain signs affords:
Thrice hissing, thrice he shakes his forked tongue,
Then down the shining steps he glides, his head
Retorted; as he thence departs he views
His ancient altars, and a last salute,
His wonted seat, his long-own'd temple, gives.
Thence rolls he huge along the ground bestrew'd
With scatter'd flowers, in curving folds entwin'd;
And through the city's centre takes his way,
To where the bending mole the port defends.
Here rested he; and to dismiss appear'd
His followers, and the kind attending crowd,
With gracious looks; then in th' Ausonian ship
He plac'd his length. A deity's huge weight
The ship confess'd; the keel beneath the load
Bent. Glad Æneäs' offspring felt, and loos'd
(A bull first sacrific'd upon the shore,)
The cables which their crowded galley bound.
Light airs impell'd the vessel. High aloft
The god appear'd; upon the curving poop
Rested his neck, and view'd the azure waves.
By zephyrs wafted o'er th' Æonian sea,
They reach'd Italia when the sixth time rose

Aurora. Pass'd Scylacea, and the fane
Of Juno, on Lacinia's noted shore;
Japygia left, and shunn'd Amphissia's rocks
With larboard oars; and, coasting on the right,
Ceraunia, and Romechium pass'd, and pass'd
Narycia and Caulonia; they, (the risks
Of sea, and of Pelorus' narrow straits
Surmounted) pass th' Æolian monarch's isles;
Metallic Themesis; Leucasia's land;
And warm and rosy Pæstus. Thence they coast
Along Capræa; and Minerva's cape;
And pass Surrentum, rich in generous wine,
The town of Hercules; Parthenopé,
Built for soft ease; with Stabia; and from thence
Pass the Cumæan Sybil's sacred dome.
Hence by Linternum, with the mastich rich;
And boiling fountains are they borne; and past
Vulturnus sucking sand within the gulf;
And Sinuessa, fill'd with milk-white doves:
Marshy Minturnæ; with Cajeta, rais'd
By him she nurs'd; Antiphates' abode;
Trachas, by fens encompass'd; Circé's land;
And Antium's solid shore. Here when the crew
Had with toe flying vessel reach'd, (for now
Rough was the main) the god his folds untwines,
Glides on in frequent coils, and spires immense;
Entering a temple of his sire that stood
Close by the yellow beach. The ocean calm'd,
The Epidaurian god his father's fane
Now leaves; a deity to him close join'd
Thus hospitable found: the sandy shore
Ploughs in a furrow with his rattling scales:
Then, in the steersman confident, he rests
On the high poop his head, till they approach
Lavinium's city, and her sacred seat,
And Tiber's mouth. The people rush in heaps,
And crowds of matrons and of fathers rush,

Confus'dly hither; even the vestal maids
Who guard the sacred fire: and all salute
The god with joyful clamor. Then where'er
The rapid vessel cleaves th' opposing stream,
The incense crackles on the banks, and rais'd
Are lines of altars, thick on either shore;
The smoke perfumes the air; the victims bleed
In heaps, and warm the sacrificial knife.
The Roman city now, the world's great head,
They enter'd, up erect the serpent rose;
From the mast's loftiest summit tower'd his neck,
And round he look'd to chuse a fit abode.
The waves circumfluent in two equal streams
Divide; the isle has thence its name, the arms
On either side are stretch'd, land in the midst.
Hither the Æsculapian snake himself
Betook, departing from the Latian ship;
Resum'd his form celestial, and their griefs
Dispersing, came health-bearer to the land.

A foreign power he in our temples stands,
But Cæsar, in his native town a god
Is worshipp'd. In the forum, and the field
Fam'd equal: yet not his well-finish'd wars,
His triumphs, nor the deeds in peace perform'd
So justly chang'd him to an heavenly shape,
A blazing star, as did the son he left.
For no atchievement Cæsar e'er perform'd
Can with the boast to be Augustus' sire
Compare. Far greater this than to subdue
The sea-girt Britons: — his victorious fleets
To seven-mouth'd Nile to lead; — to bring the realms
Cinyphian Juba rul'd, 'neath Rome's control,
Rebel Numidia; and, puff'd high in pride
With Mithridates' glory, Pontus' land;
Rich triumphs to have gain'd, and triumphs more
To merit, as a man so great produce;

To whose presiding care, O bounteous gods!
Mankind ye gave, and them completely blest.
And lest he seem from mortal seed to spring
His sire must mount to heaven, in form a god.
This the bright mother of Æneäs saw,
And for the priest beheld a mournful fate
Prepar'd, and moving saw the arms conspir'd.
She trembled, and to every god she met
Address'd her: "Lo! what deep and potent plots
"Against me they prepare. See, with what art
"His life is sought, who sole to me is left
"Of my Iulus. Why must I alone
"Be harass'd still with never-ceasing cares?
"Whom now Tydides' Calydonian spear
"Wounds; now the walls of ill-protected Troy
"Lie prostrate. Who my darling son behold
"Driv'n to long wanderings; on the ocean toss'd;
"Entering the silent mansions of the dead;
"Waging fierce war with Turnus; or, if truth
"I speak, with Juno rather. Yet why now
"Record I former sufferings in my sons?
"Terror prevents all memory of the past;
"See, where at me their impious swords they point!
"O, I conjure you! stay them; and prevent
"The horrid deed; lest, spilt the high-priest's blood,
"The fires of Vesta be for ever dark."

With words like these did troubled Venus move
Each power of heaven, in vain; yet all were touch'd,
And, though the stern decrees of rigid fate
To break unable, tokens plain they gave,
That some immense calamity was nigh.
They tell, that clashing arms 'mid the black clouds,
And dreadful horns and trumpets in the heavens
Sounded, to warn us of the impious deed.
Full of solicitude the earth beheld
The pale wan image of sad Phœbus' face.
Torches were often seen 'mid heaven to glare;

And from the clouds oft gory drops were shed.
Blue Lucifer a dusky hue o'ercast;
And Luna's car was sprinkled o'er with blood.
Th' infernal owl in numerous places shriek'd,
A direful omen! In a thousand fanes
The ivory statues wept; the sacred groves
Re-echo'd all with songs and threatening sounds.
No victim seem'd appeasing; tumults vast
Approaching shew'd the entrails; and appear'd
The liver always with a wounded head.
Around the domes, and temples of the gods
Loud howl'd the midnight dogs; the silent shades
Flitted along; and tremblings shook the town.
Yet could not these forebodings of the heavens
Crush the conspiracy, or ward his fate;
And in the temple were the weapons drawn:
For, but the senate-house, no spot could please
The vile assassins for the bloody deed.
Then Cytherea smote her lovely breast
In anguish; and beneath an heavenly cloud
Sought to conceal him: such a cloud as once
From furious Menelaüs Paris sav'd;
And snatch'd Æneäs from Tydides' sword.
Then thus her sire: "O daughter! hast thou power
"Th' immutable decrees of fate to change?
"To thee 'tis granted to inspect the dome
"Of the three sisters; there thou wilt behold
"Th' eternal tablets of events engrav'd
"On steel and brass, a work of mighty toil.
"Safe, they nor fear the clashing of the sky,
"Nor rage of thunder, nor of ruin aught.
"There wilt thou written find thy offspring's fate
"On ever-during adamant. Myself
"Have read it, and record it in my mind;
"And lest thou should'st be to the future blind,
"I will relate it. He for whom thou toil'st,
"O Cytherea! has his time fulfill'd;

“The sum of years which to the earth he ow’d.
“That he a deity in heaven may rise,
“And be in temples worshipp’d is thy care,
“And his successor’s; who his name will take,
“And on his shoulders bear the wide world’s rule;
“On him impos’d. He, of his murder’d sire
“Valiant avenger, shall in all his wars
“Our favoring influence feel. Mutina’s walls,
“By him besieg’d, in conquest shall confess
“His power, and sue for peace. Pharsalia, him
“Shall feel; and, drench’d in Macedonian blood
“Again, Philippi. On Sicilia’s seas
“His mighty name shall conquer. Egypt’s queen,
“Falsely relying on the nuptial bond
“With Rome’s triumvir, falls: all vain her threats,
“That Tiber should subservient bend to Nile.
“Why should I speak to thee of barbarous hordes,
“Nations which dwell at either seas’ extreme?
“Whatever habitable earth contains
“Will to his empire bend. Ocean will own
“His sway. Peace on th’extended earth bestow’d,
“To civil studies will his breast be turn’d;
“And laws most equitable will he frame.
“By his example curb licentious souls;
“And, stretching forward to a future age
“His anxious care, which their sons’ sons may feel,
“His offspring, nurtur’d in a pious womb,
“At once his name and station will assume.
“Nor shall he touch th’ ethereal seats, nor join
“His kindred stars till full like him in years.
“Meantime his soul, snatch’d from the mangled corse,
“Form to a brilliant star, a god divine:
“That Julius from his lofty seat may still
“Our forum, and our Capitol behold.”
Scarcely the sire had ceas’d, when Venus, bright,
But unperceiv’d by all, stood in the midst
Of Rome’s assembled senate; from the breast

Of her lov'd Cæsar took the recent soul,
Nor let it waste in air. Up to the stars
She bore it. Rapid as she swept along,
She saw it shine with light, she saw it burn;
Then from her bosom spring above the moon:
Lofty it flies, it shines a glittering star,
Dragging a flaming tail's stupendous length.
Viewing the glorious actions of his son,
Candid he grants them mightier than his own,
And thus surpast rejoices. Let him frown,
If to his parent's deeds we his prefer;
Yet fame quite free will such commands despise,
Give him unwish'd-for precedence; and here,
And here alone he'll disobedience find.
So Atreus yielded to the mighty fame
Of Agamemnon; Theseus so surpass'd
Ægeus; and Achilles Peleus so.
Nay more, examples nearer to themselves
If I should use, Saturn submits to Jove.
Jove rules th' ethereal sky, the triform world;
And all the earth beneath Augustus lies:
Each is the sire and ruler of his realm.

O, I implore, ye gods! who did attend
Æneās, — who made fire and sword retreat!
Ye native deities of Latium's soil!
Quirinus, founder of the walls of Rome!
Mars, of Quirinus never-conquer'd, sire!
Vesta, held sacred midst the Cæsars' gods!
Domestic Phœbus, with chaste Vesta plac'd!
And Jove, who guards the high Tarpeiän walls!
With all whom pious poets may invoke;
Slow may that day arrive, and older far
Than what our age may see, when to the clouds
His glorious head shall mount, quitting this globe
He rules so well, and our beseeching prayers
Bending with condescending ear to grant.

Now is my work complete, which not Jove's ire,
Nor flame, nor steel, nor gnawing tooth of age,
Shall e'er destroy. Come when it will, that day
Which nothing, save my mortal frame, can touch.
Which ends the being of a dubious life,
My better part unperishing shall mount
Above the loftiest stars. Eternal still
Shall be my name. Where'er Rome's power extends
O'er conquer'd earth, my verses shall be read;
And, if the presages by poets given
Be true, to endless years my fame shall live.

FINIS.

METAMORPHOSES (PROSE)



Translated by Henry T. Riley

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BOOK THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

My design leads me to speak of forms changed into new bodies. Ye Gods, (for you it was who changed them,) favor my attempts, and bring down the lengthened narrative from the very beginning of the world, *even* to my own times.

FABLE I.

God reduces Chaos into order. He separates the four elements, and disposes the several bodies, of which the universe is formed, into their proper situations.

At first, the sea, the earth, and the heaven, which covers all things, were the only face of nature throughout the whole universe, which men have named Chaos; a rude and undigested mass, and nothing *more* than an inert weight, and the discordant atoms of things not harmonizing, heaped together in the same spot. No Sun as yet gave light to the world; nor did the Moon, by increasing, recover her horns anew. The Earth did not *as yet* hang in the surrounding air, balanced by its own weight, nor had Amphitrite stretched out her arms along the lengthened margin of the coasts. Wherever, too, was the land, there also was the sea and the air; *and* thus was the earth without firmness, the sea unnavigable, the air void of light; in no one *of them* did its *present* form exist. And one was *ever* obstructing the other; because in the same body the cold was striving with the hot, the moist with the dry, the soft with the hard, things having weight with *those* devoid of weight.

To this discord God and bounteous Nature put an end; for he separated the earth from the heavens, and the waters from the earth, and distinguished the clear heavens from the gross atmosphere. And after he had unravelled these *elements*, and released them from *that* confused heap, he combined them, *thus* disjoined, in harmonious unison, *each* in *its proper* place. The element of the vaulted heaven, fiery and without weight, shone forth, and selected a place for itself

in the highest region; next after it, *both* in lightness and in place, was the air; the Earth was more weighty than these, and drew *with it* the more ponderous atoms, and was pressed together by its own gravity. The encircling waters sank to the lowermost place, and surrounded the solid globe.

EXPLANATION.

The ancient philosophers, unable to comprehend how something could be produced out of nothing, supposed a matter pre-existent to the Earth in its present shape, which afterwards received form and order from some powerful cause. According to them, God was not the Creator, but the Architect of the universe, in ranging and disposing the elements in situations most suitable to their respective qualities. This is the Chaos so often sung of by the poets, and which Hesiod was the first to mention.

It is clear that this system was but a confused and disfigured tradition of the creation of the world, as mentioned by Moses; and thus, beneath these fictions, there lies some faint glimmering of truth. The first two chapters of the book of Genesis will be found to throw considerable light on the foundation of this Mythological system of the world's formation.

Hesiod, the most ancient of the heathen writers who have enlarged upon this subject, seems to have derived much of his information from the works of Sanchoniatho, who is supposed to have borrowed his ideas concerning Chaos from that passage in the second verse of the first Chapter of Genesis, which mentions the darkness that was spread over the whole universe—'and darkness was upon the face of the deep' — for he expresses himself almost in those words. Sanchoniatho lived before the Trojan war, and professed to have received his information respecting the original construction of the world from a priest of 'Jehovah,' named Jerombaal. He wrote in the Phœnician language; but we have only a translation of his works, by Philo Judæus, which is by many supposed to be spurious. It is, however, very probable, that from him the Greeks borrowed their notions regarding Chaos, which they mingled with fables of their own invention.

FABLE II.

After the separation of matter, God gives form and regularity to the universe; and all other living creatures being produced, Prometheus moulds earth tempered with water, into a human form, which is animated by Minerva.

When thus he, whoever of the Gods he was, had divided the mass *so* separated, and reduced it, so divided, into *distinct* members; in the first place, that it might not be unequal on any side, he gathered it up into the form of a vast globe; then he commanded the sea to be poured around it, and to grow boisterous with the raging winds, and to surround the shores of the Earth, encompassed *by it*; he added also springs, and numerous pools and lakes, and he bounded the rivers as they flowed downwards, with slanting banks. These, different in *different* places, are some of them swallowed up by *the Earth* itself; some of them reach the ocean, and, received in the expanse of waters that take a freer range, beat against shores instead of banks.

He commanded the plains, too, to be extended, the valleys to sink down, the woods to be clothed with green leaves, the craggy mountains to arise; and, as on the right-hand side, two Zones intersect the heavens, and as many on the left; *and as* there is a fifth hotter than these, so did the care of the Deity distinguish this enclosed mass *of the Earth* by the same number, and as many climates are marked out upon the Earth. Of these, that which is the middle one is not habitable on account of the heat; deep snow covers two *of them*. Between either these he placed as many more, and gave them a temperate climate, heat being mingled with cold.

Over these hangs the air, which is heavier than fire, in the same degree that the weight of water is lighter than the weight of the earth. Here he ordered vapors, here too, the clouds to take their station; the thunder, too, to terrify the minds of mortals, and with the lightnings, the winds that bring on cold. The Contriver of the World did not allow these indiscriminately to take possession of the sky. Even now, (although they each of them govern their own blasts in a distinct tract) they are with great difficulty prevented from rending the world asunder, so great is the discord of the brothers. Eurus took his way towards *the rising of* Aurora and the realms of Nabath and Persia,

and the mountain ridges exposed to the rays of the morning. The Evening star, and the shores which are warm with the setting sun, are bordering upon Zephyrus. The terrible Boreas invaded Scythia, and the regions of the North. The opposite quarter is wet with continual clouds, and the drizzling South Wind. Over these he placed the firmament, clear and devoid of gravity, and not containing anything of the dregs of earth.

Scarcely had he separated all these by fixed limits, when the stars, which had long lain hid, concealed beneath that mass *of Chaos*, began to glow through the range of the heavens. And that no region might be destitute of its own *peculiar* animated beings, the stars and the forms of the Gods possess the tract of heaven; the waters fell to be inhabited by the smooth fishes; the Earth received the wild beasts, *and* the yielding air the birds.

But an animated being, more holy than these, more fitted to receive higher faculties, and which could rule over the rest, was still wanting. *Then* Man was formed. Whether it was that the Artificer of all things, the original of the world in its improved state, framed him from divine elements; or whether, the Earth, being newly made, and but lately divided from the lofty æther, still retained some atoms of its kindred heaven, which, tempered with the waters of the stream, the son of Iapetus fashioned after the image of the Gods, who rule over all things. And, whereas other animals bend their looks downwards upon the Earth, to Man he gave a countenance to look on high and to behold the heavens, and to raise his face erect to the stars. Thus, that which had been lately rude earth, and without any regular shape, being changed, assumed the form of Man, *till then* unknown.

EXPLANATION.

According to Ovid, as in the book of Genesis, man is the last work of the Creator. The information derived from Holy Writ is here presented to us, in a disfigured form. Prometheus, who tempers the earth, and Minerva, who animates his workmanship, is God, who formed man, and ‘breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.’

Some writers have labored to prove that this Prometheus, of the

heathen Mythology, was a Scriptural character. Bochart believes him to have been the same with Magog, mentioned in the book of Genesis. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and Magog was the son of Japhet, who, according to that learned writer, was identical with Iapetus. He says, that as Magog went to settle in Scythia, so did Prometheus; as Magog either invented, or improved, the art of founding metals, and forging iron, so, according to the heathen poets, did Prometheus. Diodorus Siculus asserts that Prometheus was the first to teach mankind how to produce fire from the flint and steel.

The fable of Prometheus being devoured by an eagle, according to some, is founded on the name of Magog, which signifies 'a man devoured by sorrow.' Le Clerc, in his notes on Hesiod, says, that Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, was the same with the Gog of Scripture, the brother of Magog. Some writers, again, have exerted their ingenuity to prove that Prometheus is identical with the patriarch Noah.

FABLE III.

The formation of man is followed by a succession of the four ages of the world. The first is the Golden Age, during which Innocence and Justice alone govern the world.

The Golden Age was first founded, which, without any avenger, of its own accord, without laws, practised both faith and rectitude. Punishment, and the fear *of it*, did not exist, and threatening decrees were not read upon the brazen *tables*, fixed up *to view*, nor *yet* did the suppliant multitude dread the countenance of its judge; but *all* were in safety without any avenger. The pine-tree, cut from its *native* mountains, had not yet descended to the flowing waves, that it might visit a foreign region; and mortals were acquainted with no shores beyond their own. Not as yet did deep ditches surround the towns; no trumpets of straightened, or clarions of crooked brass, no helmets, no swords *then* existed. Without occasion for soldiers, the minds *of men*, free from care, enjoyed an easy tranquillity.

The Earth itself, too, in freedom, untouched by the harrow, and wounded by no ploughshares, of its own accord produced everything; and men, contented with the food created under no

compulsion, gathered the fruit of the arbuté-tree, and the strawberries of the mountain, and cornels, and blackberries adhering to the prickly bramble-bushes, and acorns which had fallen from the wide-spreading tree of Jove. *Then* it was an eternal spring; and the gentle Zephyrs, with their soothing breezes, cherished the flowers produced without any seed. Soon, too, the Earth unploughed yielded crops of grain, and the land, without being renewed, was whitened with the heavy ears of corn. Then, rivers of milk, then, rivers of nectar were flowing, and the yellow honey was distilled from the green holm oak.

EXPLANATION.

The heathen poets had learned, most probably from tradition, that our first parents lived for some time in peaceful innocence; that, without tillage, the garden of Eden furnished them with fruit and food in abundance; and that the animals were submissive to their commands: that after the fall the ground became unfruitful, and yielded nothing without labor; and that nature no longer spontaneously acknowledged man for its master. The more happy days of our first parents they seem to have styled the Golden Age, each writer being desirous to make his own country the scene of those times of innocence. The Latin writers, for instance, have placed in Italy, and under the reign of Saturn and Janus, events, which, as they really happened, the Scriptures relate in the histories of Adam and of Noah.

FABLE IV.

In the Silver Age, men begin not to be so just, nor, consequently, so happy, as in the Golden Age. In the Brazen Age, which succeeds, they become yet less virtuous; but their wickedness does not rise to its highest pitch until the Iron Age, when it makes its appearance in all its deformity.

Afterwards (Saturn being driven into the shady realms of Tartarus), the world was under the sway of Jupiter; *then* the Silver Age succeeded, inferior to *that of* gold, but more precious than *that of* yellow brass. Jupiter shortened the duration of the former spring,

and divided the year into four periods by means of winters, and summers, and unsteady autumns, and short springs. Then, for the first time, did the parched air glow with sultry heat, and the ice, bound up by the winds, was pendant. Then, for the first time, did men enter houses; *those* houses were caverns, and thick shrubs, and twigs fastened together with bark. Then, for the first time, were the seeds of Ceres buried in long furrows, and the oxen groaned, pressed by the yoke of the ploughshare.

The Age of Brass succeeded, as the third *in order*, after these; fiercer in disposition, and more prone to horrible warfare, but yet free from impiety. The last Age was of hard iron. Immediately every species of crime burst forth, in this age of degenerated tendencies; modesty, truth, and honor took flight; in their place succeeded fraud, deceit, treachery, violence, and the cursed hankering for acquisition. The sailor now spread his sails to the winds, and with these, as yet, he was but little acquainted; and *the trees*, which had long stood on the lofty mountains, now, *as* ships bounded through the unknown waves. The ground, too, hitherto common as the light of the sun and the breezes, the cautious measurer marked out with his lengthened boundary.

And not only was the rich soil required to furnish corn and due sustenance, but men even descended into the entrails of the Earth; and riches were dug up, the incentives to vice, which the Earth had hidden, and had removed to the Stygian shades. Then destructive iron came forth, and gold, more destructive than iron; then War came forth, that fights through the means of both, and that brandishes in his blood-stained hands the clattering arms. Men live by rapine; the guest is not safe from his entertainer, nor the father-in-law from the son-in-law; good feeling, too, between brothers is a rarity. The husband is eager for the death of the wife, she *for that* of her husband. Horrible stepmothers *then* mingle the ghastly wolfsbane; the son prematurely makes inquiry into the years of his father. Piety lies vanquished, and the virgin Astræa is the last of the heavenly *Deities* to abandon the Earth, *now* drenched in slaughter.

EXPLANATION.

The Poet here informs us, that during the Golden Age, a perpetual spring reigned on the earth, and that the division of the year into seasons was not known until the Silver Age. This allusion to Eden is very generally to be found in the works of the heathen poets. The Silver Age is succeeded by the Brazen, and that is followed by the Iron Age, which still continues. The meaning is, that man gradually degenerated from his primeval innocence, and arrived at that state of wickedness and impiety, of which the history of all ages, ancient and modern, presents us with so many lamentable examples.

The limited nature of their views, and the fact that their exuberant fancy was the source from which they derived many of their alleged events, naturally betrayed the ancient writers into great inconsistencies. For in the Golden Age of Saturn, we find wars waged, and crimes committed. Saturn expelled his father, and seized his throne; Jupiter, his son, treated Saturn as he had done his father Uranus; and Jupiter, in his turn, had to wage war against the Giants, in their attempt to dispossess him of the heavens.

FABLE V.

The Giants having attempted to render themselves masters of heaven, Jupiter buries them under the mountains which they have heaped together to facilitate their assault; and the Earth, animating their blood, forms out of it a cruel and fierce generation of men.

And that the lofty *realms of æther* might not be more safe than the Earth, they say that the Giants aspired to the sovereignty of Heaven, and piled the mountains, heaped together, even to the lofty stars. Then the omnipotent Father, hurling his lightnings, broke through Olympus, and struck Ossa away from Pelion, that lay beneath it. While the dreadful carcasses lay overwhelmed beneath their own structure, they say that the Earth was wet, drenched with the plenteous blood of her sons, and that she gave life to the warm gore; and that, lest no memorial of this ruthless race should be surviving, she shaped them into the form of men. But that generation, too, was a despiser of the Gods above, and most greedy of ruthless slaughter, and full of violence: you might see that they derived their origin from blood.

EXPLANATION.

The war of the giants, which is here mentioned, is not to be confounded with that between Jupiter and the Titans, who were inhabitants of heaven. The fall of the angels, as conveyed by tradition, probably gave rise to the story of the Titans; while, perhaps, the building of the tower of Babel may have laid the foundation of that of the attempt by the giants to reach heaven. Perhaps, too, the descendants of Cain, who are probably the persons mentioned in Scripture as the children 'of men' and 'giants,' were the race depicted under the form of the Giants, and the generation that sprung from their blood. See Genesis, ch. vi. ver. 2, 4.

FABLE VI.

Jupiter, having seen the crimes of this impious race of men, calls a council of the Gods, and determines to destroy the world.

When the Father *of the Gods*, the son of Saturn, beheld this from his loftiest height, he groaned aloud; and recalling to memory the polluted banquet on the table of Lycaon, not yet publicly known, from the crime being but lately committed, he conceives in his mind vast wrath, and such as is worthy of Jove, and calls together a council; no delay detains them, thus summoned.

There is a way on high, easily seen in a clear sky, and which, remarkable for its very whiteness, receives the name of the Milky Way. Along this is the way for the Gods above to the abode of the great Thunderer and his royal palace. On the right and on the left side the courts of the ennobled Deities are thronged, with open gates. The *Gods of lower rank* inhabit various places; in front *of the Way*, the powerful and illustrious inhabitants of Heaven have established their residence. This is the place which, if boldness may be allowed to my expression, I should not hesitate to style the palatial residence of Heaven. When, therefore, the Gods above had taken their seats in the marble hall of assembly; he himself, elevated on his seat, and leaning on his sceptre of ivory, three or four times shook the awful locks of

his head, with which he makes the Earth, the Seas, and the Stars to tremble. Then, after such manner as this, did he open his indignant lips: —

“Not *even* at that time was I more concerned for the empire of the universe, when each of the snake-footed monsters was endeavoring to lay his hundred arms on the captured skies. For although that was a dangerous enemy, yet that war was with but one stock, and sprang from a single origin. Now must the race of mortals be cut off by me, wherever Nereus roars on all sides of the earth; *this* I swear by the Rivers of Hell, that glide in the Stygian grove beneath the earth. All methods have been already tried; but a wound that admits of no cure, must be cut away with the knife, that the sound parts may not be corrupted. I have *as subjects*, Demigods, and I have the rustic Deities, the Nymphs, and the Fauns, and the Satyrs, and the Sylvens, the inhabitants of the mountains; these, though as yet, we have not thought them worthy of the honor of Heaven, let us, at least, permit to inhabit the earth which we have granted them. And do you, ye Gods of Heaven, believe that they will be in proper safety, when Lycaon remarkable for his cruelty, has formed a plot against *even* me, who own and hold sway over the thunder and yourselves?”

All shouted their assent aloud, and with ardent zeal they called for vengeance on one who dared such *crimes*. Thus, when an impious band *madly* raged to extinguish the Roman name in the blood of Cæsar, the human race was astonished with sudden terror at ruin so universal, and the whole earth shook with horror. Nor was the affectionate regard, Augustus, of thy subjects less grateful to thee, than that was to Jupiter. Who, after he had, by means of his voice and his hand, suppressed their murmurs, all of them kept silence. Soon as the clamor had ceased, checked by the authority of their ruler, Jupiter again broke silence in these words:

“He, indeed, (dismiss your cares) has suffered *dire* punishment; but what was the offence and what the retribution, I will inform you. The report of the iniquity of the age had reached my ears; wishing to find this not to be the truth, I descended from the top of Olympus, and, a God in a human shape, I surveyed the earth. ‘Twere an endless task to enumerate how great an amount of guilt was everywhere discovered; the report itself was below the truth.”

EXPLANATION.

It is to be presumed, that Ovid here follows the prevailing tradition of his time; and it is surprising how closely that tradition adheres to the words of Scripture, relative to the determination of the Almighty to punish the earth by a deluge, as disclosed in the sixth chapter of Genesis. The Poet tells us, that the King of heaven calls the Gods to a grand council, to deliberate upon the punishment of mankind, in retribution for their wickedness. The words of Scripture are, “And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, ‘I will destroy man, whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air: for it repenteth me that I have made them.’” — Genesis, ch. vi. ver. 5, 6, 7.

Tradition seems to have faithfully carried down the fact, that, amid this universal corruption, there was still at least one just man, and here it attributes to Deucalion the merit that belonged to Noah.

FABLE VII.

Lycaon, king of Arcadia, in order to discover if it is Jupiter himself who has come to lodge in his palace, orders the body of an hostage, who had been sent to him, to be dressed and served up at a feast. The God, as a punishment, changes him into a wolf.

I had *now* passed Mænalus, to be dreaded for its dens of beasts of prey, and the pine-groves of cold Lycæus, together with Cyllene. After this, I entered the realms and the inhospitable abode of the Arcadian tyrant, just as the late twilight was bringing on the night. I gave a signal that a God had come, and the people commenced to pay their adorations. In the first place, Lycaon derided their pious supplications. Afterwards, he said, I will make trial, by a plain proof, whether this is a God, or whether he is a mortal; nor shall the truth remain a matter of doubt. He then makes preparations to destroy me,

when sunk in sleep, by an unexpected death; this mode of testing the truth pleases him. And not content with that, with the sword he cuts the throat of an hostage that had been sent from the nation of the Molossians, and then softens part of the quivering limbs, in boiling water, and part he roasts with fire placed beneath. Soon as he had placed these on the table, I, with avenging flames, overthrew the house upon the household Gods, worthy of their master. Alarmed, he himself takes to flight, and having reached the solitude of the country, he howls aloud, and in vain attempts to speak; his mouth gathers rage from himself, and through its *usual* desire for slaughter, it is directed against the sheep, and even still delights in blood. His garments are changed into hair, his arms into legs; he becomes a wolf, and he still retains vestiges of his ancient form. His hoariness is still the same, the same violence *appears* in his features; his eyes are bright as before; *he is still* the same image of ferocity.

“Thus fell one house; but one house alone did not deserve to perish; wherever the earth extends, the savage Erinnys reigns. You would suppose that men had conspired to be wicked; let all men speedily feel that vengeance which they deserve to endure, for such is my determination.”

EXPLANATION.

If Ovid is not here committing an anachronism, and making Jupiter, before the deluge, relate the story of a historical personage, who existed long after it, the origin of the story of Lycaon must be sought in the antediluvian narrative. It is just possible that the guilty Cain may have been the original of Lycaon. The names are not very dissimilar: they are each mentioned as the first murderer; and the fact, that Cain murdered Abel at the moment when he was offering sacrifice to the Almighty, may have given rise to the tradition that Lycaon had set human flesh before the king of heaven. The Scripture, too, tells us, that Cain was personally called to account by the Almighty for his deed of blood.

The punishment here inflicted on Lycaon was not very dissimilar to that with which Cain was visited. Cain was sentenced to be a fugitive and a wanderer on the face of the earth; and such is

essentially the character of the wolf, shunned by both men and animals. Of course, there are many points to which it is not possible to extend the parallel. Some of the ancient writers tell us, that there were two Lycaons, the first of whom was the son of Phoroneus, who reigned in Arcadia about the time of the patriarch Jacob; and the second, who succeeded him, polluted the festivals of the Gods by the sacrifice of the human race; for, having erected an altar to Jupiter, at the city of Lycosura, he slew human victims on it, whence arose the story related by the Poet. This solution is given by Pausanias, in his *Arcadica*. We are also told by that historian, and by Suidas, that Lycaon was, notwithstanding, a virtuous prince, the benefactor of his people, and the promoter of improvement.

FABLE VIII.

Jupiter, not thinking the punishment of Lycaon sufficient to strike terror into the rest of mankind, resolves, on account of the universal corruption, to extirpate them by a universal deluge.

Some, by their words approve the speech of Jupiter, and give spur to him, *indignantly* exclaiming; others, by *silent* assent fulfil their parts. Yet the *entire* destruction of the human race is a cause of grief to them all, and they inquire what is to be the form of the earth in future, when destitute of mankind? who is to place frankincense on the altars? and whether it is his design to give up the nations for a prey to the wild beasts? The ruler of the Gods forbids them making these enquiries, to be alarmed (for that the rest should be his care); and he promises, *that* from a wondrous source *he will raise* a generation unlike the preceding race.

And now he was about to scatter his thunder over all lands; but he was afraid lest, perchance, the sacred æther might catch fire, from so many flames, and the extended sky might become inflamed. He remembers, too, that it was in the *decrees of Fate*, that a time should come, at which the sea, the earth, and the palace of heaven, seized by *the flames*, should be burned, and the laboriously-wrought fabric of the universe should be in danger of perishing. The weapons forged by the hands of the Cyclops are laid aside; a different *mode of* punishment pleases him: to destroy mankind beneath the waves, and

to let loose the rains from the whole tract of Heaven. At once he shuts the North Wind in the caverns of Æolus, and *all* those blasts which dispel the clouds drawn over *the Earth*; and *then* he sends forth the South Wind. With soaking wings the South Wind flies abroad, having his terrible face covered with pitchy darkness; his beard *is* loaded with showers, the water streams down from his hoary locks, clouds gather upon his forehead, his wings and the folds of his robe drip with wet; and, as with his broad hand he squeezes the hanging clouds, a crash arises, and thence showers are poured in torrents from the sky. Iris, the messenger of Juno, clothed in various colors, collects the waters, and bears a supply *upwards* to the clouds.

The standing corn is beaten down, and the expectations of the husbandman, *now* lamented by him, are ruined, and the labors of a long year prematurely perish. Nor is the wrath of Jove satisfied with his own heaven; but *Neptune*, his azure brother, aids him with his auxiliary waves. He calls together the rivers, which, soon as they had entered the abode of their ruler, he says, "I must not now employ a lengthened exhortation; pour forth *all* your might, so the occasion requires. Open your abodes, and, *each* obstacle removed, give full rein to your streams." *Thus* he commanded; they return, and open the mouths of their fountains, and roll on into the ocean with unobstructed course. He himself struck the Earth with his trident, *on which* it shook, and with a tremor laid open the sources of its waters. The rivers, breaking out, rush through the open plains, and bear away, together with the standing corn, the groves, flocks, men, houses, and temples, together with their sacred *utensils*. If any house remained, and, not thrown down, was able to resist ruin so vast, yet the waves, *rising* aloft, covered the roof of that *house*, and the towers tottered, overwhelmed beneath the stream. And now sea and land had no mark of distinction; everything now was ocean; and to that ocean shores were wanting. One man takes possession of a hill, another sits in a curved boat, and plies the oars there where he had lately ploughed; another sails over the standing corn, or the roof of his country-house under water; another catches a fish on the top of an elm-tree. An anchor (if chance so directs) is fastened in a green meadow, or the curving keels come in contact with the vineyards, *now* below them; and where of late the slender goats had cropped the

grass, there unsightly sea-calves are now reposing their bodies.

The Nereids wonder at the groves, the cities, and the houses under water; dolphins get into the woods, and run against the lofty branches, and beat against the tossed oaks. The wolf swims among the sheep; the wave carries along the tawny lions; the wave carries along the tigers. Neither does the powers of his lightning-shock avail the wild boar, nor his swift legs the stag, *now* borne away. The wandering bird, too, having long sought for land, where it may be allowed to light, its wings failing, falls down into the sea. The boundless range of the sea had overwhelmed the hills, and the stranger waves beat against the heights of the mountains. The greatest part is carried off by the water: those whom the water spares, long fastings overcome, through scantiness of food.

EXPLANATION.

Pausanias makes mention of five deluges. The two most celebrated happened in the time of Ogyges, and in that of Deucalion. Of the last Ovid here speaks; and though that deluge was generally said to have overflowed Thessaly only, he has evidently adopted in his narrative the tradition of the universal deluge, which all nations seem to have preserved. He says, that the sea joined its waters to those falling from heaven. The words of Scripture are (Genesis, vii. 11), 'All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.' In speaking of the top of Parnassus alone being left uncovered, the tradition here followed by Ovid probably referred to Mount Ararat, where Noah's ark rested. Noah and his family are represented by Deucalion and Pyrrha. Both Noah and Deucalion were saved for their virtuous conduct; when Noah went out of the ark, he offered solemn sacrifices to God; and Pausanias tells us that Deucalion, when saved, raised an altar to Jupiter the Liberator. The Poet tells us, that Deucalion's deluge was to be the last: God promised the same thing to Noah. Josephus, in his Antiquities, Book i., tells us, that the history of the universal deluge was written by Nicolas of Damascus, Berosus, Mnaseas, and other ancient writers, from whom the Greeks and Romans received it.

FABLE IX.

Neptune appeases the angry waves; and he commands Triton to sound his shell, that the sea may retire within its shores, and the rivers within their banks. Deucalion and Pyrrha are the only persons saved from the deluge.

Phocis separates the Aonian from the Actæan region; a fruitful land while it was a land; but at that time *it had become* a part of the sea, and a wide plain of sudden waters. There a lofty mountain rises towards the stars, with two tops, by name Parnassus, and advances beyond the clouds with its summit. When here Deucalion (for the sea had covered all other places), borne in a little ship, with the partner of his couch, *first* rested; they adored the Corycian Nymphs, and the Deities of the mountain, and the prophetic Themis, who at that time used to give out oracular responses. No man was there more upright than he, nor a greater lover of justice, nor was any woman more regardful of the Deities than she.

Soon as Jupiter *beholds* the world overflowed by liquid waters, and sees that but one man remains out of so many thousands of late, and sees that but one woman remains out of so many thousands of late, both guiltless, and both worshippers of the Gods, he disperses the clouds; and the showers being removed by the North Wind, he both lays open the earth to the heavens, and the heavens to the earth. The rage, too, of the sea does not continue; and his three-forked trident *now* laid aside, the ruler of the deep assuages the waters, and calls upon the azure Triton standing above the deep, and having his shoulders covered with the native purple shells; and he bids him blow his resounding trumpet, and, the signal being given, to call back the waves and the streams. The hollow-wreathed trumpet is taken up by him, which grows to a *great* width from its lowest twist; the trumpet, which, soon as it receives the air in the middle of the sea, fills with its notes the shores lying under either sun. Then, too, as soon as it touched the lips of the God dripping with his wet beard, and being blown, sounded the bidden retreat; it was heard by all the waters both of earth and sea, and stopped all those waters by which it was heard. Now the sea *again* has a shore; their channels receive the full rivers; the rivers subside; the hills are seen to come forth. The

ground rises, places increase *in extent* as the waters decrease; and after a length of time, the woods show their naked tops, and retain the mud left upon their branches.

The world was restored; which when Deucalion beheld to be empty, and how the desolate Earth kept a profound silence, he thus addressed Pyrrha, with tears bursting forth:—"O sister, O wife, O thou, the only woman surviving, whom a common origin, and a kindred descent, and afterwards the marriage tie has united to me, and *whom* now dangers themselves unite to me; we two are the whole people of the earth, whatever *both* the East and the West behold; of all the rest, the sea has taken possession. And even now there is no certain assurance of our lives; even yet do the clouds terrify my mind. What would now have been thy feelings, if without me thou hadst been rescued from destruction, O thou deserving of compassion? In what manner couldst thou have been able alone to support *this* terror? With whom for a consoler, *to endure* these sorrows? For I, believe me, my wife, if the sea had only carried thee off, should have followed thee, and the sea should have carried me off as well. Oh that I could replace the people *that are lost* by the arts of my father, and infuse the soul into the moulded earth! Now the mortal race exists in us two *alone*. Thus it has seemed good to the Gods, and we remain as *mere* samples of mankind."

EXPLANATION.

Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, were, perhaps, originally three brothers, kings of three separate kingdoms. Having been deified each retaining his sovereignty, they were depicted as having the world divided between them; the empire of the sea falling to the share of Neptune. Among his occupations, were those of raising and calming the seas; and Ovid here represents him as being so employed.

FABLE X.

Deucalion and Pyrrha re-people the earth by casting stones behind them, in the manner prescribed by the Goddess Themis, whose oracle they had consulted.

He *thus* spoke, and they wept. They resolved to pray to the Deities of Heaven, and to seek relief through the sacred oracles. There is no delay; together they repair to the waters of Cephisus, though not yet clear, yet now cutting their wonted channel. Then, when they have sprinkled the waters poured on their clothes and their heads, they turn their steps to the temple of the sacred Goddess, the roof of which was defiled with foul moss, and whose altars were standing without fires. Soon as they reached the steps of the temple, each of them fell prostrate on the ground, and, trembling, gave kisses to the cold pavement. And thus they said:

“If the Deities, prevailed upon by just prayers, are to be mollified, if the wrath of the Gods is to be averted; tell us, O Themis, by what art the loss of our race is to be repaired, and give thy assistance, O most gentle *Goddess* to our ruined fortunes.” The Goddess was moved, and gave this response: “Depart from my temple, and cover your heads, and loosen the garments girt *around you*, and throw behind your backs the bones of your great mother.” For a long time they are amazed; and Pyrrha is the first by her words to break the silence, and *then* refuses to obey the commands of the Goddess; and begs her, with trembling lips, to grant her pardon, and dreads to offend the shades of her mother by casting her bones. In the meantime they reconsider the words of the response given, *but* involved in dark obscurity, and they ponder them among themselves. Upon that, the son of Prometheus soothes the daughter of Epimetheus with *these* gentle words, and says, “Either is my discernment fallacious, or the oracles are just, and advise no sacrilege. The earth is the great mother; I suspect that the stones in the body of the earth are the bones meant; these we are ordered to throw behind our backs.” Although she, descended from Titan, is moved by this interpretation of her husband, still her hope is involved in doubt; so much do they both distrust the advice of heaven; but what harm will it do to try?

They go down, and they veil their heads, and ungird their garments, and cast stones, as ordered, behind their footsteps. The stones (who could have believed it, but that antiquity is a witness *of the thing?*) began to lay aside their hardness and their stiffness, and by degrees to become soft; and when softened, to assume a *new*

form. Presently after, when they were grown larger, a milder nature, too, was conferred on them, so that some shape of man might be seen *in them*, yet though but imperfect; and as if from the marble commenced *to be wrought*, not sufficiently distinct, and very like to rough statues. Yet that part of them which was humid with any moisture, and earthy, was turned into *portions adapted* for the use of the body. That which is solid, and cannot be bent, is changed into bones; that which was just now a vein, still remains under the same name. And in a little time, by the interposition of the Gods above, the stones thrown by the hands of the man, took the shape of a man, and the female *race* was renewed by the throwing of the woman. Thence are we a hardy generation, and able to endure fatigue, and we give proofs from what original we are sprung.

EXPLANATION.

In the reign of Deucalion, king of Thessaly, the course of the river Peneus was stopped, probably by an earthquake. In the same year so great a quantity of rain fell, that all Thessaly was overflowed. Deucalion and some of his subjects fled to Mount Parnassus; where they remained until the waters abated. The children of those who were preserved are the stones of which the Poet here speaks. The Fable, probably, has for its foundation the double meaning of the word 'Eben,' or 'Aben,' which signifies either 'a stone,' or 'a child.' The Scholiast on Pindar tells us, too, that the word λάος, which means people, formerly also signified 'a stone.'

The brutal and savage nature of the early races of men may also have added strength to the tradition that they derived their original from stones. After the inundation, Deucalion is said to have repaired to Athens, where he built a temple to Jupiter, and instituted sacrifices in his honor. Some suppose that Cranaus reigned at Athens when Deucalion retired thither; though Eusebius informs us it was under the reign of Cecrops. Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, and his wife Pyrrha was the daughter of his uncle, Epimetheus. After his death, he received the honor of a temple, and was worshipped as a Divinity.

FABLE XI.

The Earth, being warmed by the heat of the sun, produces many monsters: among others, the serpent Python, which Apollo kills with his arrows. To establish a memorial of this event, he institutes the Pythian games, and adopts the surname of Pythius.

The Earth of her own accord brought forth other animals of different forms; after that the former moisture was thoroughly heated by the rays of the sun, and the mud and the wet fens fermented with the heat; and the fruitful seeds of things nourished by the enlivening soil, as in the womb of a mother, grew, and, in lapse of time, assumed some *regular* shape. Thus, when the seven-streamed Nile has forsaken the oozy fields, and has returned its waters to their ancient channel, and the fresh mud has been heated with the æthereal sun, the laborers, on turning up the clods, meet with very many animals, and among them, some just begun at the very moment of their formation, and some they see *still* imperfect, and *as yet* destitute *of some* of their limbs; and often, in the same body, is one part animated, the other part is coarse earth. For when moisture and heat have been subjected to a due mixture, they conceive; and all things arise from these two.

And although fire is the antagonist of heat, *yet* a moist vapor creates all things, and this discordant concord is suited for generation; when, therefore, the Earth, covered with mud by the late deluge, was thoroughly heated by the æthereal sunshine and a penetrating warmth, it produced species *of creatures* innumerable; and partly restored the former shapes, and partly gave birth to new monsters. She, indeed, might have been unwilling, but then she produced thee as well, thou enormous Python; and thou, unheard-of serpent, wast a *source of* terror to this new race of men, so vast a part of a mountain didst thou occupy.

The God that bears the bow, and that had never before used such arms, but against the deer and the timorous goats, destroyed him, overwhelmed with a thousand arrows, his quiver being well-nigh exhausted, *as* the venom oozed forth through the black wounds; and that length of time might not efface the fame of the deed, he instituted sacred games, with contests famed *in story*, called

“Pythia,” from the name of the serpent *so* conquered. In these, whosoever of the young men conquered in boxing, in running, or in chariot-racing, received the honor of a crown of beechen leaves. As yet the laurel existed not, and Phœbus used to bind his temples, graceful with long hair, with *garlands from* any tree.

EXPLANATION.

The story of the serpent Python, being explained on philosophical principles, seems to mean, that the heat of the sun, having dissipated the noxious exhalations emitted by the receding waters, the reptiles, which had been produced from the slime left by the flood, immediately disappeared.

If, however, we treat this narrative as based on historical facts, it is probable that the serpent represented some robber who infested the neighborhood of Parnassus, and molested those who passed that way for the purpose of offering sacrifice. A prince, either bearing the name of Apollo, or being a priest of that God, by his destruction liberated that region from this annoyance. This event gave rise to the institution of the Pythian games, which were celebrated near Delphi. Besides the several contests mentioned by Ovid, singing, dancing, and instrumental music, formed part of the exercises of these games. The event which Ovid here places soon after the deluge, must have happened much later, since in the time of Deucalion, the worship of Apollo was not known at Delphi. The Goddess Themis then delivered oracles there, which, previously to her time, had been delivered by the Earth.

FABLE XII.

Apollo, falling in love with Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus, she flies from him. He pursues her; on which, the Nymph, imploring the aid of her father, is changed into a laurel.

Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was the first love of Phœbus; whom, not blind chance, but the vengeful anger of Cupid assigned to him.

The Delian *God*, proud of having lately subdued the serpent, had

seen him bending the bow and drawing the string, and had said, "What hast thou to do, wanton boy, with gallant arms? Such a burden as that *better* befits my shoulders; I, who am able to give unerring wounds to the wild beasts, *wounds* to the enemy, who lately slew with arrows innumerable the swelling Python, that covered so many acres *of land* with his pestilential belly. Do thou be contented to excite I know not what flames with thy torch; and do not lay claim to praises *properly* my own."

To him the son of Venus replies, "Let thy bow shoot all things, Phoebus; my bow *shall shoot* thee; and as much as all animals fall short of thee, so much is thy glory less than mine." He *thus* said; and cleaving the air with his beating wings, with activity he stood upon the shady heights of Parnassus, and drew two weapons out of his arrow-bearing quiver, of different workmanship; the one repels, the other excites desire. That which causes *love* is of gold, and is brilliant, with a sharp point; that which repels it is blunt, and contains lead beneath the reed. This one the God fixed in the Nymph, the daughter of Peneus, but with the other he wounded the *very* marrow of Apollo, through his bones pierced *by the arrow*. Immediately the one is in love; the other flies from the *very* name of a lover, rejoicing in the recesses of the woods, and in the spoils of wild beasts taken *in hunting*, and becomes a rival of the virgin Phœbe. A fillet tied together her hair, put up without any order. Many a one courted her; she hated all wooers; not able to endure, and quite unacquainted with man, she traverses the solitary parts of the woods, and she cares not what Hymen, what love, *or* what marriage means. Many a time did her father say, "My daughter, thou owest me a son-in-law;" many a time did her father say, "My daughter, thou owest me grandchildren." She, utterly abhorring the nuptial torch, as though a crime, has her beauteous face covered with the blush of modesty; and clinging to her father's neck, with caressing arms, she says, "Allow me, my dearest father, to enjoy perpetual virginity; her father, in times, bygone, granted this to Diana."

He indeed complied. But that very beauty forbids thee to be what thou wishest, and the charms of thy person are an impediment to thy desires. Phœbus falls in love, and he covets an alliance with Daphne, *now* seen by him, and what he covets he hopes for, and his own

oracles deceive him; and as the light stubble is burned, when the ears of corn are taken off, and as hedges are set on fire by the torches, which perchance a traveller has either held too near them, or has left *there*, now about the break of day, thus did the God burst into a flame; thus did he burn throughout his breast, and cherish a fruitless passion with his hopes. He beholds her hair hanging unadorned upon her neck, and he says, "And what would *it be* if it were arranged?" He sees her eyes, like stars, sparkling with fire; he sees her lips, which it is not enough to have *merely* seen; he praises both her fingers and her hands, and her arms and her shoulders naked, from beyond the middle; whatever is hidden from view, he thinks to be still more beauteous. Swifter than the light wind she flies, and she stops not at these words of his, as he calls her back:

"O Nymph, daughter of Peneus, stay, I entreat thee! I am not an enemy following thee. In this way the lamb *flies* from the wolf; thus the deer *flies* from the lion; thus the dove flies from the eagle with trembling wing; *in this way* each *creature flies from* its enemy: love is the cause of my following thee. Ah! wretched me! shouldst thou fall on thy face, or should the brambles tear thy legs, that deserve not to be injured, and should I prove the cause of pain to thee. The places are rugged, through which thou art *thus* hastening; run more leisurely, I entreat thee, and restrain thy flight; I myself will follow more leisurely. And yet, inquire whom thou dost please; I am not an inhabitant of the mountains, I am not a shepherd; I am not here, in rude guise, watching the herds or the flocks. Thou knowest not, rash girl, thou knowest not from whom thou art flying, and therefore it is that thou dost fly. The Delphian land, Claros and Tenedos, and the Pataræan palace pays service to me. Jupiter is my sire; by me, what shall be, what has been, and what is, is disclosed; through me, songs harmonize with the strings. My own *arrow*, indeed, is unerring; yet one there is still more unerring than my own, which has made this wound in my heart, *before* unscathed. The healing art is my discovery, and throughout the world I am honored as the bearer of help, and the properties of simples are subjected to me. Ah, wretched me! that love is not to be cured by any herbs; and that those arts which afford relief to all, are of no avail for their master."

The daughter of Peneus flies from him, about to say still more, with timid step, and together with him she leaves his unfinished address. Then, too, she appeared lovely; the winds exposed her form to view, and the gusts meeting her fluttered about her garments, as they came in contact, and the light breeze spread behind her her careless locks; and *thus*, by her flight, was her beauty increased. But the youthful God has not patience any longer to waste his blandishments; and as love urges him on, he follows her steps with hastening pace. As when the greyhound has seen the hare in the open field, and the one by *the speed of* his legs pursues his prey, the other *seeks* her safety; the one is like as if just about to fasten *on the other*, and now, even now, hopes to catch her, and with nose outstretched plies upon the footsteps *of the hare*. The other is in doubt whether she is caught *already*, and is delivered from his very bite, and leaves behind the mouth *just* touching her. *And* so is the God, and *so* is the virgin; he swift with hopes, she with fear.

Yet he that follows, aided by the wings of love, is the swifter, and denies her *any* rest; and is *now* just at her back as she flies, and is breathing upon her hair scattered upon her neck. Her strength being *now* spent, she grows pale, and being quite faint, with the fatigue of so swift a flight, looking upon the waters of Peneus, she says, "Give me, my father, thy aid, if you rivers have divine power. Oh Earth, either yawn *to swallow me*, or by changing it, destroy that form, by which I have pleased too much, and which causes me to be injured."

Hardly had she ended her prayer, *when* a heavy torpor seizes her limbs; *and* her soft breasts are covered with a thin bark. Her hair grows into green leaves, her arms into branches; her feet, the moment before so swift, adhere by sluggish roots; a *leafy* canopy overspreads her features; her elegance alone remains in her. This, too, Phœbus admires, and placing his right hand upon the stock, he perceives that the breast still throbs beneath the new bark; and *then*, embracing the branches as though limbs in his arms, he gives kisses to the wood, *and* yet the wood shrinks from his kisses. To her the God said: "But since thou canst not be my wife, at least thou shalt be my tree; my hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always have thee, oh laurel! Thou shalt be presented to the Latian chieftains, when the joyous voice of the soldiers shall sing the song of triumph, and the long procession shall

resort to the Capitol. Thou, the same, shalt stand as a most faithful guardian at the gate-posts of Augustus before his doors, and shalt protect the oak placed in the centre; and as my head is *ever* youthful with unshorn locks, do thou, too, always wear the lasting honors of thy foliage.”

Pæan had ended *his speech*; the laurel nodded assent with its new-made boughs, and seemed to shake its top just like a head.

EXPLANATION.

To explain this Fable, it must be laid down as a principle that there were originally many Jupiters, and Apollos, and Mercuries, whose intrigues being, in lapse of time, attributed to but one individual, that fact accounts for the great number of children which claimed those respective Gods for their fathers.

Some prince probably, for whom his love of learning had acquired the name of Apollo, falling in love with Daphne, pursued her to the brink of the river Peneus, into which, being accidentally precipitated, she perished in her lover’s sight. Some laurels growing near the spot, perhaps gave rise to the story of her transformation; or possibly the etymology of the word ‘Daphne,’ which in Greek signifies a laurel, was the foundation of the Fable. Pausanias, however, in his *Arcadia*, gives another version of this story. He says that Leucippus, son of Cænomaus, king of Pisa, falling in love with Daphne, disguised himself in female apparel, and devoted himself to her service. He soon procured her friendship and confidence; but Apollo, who was his rival, having discovered his fraud, one day redoubled the heat of the sun. Daphne and her companions going to bathe, obliged Leucippus to follow their example, on which, having discovered his stratagem, they killed him with the arrows which they carried for the purposes of hunting.

Diodorus Siculus tells us that Daphne was the same with Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, who was banished to Delphi, where she delivered oracles, of the language of which Homer availed himself in the composition of his poems. The inhabitants of Antioch asserted that the adventure here narrated happened in the suburbs of their city, which thence derived its name of Daphne.

FABLE XIII.

Jupiter, pursuing Io, the daughter of Inachus, covers the earth with darkness, and ravishes the Nymph.

There is a grove of Hæmonia, which a wood, placed on a craggy rock, encloses on every side. They call it Tempe; through this the river Peneus, flowing from the bottom of *mount* Pindus, rolls along with its foaming waves, and in its mighty fall, gathers clouds that scatter *a vapor like* thin smoke, and with its spray besprinkles the tops of the woods, and wearies places, far from near to it, with its noise. This is the home, this the abode, these are the retreats of the great river; residing here in a cavern formed by rocks, he gives law to the waters, and to the Nymphs that inhabit those waters. The rivers of that country first repair thither, not knowing whether they should congratulate, or whether console the parent; the poplar-bearing Spercheus, and the restless Enipeus, the aged Apidanus, the gentle Amphrysus, and Æas, and, soon after, the other rivers, which, as their current leads them, carry down into the sea their waves, wearied by wanderings. Inachus alone is absent, and, hidden in his deepest cavern, increases his waters with his tears, and in extreme wretchedness bewails his daughter Io as lost; he knows not whether she *now* enjoys life, or whether she is among the shades below; but her, whom he does not find anywhere, he believes to be nowhere, and in his mind he dreads the worst.

Jupiter had seen Io as she was returning from her father's stream, and had said, "O maid, worthy of Jove, and destined to make I know not whom happy in thy marriage, repair to the shades of this lofty grove (and he pointed at the shade of the grove) while it is warm, and *while* the Sun is at his height, in the midst of his course. But if thou art afraid to enter the lonely abodes of the wild beasts alone, thou shalt enter the recesses of the groves, safe under the protection of a God, and *that* a God of no common sort; but *with me*, who hold the sceptre of heaven in my powerful hand; *me*, who hurl the wandering lightnings — Do not fly from me;" for *now* she was flying. And now she had left behind the pastures of Lerna, and the Lircean plains planted with trees, when the God covered the earth far and wide with

darkness overspreading, and arrested her flight, and forced her modesty.

EXPLANATION.

The Greeks frequently embellished their mythology with narratives of Phœnician or Egyptian origin. The story of Io probably came from Egypt. Isis was one of the chief divinities of that country, and her worship naturally passed, with their colonies, into foreign countries. Greece received it when Inachus went to settle there, and in lapse of time Isis, under the name of Io, was supposed to have been his daughter, and the fable was invented which is here narrated by Ovid.

The Greek authors, Apollodorus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Pausanias, say that Io was the daughter of Inachus, the first king of Argos; that Jupiter carried her away to Crete; and that by her he had a son named Epaphus, who went to reign in Egypt, whither his mother accompanied him. They also tell us that she married Apis, or Osiris, who, after his death, was numbered among the Deities of Egypt by the name of Serapis. From them we also learn that Juno, being actuated by jealousy, on the discovery of the intrigue, put Io under the care of her uncle Argus, a man of great vigilance, but that Jupiter having slain him, placed his mistress on board of a vessel which had the figure of a cow at its head; from which circumstance arose the story of the transformation of Io. The Greek writers also state, that the Bosphorus, a part of the Ægean sea, derived its name from the passage of Io in the shape of a cow.

FABLE XIV.

Jupiter, having changed Io into a cow, to conceal her from the jealousy of Juno, is obliged to give her to that Goddess, who commits her to the charge of the watchful Argus. Jupiter sends Mercury with an injunction to cast Argus into a deep sleep, and to take away his life.

In the meantime Juno looked down upon the midst of the fields, and wondering that the fleeting clouds had made the appearance of night under bright day, she perceived that they were not *the vapors*

from a river, nor were they raised from the moist earth, and *then* she looked around *to see* where her husband was, as being one who by this time was full well acquainted with the intrigues of a husband *who had been* so often detected. After she had found him not in heaven, she said, "I am either deceived, or I am injured;" and having descended from the height of heaven, she alighted upon the earth, and commanded the mists to retire. He had foreseen the approach of his wife, and had changed the features of the daughter of Inachus into a sleek heifer. As a cow, too, *she* is beautiful. The daughter of Saturn, though unwillingly, extols the appearance of the cow; and likewise inquires, whose it is, and whence, or of what herd it is, as though ignorant of the truth. Jupiter falsely asserts that it was produced out of the earth, that the owner may cease to be inquired after. The daughter of Saturn begs her of him as a gift. What can *he* do? It is a cruel thing to deliver up his *own* mistress, *and* not to give her up is a cause of suspicion. It is shame which persuades him on the one hand, love dissuades him on the other. His shame would have been subdued by his love; but if so trifling a gift as a cow should be refused to the sharer of his descent and his couch, she might *well* seem not to be a cow.

The rival now being given up *to her*, the Goddess did not immediately lay aside all apprehension; and she was *still* afraid of Jupiter, and was fearful of her being stolen, until she gave her to Argus, the son of Aristor, to be kept *by him*. Argus had his head encircled with a hundred eyes. Two of them used to take rest in their turns, the rest watched, and used to keep on duty. In whatever manner he stood, he looked towards Io; although turned away, he *still* used to have Io before his eyes. In the daytime he suffers her to feed; but when the sun is below the deep earth, he shuts her up, and ties a cord round her neck undeserving *of such treatment*. She feeds upon the leaves of the arbut tree, and bitter herbs, and instead of a bed the unfortunate *animal* lies upon the earth, that does not always have grass *on it*, and drinks of muddy streams. And when, too, she was desirous, as a suppliant, to stretch out her arms to Argus, she had no arms to stretch out to Argus; and she uttered lowings from her mouth, *when* endeavoring to complain. And at *this* sound she was terrified, and was affrighted at her own voice.

She came, too, to the banks, where she was often wont to sport, the banks of *her father*, Inachus; and soon as she beheld her new horns in the water, she was terrified, and, astonished, she recoiled from herself. The Naiads knew her not, and Inachus himself knew her not, who she was; but she follows her father, and follows her sisters, and suffers herself to be touched, and presents herself to them, as they admire *her*. The aged Inachus held her some grass he had plucked; she licks his hand, and gives kisses to the palms of her father. Nor does she restrain her tears; and if only words would follow, she would implore his aid, and would declare her name and misfortunes. Instead of words, letters, which her foot traced in the dust, completed the sad discovery of the transformation of her body. "Ah, wretched me!" exclaims her father Inachus; and clinging to the horns and the neck of the snow-white cow, as she wept, he repeats, "Ah, wretched me! and art thou my daughter, that hast been sought for by me throughout all lands? While undiscovered, thou wast a lighter grief *to me*, than *now*, *when* thou art found. Thou art silent, and no words dost thou return in answer to mine; thou only heavest sighs from the depth of thy breast, and what alone thou art able to do, thou answerest in lowings to my words. But I, in ignorance *of this*, was preparing the bridal chamber, and the *nuptial* torches for thee; and my chief hope was that of a son-in-law, my next was that of grandchildren. But now must thou have a mate from the herd, now, *too*, an offspring of the herd. Nor is it possible for me to end grief so great by death; but it is a detriment to be a God; and the gate of death being shut against me, extends my grief to eternal ages."

While thus he lamented, the starry Argus removed her away, and carried the daughter, *thus* taken from her father, to distant pastures. He himself, at a distance, occupies the lofty top of a mountain, whence, as he sits, he may look about on all sides.

Nor can the ruler of the Gods above, any longer endure so great miseries of the granddaughter of Phoroneus; and he calls his son *Mercury*, whom the bright Pleiad, *Maia*, brought forth, and orders him to put Argus to death. There is *but* little delay to take wings upon his feet, and his soporiferous wand in his hand, and a cap for his hair. After he had put these things in order, the son of Jupiter leaps down from his father's high abode upon the earth, and there he

takes off his cap, and lays aside his wings; his wand alone was retained. With this, as a shepherd, he drives some she-goats through the pathless country, taken up as he passed along, and plays upon oaten straws joined together.

The keeper appointed by Juno, charmed by the sound of this new contrivance, says, “Whoever thou art, thou mayst be seated with me upon this stone; for, indeed, in no *other* place is the herbage more abundant for thy flock; and thou seest, too, that the shade is convenient for the shepherds.” The son of Atlas sat down, and with much talking he occupied the passing day with his discourse, and by playing upon his joined reeds he tried to overpower his watchful eyes. Yet *the other* strives hard to overcome soft sleep; and although sleep was received by a part of his eyes, yet with a part he still keeps watch. He inquires also (for the pipe had been *but* lately invented) by what method it had been found out.

EXPLANATION.

The story of the Metamorphosis of Io has been already enlarged upon in the Explanation of the preceding Fable. It may, however, not be irrelevant to observe, that myths, or mythological stories or fables, are frequently based upon some true history, corrupted by tradition in lapse of time. The poets, too, giving loose to their fancy in their love of the marvellous, have still further disfigured the original story; so that it is in most instances extremely difficult to trace back the facts to their primitive simplicity, by a satisfactory explanation of each circumstance attending them, either upon a philosophical, or an historical principle of solution.

FABLE XV.

Pan, falling in love with the Nymph Syrinx, she flies from him; on which he pursues her. Syrinx, arrested in her flight by the waves of the river Ladon, invokes the aid of her sisters, the Naiads, who change her into reeds. Pan unites them into an instrument with seven pipes, which bears the name of the Nymph.

Then the God says, "In the cold mountains of Arcadia, among the Hamadryads of Nonacris, there was one Naiad very famous; the Nymphs called her Syrinx. And not once *alone* had she escaped the Satyrs as they pursued, and whatever Gods either the shady grove or the fruitful fields have *in them*. In her pursuits and her virginity itself she used to devote herself to the Ortygian Goddess; and being clothed after the fashion of Diana, she might have deceived one, and might have been supposed to be the daughter of Latona, if she had not had a bow of cornel wood, the other, *a bow* of gold; and even then did she *sometimes* deceive *people*. Pan spies her as she is returning from the hill of Lycæus, and having his head crowned with sharp pine leaves, he utters such words as these;" it remained *for Mercury* to repeat the words, and how that the Nymph, slighting his suit, fled through pathless spots, until she came to the gentle stream of sandy Ladon; and that here, the waters stopping her course, she prayed to her watery sisters, that they would change her; and *how* that Pan, when he was thinking that Syrinx was now caught by him, had seized hold of some reeds of the marsh, instead of the body of the Nymph; and *how*, while he was sighing there, the winds moving amid the reeds had made a murmuring noise, and like one complaining; and *how* that, charmed by this new discovery and the sweetness of the sound, he had said, "This mode of converse with thee shall ever remain with me;" and that accordingly, unequal reeds being stuck together among themselves by a cement of wax, had *since* retained the name of the damsel.

EXPLANATION.

This appears to have been an Egyptian fable, imported into the works of the Grecian poets. Pan was probably a Divinity of the Egyptians, who worshipped nature under that name, as we are told by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus. As, however, according to Nonnus, there were not less than twelve Pans, it is possible that the adventure here related may have been supposed to have happened to one of them who was a native of Greece. He was most probably the inventor of the Syrinx, or Pandæan pipe, and, perhaps, formed his first instrument from the produce of the banks of the River Ladon, from

which circumstance Syrinx may have been styled the daughter of that river.

FABLE XVI.

Mercury, having lulled Argus to sleep, cuts off his head, and Juno places his eyes in the peacock's tail.

The Cyllenian God being about to say such things, perceived that all his eyes were sunk in sleep, and that his sight was wrapped in slumber. At once he puts an end to his song, and strengthens his slumbers, stroking his languid eyes with his magic wand. There is no delay; he wounds him, as he nods, with his crooked sword, where the head is joined to the neck; and casts him, all blood-stained, from the rock, and stains the craggy cliff with his gore.

Argus, thou liest low, and the light which thou hadst in so many eyes is *now* extinguished; and one night takes possession of a *whole* hundred eyes. The daughter of Saturn takes them, and places them on the feathers of her own bird, and she fills its tail with starry gems.

EXPLANATION.

The ancient writers, Asclepiades and Pherecydes, tell us, that Argus was the son of Arestor. He is supposed by some to have been the fourth king of Argos after Inachus, and to have been a person of great wisdom and penetration, on account of which he was said to have a hundred eyes. Io most probably was committed to his charge, and he watched over her with the greatest care.

It is impossible to divine the reason why his eyes were said to have been set by Juno in the tail of the peacock; though, perhaps, the circumstance has no other foundation than the resemblance of the human eye to the spots in the tail of that bird, which was consecrated to Juno. Besides, if Juno is to be considered the symbol of Air, or Æther, through which light is transmitted to us, it is not surprising that the ancients bestowed so many eyes upon the bird which was consecrated to her.

FABLE XVII.

Io, terrified and maddened with dreadful visions, runs over many regions, and stops in Egypt, when Juno, at length, being pacified, restores her to her former shape, and permits her to be worshipped there, under the name of Isis.

Immediately, she was inflamed with rage, and deferred not the time of *expressing* her wrath; and she presented a dreadful Fury before the eyes and thoughts of the Argive mistress, and buried in her bosom invisible stings, and drove her, in her fright, a wanderer through the whole earth. Thou, O Nile, didst remain, as the utmost boundary of her long wanderings. Soon as she arrived there, she fell upon her knees, placed on the edge of the bank, and raising herself up, with her neck thrown back, and casting to Heaven those looks which then alone she could, by her groans, and her tears, and her mournful lowing, she seemed to be complaining of Jupiter, and to be begging an end of her sorrows.

He, embracing the neck of his wife with his arms, entreats her, at length, to put an end to her punishment; and he says, “Lay aside thy fears for the future; she shall never *more* be the occasion of any trouble to thee;” and *then* he bids the Stygian waters to hear this *oath*. As soon as the Goddess is pacified, *Io* receives her former shape, and she becomes what she was before; the hairs flee from off of her body, her horns decrease, and the orb of her eye becomes less; the opening of her jaw is contracted; her shoulders and her hands return, and her hoof, vanishing, is disposed of into five nails; nothing of the cow remains to her, but the whiteness of her appearance; and the Nymph, contented with the service of two feet, is raised erect *on them*; and *yet* she is afraid to speak, lest she should low like a cow, and timorously tries again the words *so long* interrupted. Now, as a Goddess, she is worshipped by the linen-wearing throng *of Egypt*.

To her, at length, Epaphus is believed to have been born from the seed of great Jove, and throughout the cities he possesses temples joined to *those of* his parent. Phaëton, sprung from the Sun, was equal to him in spirit and in years; whom formerly, as he uttered great boasts, and yielded not *at all* to him, and proud of his father,

Phœbus, the grandson of Inachus could not endure; and said, “Thou, *like* a madman, believest thy mother in all things, and art puffed up with the conceit of an imaginary father.”

Phaëton blushed, and in shame repressed his resentment; and he reported to his mother, Clymene, the reproaches of Epaphus; and said, “Mother, to grieve thee still more, I, the free, the bold *youth*, was silent; I am ashamed both that these reproaches can be uttered against us, and that they cannot be refuted; but do thou, if only I am born of a divine race, give me some proof of so great a descent, and claim me for heaven.” *Thus* he spoke, and threw his arms around the neck of his mother; and besought her, by his own head and by that of Merops, and by the nuptial torches of his sisters, that she would give him some token of his real father.

It is a matter of doubt whether Clymene was more moved by the entreaties of Phaëton, or by resentment at the charge made against her; and she raised both her arms to heaven, and, looking up to the light of the Sun, she said, “Son, I swear to thee, by this beam, bright with shining rays, which both hears and sees us, that thou, that thou, *I say*, wast begotten by this Sun, which thou beholdest; by this *Sun*, which governs the world. If I utter an untruth, let him deny himself to be seen by me, and let this light prove the last for my eyes. Nor will it be any prolonged trouble for thee to visit thy father’s dwelling; the abode where he arises is contiguous to our regions. If only thy inclination disposes thee, go forth, and thou shalt inquire of himself.”

Phaëton immediately springs forth, overjoyed, upon these words of his mother, and reaches the skies in imagination; and he passes by his own Æthiopians, and the Indians situate beneath the rays of the Sun, and briskly wends his way to the rising of his sire.

EXPLANATION.

To the elucidation of this narrative, already given, we will only add, that some of the mythologists inform us, that when Mercury had lulled Argus to sleep, a youth named Hierax awoke him; on which Mercury killed Argus with a stone, and turned Hierax into a sparrowhawk.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FABLE I.

Phaëton, insulted by Epaphus, goes to the Palace of Apollo, to beseech him to give some token that he is his son. Apollo, having sworn, by the river Styx, to refuse him nothing that he should desire, he immediately asks to guide his chariot for one day. He is unsuccessful in the attempt, and, the horses running away, the world is in danger of being consumed.

The palace of the Sun was raised high, on stately columns, bright with radiant gold, and carbuncle that rivals the flames; polished ivory covered its highest top, *and* double folding doors shone with the brightness of silver. The workmanship *even* exceeded the material; for there Mulciber had carved the sea circling round the encompassed Earth; and the orb of the Earth, and the Heavens which hang over that orb. *There* the waves have *in them* the azure Deities, both Triton, sounding *with his shell*, and the changing Proteus, and Ægeon, pressing the huge backs of whales with his arms; Doris, too, and her daughters, part of whom appear to be swimming, part, sitting on the bank, to be drying their green hair; some *are seen* borne upon fishes. The features in all are not the same, nor, however, *remarkably* different: *they are* such as those of sisters ought to be. The Earth has *upon it* men and cities, and woods, and wild beasts, and rivers, and Nymphs, and other Deities of the country. Over these is placed the figure of the shining Heaven, and there are six Signs *of the Zodiac* on the right door, and as many on the left.

Soon as the son of Clymene had arrived thither by an ascending path, and entered the house of his parent, *thus* doubted of; he immediately turned his steps to the presence of his father, and stood at a distance, for he could not bear the refulgence nearer. Arrayed in a purple garment, Phœbus was seated on a throne sparkling with brilliant emeralds. On his right hand, and on his left, the Days, the Months, the Years, the Ages, and the Hours were arranged, at corresponding distances, and the fresh Spring was standing, crowned

with a chaplet of blossoms; Summer was standing naked, and wearing garlands made of ears of corn; Autumn, too, was standing besmeared with the trodden-out grapes; and icy Winter, rough with his hoary hair.

Then the Sun, from the midst of this place, with those eyes with which he beholds all things, sees the young man struck with fear at the novelty of *these* things, and says, "What is the occasion of thy journey *hither*? What dost thou seek, Phaëton, in this *my* palace, a son not to be denied by his parent?"

He answers, "O thou universal Light of the unbounded World, Phoëbus, my father, if thou grantest me the use of that name; and if Clymene is not concealing an error under a *false* pretext, give me, my parent, some token, by which I may be believed to be really thy progeny; and remove this uncertainty from my mind." Thus he spoke; but his parent took off the rays shining all around his head, and commanded him to come nearer; and, having embraced him, he says, "*And* neither art thou deserving to be denied to be mine, and Clymene has told thee thy true origin; and that thou mayst have the less doubt, ask any gift thou mayst please, that thou mayst receive it from me bestowing it. Let the lake, by which the Gods are wont to swear, and which is unseen, *even* by my eyes, be as a witness of my promise."

Hardly had he well finished, when he asks for his father's chariot, and for the command and guidance of the wing-footed horses for one day. His father repented that he had *so* sworn, and shaking his splendid head three or four times, he said, "By thine have my words been made rash. I wish I were allowed not to grant what I have promised! I confess, my son, that this alone I would deny thee. *Still*, I may dissuade thee: thy desire is not attended with safety. Thou desirest, Phaëton, a gift *too* great, and *one* which is suited neither to thy strength, nor to such youthful years. Thy lot is that of a mortal; that which thou desirest, belongs not to mortals. *Nay*, thou aimest, in thy ignorance, at even more than it is allowed the Gods above to obtain. Let every one be self-satisfied, *if he likes*; still, with the exception of myself, no one is able to take his stand upon the fire-bearing axle-tree. Even the Ruler of vast Olympus, who hurls the ruthless bolts with his terrific right hand, cannot guide this chariot;

and yet, what have we greater than Jupiter? The first *part of the* road is steep, and such as the horses, *though* fresh in the morning, can hardly climb. In the middle of the heavens it is high aloft, from whence it is often a *source of* fear, *even* to myself, to look *down* upon the sea and the earth, and my breast trembles with fearful apprehensions. The last stage is a steep descent, and requires a sure command *of the horses*. Then, too, Tethys herself, who receives me in her waves, extended below, is often wont to fear, lest I should be borne headlong *from above*. Besides, the heavens are carried round with a constant rotation, and carry *with them* the lofty stars, and whirl them with rapid revolution. Against this I have to contend; and that force which overcomes *all* other things, *does* not *overcome* me; and I am carried in a contrary direction to the rapid world. Suppose the chariot given *to thee*; what couldst thou do? Couldst thou proceed, opposed to the whirling poles, so that the rapid heavens should not carry thee away? Perhaps, too, thou dost fancy in thy mind that there are groves, and cities of the Gods, and temples enriched with gifts: *whereas*, the way is through dangers, and the forms of wild beasts; and though thou shouldst keep on thy road, and be drawn aside by no wanderings, still thou must pass amid the horns of the threatening Bull, and the Hæmonian bow, and *before* the visage of the raging Lion, and the Scorpion, bending his cruel claws with a wide compass, and the Crab, that bends his claws in a different manner; nor is it easy for thee to govern the steeds spirited by those fires which they have in their breasts, and which they breathe forth from their mouths and their nostrils. Hardly are they restrained by me, when their high-mettled spirit is *once* heated, and their necks struggle against the reins. But do thou have a care, my son, that I be not the occasion of a gift fatal to thee, and while the matter *still* permits, alter thy intentions. Thou askest, forsooth, a sure proof that thou mayst believe thyself sprung from my blood? I give thee a sure proof in *thus* being alarmed *for thee*; and by my paternal apprehensions, I am shown to be thy father. Lo, behold my countenance! I wish, too, that thou couldst direct thy eyes into my breast, and discover my fatherly concern within! Finally, look around thee, upon whatever the rich world contains, and ask for anything out of the blessings, so many and so great, of heaven, of earth, and of

sea; *and* thou shalt suffer no denial. In this one thing alone I beg to be excused, which, *called* by its right name, is a penalty, and not an honor; thou art asking, Phaëton, a punishment instead of a gift. Why, in thy ignorance, art thou embracing my neck with caressing arms? Doubt not; whatever thou shalt desire shall be granted thee (by the Stygian waves I have sworn it); but do thou make thy desire more considerately.”

He had finished his admonitions; and yet *Phaëton* resists his advice, and presses his point, and burns with eagerness for the chariot. Wherefore, his parent having delayed as long as he could, leads the young man to the lofty chariot, the gift of Vulcan. The axle-tree was of gold, the poles were of gold; the circumference of the exterior of the wheel was of gold; the range of the spokes was of silver. Chrysolites and gems placed along the yoke in order, gave a bright light from the reflected sun. And while the aspiring Phaëton is admiring these things, and is examining the workmanship, behold! the watchful Aurora opened her purple doors in the ruddy east, and her halls filled with roses. The stars disappear, the troops whereof Lucifer gathers, and moves the last from his station in the heavens. But the father Titan, when he beheld the earth and the universe growing red, and the horns of the far-distant Moon, as if about to vanish, orders the swift Hours to yoke the horses. The Goddesses speedily perform his commands, and lead forth the steeds from the lofty stalls, snorting forth flames, and filled with the juice of Ambrosia; and *then* they put on the sounding bits.

Then the father touched the face of his son with a hallowed drug, and made it able to endure the burning flames, and placed the rays upon his locks, and fetching from his troubled heart sighs presaging his sorrow, he said: “If thou canst here at least, my boy, obey the advice of thy father, be sparing of the whip, and use the bridle with nerve. Of their own accord they are wont to hasten on; the difficulty is to check them in their full career. And let not the way attract thee through the five direct circles. There is a track cut obliquely, with a broad curvature, and bounded by the extremities of three zones, and *so* it shuns the South pole, and the Bear united to the North. Let thy way be here; thou wilt perceive distinct traces of the wheels. And that heaven and earth may endure equal heat, neither drive too low,

nor urge the chariot along the summit of the sky. Going forth too high, thou wilt set on fire the signs of the heavens; too low, the earth; in the middle course thou wilt go most safely. Neither let the right wheel bear thee off towards the twisted Serpent, nor let the left lead thee to the low Altar; hold thy course between them. The rest I leave to Fortune, who, I pray, may aid thee, and take more care of thee, than thou dost of thyself. Whilst I am speaking, the moist Night has touched the goals placed on the Western shores; delay is not allowed me. I am required; the Morning is shining forth, the darkness being dispersed. Seize the reins with thy hands; or if thou hast a mind capable of change, make use of my advice, *and* not my chariot, while thou art *still* able, and art even yet standing upon solid ground; and while thou art not yet in thy ignorance filling the chariot that thou didst so unfortunately covet.”

The other leaps into the light chariot with his youthful body, and stands aloft, and rejoices to take in his hand the reins presented *to him*, and then gives thanks to his reluctant parent. In the meantime the swift Pyroeis, and Eoüs and Æthon, the horses of the sun, and Phlegon, *making* the fourth, fill the air with neighings, sending forth flames, and beat the barriers with their feet. After Tethys, ignorant of the destiny of her grandson, had removed these, and the scope of the boundless universe was given them, they take the road, and moving their feet through the air, they cleave the resisting clouds, and raised aloft by their wings, they pass by the East winds that had arisen from the same parts. But the weight was light; and such as the horses of the sun could not feel; and the yoke was deficient of its wonted weight. And as the curving ships, without proper ballast, are tossed about, and unsteady, through their too great lightness, are borne through the sea, so does the chariot give bounds in the air, unimpeded by its usual burden, and is tossed on high, and is just like an empty one.

Soon as the steeds have perceived this, they rush on, and leave the beaten track, and run not in the order in which *they did* before. He himself becomes alarmed; and knows not which way to turn the reins entrusted *to him*, nor does he know where the way is, nor, if he did know, could he control them. Then, for the first time, did the cold

Triones grow warm with sunbeams, and attempt, in vain, to be dipped in the sea that was forbidden *to them*. And the Serpent which is situate next to the icy pole, being before torpid with cold, and formidable to no one, grew warm, and regained new rage from the heat. They say, too, that thou, Boötes, being disturbed, took to flight; although thou wast *but* slow, and thy wain impeded thee. But when, from the height of the skies, the unhappy Phaëton looked down upon the earth, lying far, very far beneath, he grew pale, and his knees shook with a sudden terror; and in a light so great, darkness overspread his eyes. And now he could wish that he had never touched the horses of his father; and now he is sorry that he knew his descent, and that he prevailed in his request; now desiring to be called the son of Merops. He is borne along, just as a ship driven by the furious Boreas, to which its pilot has given up the overpowered helm, *and* which he has resigned to the Gods and *the effect of* his supplications. What can he do? much of heaven is left behind his back; still more is before his eyes. Either *space* he measures in his mind; and at one moment he is looking forward to the West, which it is not allowed him by fate to reach; *and* sometimes he looks back upon the East. Ignorant what to do, he is stupefied; and he neither lets go the reins, nor is he able to retain them; nor does he know the names of the horses. In his fright, too, he sees strange objects scattered everywhere in various parts of the heavens, and the forms of huge wild beasts. There is a spot where the Scorpion bends his arms into two curves, and with his tail and claws bending on either side, he extends his limbs through the space of two signs *of the Zodiac*. As soon as the youth beheld him wet with the sweat of black venom, and threatening wounds with the barbed point *of his tail*, bereft of sense, he let go the reins, in a chill of horror. Soon as they, falling down, have touched the top of their backs, the horses range at large: and no one restraining them, they go through the air of an unknown region; and where their fury drives them thither, without check, do they hurry along, and they rush on to the stars fixed in the sky, and drag the chariot through pathless places. One while they are mounting aloft, and now they are borne through steep places, and *along* headlong paths in a tract nearer to the earth.

The Moon, too, wonders that her brother's horses run lower than

her own, and the scorched clouds send forth smoke. As each region is most elevated, it is caught by the flames, and cleft, it makes *vast* chasms, and becomes dry, its moisture being carried away. The grass grows pale; the trees, with their foliage, are burnt up; and the dry standing corn affords fuel for its own destruction. *But* I am complaining of trifling *ills*. Great cities perish, together with their fortifications, and the flames turn whole nations, with their populations, into ashes; woods, together with mountains, are on fire. Athos burns, and the Cilician Taurus, and Tmolus, and Cēta, and Ida, now dry, *but* once most famed for its springs; and Helicon, the resort of the Virgin *Muses*, and Hæmus, not yet *called* Cēagrian. Ætna burns intensely with redoubled flames, and Parnassus, with its two summits, and Eryx, and Cynthus, and Othrys, and Rhodope, at length to be despoiled of its snows, and Mimas, and Dindyma, and Mycale, and Cithæron, created for *the performance of* sacred rites. Nor does its cold avail *even* Scythia; Caucasus is on fire, and Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus, greater than them both, and the lofty Alps, and the cloud-bearing Apennines.

Then, indeed, Phaëton beholds the world set on fire on all sides, and he cannot endure heat so great, and he inhales with his mouth scorching air, as though from a deep furnace, and perceives his own chariot to be on fire. And neither is he able now to bear the ashes and the emitted embers; and, on every side, he is involved in heated smoke. Covered with a pitchy darkness, he knows not whither he is going, nor where he is, and is hurried away at the pleasure of the winged steeds. They believe that it was then that the nations of the Æthiopians contracted their black hue, the blood being attracted into the surface of the body. Then was Libya made dry by the heat, the moisture being carried off; then, with dishevelled hair, the Nymphs lamented the springs and the lakes. Bœotia bewails Dirce, Argos Amynone, and Ephyre the waters of Pirene. Nor do rivers that have got banks distant in situation, remain *secure*; Tanais smokes in the midst of its waters, and the aged Peneus, and Teuthrastian Caïcus, and rapid Ismenus, with Phœcean Erymanthus, and Xanthus again to burn, and yellow Lycormas, and Mæander, which sports with winding streams, and the Mygdonian Melas, and the Tænarian

Eurotas. The Babylonian Euphrates, too, was on fire, Orontes was in flames, and the swift Thermodon and Ganges, and Phasis, and Ister. Alpheus boils; the banks of Spercheus burn; and the gold which Tagus carries with its stream, melts in the flames. The river birds too, which made famous the Mæonian banks *of the river* with their song, grew hot in the middle of Caÿster. The Nile, affrighted, fled to the remotest parts of the earth, and concealed his head, which still lies hid; his seven last mouths are empty, *become* seven *mere* channels, without any stream. The same fate dries up the Ismarian *rivers*, Hebrus together with Strymon, and the Hesperian streams, the Rhine, and the Rhone, and the Po, and the Tiber, to which was promised the sovereignty of the world.

All the ground bursts asunder; and through the chinks, the light penetrates into Tartarus, and startles the Infernal King with his spouse. The Ocean too, is contracted, and that which lately was sea, is a surface of parched sand; and the mountains which the deep sea had covered, start up and increase *the number of* the scattered Cyclades. The fishes sink to the bottom, and the crooked Dolphins do not care to raise themselves on the surface into the air, as usual. The bodies of sea calves float lifeless on their backs, on the top of the water. The story, too, is, that *even* Nereus himself, and Doris and their daughters, lay hid in the heated caverns. Three times had Neptune ventured, with a stern countenance, to thrust his arms out of the water; three times he was unable to endure the scorching heat of the air. However, the genial Earth, as she was surrounded with sea, amid the waters of the main, and the springs, dried up on every side, which had hidden themselves in the bowels of their cavernous parent, burnt-up, lifted up her all-productive face as far as her neck, and placed her hands to her forehead, and shaking all things with a vast trembling, she sank down a little, and retired below the spot where she is wont to be, and thus she spoke, with a parched voice: “O sovereign of the Gods, if thou approvest of this, if I have deserved it, why do thy lightnings linger? Let me, *if* doomed to perish by the force of fire, perish by thy flames; and alleviate my misfortune, by being the author *of it*. With difficulty, indeed, do I open my mouth for these very words;” (the vapor had oppressed her utterance.) “Behold my scorched hair, and such a quantity of ashes

over my eyes, so much *too*, over my features. And dost thou give this as my recompense? this, as the reward of my fertility and of my duty, in that I endure wounds from the crooked plough and harrows, and am harassed all the year through? In that I supply green leaves for the cattle, and corn, a wholesome food for mankind, and frankincense for yourselves? But still, suppose that I am deserving of destruction, why have the waves *deserved this*? Why has thy brother deserved it? Why do the seas, delivered to him by lot, decrease, and why do they recede still further from the sky? But if regard for neither thy brother nor for myself influences thee, still have consideration for thy own skies; look around, on either side, *how* each pole is smoking; if the fire shall injure them, thy palace will fall in ruins. See! Atlas himself is struggling, and hardly can he bear the glowing heavens on his shoulders. If the sea, if the earth perishes, if the palace of heaven, we are thrown into the confused state of ancient chaos. Save it from the flames, if aught still survives, and provide for the preservation of the universe.”

Thus spoke the Earth; nor, indeed, could she any longer endure the vapor, nor say more; and she withdrew her face within herself, and the caverns neighboring to the shades below.

EXPLANATION.

If we were to regard this fable solely as an allegory intended to convey a moral, we should at once perceive that the adventure of Phaëton represents the wilful folly of a rash young man, who consults his own inclination, rather than the dictates of wisdom and prudence. Some ancient writers tell us that Phaëton was the son of Phœbus and Clymene, while others make the nymph Rhoda to have been his mother. Apollodorus, following Hesiod, says that Hersa, the daughter of Cecrops, king of Athens, was the mother of Cephalus, who was carried away by Aurora; which probably means that he left Greece for the purpose of settling in the East. Cephalus had a son named Tithonus, the father of Phaëton. Thus Phaëton was the fourth in lineal descent from Cecrops, who reigned at Athens about 1580, B.C. The story is most probably based upon the fact of some excessive heat that happened in his time. Aristotle supposes that at

that period flames fell from heaven, which ravaged several countries. Possibly the burning of the cities of the plain, or the stay of the sun in his course at the command of Joshua, may have been the foundation of the story. St. Chrysostom suggests that it is based upon an imperfect version of the ascent of Elijah in a chariot of fire; that name, or rather 'Elias,' the Greek form of it, bearing a strong resemblance to Ἥλιος, the Greek name of the sun. Vossius suggests that this is an Egyptian history, and considers the story of the grief of Phœbus for the loss of his son to be another version of the sorrows of the Egyptians for the death of Osiris. The tears of the Heliades, or sisters of Phaëton, he conceives to be identical with the lamentations of the women who wept for the death of Tammuz. The Poet, when he tells us that Phaëton abandoned his chariot on seeing The Scorpion, probably intends to show that the event of which he treats happened in the month in which the sun enters that sign.

Plutarch and Tzetzes tell us that Phaëton was a king of the Molossians, who drowned himself in the Po; that he was a student of astronomy, and foretold an excessive heat which happened in his reign, and laid waste his kingdom. Lucian, also, in his Discourse on Astronomy, gives a similar explanation of the story, and says that this prince dying very young, left his observations imperfect, which gave rise to the fable that he did not know how to drive the chariot of the sun to the end of its course.

FABLE II.

Jupiter, to save the universe from being consumed, hurls his thunder at Phaëton, on which he falls headlong into the river Eridanus.

But the omnipotent father, having called the Gods above to witness, and him, too, who had given the chariot to *Phaëton*, that unless he gives assistance, all things will perish in direful ruin, mounts aloft to the highest eminence, from which he is wont to spread the clouds over the spacious earth; from which he moves his thunders, and hurls the brandished lightnings. But then, he had neither clouds that he could draw over the earth, nor showers that he could pour down from the sky. He thundered aloud, and darted the poised lightning from his right ear against the charioteer, and at the

same moment deprived him both of his life and his seat, and by his ruthless fires restrained the flames. The horses are affrighted, and, making a bound in an opposite direction, they shake the yoke from off their necks, and disengage themselves from the torn harness. In one place lie the reins; in another, the axle-tree wrenched away from the pole; in another part *are* the spokes of the broken wheels; and the fragments of the chariot torn in pieces are scattered far and wide. But Phaëton, the flames consuming his yellow hair, is hurled headlong, and is borne in a long tract through the air; as sometimes a star from the serene sky may appear to fall, although it *really* has not fallen. Him the great Eridanus receives, in a part of the world far distant from his country, and bathes his foaming face.

FABLE III.

The sisters of Phaëton are changed into poplars, and their tears become amber distilling from those trees.

The Hesperian Naiads commit his body, smoking from the three-forked flames, to the tomb, and inscribe these verses on the stone:—"Here is Phaëton buried, the driver of his father's chariot, which if he did not manage, still he miscarried in a great attempt." But his wretched father had hidden his face, overcast with bitter sorrow, and, if only we can believe it, they say that one day passed without the sun. The flames afforded light; and *so far*, there was some advantage in that disaster. But Clymene, after she had said whatever things were to be said amid misfortunes so great, traversed the whole earth, full of woe, and distracted, and tearing her bosom. And first seeking his lifeless limbs, *and* then his bones, she found his bones, however, buried on a foreign bank. She laid herself down on the spot; and bathed with tears the name she read on the marble, and warmed it with her open breast. The daughters of the Sun mourn no less, and give tears, an unavailing gift, to his death; and beating their breasts with their hands, they call Phaëton both night and day, who is doomed not to hear their sad complaints; and they lie scattered about the tomb.

The Moon had four times filled her disk, by joining her horns; they, according to their custom (for use had made custom), uttered

lamentations; among whom Phaëthusa, the eldest of the sisters, when she was desirous to lie on the ground, complained that her feet had grown stiff; to whom the fair Lampetie attempting to come, was detained by a root suddenly formed. A third, when she is endeavoring to tear her hair with her hands, tears off leaves; one complains that her legs are held fast by the trunk of a tree, another that her arms are become long branches. And while they are wondering at these things, bark closes upon their loins; and by degrees, it encompasses their stomachs, their breasts, their shoulders, and their hands; and only their mouths are left uncovered, calling upon their mother. What is their mother to do? but run here and there, whither frenzy leads her, and join her lips *with theirs*, while *yet* she may? That is not enough; she tries to pull their bodies out of the trunks *of the trees*, and with her hands to tear away the tender branches; but from thence drops of blood flow as from a wound. Whichever *of them* is wounded, cries out, “Spare me, mother, O spare me, I pray; in the tree my body is being torn. And now farewell.” The bark came over the last words.

Thence tears flow forth; and amber distilling from the new-formed branches, hardens in the sun; which the clear river receives and sends to be worn by the Latian matrons.

FABLE IV.

Cycnus, king of Liguria, inconsolable for the death of Phaëton, is transformed into a swan.

Cycnus, the son of Sthenelus, was present at this strange event; who, although he was related to thee, Phaëton, on his mother’s side, was yet more nearly allied in affection. He having left his kingdom (for he reigned over the people and the great cities of the Ligurians) was filling the verdant banks and the river Eridanus, and the wood, *now* augmented by the sisters, with his complaints; when the man’s voice became shrill, and gray feathers concealed his hair. A long neck, too, extends from his breast, and a membrane joins his reddening toes; feathers clothe his sides, *and* his mouth holds a bill without a point. Cycnus becomes a new bird; but he trusts himself

not to the heavens or the air, as being mindful of the fire unjustly sent from thence. He frequents the pools and the wide lakes, and abhorring fire, he chooses the streams, the *very* contrary of flames.

Meanwhile, the father of Phaëton, in squalid garb, and destitute of his comeliness, just as he is wont to be when he suffers an eclipse of his disk, abhors both the light, himself, and the day; and gives his mind up to grief, and adds resentment to his sorrow, and denies his services to the world. "My lot," says he, "has been restless enough from the *very* beginning of time, and I am tired of labors endured by me, without end and without honor. Let any one else drive the chariot that carries the light. If there is no one, and all the Gods confess that they cannot do it, let *Jupiter* himself drive it; that, at least, while he is trying my reins, he may for a time lay aside the lightnings that bereave fathers. Then he will know, having made trial of the strength of the flame-footed steeds, that he who did not successfully guide them, did not deserve death."

All the Deities stand around the Sun, as he says such things; and they entreat him, with suppliant voice, not to determine to bring darkness over the world. Jupiter, as well, excuses the hurling of his lightnings, and imperiously adds threats to entreaties. Phœbus calls together his steeds, maddened and still trembling with terror, and, subduing them, vents his fury both with whip and lash; for he is furious, and upbraids them with his son, and charges *his death* upon them.

EXPLANATION.

Plutarch places the tomb of Phaëton on the banks of the river Po; and it is not improbable that his mother and sisters, grieving at his fate, ended their lives in the neighborhood of his tomb, being overcome with grief, which gave rise to the story that they were changed into the poplars on its banks, which distilled amber. Some writers say, that they were changed into larch trees, and not poplars. Hesiod and Pindar also make mention of this tradition. Possibly, Cynus, being a friend of Phaëton, may have died from grief at his loss, on which the poets graced his attachment with the story that he was changed into a

swan. Apollodorus mentions two other persons of the name of Cynus. One was the son of Mars, and was killed before Troy; the other, as Hesiod tells us, was killed by Hercules. Lucian, in his satirical vein, tells us, that inquiring on the banks of the Po for the swans, and the poplars distilling amber, he was told that no such things had ever been seen there; and that even the tradition of Phaëton and his sisters was utterly unknown to the inhabitants of those parts.

FABLE V.

Jupiter, while taking a survey of the world, to extinguish the remains of the fire, falls in love with Calisto, whom he sees in Arcadia; and, in order to seduce that Nymph, he assumes the form of Diana. Her sister Nymphs disclose her misfortune before the Goddess, who drives her from her company, on account of the violation of her vow of chastity.

But the omnipotent father surveys the vast walls of heaven, and carefully searches, that no part, impaired by the violence of the fire, may fall to ruin. After he has seen them to be secure and in their own *full* strength, he examines the earth, and the works of man; yet a care for his own Arcadia is more particularly his object. He restores, too, the springs and the rivers, that had not yet dared to flow, he gives grass to the earth: green leaves to the trees; and orders the injured forests again to be green. While *thus* he often went to and fro, he stopped short on *seeing* a virgin of Nonacris, and the fires engendered within his bones received *fresh* heat. It was not her employment to soften the wool by teasing, nor to vary her tresses in their arrangement; while a buckle fastened her garment, and a white fillet her hair, carelessly flowing; and at one time she bore in her hand a light javelin, at another, a bow. She was a warrior of Phœbe; nor did any *Nymph* frequent Mænalus, more beloved by Trivia, than she; but no influence is of long duration. The lofty Sun had *now* obtained a position beyond the mid course, when she enters a grove which no generation had *ever* cut. Here she puts her quiver off from her shoulders, and unbends her pliant bow, and lies down on the

ground, which the grass had covered, and presses her painted quiver, with her neck laid on it. When Jupiter saw her *thus* weary, and without a protector, he said, "For certain, my wife will know nothing of this stolen embrace; or, if she should chance to know, is her scolding, is it, *I say*, of such great consequence?"

Immediately he puts on the form and dress of Diana, and says, "O Virgin! one portion of my train, upon what mountains hast thou been hunting?" The virgin raises herself from the turf, and says, "Hail, Goddess! *that art*, in my opinion, greater than Jove, even if he himself should hear it." He both smiles and he hears it, and is pleased at being preferred to himself; and he gives her kisses, not very moderate, nor such as would be given by a virgin. He stops her as she is preparing to tell him in what wood she has been hunting, by an embrace, and he does not betray himself without the commission *of violence*. She, indeed, on the other hand, as far as a woman could do (would that thou hadst seen her, daughter of Saturn, *then* thou wouldst have been more merciful), she, indeed, *I say*, resists; but what damsel, or who *besides*, could prevail against Jupiter? Jove, *now* the conqueror, seeks the heavens above; the grove and the conscious wood is *now* her aversion. Making her retreat thence, she is almost forgetting to take away her quiver with her arrows, and the bow which she had hung up.

Behold, Dictynna, attended by her train, as she goes along the lofty Mænalus, and exulting in the slaughter of the wild beasts, beholds her, and calls her, thus seen. Being so called, she drew back, and at first was afraid lest Jupiter might be under her *shape*; but after she saw the Nymphs walking along with her, she perceived that there was no deceit, and she approached their train. Alas! how difficult it is not to betray a crime by one's looks! She scarce raises her eyes from the ground, nor, as she used to do, does she walk by the side of the Goddess, nor is she the foremost in the whole company; but she is silent, and by her blushes she gives signs of her injured honor. And Diana, but *for the fact*, that she is a virgin, might have perceived her fault by a thousand indications; the Nymphs are said to have perceived it.

The horns of the Moon were *now* rising again in her ninth course, when the hunting Goddess, faint from her brother's flames, lighted

on a cool grove, out of which a stream ran, flowing with its murmuring noise, and borne along the sand worn fine *by its action*. When she had approved of the spot, she touched the surface of the water with her foot; and commending it as well, she says, "All overlookers are far off; let us bathe our bodies, with the stream poured over them." She of Parrhasia blushed; they all put off their clothes; she alone sought *an excuse for* delay. Her garment was removed as she hesitated, which being put off, her fault was exposed with her naked body. Cynthia said to her, in confusion, and endeavoring to conceal her stomach with her hands, "Begone afar hence! and pollute not the sacred springs;" and she ordered her to leave her train.

FABLES VI AND VII.

Juno, being jealous that Calisto has attracted Jupiter, transforms her into a Bear. Her son, Arcas, not recognizing his mother in that shape, is about to kill her; but Jupiter removes them both to the skies, where they form the Constellations of the Great and the Little Bear. The raven, as a punishment for his garrulity, is changed from white to black.

The spouse of the great Thunderer had perceived this some time before, and had put off the severe punishment *designed for her*, to a proper time. There is *now* no reason for delay; and now the boy Arcas (that, too, was a grief to Juno) was born of the mistress *of her husband*. Wherefore, she turned her thoughts, full of resentment, and her eyes *upon her*, and said, "This thing, forsooth, alone was wanting, thou adulteress, that thou shouldst be pregnant, and that my injury should become notorious by thy labors, and that *thereby* the disgraceful conduct of my *husband*, Jupiter, should be openly declared. Thou shalt not go unpunished; for I will spoil that shape of thine, on which thou pridest thyself, and by which thou, mischievous one, dost charm my husband."

Thus she spoke; and seizing her straight in front by the hair, threw her on her face to the ground. She suppliantly stretched forth her arms; those arms began to grow rough with black hair, and her hands

to be bent, and to increase to hooked claws, and to do the duty of feet, and the mouth, that was once admired by Jupiter, to become deformed with a wide opening; and lest her prayers, and words not needed, should influence her feelings, the power of speech is taken from her; an angry and threatening voice, and full of terror, is uttered from her hoarse throat. Still, her former understanding remains in her, even thus become a bear; and expressing her sorrows by her repeated groans, she lifts up her hands, such as they are, to heaven and to the stars, and she deems Jove ungrateful, though she cannot call him so. Ah! how often, not daring to rest in the lonely wood, did she wander about before her own house, and in the fields once her own. Ah! how often was she driven over the crags by the cry of the hounds; and, a huntress herself, she fled in alarm, through fear of the hunters! Often, seeing the wild beasts, did she lie concealed, forgetting what she was; and, a bear herself, dreaded the he-bears seen on the mountains, and was alarmed at the wolves, though her father was among them.

Behold! Arcas, the offspring of the daughter of Lycaon, ignorant of who is his parent, approaches her, thrice five birthdays being now nearly past; and while he is following the wild beasts, while he is choosing the proper woods, and is enclosing the Erymanthian forests with his platted nets, he meets with his mother. She stood still, upon seeing Arcas, and was like one recognizing *another*. He drew back, and, in his ignorance, was alarmed at her keeping her eyes fixed upon him without ceasing; and, as she was desirous to approach still nearer, he would have pierced her breast with the wounding spear. Omnipotent *Jove* averted this, and removed both them and *such* wickedness; and placed them, carried through vacant space with a rapid wind, in the heavens, and made them neighboring Constellations.

Juno swelled with rage after the mistress shone amid the stars, and descended on the sea to the hoary Tethys, and the aged Ocean, a regard for whom has often influenced the Gods; and said to them, inquiring the reason of her coming, "Do you inquire why I, the queen of the Gods, am come hither from the æthereal abodes? Another has possession of heaven in my stead. May I be deemed untruthful, if, when the night has made the world dark, you see not in the highest

part of heaven stars but lately *thus* honored to my affliction; there, where the last and most limited circle surrounds the extreme part of the axis *of the world*. Is there, then, *any ground* why one should hesitate to affront Juno, and dread my being offended, who only benefit them by my resentment? See what a great thing I have done! How vast is my power! I forbade her to be of human shape; she has been made a Goddess; 'tis thus that I inflict punishment on offenders; such is my mighty power! Let him obtain *for her* her former shape, and let him remove this form of a wild beast; as he formerly did for the Argive Phoronis. Why does he not marry her as well, divorcing Juno, and place her in my couch, and take Lycaon for his father-in-law? But if the wrong done to your injured foster-child affects you, drive the seven Triones away from your azure waters, and expel the stars received into heaven as the reward of adultery, that a concubine may not be received into your pure waves."

The Gods of the sea granted her request. The daughter of Saturn enters the liquid air in her graceful chariot, with her variegated peacocks; peacocks just as lately tinted, upon the killing of Argus, as thou, garrulous raven, hadst been suddenly transformed into *a bird having* black wings, whereas thou hadst been white before. For this bird was formerly of a silver hue, with snow-white feathers, so that he equalled the doves entirely without spot; nor would he give place to the geese that were to save the Capitol by their watchful voice, nor to the swan haunting the streams. His tongue was the cause of his disgrace; his chattering tongue being the cause, that the color which was white is now the reverse of white.

There was no one more beauteous in all Hæmonia than Larissæan Coronis. At least, she pleased thee, Delphian *God*, as long as she continued chaste, or was not the object of remark. But the bird of Phœbus found out her infidelity; and the inexorable informer winged his way to his master, that he might disclose the hidden offence. Him the prattling crow follows, with flapping wings, to make all inquiries of him. And having heard the occasion of his journey, she says, "Thou art going on a fruitless errand; do not despise the presages of my voice."

EXPLANATION.

Cicero (On the Nature of the Gods, Book iii.) tells us, that Lycaon had a daughter who delighted in the chase, and that Jupiter, the second of that name, the king of Arcadia, fell in love with her. This was the ground on which she was said to have been a favorite of Diana. The story of Calisto having been received into Heaven, and forming the Constellation of the Bear, was perhaps grounded on the fact of Lycaon, her father, having been the first known to take particular notice of this Constellation. The story of the request of Juno, that Tethys will not receive this new Constellation into the Ocean, is probably derived from the circumstance, that the Bear, as well as the other stars within the Arctic Circle, never sets.

Possibly, Arcas, the son of Calisto, dying at a youthful age, may have been the origin of the Constellation of the Lesser Bear.

FABLE VIII.

A virgin, the favorite of Apollo, of the same name with Coronis, is changed into a crow, for a story which she tells Minerva, concerning the basket in which Ericthonius was enclosed.

“Consider what I was, and what I am, and inquire into my deserts. Thou wilt find that my fidelity was my ruin. For once upon a time, Pallas had enclosed Ericthonius, an offspring born without a mother, in a basket made of Actæan twigs; and had given it to keep to the three virgins born of the two-shaped Cecrops, and had given them this injunction, that they should not inquire into her secrets. I, being hidden among the light foliage, was watching from a thick elm what they were doing. Two *of them*, Pandrosos and Herse, observe their charge without *any* treachery; Aglauros alone calls her sisters cowards, and unties the knots with her hand; but within they behold a child, and a dragon extended by him. I told the Goddess what was done; for which such a return as this is made to me, that I am said to have been banished from the protection of Minerva, and am placed after the bird of the night. My punishment may warn birds not to incur dangers, by their chattering. But I consider *that* she courted me with no inclination of my own, nor asking for any such *favours*. This

thou mayst ask of Pallas thyself; although she is angry, she will not, with all her anger, deny this. For Coroneus, one famous in the land of Phocis (I mention what is well known) begot me: and *so* I was a virgin of royal birth, and was courted by rich suitors (*so* despise me not). My beauty was the cause of my misfortune; for while I was passing with slow steps along the sea-shore, on the surface of the sand, as I was wont *to do*, the God of the Ocean beheld me, and was inflamed; and when he had consumed his time to no purpose, in entreating me with soft words, he prepared *to use* violence, and followed me. I fled, and I left the firm shore, and wearied myself in vain on the yielding sand. Then I invoked both Gods and men; but my voice did not reach any mortal. A virgin was moved for a virgin, and gave me assistance. I was extending my arms toward heaven; *when those* arms began to grow black with light feathers. I struggled to throw my garments from off my shoulders, but they were feathers, and had taken deep root in my skin. I tried to beat my naked breast with my hands, but I had now neither hands nor naked breast. I ran; and the sand did not retard my feet as before, and I was lifted up from the surface of the ground. After that, being lifted up, I was carried through the air, and was assigned, as a faultless companion, to Minerva. Yet what does this avail me, if Nyctimene, made a bird for a horrid crime, has succeeded me in my honor?"

EXPLANATION.

Erichthonius was fabled to be the son, or foster-child, of Athene, or Minerva, perhaps because he was the son of the daughter of Cranaus, who had the name of Athene, by a priest of Vulcan, which Divinity was said to have been his progenitor. St. Augustine alleges that he was exposed, and found in a temple dedicated to Minerva and Vulcan. His name being composed of two words, ἔρις and χθών, signifying 'contention,' and 'earth,' Strabo imagines that he was the son of Vulcan and the Earth. But it seems that the real ground on which he was called by that name was, that he disputed the right to the crown of Athens with Amphictyon, on the death of Cranaus, the second king. Amphictyon prevailed, but Erichthonius succeeded him. To hide his legs, which were deformed, he is said to have invented

chariots; though that is not likely, as Egypt, from which Greece had received many colonies, was acquainted with the use of them from the earliest times. He is also said to have instituted the festival of the Panathenæa, at Athens, whence, in process of time, it was adopted by the whole of Greece.

Hyginus tells us, that after his death he was received into heaven as the constellation 'Auriga,' or 'the Charioteer;' and he further informs us, that the deformity of his legs gave occasion to the saying, that he was half man and half a serpent. Apollodorus says that he was born in Attica; that he was the son of Cranaë, the daughter of Attis; and that he dethroned Amphictyon, and became the fourth king of Athens.

FABLE IX.

Nyctimene having entertained a criminal passion for her father, Nycteus, the Gods, to punish her incest, transform her into an owl. Apollo pierces the breast of Coronis with an arrow, on the raven informing him of the infidelity of his mistress.

"Has not the thing, which is very well known throughout the whole of Lesbos, been heard of by thee, that Nyctimene defiled the bed of her father? She is a bird indeed; but being conscious of her crime, she avoids *the human* gaze and the light, and conceals her shame in the darkness; and by all *the birds* she is expelled entirely from the sky."

The raven says to him, saying such things, "May this, thy calling of me back, prove a mischief to thee, I pray; I despise the worthless omen." Nor does he drop his intended journey; and he tells his master, that he has seen Coronis lying down with a youth of Hæmonia. On hearing the crime of his mistress, his laurel fell down; and at the same moment his usual looks, his plectrum, and his color, forsook the God. And as his mind was *now* burning with swelling rage, he took up his wonted arms, and levelled his bow bent from the extremities, and pierced, with an unerring shaft, that bosom, that had been so oft pressed to his own breast. Wounded, she uttered a groan, and, drawing the steel from out of the wound, she bathed her white limbs with purple blood; and she said, "I might *justly*, Phœbus, have

been punished by thee, but *still I might* have first brought forth; now we two shall die in one.” Thus far *she spoke*; and she poured forth her life, together with her blood. A deadly coldness took possession of her body deprived of life.

The lover, too late, alas! repents of his cruel vengeance, and blames himself that he listened *to the bird*, and that he was so infuriated. He hates the bird, through which he was forced to know of the crime and the cause of his sorrow; he hates, too, the string, the bow, and his hand; and together with his hand, *those* rash weapons, the arrows. He cherishes her fallen to the ground, and by late resources endeavors to conquer her destiny; and in vain he practices his physical arts.

When he found that these attempts were made in vain, and that the funeral pile was being prepared, and that her limbs were about to be burnt in the closing flames, then, in truth, he gave utterance to sighs fetched from the bottom of his heart (for it is not allowed the celestial features to be bathed with tears). No otherwise than, as when an axe, poised from the right ear *of the butcher*, dashes to pieces, with a clean stroke, the hollow temples of the sucking calf, while the dam looks on. Yet after Phœbus had poured the unavailing perfumes on her breast, when he had given the *last* embrace and had performed the due obsequies prematurely hastened, he did not suffer his own offspring to sink into the same ashes; but he snatched the child from the flames and from the womb of his mother, and carried him into the cave of the two-formed Chiron. And he forbade the raven, expecting for himself the reward of his tongue that told no untruth, to perch any longer among the white birds.

EXPLANATION.

History does not afford us the least insight into the foundation of the story of Coronis transformed into a crow, for making too faithful a report, nor that of the raven changed from white to black, for talking too much. If they are based upon some events which really happened, we must be content to acknowledge that these Fables refer to the history of two persons entirely unknown to us, and who, perhaps,

lived as far back as the time of the daughters of Cecrops, to whom the story seems to bear some relation. Coronis being the name of a crow as well as of a Nymph, Lucian and other writers have fabled that her son, Æsculapius, was produced from the egg of that bird, and was born in the shape of a serpent, under which form he was very generally worshipped.

FABLE X.

Ocyrrhoë, the daughter of the Centaur Chiron, attempting to predict future events, tells her father the fate of the child Æsculapius, on which the Gods transform her into a mare.

In the meantime the half-beast *Chiron* was proud of a pupil of Divine origin, and rejoiced in the honor annexed to the responsibility. Behold! the daughter of the Centaur comes, having her shoulders covered with her yellow hair; whom once the nymph Chariclo, having borne her on the banks of a rapid stream, called Ocyrrhoë. She was not contented to learn her father's arts *only*; *but* she sang the secrets of the Fates. Therefore, when she had conceived in her mind the prophetic transports, and grew warm with the God, whom she held confined within her breast, she beheld the infant, and she said, "Grow on, child, the giver of health to the whole world; the bodies of mortals shall often owe their *own existence* to thee. To thee will it be allowed to restore life when taken away; and daring to do that once against the will of the Gods, thou wilt be hindered by the bolts of thy grandsire from being able any more to grant that *boon*. And from a God thou shalt become a lifeless carcase; and a God *again*, who lately wast a carcase; and twice shalt thou renew thy destiny. Thou likewise, dear father, now immortal, and produced at thy nativity, on the condition of enduring for ever, wilt then wish that thou couldst die, when thou shalt be tormented on receiving the blood of a baneful serpent in thy wounded limbs; and the Gods shall make thee from an immortal *being*, subject to death, and the three Goddesses shall cut thy threads."

Something still remained in addition to what she had said. She heaved a sigh from the bottom of her breast, and the tears bursting

forth, trickled down her cheeks, and thus she said: "The Fates prevent me, and I am forbidden to say any more, and the use of my voice is precluded. My arts, which have brought the wrath of a Divinity upon me, were not of so much value; I wish that I had not been acquainted with the future. Now the human shape seems to be withdrawing from me; now grass pleases *me* for my food; now I have a desire to range over the extended plains; I am turned into a mare, and into a shape kindred *to that of my father*. But yet, why entirely? For my father partakes of both forms."

As she was uttering such words as these, the last part of her complaint was but little understood; and her words were confused. And presently neither *were* they words indeed, nor did it appear to be the voice of a mare, but of one imitating a mare. And in a little time she uttered perfect neighing, and stretched her arms upon the grass. Then did her fingers grow together, and a smooth hoof united five nails in one continued piece of horn. The length of her face and of her neck increased; the greatest part of her long hair became a tail. And as the hairs lay scattered about her neck, they were transformed into a mane *lying* upon the right side; at once both her voice and her shape were changed. And this wondrous change gave her the *new* name of *Enippe*.

ABLE XI.

Mercury, having stolen the oxen of Apollo, and Battus having perceived the theft, he engages him, by a present, to keep the matter secret. Mistrusting, however, his fidelity, he assumes another shape, and tempting him with presents, he succeeds in corrupting him. To punish his treachery, the God changes him into a touchstone.

The Philyrean hero wept, and in vain, *God* of Delphi, implored thy assistance; but neither couldst thou reverse the orders of great Jupiter, nor, if thou couldst have reversed them wast thou then present; *for then* thou wast dwelling in Elis and the Messenian fields. This was the time when a shepherd's skin garment was covering thee, and a stick cut out of the wood was the burden of thy left hand, *and* of the other, a pipe unequal with its seven reeds. And while love is thy concern, while thy pipe is soothing thee, some cows are said to

have strayed unobserved into the plains of Pylos. The son of Maia the daughter of Atlas, observes them, and with his *usual* skill hides them, driven off, in the woods. Nobody but an old man, well-known in that country, had noticed the theft: all the neighborhood called him Battus. He was keeping the forests and the grassy pastures, and the set of fine-bred mares of the rich Neleus.

Mercury was afraid of him, and took him aside with a gentle hand, and said to him, "Come, stranger, whoever thou art, if, perchance any one should ask after these herds, deny that thou hast seen them; and, lest no requital be paid thee for so doing, take a handsome cow as thy reward;" and *thereupon* he gave *him one*. On receiving it, the stranger returned this answer: "Thou mayst go in safety. May that stone first make mention of thy theft;" and he pointed to a stone. The son of Jupiter feigned to go away. *But* soon he returned, and changing his form, together with his voice, he said, "Countryman, if thou hast seen any cows pass along this way, give me thy help, and break silence about the theft; afemale, coupled together with its bull shall be presented thee as a reward." But the old man, after his reward was *thus* doubled, said, "They will be beneath those hills;" and beneath those hills they *really* were. The son of Atlas laughed and said, "Dost thou, treacherous man, betray me to my own self? Dost betray me to myself?" and *then* he turned his perjured breast into a hard stone, which even now is called the "Touchstone;" and this old disgrace is *attached* to the stone that *really* deserves it not.

EXPLANATION.

The Centaurs, fabulous monsters, half men and half horses, were perhaps the first horsemen in Thessaly and its neighborhood. It is also probable that Chiron, who was one of these, acquired great fame by the knowledge he had acquired at a time and in a country where learning was little cultivated. The ancients regarded him as the first promulgator of the utility of medicines, in which he was said to have instructed his pupil Æsculapius. He was also considered to be an excellent musician and a good astronomer, as we learn from Homer,

Diodorus Siculus, and other authors. Most of the heroes of that age, and among them Hercules and Jason, studied under him. Very probably, the only foundation for the story of the transformation of Ocyrrhoë, was the skill and address which, under her father's instruction, she acquired in riding and the management of horses. For if, as it seems really was the case, the horsemen of that age were taken for monsters, half men and half horses, it is not surprising to find the story that the daughter of a Centaur was transformed into a mare.

Chiron is generally supposed to have marked out the Constellations, for the purpose of directing the Argonauts in their voyage for the recovery of the Golden Fleece.

FABLE XII.

Mercury, falling in love with Herse, the daughter of Cecrops, endeavors to engage Aglauros in his interest, and by her means, to obtain access to her sister. She refuses to assist him, unless he promises to present her with a large sum of money.

Hence, the bearer of the caduceus raised himself upon equal wings; and as he flew, he looked down upon the fields of Munychia, and the land pleasing to Minerva, and the groves of the well-planted Lycæus. On that day, by chance, the chaste virgins were, in their purity, carrying the sacred offerings in baskets crowned with flowers, upon their heads to the joyful citadel of Pallas. The winged God beholds them returning thence; and he does not shape his course directly forward, but wheels round in the *same* circle. As that bird swiftest in speed, the kite, on espying the entrails, while he is afraid, and the priests stand in numbers around the sacrifice, wings his flight in circles, and yet ventures not to go far away, and greedily hovers around *the object of his hopes* with waving wings, so does the active Cyllenian *God* bend his course over the Actæan towers, and circles round in the same air. As much as Lucifer shines more brightly than the other stars, and as much as the golden Phœbe *shines more brightly* than thee, O Lucifer, so much superior was Herse, as she went, to all the *other* virgins, and was the ornament of the solemnity and of her companions. The son of Jupiter was astonished at her

beauty; and as he hung in the air, he burned no otherwise than as when the Balearic sling throws forth the plummet of lead; it flies and becomes red hot in its course, and finds beneath the clouds the fires which it had not *before*.

He alters his course, and, having left heaven, goes a different way; nor does he disguise himself; so great is his confidence in his beauty. This, though it is *every way* complete, still he improves by care, and smooths his hair and *adjusts* his mantle, that it may hang properly, so that the fringe and all the gold may be seen; *and minds* that his long smooth wand, with which he induces and drives away sleep, is in his right hand, and that his wings shine upon his beauteous feet.

A private part of the house had three bed-chambers, adorned with ivory and with tortoiseshell, of which thou, Pandrosos, hadst the right-hand one, Aglauros the left-hand, and Herse had the one in the middle. She that occupied the left-hand one was the first to remark Mercury approaching, and she ventured to ask the name of the God, and the occasion of his coming. To her thus answered the grandson of Atlas and of Pleione: "I am he who carries the commands of my father through the air. Jupiter himself is my father. Nor will I invent pretences; do thou only be willing to be attached to thy sister, and to be called the aunt of my offspring. Herse is the cause of my coming; I pray thee to favor one in love." Aglauros looks upon him with the same eyes with which she had lately looked upon the hidden mysteries of the yellow-haired Minerva, and demands for her agency gold of great weight; *and*, in the meantime, obliges him to go out of the house. The warlike Goddess turned upon her the orbs of her stern eyes, and drew a sigh from the bottom *of her heart*, with so great a motion, that she heaved both her breast and the Ægis placed before her valiant breast. It occurred *to her* that she had laid open her secrets with a profane hand, at the time when she beheld progeny created for *the God* who inhabits Lemnos, without a mother, *and* contrary to the assigned laws; and that she could now be agreeable both to the God and to the sister *of Aglauros*, and that she would be enriched by taking the gold, which she, in her avarice, had demanded. Forthwith she repairs to the abode of Envy, hideous with black gore. Her abode is concealed in the lowest recesses of a cave, wanting sun, *and* not pervious to any wind, dismal and filled with benumbing cold; and

which is ever without fire, and ever abounding with darkness.

EXPLANATION.

Cicero tells us, that there were several persons in ancient times named Mercury. The probability is, that one of them fell in love with Herse, one of the daughters of Cecrops, king of Athens; and that Aglauros becoming jealous of her, this tradition was built upon facts of so ordinary a nature.

FABLE XIII.

Pallas commands Envy to make Aglauros jealous of her sister Herse. Envy obeys the request of the Goddess; and Aglauros, stung with that passion, continues obstinate in opposing Mercury's passage to her sister's apartment, for which the God changes her into a statue.

When the female warrior, to be dreaded in battle, came hither, she stood before the abode (for she did not consider it lawful to go under the roof), and she struck the door-posts with the end of the spear. The doors, being shaken, flew open; she sees Envy within, eating the flesh of vipers, the nutriment of her own bad propensities; and when she sees her, she turns away her eyes. But the other rises sluggishly from the ground, and leaves the bodies of the serpents half devoured, and stalks along with sullen pace. And when she sees the Goddess graced with beauty and with *splendid* arms, she groans, and fetches a deep sigh at her appearance. Apaleness rests on her face, *and* leanness in all her body; she never looks direct on you; her teeth are black with rust; her breast is green with gall; her tongue is dripping with venom. Smiles there are none, except such as the sight of grief has excited. Nor does she enjoy sleep, being kept awake with watchful cares; but sees with sorrow the successes of men, and pines away at seeing them. She both torments and is tormented at the same moment, and is *ever* her own punishment. Yet, though Tritonia hated her, she spoke to her briefly in such words as these: "Infect one of the daughters of Cecrops with thy poison; there is occasion so *to do*; Aglauros is she."

Saying no more, she departed, and spurned the ground with her spear impressed on it. She, beholding the Goddess as she departed, with a look askance, uttered a few murmurs, and grieved at the success of Minerva; and took her staff, which wreaths of thorns entirely surrounded; and veiled in black clouds, wherever she goes she tramples down the blooming fields, and burns up the grass, and crops the tops *of the flowers*. With her breath, too, she pollutes both nations and cities, and houses; and at last she descries the Tritonian citadel, flourishing in arts and riches, and cheerful peace. Hardly does she restrain her tears, because she sees nothing to weep at. But after she has entered the chamber of the daughter of Cecrops, she executes her orders; and touches her breast with her hand stained with rust, and fills her heart with jagged thorns. She breathes into her as well the noxious venom, and spreads the poison black as pitch throughout her bones, and lodges it in the midst of her lungs.

And that these causes of mischief may not wander through too wide a space, she places her sister before her eyes, and the fortunate marriage of *that* sister, and the God under his beauteous appearance, and aggravates each particular. By this, the daughter of Cecrops being irritated, is gnawed by a secret grief, and groans, tormented by night, tormented by day, and wastes away in extreme wretchedness, with a slow consumption, as ice smitten upon by a sun often clouded. She burns at the good fortune of the happy Herse, no otherwise than as when fire is placed beneath thorny reeds, which do not send forth flames, and burn with a gentle heat. Often does she wish to die, that she may not be a witness to any such thing; often, to tell the matters, as criminal, to her severe father. At last, she sat herself down in the front of the threshold, in order to exclude the God when he came; to whom, as he proffered blandishments and entreaties, and words of extreme kindness, she said, "Cease *all this*; I shall not remove myself hence, until thou art repulsed." "Let us stand to that agreement," says the active Cyllenian *God*; and he opens the carved door with his wand. But in her, as she endeavors to arise, the parts which we bend in sitting cannot be moved, through their numbing weight. She, indeed, struggles to raise herself, with her body, upright; but the joints of her knees are stiff, and a chill runs through her nails, and her veins are pallid, through the loss of blood.

And as the disease *of* an incurable cancer is wont to spread in all directions, and to add the uninjured parts to the tainted; so, by degrees, did a deadly chill enter her breast, and stop the passages of life, and her respiration. She did not endeavor to speak; but if she had endeavored, she had no passage for her voice. Stone had now possession of her neck; her face was grown hard, and she sat, abloodless statue. Nor was the stone white; her mind had stained it.

EXPLANATION.

Pausanias, in his Attica, somewhat varies this story, and says that the daughters of Cecrops, running mad, threw themselves from the top of a tower. It is very probable that on the introduction of the worship of Pallas, or Minerva, into Attica, these daughters of Cecrops may have hesitated to encourage the innovation, and the story was promulgated that the Goddess had in that manner punished their impiety. This seems the more likely, from the fact mentioned by Pausanias that Pandrosos, the third daughter of Cecrops, had, after her death, a temple built in honor of her, near that of Minerva, because she had continued faithful to that Goddess, and had not disobeyed her, as her sisters had done. The reputation and good fame of Herse and Aglauros had, however, been restored by the time of Herodotus, since he informs us that they both had their temples at Athens.

FABLE XIV.

Jupiter assumes the shape of a Bull, and carrying off Europa, swims with her on his back to the isle of Crete.

When the grandson of Atlas had inflicted this punishment upon her words and her profane disposition, he left the lands named after Pallas, and entered the skies with his waving wings. His father calls him on one side; and, not owning the cause of his love, he says, “My son, the trusty minister of my commands, banish delay, and swiftly descend with thy usual speed, and repair to the region which looks towards thy *Constellation* mother on the left side, (the natives call it Sidonis by name) and drive towards the sea-shore, the herd belonging to the king, which thou seest feeding afar upon the grass

of the mountain.”

Thus he spoke; and already were the bullocks, driven from the mountain, making for the shore named, where the daughter of the great king, attended by Tyrian virgins, was wont to amuse herself. Majesty and love but ill accord, nor can they continue in the same abode. The father and the ruler of the Gods, whose right hand is armed with the three-forked flames, who shakes the world with his nod, laying aside the dignity of empire, assumes the appearance of a bull; and mixing with the oxen, he lows, and, in all his beauty, walks about upon the shooting grass. For his color is that of snow, which neither the soles of hard feet have trodden upon, nor the watery South wind melted. His neck swells with muscles; dewlaps hang from *between* his shoulders. His horns are small indeed, but such as you might maintain were made with the hand, and more transparent than a bright gem. There is nothing threatening in his forehead; nor is his eye formidable; his countenance expresses peace.

The daughter of Agenor is surprised that he is so beautiful, and that he threatens no attack; but although so gentle, she is at first afraid to touch him. By and by she approaches him, and holds out flowers to his white mouth. The lover rejoices, and till his hoped-for pleasure comes, he gives kisses to her hands; scarcely, oh, scarcely, does he defer the rest. And now he plays with her, and skips upon the green grass; *and* now he lays his snow-white side upon the yellow sand. And, her fear *now* removed by degrees, at one moment he gives his breast to be patted by the hand of the virgin; at another, his horns to be wreathed with new-made garlands. The virgin of royal birth even ventured to sit down upon the back of the bull, not knowing upon whom she was pressing. Then the God, by degrees *moving* from the land, and from the dry shore, places the fictitious hoofs of his feet in the waves near the brink. Then he goes still further, and carries his prize over the expanse of the midst of the ocean. She is affrighted, and, borne off, looks back on the shore she has left; and with her right hand she grasps his horn, *while* the other is placed on his back; her waving garments are ruffled by the breeze.

EXPLANATION.

This Fable depicts one of the most famous events in the ancient Mythology. As we have already remarked, it is supposed that there were several persons of the name of Zeus, or Jupiter; though there is great difficulty in assigning to each individual his own peculiar adventures. Vossius refers the adventure of Niobe, the daughter of Phoroneus, to Jupiter Apis, the king of Argos, who reigned about B.C. 1770; and that of Danaë to Jupiter Prætus, who lived about 1350 years before the Christian era. It was Jupiter Tantalus, according to him, that carried off Ganymede; and it was Jupiter, the father of Hercules, that deceived Leda. He says 72 that the subject of the present Fable was Jupiter Asterius, who reigned about B.C. 1400. Diodorus Siculus tells us that he was the son of Teutamus, who, having married the daughter of Creteus, went with some Pelasgians to settle in the island of Crete, of which he was the first king. We may then conclude, that Jupiter Asterius, having heard of the beauty of Europa, the daughter of Agenor, King of Tyre, fitted out a ship, for the purpose of carrying her off by force. This is the less improbable, as we learn from Herodotus, that the custom of carrying those away by force, who could not be obtained by fair means, was very common in these rude ages.

The ship in which Asterius made his voyage, had, very probably, the form of a bull for its figure-head; which, in time, occasioned those who related the adventure, to say, that Jupiter concealed himself under the shape of that animal, to carry off his mistress. Palæphatus and Tzetzes suggest, that the story took its rise from the name of the general of Asterius, who was called Taurus, which is also the Greek name for a bull. Bochart has an ingenious suggestion, based upon etymological grounds. He thinks that the twofold meaning of the word ‘Alpha,’ or ‘Ilpha,’ which, in the Phœnician dialect, meant either a ship or a bull, gave occasion to the fable; and that the Greeks, on reading the annals of the Phœnicians, by mistake, took the word in the latter sense.

Europa was honored as a Divinity after her death, and a festival was instituted in her memory, which Hesychius calls ‘Hellotia,’ from Ἑλλωτῖς, the name she received after her death.

BOOK THE THIRD.

FABLE I.

Jupiter, having carried away Europa, her father, Agenor, commands his son Cadmus to go immediately in search of her, and either to bring back his sister with him, or never to return to Phœnicia. Cadmus, wearied with his toils and fruitless inquiries, goes to consult the oracle at Delphi, which bids him observe the spot where he should see a cow lie down, and build a city there, and give the name of Bœotia to the country.

And now the God, having laid aside the shape of the deceiving Bull, had discovered himself, and reached the Dictæan land; when her father, ignorant *of her fate*, commands Cadmus to seek her *thus* ravished, and adds exile as the punishment, if he does not find her; being *both* affectionate and unnatural in the self-same act. The son of Agenor, having wandered over the whole world, as an exile flies from his country and the wrath of his father, for who is there that can discover the intrigues of Jupiter? Asuppliant, he consults the oracle of Phœbus, and inquires in what land he must dwell. “Aheifer,” Phœbus says, “will meet thee in the lonely fields, one that has never borne the yoke, and free from the crooked plough. Under her guidance, go on thy way; and where she shall lie down on the grass, there cause a city to be built, and call it the Bœotian *city*.”

98 III. 13-34

Scarcely had Cadmus well got down from the Castalian 84 III. 14-34 cave, *when* he saw a heifer, without a keeper, slowly going along, bearing no mark of servitude upon her neck. He follows, and pursues her steps with leisurely pace, and silently adores Phœbus, the adviser of his way. *And* now he had passed the fords of the Cephissus, and the fields of Panope, *when* the cow stood still and raising her forehead, expansive with lofty horns, towards heaven, she made the air reverberate with her lowings. And so, looking back on her companions that followed behind, she lay down, and reposed her side upon the tender grass. Cadmus returned thanks, and imprinted kisses upon the stranger land, and saluted the unknown mountains and

fields. He was *now* going to offer sacrifice to Jupiter, and commanded his servants to go and fetch some water for the libation from the running springs. An ancient grove was standing *there, as yet* profaned by no axe. There was a cavern in the middle *of it*, thick covered with twigs and osiers, forming a low arch by the junction of the rocks; abounding with plenty of water. Hid in this cavern, there was a dragon sacred to Mars, adorned with crests and a golden *color*. His eyes sparkle with fire, *and* all his body is puffed out with poison; three tongues, *too*, are brandished, and his teeth stand in a triple row.

EXPLANATION.

Reverting to the history of Europa, it may be here remarked, that Apollodorus has preserved her genealogy. Libya, according 99 III. 35-48 to that author, had two sons by Neptune, Belus and Agenor. The latter married Telephassa, by whom he had Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix, and a daughter named Europa. Some ancient writers, however, say, that Europa was the daughter of Phœnix, and the grandchild of Agenor.

Some authors, and Ovid among the rest, have supposed that Europe received its name from Europa. Bochart has, with considerable probability, suggested that it was originally so called from the fair complexion of the 85 III. 35-49 people who inhabited it. Europa herself may have received her name also from the fairness of her complexion: hence, the poets, as the Scholiast on Theocritus tells us, invented a fable, that a daughter of Juno stole her mother's paint, to give it to Europa, who used it with so much success as to ensure, by its use, an extremely fair and beautiful complexion.

FABLE II.

The companions of Cadmus, fetching water from the fountain of Mars, are devoured by the Dragon that guards it. Cadmus, on discovering their destruction, slays the monster, and, by the advice of Minerva, sows the teeth, which immediately produce a crop of armed men. They forthwith quarrel among themselves, and kill each other, with the exception of five who assist Cadmus in building the city of

Thebes.

After the men who came from the Tyrian nation had touched this grove with ill-fated steps, and the urn let down into the water made a splash; the azure dragon stretched forth his head from the deep cave, and uttered dreadful hissings. The urns dropped from their hands; and the blood left their bodies, and a sudden trembling seized their astonished limbs. He wreathes his scaly orbs in rolling spires, and with a spring becomes twisted into mighty folds; and uprearing himself from below the middle into the light air, he looks down upon all the grove, and is of as large a size, as, if you were to look on him entire, *the serpent* which separates the two Bears.

There is no delay; he seizes the Phœnicians (whether they are resorting to their arms or to flight, or whether fear itself is preventing either *step*); some he kills with 100 III. 48-71 his sting, some with his long folds, some breathed upon by the venom of his baneful poison.

86 III. 50-83

The sun, now at its height, had made the shadows *but* small: the son of Agenor wonders what has detained his companion and goes to seek his men. His garment was a skin torn from a lion; his weapon was a lance with shining steel, and a javelin; and a courage superior to any weapon. When he entered the grove, and beheld the lifeless bodies, and the victorious enemy of immense size upon them, licking the horrid wounds with bloodstained tongue, he said, "Either I will be the avenger of your death, bodies *of my faithful companions*, or *I will be a sharer in it.*" *Thus* he said; and with his right hand he raised a huge stone, and hurled the vast *weight* with a tremendous effort. *And* although high walls with lofty towers would have been shaken with the shock of it, *yet* the dragon remained without a wound; and, being defended by his scales as though with a coat of mail, and the hardness of his black hide, he repelled the mighty stroke with his skin. But he did not overcome the javelin as well with the same hardness; which stood fast, fixed in the middle joint of his yielding spine, and sank with the entire *point of* steel into his entrails. Fierce with pain, he turned his head towards his back, and beheld his wounds, and bit the javelin fixed there. And after he had twisted it on every side with all his might, with difficulty he wrenched it from his back; yet the steel 101 III. 71-100 stuck fast in his bones. But then,

when this newly inflicted wound has increased his wonted fury, his throat swelled with gorged veins, and white foam flowed around his pestilential jaws. The Earth, too, scraped with the scales, sounds again, and the livid steam that issues from his infernal mouth, infects the tainted air. One while he is enrolled in spires making enormous rings; sometimes he unfolds himself straighter than a long beam. Now with a vast impulse, like a torrent swelled with rain, he is borne along, and bears down the obstructing forests with his breast. The son of Agenor gives way a little; and by the spoil of the lion he sustains the shock, and with his lance extended before him, pushes back his mouth, as it advances. 87 III. 83-112 The dragon rages, and vainly inflicts wounds on the hard steel, and fixes his teeth upon the point. And now the blood began to flow from his poisonous palate, and had dyed the green grass with its spray. But the wound was slight; because he recoiled from the stroke, and drew back his wounded throat, and by shrinking prevented the blow from sinking deep, and did not suffer it to go very far. At length, the son of Agenor, still pursuing, pressed the spear lodged in his throat, until an oak stood in his way as he retreated, and his neck was pierced, together with the trunk. The tree was bent with the weight of the serpent, and groaned at having its trunk lashed with the extremity of its tail.

While the conqueror was surveying the vast size of his vanquished enemy, a voice was suddenly heard (nor was it easy to understand whence *it was*, but heard it was). “Why, son of Agenor, art thou *thus* contemplating the dragon slain *by thee*? Even thou *thyself* shalt be seen *in the form of* a dragon.” He, for a long time in alarm, lost his color together with his presence of mind, and his hair stood on end with a chill 102 III. 101-119 of terror. Lo! Pallas, the favorer of the hero, descending through the upper region of the air, comes to him, and bids him sow the dragon’s teeth under the earth turned up, as the seeds of a future people. He obeyed; and when he had opened a furrow with the pressed plough, he scattered the teeth on the ground as ordered, the seed of a race of men. Afterwards (‘tis beyond belief) the turf began to move, and first appeared a point of a spear out of the furrows, next the coverings of heads nodding with painted cones; then the shoulders and the breast, and the arms laden

with weapons start up, and a crop of men armed with shields grows apace. So, when the curtains are drawn up in the joyful theaters, figures 88 III. 112-130 are wont to rise, and first to show their countenances; by degrees the rest; and being drawn out in a gradual continuation, the whole appear, and place their feet on the lowest edge *of the stage*. Alarmed with this new enemy, Cadmus is preparing to take arms, when one of the people that the earth had produced cries out, "Do not take up *arms*, nor engage thyself in civil war." And then, engaged hand to hand, he strikes one of his earth-born brothers with the cruel sword, *while* he himself falls by a dart sent from a distance. 103 III. 120-130 He, also, who had put him to death, lives no longer than the other, and breathes forth the air which he has so lately received. In a similar manner, too, the whole troop becomes maddened, and the brothers *so* newly sprung up, fall in fight with each other, by mutual wounds. And now the youths that had the space of *so* short an existence allotted them, beat with throbbing breast their blood-stained mother, five *only* remaining, of whom Echion was one. He, by the advice of Tritonia, threw his arms upon the ground, and both asked and gave the assurance of brotherly concord.

The Sidonian stranger had these as associates in his task, when he built the city that was ordered by the oracle of Phœbus.

EXPLANATION.

Agenor, on losing his daughter, commands his sons to go in search of her, and not to return till they have found her. The young princes, either unable to learn what was become of her, or, perhaps, being too weak to recover her out of the hands of the king of Crete, did not return to their 89 father, but established themselves in different countries; Cadmus settling in Bœotia, Cilix in Cilicia, to which he gave his name, and Phœnix, as Hyginus tells us, remaining in Africa. Photius, quoting from Conon, the historian, informs us, that the hope of conquering some country in Europe, and establishing a colony there, was the true ground of the voyage of Cadmus.

Palæphatus, and other writers, say, that the Dragon which was killed by Cadmus was a king of the country, who was named Draco,

and was a son of Mars: that his teeth were his subjects, who rallied again after their defeat, and that Cadmus put them all to the sword, except Chthonius, Udeus, Hyperenor, Pelor, and Echion, who became reconciled to him. Heraclitus, however, assures us, that Cadmus really did slay a serpent, which was very annoying to the Bœotian territory. Bochart and LeClerc are of opinion that the Fable has the following foundation: — They say, that in the Phœnician language, the same word signifies either the teeth of a serpent, or short javelins, pointed with brass; that the word which signifies the number five likewise means an army; and that probably, from these circumstances, the Fable may have taken its rise. For the Greeks, in following the annals written in the Phœnician language, while writing the history of the founder of Thebes, instead of describing his soldiers as wearing helmets on their heads, with back and breast-plates, and with darts in their 104 III. 131-132 hands pointed with brass, which equipment was then entirely novel in Greece, chose rather to follow the more wonderful version, and to say, that Cadmus had five companions produced from the teeth of a serpent; as, according to Bochart's suggestion, the same Phœnician phrase may either signify a company of men sprung from the teeth of a serpent, or a company of men armed with brazen darts.

This conjecture is, perhaps, confirmed by a story related by Herodotus (book ii.), which resembles it very much. He tells us, that Psammeticus, king of Egypt, being driven to the marshy parts of his kingdom, sent to consult the oracle of Latona, which answered that he should be restored by brass men coming from the sea. At the time, this answer appeared to him entirely frivolous; but certain Ionian soldiers, being obliged, some years after, to retire to Egypt, and appearing on the shore with their weapons and armor, all of brass, those who perceived them ran immediately to inform the king, that men clad in brass were plundering the country. The prince then fully comprehended the meaning of the oracle, and making an alliance with them, recovered his throne by the assistance they gave him. These brass men come from the sea, and those sprung from the earth were soldiers who assisted Psammeticus and Cadmus in carrying out their objects. Bochart's conjecture is strengthened by the fact, that Cadmus was either the inventor of the cuirass and javelin, or the first

that brought them into Greece. Without inquiring further into the subject, we may conclude, that the men sprung from the earth, or the dragon's teeth which were sown, were the people of the country, whom Cadmus found means to bring over to his interest; and that they first helped him to conquer his enemies, and then to build the citadel of Thebes, to ensure his future security. Apollodorus says that Cadmus, to expiate the slaughter of the dragon, was obliged to serve Mars a whole year; which year, containing eight of 90 III. 131-142 our years, it is not improbable that Cadmus rendered services for a long time to his new allies before he received any assistance from them.

FABLE III.

Actæon, the grandson of Cadmus, fatigued with hunting and excessive heat, inadvertently wanders to the cool valley of Gargaphie, the usual retreat of Diana, when tired with the same exercise. There, to his misfortune, he surprises the Goddess and her Nymphs while bathing, for which she transforms him into a stag, and his own hounds tear him to pieces.

And now Thebes was standing; now Cadmus, thou mightst seem happy in thy exile. Both Mars and Venus 105 III. 132-150 had become thy father-in-law and mother-in-law; add to this, issue by a wife so illustrious, so many sons and daughters, and grandchildren, dear pledges *of love*; these, too, now of a youthful age. But, forsooth, the last day *of life* must always be awaited by man, and no one ought to be pronounced happy before his death, and his last obsequies. Thy grandson, Cadmus, was the first occasion of sorrow to thee, among so much prosperity, the horns, too, not his own, placed upon his forehead, and you, Odogs, glutted with the blood of your master. But, if you diligently inquire into his *case*, you will find the fault of an accident, and not criminality in him; for what criminality did mistake embrace?

91 III. 143-170

There was a mountain stained with the blood of various wild beasts; and now the day had contracted the meridian shadow of things, and the sun was equally distant from each extremity *of the*

heavens; when the Hyantian youth *thus* addressed the partakers of his toils, as they wandered along the lonely haunts *of the wild beasts*, with gentle accent: "Our nets are moistened, my friends, and our spears, too, with the blood of wild beasts; and the day has yielded sufficient sport; when the next morn, borne upon her rosy chariot, shall bring back the light, let us seek again our proposed 106 III. 151-173 task. Now Phoëbus is at the same distance from both lands, *the Eastern and the Western*, and is cleaving the fields with his heat. Cease your present toils, and take away the knotted nets." The men execute his orders, and cease their labors. There was a valley, thick set with pitch-trees and the sharp-pointed cypress; by name Gargaphie, sacred to the active Diana. In the extreme recess of this, there was a grotto in a grove, formed by no art; nature, by her ingenuity, had counterfeited art; for she had formed a natural arch, in the native pumice and the light sand-stones. Alimpid fountain ran murmuring on the right hand with its little stream, having its spreading channels edged with a border of grass. Here, *when* wearied with hunting, the Goddess of the woods was wont to bathe her virgin limbs in clear water.

After she had entered there, she handed to one of the Nymphs, her armor-bearer, her javelin, her quiver, and her unstrung bow. Another Nymph put her arms under her mantle, when taken off: two removed the sandals from her feet. But Crocale, the daughter of Ismenus, more skilled than they, gathered her hair, which lay scattered over her neck, into a knot, although she herself was with *her hair* loose. 92 III. 171-197 Nephele, and Hyale, and Rhanis, fetch water, Psecas and Phyle *do the same*, and pour it from their large urns. And while the Titanian *Goddess* was there bathing in the wonted 107 III. 174-198 stream, behold! the grandson of Cadmus, having deferred the remainder of his sport till *next day*, came into the grove, wandering through the unknown wood, with uncertain steps; thus did his fate direct him.

Soon as he entered the grotto, dropping with its springs, the Nymphs, naked as they were, on seeing a man, smote their breasts, and filled all the woods with sudden shrieks, and gathering round Diana, covered her with their bodies. Yet the Goddess herself was higher than they, and was taller than them all by the neck. The color

that is wont to be in clouds, tinted by the rays of the sun *when* opposite, or that of the ruddy morning, was on the features of Diana, when seen without her garments. She, although surrounded with the crowd of her attendants, stood sideways, and turned her face back; and how did she wish that she had her arrows at hand; *and* so she took up water, which she did have *at hand*, and threw it over the face of the man, and sprinkling his hair with the avenging stream, she added these words, the presages of his future woe: "Now thou mayst tell, if tell thou canst, how that I was seen by thee without my garments." Threatening no more, she places on his sprinkled head the horns of a lively stag; she adds length to his neck, and sharpens the tops of his ears; and she changes his hands into feet, and his arms into long legs, and covers his body with a spotted coat of hair; fear, too is added. 93 III. 198-212 The Autonoëian hero took to flight, and wondered 108 III. 199-213 that he was so swift in his speed; but when he beheld his own horns in the wonted stream, he was about to say, "Ah, wretched me!" *when* no voice followed. He groaned; that was *all* his voice, and his tears trickled down a face not his own, *but that of a stag*. His former understanding alone remained. What should he do? Should he return home, and to the royal abode? or should he lie hid in the woods? Fear hinders the one *step*, shame the other. While he was hesitating, the dogs espied him, and first Melampus, and the good-nosed Ichnobates gave the signal, in full cry. Ichnobates, was a Gnessian *dog*; Melampus was of Spartan breed. Then the rest rush on, swifter than the rapid winds; Pamphagus, and Dorcæus, and Oribasus, all Arcadian *dogs*; and able Nebrophonus, and with Lælaps, fierce Theron, and Pterelas, excelling in 94 III. 212-221 speed, Agre in her scent, and Hylæus, 109 III. 214-223 lately wounded by a fierce boar, and Nape, begotten by a wolf, and Pœmenis, that had tended cattle, and Harpyia, followed by her two whelps, and the Sicyonian Ladon, having a slender girth; Dromas, too, and Canace, Sticte, and Tigris, and Alce, and Leucon, with snow-white hair, and Asbolus, with black, and the able-bodied Lacon, and Aëлло, good at running, and Thoüs, and swift Lycisca, with her Cyprian brother, Harpalus, too, having his black face marked with white down 95 III. 221-245 the middle, and Melaneus, and Lachne, with a wire-haired body, and 110 III.

224-246 Labros, and Agriodos, bred of a Dictæan sire, but of a Laconian dam, and Hylactor, with his shrill note; and others which it were tedious to recount.

This pack, in eagerness for their prey, are borne over rocks and cliffs, and crags difficult of approach, where the path is steep, and where there is no road. He flies along the routes by which he has so often pursued; alas! he is *now* flying from his own servants. Fain would he have cried, "I am Actæon, recognize your own master." Words are wanting to his wishes; the air resounds with their barking. Melanchætes was the first to make a wound on his back, Theridamas the next; Oresitrophus fastened upon his shoulder. These had gone out later, but their course was shortened by a near cut through the hill. While they hold their master, the rest of the pack come up, and fasten their teeth in his body. Now room is wanting for *more* wounds. He groans, and utters a noise, though not that of a man, *still*, such as a stag cannot make; and he fills the well-known mountains with dismal moans, and suppliant on his bended knees, and like one in entreaty, he turns round his silent looks as though *they were* his arms.

But his companions, in their ignorance, urge on the eager pack with their usual cries, and seek Actæon with their eyes; and cry out "Actæon" aloud, as though he were absent. At his name he turns his head, as they complain that he is not 96 III. 245-252 there, and in his indolence, is not enjoying a sight of the sport afforded them. He wished, indeed, he had been away, but there 111 III. 247-252 he was; and he wished to see, not to feel as well, the cruel feats of his own dogs. They gather round him on all sides, and burying their jaws in his body, tear their master in pieces under the form of an imaginary stag. And the rage of the quiver-bearing Diana is said not to have been satiated, until his life was ended by many a wound.

EXPLANATION.

If the maxim of Horace, 'Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,' had been a little more frequently observed by the ancient poets, their Deities would not have been so often placed in a degrading or disgusting light before posterity. There cannot be a

better illustration of the truth of this than the present Fable, where Ovid represents the chaste and prudent Diana as revenging herself in a cruel and barbarous manner for the indiscretion, or rather misfortune, of an innocent young man.

Cicero mentions several Goddesses of the name of Diana. The first was the daughter of Jupiter and Proserpine; the second of Jupiter and Latona; and the third of Upis and Glauce. Strabo mentions another Diana, named Britomartis, the daughter of Eubalus. The worship, however, of Diana as the Goddess of the Moon, was, most probably, derived from Egypt, with the Isis of whom she is perhaps identical. The adventure narrated in this Fable is most probably to be attributed to Diana Britomartis, as Strabo tells us, that she was particularly fond of the chase. Pausanias, in his Attica, tells the story in much the same terms, but he adds, that on seeing Diana bathing, the novelty of the sight excited Actæon's curiosity, and prompted him to approach nearer. To explain this fable, some authors suggest, that Actæon's dogs becoming mad, devoured him; while others suppose, that having ruined himself by the expense of supporting a large pack of hounds, and a hunting establishment, it was reported that he had been devoured by his dogs. Diodorus Siculus, and Euripides, tell us, that Actæon showed contempt to Diana, and was about to eat of the sacrifice that had been offered to her; and of course, in such a case, punishment at the hands of the Goddess would be deemed a just retribution. Apollodorus says, that Actæon was brought up by Chiron, and that he was put to death on Mount Cithæron, for having seen Diana bathing; though, according to one ancient authority, he was punished for having made improper overtures to Semele. Apollodorus also says, that his dogs died of grief, on the loss of their master, and he has preserved some of their names.

112 III. 253-274 97 III. 253-277

FABLE IV.

Juno, incensed against Semele for her intrigue with Jupiter, takes the form of Beroë, the more easily to ensure her revenge. Having first infused in Semele suspicions of her lover, she then recommends her

to adopt a certain method of proving his constancy. Semele, thus deceived, obtains a reluctant promise from Jupiter, to make his next visit to her in the splendor and majesty in which he usually approached his wife.

They speak in various ways *of this matter*. To some, the Goddess seems more severe than is proper; others praise her, and call her deserving *of her state* of strict virginity: both sides find their reasons. The wife of Jupiter alone does not so much declare whether she blames or whether she approves, as she rejoices at the calamity of a family sprung from Agenor, and transfers the hatred that she has conceived from the Tyrian mistress to the partners of her race. Lo! afresh occasion is *now* added to the former one; and she grieves that Semele is pregnant from the seed of great Jupiter. She then lets loose her tongue to abuse.

“And what good have I done by railing so often?” said she. “She herself must be attacked *by me*. If I am properly called the supreme Juno, I will destroy her; if it becomes me to hold the sparkling sceptre in my right hand; if I am the queen, and both the sister and wife of Jupiter. The sister *I am*, no doubt. But I suppose she is content with a stolen embrace, and the injury to my bed is but trifling. She is *now* pregnant; that *alone* was wanting; and she bears the evidence of his crime in her swelling womb, and wishes to be made a mother by Jupiter, a thing which hardly fell to my lot alone. So great is her confidence in her beauty. I will take care he shall deceive her; and may I be no daughter of Saturn, if she does not descend to the Stygian waves, sunk *there* by her own *dear* Jupiter.”

Upon this she rises from her throne, and, hidden in a cloud of fiery hue, she approaches the threshold of 113 III. 274-301 Semele. Nor did she remove the clouds before she counterfeited an old woman, and planted gray hair on her temples; and furrowed her skin with wrinkles, and moved her bending limbs with palsied step, 98 III. 277-301 and made her voice that of an old woman. She became Beroë herself, the Epidaurian nurse of Semele. When, therefore, upon engaging in discourse with her, and *after* long talking, they came to the name of Jupiter, she sighed, and said, “*Only* wish it may be Jupiter; yet *I am apt* to fear everything. Many a one under the name of a God has invaded a chaste bed. Nor yet is it enough that he

is Jupiter; let him, if, indeed, he is the real one, give some pledge of his affection; and beg of him to bestow his caresses on thee, just in the greatness and form in which he is received by the stately Juno; and let him first assume his ensigns *of royalty*.” With such words did Juno tutor the unsuspecting daughter of Cadmus. She requested of Jupiter a favor, without naming it. To her the God said, “Make thy choice, thou shalt suffer no denial; and that thou mayst believe it the more, let the majesty of the Stygian stream bear witness. He *is* the dread and the God of the Gods.”

Overjoyed at *what was* her misfortune, and too *easily* prevailing, as now about to perish by the complaisance of her lover, Semele said, “Present thyself to me, just such as the daughter of Saturn is wont to embrace thee, when ye honor the ties of Venus.” The God wished to shut her mouth as she spoke, *but* the hasty words had now escaped into air. He groaned; for neither was it *now* possible for her not to have wished, nor for him not to have sworn. Therefore, in extreme sadness, he mounted the lofty skies, and with his nod drew along the attendant clouds; to which he added showers and lightnings mingled with winds, and thunders, and the inevitable thunderbolt.

114 III. 302-315

EXPLANATION.

It is most probable, that an intrigue between a female named Semele and one of the princes called Jupiter having had a tragical end, gave occasion to this Fable. Pausanias, in his Laconica, tells us, that Cadmus, exasperated against his daughter Semele, caused her and her son to be thrown into the sea; and that being thrown ashore at Oreate, an ancient town of Laconia, Semele was buried there.

99 III. 302-316

Semele, according to Apollodorus, was, after her death, ranked among the Goddesses by the name of Thyone. He says that her son Bacchus going down to hell, brought her thence, and carried her up to heaven; where, according to Nonnus, she conversed with Pallas and Diana, and ate at the same table with Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, and Venus. The author, known by the name of Orpheus, gives Semele the title of Goddess, and Πανβασίλεια, or ‘Queen of the Universe.’

FABLE V.

Semele is visited by Jupiter, according to the promise she had obliged him to make; but, being unable to support the effulgence of his lightning, she is burnt to ashes in his presence. Bacchus, with whom she is pregnant, is preserved; and Tiresias decided the dispute between Jupiter and Juno, concerning the sexes.

And yet, as much as possible, he tries to mitigate his powers. Nor is he now armed with those flames with which he had overthrown the hundred-handed Typhœus; in those, *there is* too much fury. There is another thunder, less baneful, to which the right hand of the Cyclops gave less ferocity and flames, *and* less anger. The Gods above call this second-rate thunder; it he assumes, and he enters the house of Agenor. Her mortal body could not endure the æthereal shock, and she was burned amid her nuptial presents. The infant, as yet unformed, is taken out of the womb of his mother, and prematurely (if we can believe it) is inserted in the thigh of the father, and completes the time that he should have spent in the womb. His aunt, Ino, nurses him privately in his early cradle. After that, the Nyseian Nymphs conceal him, entrusted *to* 115 III. 315-338 *them*, in their caves, and give him the nourishment of milk.

And while these things are transacted on earth by the 100 III. 316-342 law of destiny, and the cradle of Bacchus, twice born, is secured; they tell that Jupiter, by chance, well drenched with nectar, laid aside *all* weighty cares, and engaged in some free jokes with Juno, in her idle moments, and said: “Decidedly the pleasure of you, *females*, is greater than that which falls to the lot of *us* males.” She denied it. It was agreed *between them*, to ask what was the opinion of the experienced Tiresias. To him both pleasures were well known. For he had separated with a blow of his staff two bodies of large serpents, as they were coupling in a green wood; and (passing strange) become a woman from a man, he had spent seven autumns. In the eighth, he again saw the same *serpents*, and said, “If the power of a stroke given you is so great as to change the condition of the giver into the opposite one, I will now strike you again.” Having struck the same snakes, his former sex returned, and his original shape came *again*. He, therefore, being chosen as umpire in this

sportive contest, confirmed the words of Jove. The daughter of Saturn is said to have grieved more than was fit, and not in proportion to the subject; and she condemned the eyes of the umpire to eternal darkness.

But the omnipotent father (for it is not allowed any God to cancel the acts of *another* Deity) gave him the knowledge of things to come, in recompense for his loss of sight, and alleviated his punishment by this honor.

116 III. 339-362

FABLE VI.

Echo, having often amused Juno with her stories, to give time to Jupiter's mistresses to make their escape, the Goddess, at last, punishes her for the deception. She is slighted and despised by Narcissus, with whom she falls in love.

He, much celebrated by fame throughout the cities of Aonia, gave unerring answers to the people consulting him. The azure Liriope was the first to make essay and experiment of 101 III. 342-371 his infallible voice; whom once Cephissus encircled in his winding stream, and offered violence to, *when* enclosed by his waters. The most beauteous Nymph produced an infant from her teeming womb, which even then might have been beloved, and she called him Narcissus. Being consulted concerning him, whether he was destined to see the distant season of mature old age; the prophet, expounding destiny, said, "If he never recognizes himself." Long did the words of the soothsayer appear frivolous; *but* the event, the thing *itself*, the manner of his death, and the novel nature of his frenzy, confirmed it.

And now the son of Cephissus had added one to three times five years, and he might seem to be a boy and a young man as well. Many a youth, and many a damsel, courted him; but there was so stubborn a pride in his youthful beauty, *that* no youths, no damsels made any impression on him. The noisy Nymph, who has neither learned to hold her tongue after another speaking, nor to speak first herself, resounding Echo, espied him, as he was driving the timid stags into his nets. Echo was then a body, not a voice; and yet the babbler had no other use of her speech than she now has, to be able to repeat the

last words out of many. 117 III. 362-385 Juno had done this; because when often she might have been able to detect the Nymphs in the mountains in the embrace of her *husband*, Jupiter, she purposely used to detain the Goddess with a long story, until the Nymphs had escaped. After the daughter of Saturn perceived *this*, she said, "But small exercise of this tongue, with which I have been deluded, shall be allowed thee, and a very short use of thy voice." And she confirmed her threats by the event. Still, in the end of one's speaking she redoubles the voice, and returns the words she hears. When, therefore, she beheld Narcissus wandering through 102 III. 371-401 the pathless forests, and fell in love with him, she stealthily followed his steps; and the more she followed him, with the nearer flame did she burn. In no other manner than as when the native sulphur, spread around the tops of torches, catches the flame applied *to it*. Ah! how often did she desire to accost him in soft accents, and to employ soft entreaties! Nature resists, and suffers her not to begin; but what *Nature* does permit, that she is ready for; to await his voice, to which to return her own words.

By chance, the youth, being separated from the trusty company of his attendants, cries out, "Is there any one here?" and Echo answers "Here!" He is amazed; and when he has cast his eyes on every side, he cries out with a loud voice, "Come!" *Whereon* she calls *the youth* who calls. He looks back; and again, as no one comes, he says, "Why dost thou avoid me?" and just as many words as he spoke, he receives. He persists; and being deceived by the imitation of an alternate 118 III. 385-401 voice, he says, "Let us come together here;" and Echo, that could never more willingly answer any sound whatever, replies, "Let us come together here!" and she follows up her own words, and rushing from the woods, is going to throw her arms around the neck she has *so* longed for. He flies; and as he flies, he exclaims, "Remove thy hands from thus embracing me; I will die first, before thou shalt have the enjoyment of me." She answers nothing but "Have the enjoyment of me." *Thus* rejected, she lies hid in the woods, and hides her blushing face with green leaves, and from that time lives in lonely caves; but yet her love remains, and increases from the mortification of her refusal. Watchful cares waste away her miserable body; leanness shrivels her skin, and all the

juices of her body fly off in air. Her voice and her bones alone are left.

Her voice *still* continues, *but* they say that her bones received the form of stones. Since then, she lies concealed in the woods, and is never seen on the mountains: *but* is heard in all *of them*. It is her voice *alone* which remains alive in her.

103 III. 402-413

EXPLANATION.

It appears much more reasonable to attempt the explanation of this story on the grounds of natural philosophy than of history. The poets, in their fondness for basing every subject upon fiction, probably invented the fable, to explain what to them appeared an extraordinary phenomenon. By way of embellishing their story, they tell us that Echo was the daughter of the Air and the Tongue, and that the God Pan fell in love with her; by which, probably, the simple fact is meant, that some person, represented under the name of that god, endeavored to trace the cause of this phenomenon.

If, however, we should endeavor to base the story upon purely historical grounds, we may suppose that it took its rise from some Nymph, who wandered so far into the woods as to be unable to find her way out again; and from the fact that those who went to seek her, hearing nothing but the echo of their own voices, brought back the strange but unsatisfactory intelligence that the Nymph had been changed into a voice.

119 III. 401-419

FABLE VII.

Narcissus falls in love with his own shadow, which he sees in a fountain; and, pining to death, the Gods change him into a flower, which still bears his name.

Thus had he deceived her, thus, too, other Nymphs that sprung from the water or the mountains, thus the throng of youths before *them*. Some one, therefore, who had been despised *by him*, lifting up his hands towards heaven, said, "Thus, though he should love, let

him not enjoy what he loves!” Rhamnusia assented to a prayer so reasonable. There was a clear spring, like silver, with its unsullied waters, which neither shepherds, nor she-goats feeding on the mountains, nor any other cattle, had touched; which neither bird nor wild beast had disturbed, nor bough falling from a tree. There was grass around it, which the neighboring water nourished, and a wood, that suffered the stream to become warm with no *rays of the sun*. Here the youth, fatigued both with the labor of hunting and the 104 III. 413-445 heat, lay down, attracted by the appearance of the spot, and the spring; and, while he was endeavoring to quench his thirst, another thirst grew *upon him*.

While he is drinking, being attracted with the reflection of his own form, seen *in the water*, he falls in love with a thing that has no substance; *and* he thinks that to be a body, which is *but* a shadow. He is astonished at himself, and remains unmoved with the same countenance, like a statue formed of Parian marble. 120 III. 420-450 Lying on the ground, he gazes on his eyes *like* two stars, and fingers worthy of Bacchus, and hair worthy of Apollo, and his youthful cheeks and ivory neck, and the comeliness of his mouth, and his blushing complexion mingled with the whiteness of snow; and everything he admires, for which he himself is worthy to be admired. In his ignorance, he covets himself; and he that approves, is himself *the thing* approved. While he pursues he is pursued, and at the same moment he inflames and burns. How often does he give vain kisses to the deceitful spring; how often does he thrust his arms, catching at the neck he sees, into the middle of the water, and yet he does not catch himself in them. He knows not what he sees, but what he sees, by it is he inflamed; and the same mistake that deceives his eyes, provokes them. Why, credulous *youth*, dost thou vainly catch at the flying image? What thou art seeking is nowhere; what thou art in love with, turn but away *and* thou shalt lose it; what thou seest, the same is *but* the shadow of a reflected form; it has nothing of its own. It comes and stays with thee; with thee it will depart, if thou canst *but* depart thence.

No regard for food, no regard for repose, can draw him away thence; but, lying along upon the overshadowed grass, he gazes upon the fallacious image with unsatiated eyes, and by his own sight he

himself is undone. Raising himself a little *while*, extending his arms to the woods that stand around him, he says, "Was ever, O, ye woods! any one more fatally in love? For *this* ye know, and have been a convenient shelter for many a one. And do you remember any one, who *ever* thus pined away, 105 III. 445-480 during so long a time, though so many ages of your life has been spent? It both pleases me and I see it; but what I see, and what pleases me, yet I cannot obtain; so great a mistake possesses one in love; and to make me grieve the more, neither a vast sea separates us, nor a *long* way, nor mountains, nor a city with its gates closed; we are kept asunder by a little water. He himself wishes to be embraced; for as 121 III. 451-483 often as I extend my lips to the limpid stream, so often does he struggle towards me with his face held up; you would think he might be touched. It is a very little that stands in the way of lovers. Whoever thou art, come up hither. Why, *dear* boy, the choice one, dost thou deceive me? or whither dost thou retire, when pursued? Surely, neither my form nor my age is such as thou shouldst shun; the Nymphs, too, have courted me. Thou encouragest I know not what hopes in me with that friendly look, and when I extend my arms to thee, thou willingly extendest thine; when I smile, thou smilest in return; often, too, have I observed thy tears, when I was weeping; my signs, too, thou returnest by thy nods, and, as I guess by the motion of thy beauteous mouth, thou returnest words that come not to my ears. In thee 'tis I, *Inow* perceive; nor does my form deceive me. I burn with the love of myself, and both raise the flames and endure them. What shall I do? Should I be entreated, or should I entreat? What, then, shall I entreat? What I desire is in my power; plenty has made me poor. Oh! would that I could depart from my own body! anew wish, *indeed*, in a lover; I could wish that what I am in love with was away. And now grief is taking away my strength, and no long period of my life remains; and in my early days am I cut off; nor is death grievous to me, now about to get rid of my sorrows by death. I wish that he who is beloved could enjoy a longer life. Now we two, of one mind, shall die in *the extinction* of one life."

Thus he said, and, with his mind *but* ill at ease, he returned to the same reflection, and disturbed the water with his tears; and the form was rendered defaced by the moving of the stream; when he saw it

beginning to disappear, he cried aloud, “Whither dost thou fly? Stay, Ibeseech thee! and do not in thy cruelty abandon thy lover; let it be allowed me to behold that which I may not touch, and to give nourishment to my wretched frenzy.” And, while he was grieving, he 106 III. 480-510 tore his garment from the upper border, and beat his naked breast with his palms, white as marble. His breast, when struck, received a little redness, no otherwise than as 122 III. 484-510 apples are wont, which are partly white *and* partly red; or as a grape, not yet ripe, in the parti-colored clusters, is wont to assume a purple tint. Soon as he beheld this again in the water, when clear, he could not endure it any longer; but, as yellow wax with the fire, or the hoar frost of the morning, is wont to waste away with the warmth of the sun, so he, consumed by love, pined away, and wasted by degrees with a hidden flame. And now, no longer was his complexion of white mixed with red; neither his vigor nor his strength, nor *the points* which had charmed when seen so lately, nor *even* his body, which formerly Echo had been in love with, now remained. Yet, when she saw these things, although angry, and mindful *of his usage of her*, she was grieved, and, as often as the unhappy youth said, “Alas!” she repeated, “Alas!” with re-echoing voice; and when he struck his arms with his hands, she, too, returned the like sound of a blow.

His last accents, as he looked into the water, as usual, were these: “Ah, youth, beloved in vain!” and the spot returned just as many words; and after he had said, “Farewell!” Echo, too, said, “Farewell!” He laid down his wearied head upon the green grass, *when* night closed the eyes that admired the beauty of their master; and even then, after he had been received into the infernal abodes, he used to look at himself in the Stygian waters. His Naiad sisters lamented him, and laid their hair, cut off, over their brother; the Dryads, too, lamented him, *and* Echo resounded to their lamentations. And now they were preparing the funeral pile, and the shaken torches, and the bier. The body was nowhere *to be found*. Instead of his body, they found a yellow flower, with white leaves encompassing it in the middle.

EXPLANATION.

If this story is based upon any historical facts, they are entirely lost to us; as all we learn from history concerning Narcissus, is the 123 III. 511-512 fact that he was a Thespian by birth. The Fable seems rather to be intended as a 107 III. 511-512 useful moral lesson, disclosing the fatal effects of self-love. His pursuit, too, of his own image, ever retiring from his embrace, strongly resembles the little reality that exists in many of those pleasures which mankind so eagerly pursue.

Pausanias, in his *Bœotica*, somewhat varies the story. He tells us that Narcissus having lost his sister, whom he tenderly loved, and who resembled him very much, and was his constant companion in the chase, thought, on seeing himself one day in a fountain, that it was the shade of his lost sister, and, thereupon, pined away and died of grief. According to him, the fountain was near a village called Donacon, in the country of the Thespians. Pausanias regards the account of his change into the flower which bears his name as a mere fiction, since Pamphus says that Proserpina, when carried away, long before the time of Narcissus, gathered that flower in the fields of Enna; and that the same flower was sacred to her. Persons sacrificing to the Furies, or Eumenides, used to wear chaplets made of the Narcissus, because that flower commonly grew about graves and sepulchres.

Tiresias, who predicted the untoward fate of Narcissus, was, as we are informed by Apollodorus, the son of Evenus and Chariclo, and was the most renowned soothsayer of his time. He lost his life by drinking of the fountain of Telphusa when he was overheated; or, as some suppose, through the unwholesome quality of the water. As he lived to a great age, and became blind towards the end of his life, the story, which Ovid mentions, was invented respecting him. Another version of it was, that he lost his sight, by reason of his having seen Minerva while bathing. This story was very probably based either upon the fact that he had composed a Treatise upon the Animal Functions of the Sexes, or that he had promulgated the doctrine that the stars had not only souls (a common opinion in those times), but also that they were of different sexes. He is supposed to have lived about 1200 years before the Christian era.

FABLE VIII.

Pentheus ridicules the predictions of Tiresias; and not only forbids his people to worship Bacchus, who had just entered Greece in triumph, but even commands them to capture him, and to bring him into his presence. Under the form of Acœtes, one of his companions, Bacchus suffers that indignity, and relates to Pentheus the wonders which the God had wrought. The recital enrages Pentheus still more, who thereupon goes to Mount Cithæron, to disturb the orgies then celebrating there; on which his own mother and the other Bacchantes tear him to pieces.

This thing, when known, brought deserved fame to the prophet through the cities of Achaia; and great 124 III. 513-537 was the reputation 108 III. 512-534 of the soothsayer. Yet Pentheus, the son of Echion, acontemner of the Gods above, alone, of all men, despises him, and derides the predicting words of the old man, and upbraids him with his darkened state, and the misfortune of *having lost* his sight. He, shaking his temples, white with hoary hair, says: "How fortunate wouldst thou be, if thou as well couldst become deprived of this light, that thou mightst not behold the rites of Bacchus. For soon the day will come, and even now I predict that it is not far off, when the new *God* Liber, the son of Semele, shall come hither. Unless thou shalt vouchsafe him the honor of a temple, thou shalt be scattered, torn in pieces, in a thousand places, and with thy blood thou shalt pollute both the woods, and thy mother and the sisters of thy mother. *These things* will come to pass; for thou wilt not vouchsafe honor to the Divinity; and thou wilt complain that under this darkness I have seen too much."

The son of Echion drives him away as he says such things as these. Confirmation follows his words, and the predictions of the prophet are fulfilled. Liber comes, and the fields resound with festive howlings. The crowd runs out; both matrons and new-married women mixed with the men, both high and low, are borne along to the *celebration of rites till then* unknown. "What madness," says Pentheus, "has confounded your minds, O ye warlike men, descendants of the Dragon? Can brass knocked against brass prevail so much with you? And the pipe with the bending horn, and these magical delusions? And shall the yells of women, and madness produced by wine, and troops of effeminate *wretches*, and empty

tambourines prevail 125 III. 538-550 over you, whom neither the warrior's sword 109 III. 535-549 nor the trumpet could affright, nor troops with weapons prepared *for fight*? Am I to wonder at you, old men, who, carried over distant seas, have fixed in these abodes a *new* Tyre, and your banished household Gods, *but who* now allow them to be taken without a struggle? Or you, of more vigorous age and nearer to my own, ye youths; whom it was befitting to be brandishing arms, and not the thyrsus, and to be covered with helmets, not green leaves? Do be mindful, I entreat you, of what race you are sprung, and assume the courage of that dragon, who *though but* one, destroyed many. He died for his springs and his stream; but do you conquer for your own fame. He put the valiant to death; do you expel the feeble *foe*, and regain your country's honor. If the fates forbid Thebes to stand long, I wish that engines of war and 110 III. 549-577 men should demolish the walls, and that fire and sword should resound. *Then* 126 III. 551-571 should we be wretched without *any* fault *of our own*, and our fate were to be lamented, *but* not concealed, and our tears would be free from shame. But now Thebes will be taken by an unarmed boy, whom neither wars delight, nor weapons, nor the employment of horses, but hair wet with myrrh, and effeminate chaplets, and purple, and gold interwoven with embroidered garments; whom I, indeed, (do you only stand aside) will presently compel to own that his father is assumed, and that his sacred rites are fictitious. Has Acrisius courage enough to despise the vain Deity, and to shut the gates of Argos against his approach; and shall this stranger affright Pentheus with all Thebes? Go quickly, (this order he gives to his servants), go, and bring hither in chains the ringleader. Let there be no slothful delay in *executing* my commands."

His grandfather, *Cadmus*, Athamas, and the rest of the company of his friends rebuke him with expostulations, and in vain try to restrain him. By their admonition he becomes more violent, and by being curbed his fury is irritated, and is on the increase, and the very restraint did him injury. So have I beheld a torrent, where nothing obstructed it in its course, run gently and with moderate noise; but wherever beams and stones in its way withheld it, it ran foaming and raging, 127 III. 572-594 and more violent from its obstruction.

Behold! *the servants* return, all stained with blood; and when their master inquires where Bacchus is, they deny that they have seen Bacchus. "But this one," say they, "we have taken, who was his attendant and minister in his sacred rites." And *then* they deliver one, who, from the Etrurian nation, had followed the sacred rites of the Deity, with his hands bound behind his back.

Pentheus looks at him with eyes that anger has made terrible, 111 III. 577-598 and although he can scarcely defer the time of his punishment, he says, "*Owretch*, doomed to destruction, and about, by thy death, to set an example to others, tell me thy name, and the name of thy parents, and thy country, and why thou dost attend the sacred rites of a new fashion." He, void of fear, says, "My name is Acœtes; Mæonia is my country; my parents were of humble station. My father left me no fields for the hardy oxen to till, no wool-bearing flocks, nor any herds. He himself was *but* poor, and he was wont with line, and hooks, to deceive the leaping fishes, and to take them with the rod. His trade was his *only* possession. When he gave that calling over *to me*, he said, 'Receive, as the successor and heir of my employment, those riches which I possess;' and at his death he left me nothing but the streams. This one thing alone can I call my patrimony. *But* soon, that I might not always be confined to the same rocks, I learned with a steadying right hand to guide the helm of the ship, and I made observations with my eyes of the showery Constellation of the Olenian she-goat, and Taygete, 128 III. 594-620 and the Hyades, and the Bear, and the quarters of the winds, and the harbors fit for ships. By chance, as I was making for Delos, I touched at the coast of the land of Dia, and came up to the shore by *plying* the oars on the right side; 112 III. 599-632 and I gave a nimble leap, and lighted upon the wet sand. When the night was past, and the dawn first began to grow red, I arose and ordered *my men* to take in fresh water, and I pointed out the way which led to the stream. I myself, from a lofty eminence, looked around *to see* what the breeze promised me; and *then* I called my companions, and returned to the vessel. 'Lo! we are here,' says Opheltès, my chief mate; and having found, as he thought, aprize in the lonely fields, he was leading along the shore, aboy with *all* the beauty of a girl. He, heavy with wine and sleep, seemed to stagger, and to follow with difficulty. I examined his

dress, his looks, and his gait, *and* I saw nothing there which could be taken to be mortal. I both was sensible of it, and I said to my companions, 'I am in doubt what Deity is in that body; but in that body a Deity there is. Whoever thou art, Obe propitious and assist our toils; and pardon these as well.' 'Cease praying for us,' said Dictys, than whom there was not another more nimble at climbing to the main-top-yards, and at sliding down by catching hold of a rope. This Libys, this the yellow-haired Melanthus, the guardian of the prow, and this Alcimedon approved of; and Epopeus as well, the cheerer of their spirits, who by his voice gave both rest and time to the oars; *and* so did all the rest; so blind is the greed for booty. 'However,' 129 III. 621-648 I said, 'I will not allow this ship to be damaged by this sacred freight. Here I have the greatest share of right.' and I opposed them at the entrance.

"Lycabas, the boldest of all the number, was enraged, who, expelled from a city of Etruria, was suffering exile as the punishment for a dreadful murder. He, while I was resisting, seized hold of my throat with his youthful fist, and shaking me, had thrown me overboard into the sea, if I had not, although stunned, held fast by grasping a rope. The impious crew approved of the deed. Then at last Bacchus (for Bacchus it was), as though his sleep had been broken by the noise, and his sense was returning into his breast after *much* wine, said: 'What are you doing? What is this noise? Tell me, sailors, 113 III. 632-665 by what means have I come hither? Whither do you intend to carry me?' 'Lay aside thy fears,' said Proreus, 'and tell us what port thou wouldst wish to reach. Thou shalt stop at the land that thou desirest.' 'Direct your course then to Naxos,' says Liber, 'that is my home; it shall prove a hospitable land for you.'

"In their deceit they swore by the ocean and by all the Deities, that so it should be; and bade me give sail to the painted ship. Naxos was to our right; *and* as I was *accordingly* setting sail for the right hand, every one said for himself, 'What art thou about, madman? What insanity possesses thee, Acœtes? Stand away to the left.' The greater part signified *their meaning* to me by signs; some whispered in my ear what they wanted. I was at a loss, and I said, 'Let some one else take the helm;' and I withdrew myself from the execution both of their wickedness, and of my own calling. I was reviled by them all,

and the whole crew muttered *reproaches* against me. Æthalion, among them, says, 'As if, forsooth, all our safety is centred in thee,' and he himself comes up, and takes my duty; 130 III. 649-678 and leaving Naxos, he steers a different course. Then the God, mocking them as if he had at last but that moment discovered their knavery, looks down upon the sea from the crooked stern; and, like one weeping, he says: 'These are not the shores, sailors, that you have promised me; this is not the land desired by me. By what act have I deserved this treatment? What honor is it to you, if you *that are* young men, deceive a *mere* boy? if you *that are* many, deceive me, *who am but one*?' I had been weeping for some time. The impious gang laughed at my tears, and beat the sea with hastening oars. Now by himself do I swear to thee (and no God is there more powerful than he), that I am relating things to thee as true, as they are beyond all belief. The ship stood still upon the ocean, no otherwise than if it was occupying a dry dock. They, wondering at it, persisted in the plying of their oars; they unfurled their sails, and endeavored to speed onward with this twofold aid. Ivy impeded the oars, and twined *around them* in encircling wreaths; and 114 III. 665-699 clung to the sails with heavy clusters of berries. He himself, having his head encircled with bunches of grapes, brandished a lance covered with vine leaves. Around him, tigers and visionary forms of lynxes, and savage bodies of spotted panthers, were extended.

"The men leaped overboard, whether it was madness or fear that caused this; and first *of all*, Medon began to grow black with fins, with a flattened body, and to bend in the curvature of the back-bone. To him Lycabas said, 'Into what prodigy art thou changing?' and, as he spoke, the opening of his mouth was wide, his nose became crooked, and his hardened skin received scales upon it. But Libys, while he was attempting to urge on the resisting oars, saw his hands shrink into a small compass, and now to be hands no longer, *and* that now, *in fact*, they may be pronounced fins. Another, desirous 131 III. 679-708 to extend his arms to the twisting ropes, had no arms, and becoming crooked, with a body deprived of limbs, he leaped into the waves; the end of his tail was hooked, just as the horns of the half-moon are curved. They flounce about on every side, and bedew *the ship* with plenteous spray, and again they emerge, and once more

they return beneath the waves. They sport with *all* the appearance of a dance, and toss their sportive bodies, and blow forth the sea, received within their wide nostrils. Of twenty the moment before (for so many did that ship carry), I was the only one remaining. The God encouraged me, frightened and chilled with my body all trembling, and scarcely myself, saying, 'Shake off thy fear, and make for Dia.' Arriving there, I attended upon the sacred rites of Bacchus, at the kindled altars."

"We have lent ear to a long story," says Pentheus, "that our anger might consume its strength in its tediousness. Servants! drag him headlong, and send to Stygian night his body, racked with dreadful tortures." At once the Etrurian Acœtes, dragged away, is shut up in a strong prison; and while the cruel instruments of the death that is ordered, and the iron and the fire are being made ready, the report is that the doors 115 III. 699-730 opened of their own accord, and that the chains, of their own accord, slipped from off his arms, no one loosening them.

The son of Echion persists: and now he does not command others to go, but goes himself to where Cithæron, chosen for the celebration of these sacred rites, was resounding with singing, and the shrill voices of the votaries of Bacchus. Just as the high-mettled steed neighs, when the warlike trumpeter gives the alarm with the sounding brass, and conceives a desire for battle, so did the sky, struck with the long-drawn howlings, excite Pentheus, and his wrath was rekindled on hearing the clamor. There was, about the middle 132 III. 708-733 of the mountain, the woods skirting its extremity, a plain free from trees, *and* visible on every side. Here his mother was the first to see him looking on the sacred rites with profane eyes; she first was moved by a frantic impulse, *and* she first wounded her *son*, Pentheus, by hurling her thyrsus, *and* cried out, "Ho! come, my two sisters; that boar which, of enormous size, is roaming amid our fields, that boar I must strike." All the raging multitude rushes upon him alone; all collect together, and all follow him, now trembling, now uttering words less atrocious *than before*, now blaming himself, now confessing that he has offended.

However, on being wounded, he says, "Give me thy aid, Autonoë, my aunt; let the ghost of Actæon influence thy feelings." She knows

not what Actæon *means*, and tears away his right hand as he is praying; the other is dragged off by the violence of Ino. The wretched *man* has *now* no arms to extend to his mother; but showing his maimed body, with the limbs torn off, he says, "Look at this, my mother!" At the sight Agave howls aloud, and tosses her neck, and shakes her locks in the air; and seizing his head, torn off, with her blood-stained fingers, she cries out, "Ho! my companions, this victory is our work!"

The wind does not more speedily bear off, from a lofty tree, the leaves nipped by the cold of autumn, and now adhering 116 III. 730-733 with difficulty, than were the limbs of the man, torn asunder by their accursed hands. Admonished by such examples, the Ismenian matrons frequent the new worship, and offer frankincense, and reverence the sacred altars.

EXPLANATION.

Cicero mentions two Deities of the name of Bacchus; while other authors speak of several of that name. The first was the son of 133 Jupiter and Proserpina; the second was the son of the Nile, and the founder of the city of Nysa, in Arabia; Caprius was the father of the third. The fourth was the son of the Moon and Jupiter, in honor of whom the Orphic ceremonies were performed. The fifth was the son of Nisus and Thione, and the instituter of the Trieterica. Diodorus Siculus mentions but three of the name of Bacchus; namely, the Indian, surnamed the bearded Bacchus, who conquered India; the son of Jupiter and Ceres, who was represented with horns; and the son of Jupiter and Semele, who was called the Theban Bacchus.

The most reasonable opinion seems to be that of Herodotus and Plutarch, who inform us, that the true Bacchus, and the most ancient of them all, was born in Egypt, and was originally called Osiris. The worship of that Divinity passed from Egypt to Greece, where it received great alterations; and, according to Diodorus Siculus, it was Orpheus who introduced it, and made those innovations. In gratitude to the family of Cadmus, from which he had received many favors, he dedicated to Bacchus, the grandson of Cadmus, those mysteries which had been instituted in honor of Osiris, whose worship was

then but little known in Greece. Diodorus Siculus says, that as Semele was delivered of Bacchus in the seventh month, it was reported that Jupiter shut him up in his thigh, to carry him there the remaining time of gestation. This Fable was probably founded on the meaning of an equivocal word. The Greek word μηρὸς signifies either 'a thigh,' or 'the hollow of a mountain.' Thus the Greeks, instead of saying that Bacchus had been nursed on Mount Nysa, in Arabia, according to the Egyptian version of the story, published that he had been carried in the thigh of Jupiter.

As Bacchus applied himself to the cultivation of the vine, and taught his subjects several profitable and necessary arts, he was honored as a Divinity; and having won the esteem of many neighboring countries, his worship soon spread. Among his several festivals there was one called the Trieterica, which was celebrated every three years. In that feast the Bacchantes carried the figure of the God in a chariot drawn by two tigers, or panthers; and, crowned with vine leaves, and holding thyrsi in their hands, they ran in a frantic manner around the chariot, filling the air with the noise of tambourines and brazen instruments, shouting 'Evoë. Bacche!' and calling the God by his several names of Bromius, Lyæus, Evan, Lenæus, and Sabazius. To this ceremonial, received from the Egyptians, the Greeks added other ceremonies replete with abominable licentiousness, and repulsive to common decency. These were often suppressed by public enactment, but were as often re-established by the votaries of 117 lewdness and immodesty, and such as found in these festivals a pretext and opportunity for the commission of the most horrible offences.

The story of the unfortunate fate of Pentheus is supposed by the ancient writers to have been strictly true. Pentheus, the son of Echion and Agave, the daughter of Cadmus, having succeeded his grandfather in his kingdom, is supposed, like him, to have opposed those abuses that had crept into the mysteries of Bacchus, and went to Mount Cithæron for the purpose of chastising the Bacchantes, who were celebrating his festival; whereupon, in their 134 frantic madness, the worshippers, among whom were his mother and his aunt, tore him in pieces. Pausanias, however, says that Pentheus really was a wicked prince; and he somewhat varies his story, as he

tells us that having got into a tree to overlook the secret ceremonies of the orgies, Pentheus was discovered by the Bacchantes, who punished his curiosity by putting him to death. The story of the transformation of the mariners is supposed by Bochart to have been founded on the adventure of certain merchants from the coast of Etruria, whose vessel had the figure of a dolphin at the prow, or rather of the fish called 'tursio,' probably the porpoise, or sea-hog. They were probably shipwrecked near the Isle of Naxos, which was sacred to Bacchus, whose mysteries they had perhaps neglected, or even despised. On this slender ground, perhaps, the report spread, that the God himself had destroyed them, as a punishment for their impiety.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

FABLE I.

The daughters of Minyas, instead of celebrating the festival of Bacchus, apply themselves to other pursuits during the ceremonies; and among several narratives which they relate to pass away the time, they divert themselves with the story of the adventures of Pyramus and Thisbe. These lovers having made an appointment to meet without the walls of Babylon, Thisbe arrives first; but at the sight of a lioness, she runs to hide herself in a cave, and in her alarm, drops her veil. Pyramus, arriving soon after, finds the veil of his mistress stained with blood; and believing her to be dead, kills himself with his own sword. Thisbe returns from the cave; and finding Pyramus weltering in his blood, she plunges the same fatal weapon into her own breast.

But Alcithoë, the daughter of Minyas, does not think that the rites of the God ought to be received; but still, in her rashness, denies that Bacchus is the progeny of Jupiter; and she has her sisters as partners in her impiety.

The priest had ordered both mistresses and maids, laying aside their employments, to have their breasts covered with skins, and to loosen the fillets of their hair, and *to put* garlands on their locks, and to take the verdant thyrsi in their hands; and had prophesied that severe would be the resentment of the Deity, *if* affronted. Both matrons and new-married women obey, and lay aside their webs and work-baskets, and their tasks unfinished; and offer frankincense, and invoke both Bacchus and Bromius, and Lyæus, and the son of the Flames, and the Twice-Born, and the only one that had two mothers. To these is added *the name of* Nyseus, and the unshorn Thyoneus, and with Lenæus, the planter of the genial grape, and Nyctelius, and father Eleleus, and Iacchus, and Evan, and a great many other names, which thou, Liber, hast besides, throughout the nations of Greece. For thine is youth everlasting; thou art a boy to all time, thou art beheld *as* the most beauteous *of all* in high heaven; thou hast the features of a virgin, when thou standest without thy horns. By thee

the East was conquered, as far as where swarthy India is bounded by the remote Ganges. Thou *God*, worthy of our veneration, didst smite Pentheus, and the axe-bearing Lycurgus, sacrilegious *mortals*; thou didst hurl the bodies of the Etrurians into the sea. Thou controllest the neck of the lynxes yoked to thy chariot, graced with the painted reins. The Bacchanals and the Satyrs follow *thee*; the drunken old man, too, *Silenus*, who supports his reeling limbs with a staff, and sticks by no means very fast to his bending ass. And wherever thou goest, the shouts of youths, and together the voices of women, and tambourines beaten with the hands, and hollow cymbals resound, and the box-wood *pipe*, with its long bore. The Ismenian matrons ask thee to show thyself mild and propitious, and celebrate thy sacred rites as prescribed.

The daughters of Minyas alone, within doors, interrupting the festival with unseasonable labor, are either carding wool, or twirling the threads with their fingers, or are plying at the web, and keeping the handmaids to their work. One of them, *as she is* drawing the thread with her smooth thumb, says, “While others are idling, and thronging to *these* fanciful rites, let us, whom Pallas, abetter Deity, occupies, alleviate the useful toil of our hands with varying discourse; and let us relate by turns to our disengaged ears, for the general *amusement*, something each in our turn, that will not permit the time to seem long.” They approve of what she says, and her sisters bid her to be the first to tell her story.

She considers which of many she shall tell (for she knows many a one), and she is in doubt whether she shall tell of thee, Babylonian Dercetis, whom the people of Palestine believe to inhabit the pools, with thy changed form, scales covering thy limbs; or rather how her daughter, taking wings, passed her latter years in whitened turrets; or how a Naiad, by charms and too potent herbs, changed the bodies of the young men into silent fishes, until she suffered the same herself. Or how the tree which bore white fruit *formerly*, now bears it of purple hue, from the contact of blood. This *story* pleases her; this, because it was no common tale, she began in manner such as this, while the wool followed the thread: —

“Pyramus and Thisbe, the one the most beauteous of youths, the other preferred before *all* the damsels that the East contained, lived

in adjoining houses; where Semiramis is said to have surrounded her lofty city with walls of brick. The nearness caused their first acquaintance, and their first advances *in love*; with time their affection increased. They would have united themselves, too, by the tie of marriage, but their fathers forbade it. A thing which they could not forbid, they were both inflamed, with minds equally captivated. There is no one acquainted with it; by nods and signs, they hold converse. And the more the fire is smothered, the more, when *so* smothered, does it burn. The party-wall, common to the two houses, was cleft by a small chink, which it had got formerly, when it was built. This defect, remarked by no one for so many ages, you lovers (what does not love perceive?) first found one, and you made it a passage for your voices, and the accents of love used to pass through it in safety, with the gentlest murmur. Oftentimes, after they had taken their stations, Thisbe on one side, *and* Pyramus on the other, and the breath of their mouths had been *mutually* caught by turns, they used to say, ‘Envious wall, why dost thou stand in the way of lovers? what great matter were it, for thee to suffer us to be joined with our entire bodies? Or if that is too much, that, at least, thou shouldst open, for the exchange of kisses. Nor are we ungrateful; we confess that we are indebted to thee, that a passage has been given for our words to our loving ears.’ Having said this much, in vain, on their respective sides, about night they said, ‘Farewell’; and gave those kisses each on their own side, which did not reach the other side.

“The following morning had removed the fires of the night, and the Sun, with its rays, had dried the grass wet with rime, *when* they met together at the wonted spot. Then, first complaining much in low murmurs, they determine, in the silent night, to try to deceive their keepers, and to steal out of doors; and when they have left the house, to quit the buildings of the city as well: but that they may not have to wander, roaming in the open fields, to meet at the tomb of Ninus, and to conceal themselves beneath the shade of a tree. There was there a lofty mulberry tree, very full of snow-white fruit, quite close to a cold spring. The arrangement suits them; and the light, seeming to depart *but* slowly, is buried in the waters, and from the same waters the night arises. The clever Thisbe, turning the hinge, gets out in the

dark, and deceives her *attendants*, and, having covered her face, arrives at the tomb, and sits down under the tree agreed upon; love made her bold. Lo! a lioness approaches, having her foaming jaws besmeared with the recent slaughter of oxen, about to quench her thirst with the water of the neighboring spring. The Babylonian Thisbe sees her at a distance, by the rays of the moon, and with a trembling foot she flies to a dark cave; and, while she flies, her veil falling from her back, she leaves it behind. When the savage lioness has quenched her thirst with plenteous water, as she is returning into the woods, she tears the thin covering, found by chance without Thisbe herself, with her blood-stained mouth.

“Pyramus, going out later *than Thisbe*, saw the evident footmarks of a wild beast, in the deep dust, and grew pale all over his face. But, as soon as he found her veil, as well, dyed with blood, he said: ‘One night will be the ruin of two lovers, of whom she was the most deserving of a long life. My soul is guilty; ‘tis I that have destroyed thee, much to be lamented; who bade thee to come by night to places full of terror, and came not hither first. O, whatever lions are lurking beneath this rock, tear my body in pieces, and devour my accursed entrails with ruthless jaws. But it is the part of a coward to wish for death.’ He takes up the veil of Thisbe, and he takes it with himself to the shade of the tree agreed on, and, after he has bestowed tears on the well-known garment, he gives kisses *to the same*, and he says, ‘Receive, now, a draught of my blood as well!’ and then plunges the sword, with which he is girt, into his bowels; and without delay, as he is dying, he draws it out of the warm wound. As he falls on his back upon the ground, the blood spurts forth on high, not otherwise than as when a pipe is burst on the lead decaying, and shoots out afar the liquid water from the hissing flaw, and cleaves the air with its jet. The fruit of the tree, by the sprinkling of the blood, are changed to a dark tint, and the root, soaked with the gore, tints the hanging mulberries with a purple hue. Behold! not yet having banished her fear, *Thisbe* returns, that she may not disappoint her lover, and seeks for the youth both with her eyes and her affection, and longs to tell him how great dangers she has escaped. And when she observes the spot, and the altered appearance of the tree, she doubts if it is the same, so uncertain does the color of the fruit make her. While she is

in doubt, she sees palpitating limbs throbbing upon the bloody ground; she draws back her foot, and having her face paler than box-wood, she shudders like the sea, which trembles when its surface is skimmed by a gentle breeze. But, after pausing a time, she had recognized her own lover, she smote her arms, undeserving *of such usage*, and tearing her hair, and embracing the much-loved body, she filled the gashes with her tears, and mingled her *tokens of* sorrow with his blood; and imprinting kisses on his cold features, she exclaimed, 'Pyramus! what disaster has taken thee away from me? Pyramus! answer me; 'tis thy own Thisbe, dearest, that calls thee; hear me, and raise thy prostrate features.'

"At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus raised his eyes, now heavy with death, and, after he had seen her, he closed them again. After she had perceived her own garment, and beheld, too, the ivory *sheath* without its sword, she said, "'Tis thy own hand, and love, that has destroyed thee, ill-fated *youth!* I, too, have a hand bold *enough* for this one purpose; I have love as well; this shall give me strength for the wound. I will follow thee in thy death, and I shall be called the most unhappy cause and companion of thy fate, and thou who, alas! couldst be torn from me by death alone, shalt not be able, even by death, to be torn from me. And you, O most wretched parents of mine and his, be but prevailed upon, in this one thing, by the entreaties of us both, that you will not deny those whom their constant love *and* whom their last moments have joined, to be buried in the same tomb. But thou, O tree, which now with thy boughs dost overshadow the luckless body of *but* one, art fated soon to cover *those* of two. Retain a token of *this our* fate, and ever bear fruit black and suited for mourning, as a memorial of the blood of us two.' *Thus* she said; and having fixed the point under the lower part of her breast, she fell upon the sword, which still was reeking with his blood.

"Her prayers, however, moved the Gods, *and* moved their parents. For the color of the fruit, when it has fully ripened, is black; and what was left of them, from the funeral pile, reposed in the same urn."

It is pretty clear, as we have already seen, that the establishment of the worship of Bacchus in Greece met with great opposition, and that his priests and devotees published several miracles and prodigies, the more easily to influence the minds of their fellow-men. Thus, the daughters of Minyas are said to have been changed into bats, solely because they neglected to join in the orgies of that God; when, probably, the fact was, that they were either secretly despatched, or were forced to fly for their lives; and their absence was accounted for to the ignorant and credulous, by the invention of this Fable. The story of Dercetis, as related by Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, and Herodotus, is, that having offended Venus, that Goddess caused her to fall in love with a young man, by whom she had a daughter. In despair at her misfortune, she killed her lover, and exposed her child, and afterwards drowned herself. The Syrians, lamenting her fate, built a temple near where she was drowned, and honored her as a Goddess. They stated that she was turned into a fish, and they there represented her under the figure of a woman down to the waist, and of a fish thence downwards. They also abstained from eating fish; though they offered them to her in sacrifice, and suspended gilded ones in her temple. Selden, in his Treatise on the Syrian Gods, suggests that the story of Dercetis, or Atergatis, was founded on the figure and worship of Dagon, the God of the Philistines, who was represented under the figure of a fish; and that the name of Atergatis is a corruption of 'Adir Dagon,' 'a great fish,' which is not at all improbable. The same author supposes that Dercetis was originally the same Deity with Venus, Astarte, Minerva, Juno, Isis, and the Moon; and that she was worshipped under the name of Mylitta by the Assyrians, and as Alilac by the Arabians. Lucian tells us, that Dercetis was reported to have been the mother of Semiramis.

Ovid and Hyginus are the only authors that make mention of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and both agree in making Babylon the scene of it. It seems to be rather intended as a moral tale, than to have been built upon any actual circumstance. It affords a lesson to youth not to enter rashly into engagements: and to parents not to pursue, too rigorously, the gratification of their own resentment, but rather to consult the inclination of their children, when not likely to be productive of unhappiness at a future period.

The reader cannot fail to call to mind the admirable travesty of this story by Shakspeare, in the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream.’

FABLE II.

The Sun discovers to Vulcan the intrigue between Mars and Venus, and then, himself, falls in love with Leucothoë. Venus, in revenge for the discovery, resolves to make his amours unfortunate.

Here she ended; and there was *but* a short time betwixt, and *then* Leuconoë began to speak. Her sisters held their peace. “Love has captivated even this Sun, who rules all things by his æthereal light. I will relate the loves of the Sun. This God is supposed to have been the first to see the adultery of Venus with Mars; this God is the first to see everything. He was grieved at what was done, and showed to the husband, the son of Juno, the wrong done to his bed, and the place of the intrigue. Both his senses, and the work which his skilful right hand was *then* holding, quitted him *on the instant*. Immediately, he files out some slender chains of brass, and nets, and meshes, which can escape the eye. The finest threads cannot surpass that work, nor yet the cobweb that hangs from the top of the beam. He makes it so, too, as to yield to a slight touch, and a gentle movement, and skilfully arranges it drawn around the bed. When the wife and the gallant come into the same bed, being both caught through the artifice of the husband, and chains prepared by this new contrivance, they are held fast in the *very* midst of their embraces.

“The Lemnian *God* immediately threw open the folding doors of ivory, and admitted the Deities. *There* they lay disgracefully bound. And yet many a one of the Gods, not the serious ones, could fain wish thus to become disgraced. The Gods of heaven laughed, and for a long time was this the most noted story in all heaven. The Cytherean goddess exacts satisfaction of the Sun, in remembrance of this betrayal; and, in her turn, disturbs him with the like passion, who had disturbed her secret amours. What now, son of Hyperion, does thy beauty, thy heat, and thy radiant light avail thee? For thou, who dost burn all lands with thy flames, art *now* burnt with a new flame; and thou, who oughtst to be looking at everything, art gazing on

Leucothoë, and on one maiden art fixing those eyes which thou oughtst *to be fixing* on the universe. At one time thou art rising earlier in the Eastern sky; at another thou art setting late in the waves; and in taking time to gaze *on her*, thou art lengthening the hours of mid-winter. Sometimes thou art eclipsed, and the trouble of thy mind affects thy light, and, darkened, thou fillest with terror the breasts of mortals. Nor art thou pale, because the form of the moon, nearer to the earth, stands in thy way. It is that passion which occasions this complexion. Thou lovest her alone, neither does Clymene, nor Rhodos, nor the most beauteous mother of the Ææan Circe engage thee, nor *yet* Clytie, who, though despised, was longing for thy embraces; at that very time thou wast suffering these grievous pangs. Leucothoë occasioned the forgetting of many a damsel; she, whom Eurynome, the most beauteous of the perfume-bearing nation produced. But after her daughter grew up, as much as the mother excelled all *other Nymphs*, so much did the daughter *excel* the mother. Her father, Orchamus, ruled over the Achæmenian cities, and he is reckoned the seventh in descent from the ancient Belus.

“The pastures of the horses of the Sun are under the Western sky; instead of grass, they have ambrosia. That nourishes their limbs wearied with their daily service, and refits them for labor. And while the coursers are there eating their heavenly food, and night is taking her turn; the God enters the beloved chamber, changed into the shape of her mother Eurynome, and beholds Leucothoë among twice six handmaids, near the threshold, drawing out the smooth threads with twirling spindle. When, therefore, as though her mother, he has given kisses to her dear daughter, he says, “There is a secret matter, *which I have to mention*; maids, withdraw, and take not from a mother the privilege of speaking in private *with her daughter*.” They obey; and the God being left in the chamber without any witness, he says, ‘I am he, who measures out the long year, who beholds all things, *and* through whom the earth sees all things; the eye, *in fact*, of the universe. Believe me, thou art pleasing to me.’ She is affrighted; and in her alarm, both her distaff and her spindle fall from her relaxed fingers. Her very fear becomes her; and he, no longer delaying, returns to his true shape, and his wonted beauty. But the maiden, although startled at the unexpected sight, overcome by the beauty of

the God, *and* dismissing *all* complaints, submits to his embrace.

EXPLANATION.

Plutarch, in his Treatise ‘How to read the Poets,’ suggests a curious explanation of the discovery by the Sun of the intrigue of Mars and Venus. He says that such persons as are born under the conjunction of the planets Mars and Venus, are naturally of an amorous temperament; but that if the Sun does not happen then to be at a distance, their indiscretions will be very soon discovered.

Palæphatus gives a historical solution to the story. He says that Helius, the son of Vulcan, king of Egypt, resolving to cause his father’s laws against adultery to be strictly observed, and having been informed that a lady of the court had an intrigue with one of the courtiers, entered her apartment in the night, and obtaining ocular proof of the courtier’s guilt, caused him to be severely punished. He also tells us that the similarity of the name gave birth to the Fable which Homer was the first to relate, with a small variation, and which is here copied by Ovid. Libanius, deploring the burning of the Temple of Apollo near Antioch, complains of the ingratitude of Vulcan to that God, who had formerly discovered to him the infidelity of his wife; a subject upon which St. Chrysostom seems to think that the rhetorician would have done better to have been silent.

FABLE III.

Clytie, in a fit of revenge, discovers the adventure of Leucothoë to her father, who orders her to be buried alive. The Sun, grieved at her misfortune, changed her into the frankincense tree; he also despises the informer, who pines away for love of him, and is at last changed into the sunflower.

Clytie envied her, (for the love of the Sun for her had not been moderate), and, urged on by resentment at a rival, she published the intrigue, and, when spread abroad, brought it to the notice of her father. He, fierce and unrelenting, cruelly buried her alive deep in the ground, as she entreated and stretched out her hands towards the light

of the Sun, and cried, “‘Twas he that offered violence to me against my will;” and upon her he placed a heap of heavy sand. The son of Hyperion scattered it with his rays, and gave a passage to thee, by which thou mightst be able to put forth thy buried features.

But thou, Nymph, couldst not now raise thy head smothered with the weight of the earth; and *there* thou didst lie, alifeless body. The governor of the winged steeds is said to have beheld nothing more afflicting than that, since the lightnings that caused the death of Phaëton. He, indeed, endeavors, if he can, to recall her cold limbs to an enlivening heat, by the strength of his rays. But, since fate opposes attempts so great, he sprinkles both her body and the place with odoriferous nectar, and having first uttered many a complaint he says, “Still shalt thou reach the skies.” Immediately, the body, steeped in the heavenly nectar, dissolves, and moistens the earth with its odoriferous juices; and a shoot of frankincense having taken root by degrees through the clods, rises up and bursts the hillock with its top.

But the author of light came no more to Clytie (although love might have excused her grief, and her grief the betrayal); and he put an end to his intercourse with her. From that time she, who had made so mad a use of her passion, pined away, loathing the *other* Nymphs; and in the open air, night and day, she sat on the bare ground, with her hair dishevelled and unadorned. And for nine days, without water or food, she subsisted in her fast, merely on dew and her own tears; and she did not raise herself from the ground. She only used to look towards the face of the God as he moved along, and to turn her own features towards him. They say that her limbs became rooted fast in the ground; and a livid paleness turned part of her color into *that of* a bloodless plant. There is a redness in some part; and a flower, very like a violet, conceals her face. Though she is held fast by a root, she turns towards the Sun, and *though* changed, she *still* retains her passion.

EXPLANATION.

No ascertained historical fact can be found as the basis of the story of Leucothoë being buried alive by her father Orchamus, or of her rival

Clytie being metamorphosed into a sunflower. The story seems to have been most probably simply founded on principles of natural philosophy. Leucothoë, it is not unreasonable to suppose, may have been styled the daughter of Orchamus, king of Persia, for no other reason but because that Prince was the first to introduce the frankincense tree, which was called Leucothoë, into his kingdom; and it was added that she fell in love with Apollo, because the tree produces an aromatic drug much used in physic, of which that God was fabled to have been the inventor. The jealousy of Clytie was, perhaps, founded upon a fact, stated by some naturalists, that the sunflower is a plant which kills the frankincense tree, when growing near it. Pliny, however, who ascribes several properties to the sunflower, does not mention this among them.

Orchamus is nowhere mentioned by the ancient writers, except in the present instance.

FABLE IV.

Daphnis is turned into a stone. Scython is changed from a man into a woman. Celmus is changed into adamant. Crocus and Smilax are made into flowers. The Curetes are produced from a shower.

Thus she spoke; and the wondrous deed charms their ears. Some deny that it was possible to be done, some say that real Gods can do all things; but Bacchus is not one of them. When her sisters have become silent, Alcithoë is called upon; who running with her shuttle through the warp of the hanging web, says, “I keep silence upon the well-known amours of Daphnis, the shepherd of Ida, whom the resentment of the Nymph, his paramour, turned into a stone. Such mighty grief inflames those who are in love. Nor do I relate how once Scython, the law of nature being altered, was of both sexes first a man, then a woman. Thee too, I pass by, O Celmus, now adamant, formerly most attached to Jupiter *when* little; and the Curetes, sprung from a plenteous shower of rain; Crocus, too, changed, together with Smilax, into little flowers; and I will entertain your minds with a pleasing novelty.”

EXPLANATION.

Most probably, the story of the shepherd Daphnis being turned into a stone, was no other than an allegorical method of expressing the insensibility of an individual. Thalia was the name of the Nymph who was thus affronted by Daphnis.

The story of Scython changing his sex, is perhaps based upon the fact, that the country of Thrace, which took the name of Thracia from a famous sorceress, was before called Scython; and that as it lost a name of the masculine gender for one of the feminine, in after times it became reported that Scython had changed sexes.

Pliny tells us that Celmus was a young man of remarkable wisdom and moderation, and that the passions making no impression on him, he was changed into adamant. Some, however, assert that he was foster-father to Jupiter, by whom he was enclosed in an impenetrable tower, for revealing the immortality of the Gods.

According to one account, Crocus and Smilax were a constant and happy married couple, who for their chaste and innocent life were said to have been changed into flowers; but another story is, that Crocus was a youth beloved by Smilax, and that on his rejecting the Nymph's advances, they were both turned into flowers.

The story of the Curetes being sprung from rain, is possibly founded on the report that they were descended from Uranus and Tita, the Heaven and the Earth. Some suppose them to have been the original inhabitants of the isle of Crete; and they are said to have watched over the infancy of Jupiter, by whom they were afterwards slain, for having concealed Epaphus from his wrath.

FABLE V.

The Naiad Salmacis falls in love with the youth Hermaphroditus, who rejects her advances. While he is bathing, she leaps into the water, and seizing the youth in her arms, they become one body, retaining their different sexes.

Learn how Salmacis became infamous, *and* why it enervates, with its enfeebling waters, and softens the limbs bathed *in it*. The cause is unknown; *but* the properties of the fountain are very well known.

The Naiads nursed a boy, born to Mercury of the Cytherean Goddess in the caves of Ida; whose face was such that therein both mother and father could be discerned; he likewise took his name from them. As soon as he had completed thrice five years, he forsook his native mountains, and leaving Ida, the place of his nursing, he loved to wander over unknown spots, *and* to see unknown rivers, his curiosity lessening the fatigue. He went, too, to the Lycian cities, and the Carians, that border upon Lycia. Here he sees a pool of water, clear to the *very* ground at the bottom; here there are no fenny reeds, no barren sedge, no rushes with their sharp points. The water is translucent; but the edges of the pool are enclosed with green turf, and with grass ever verdant. A Nymph dwells *there*; but one neither skilled in hunting, nor accustomed to bend the bow, nor to contend in speed; the only one, too, of *all* the Naiads not known to the swift Diana. The report is, that her sisters often said to her, “Salmacis, do take either the javelin, or the painted quiver, and unite thy leisure with the toils of the chase.” She takes neither the javelin, nor the painted quiver, nor does she unite her leisure with the toils of the chase. But sometimes she is bathing her beauteous limbs in her own spring; *and* often is she straitening her hair with a comb of Citorian boxwood, and consulting the waters, into which she looks, what is befitting her. At other times, covering her body with a transparent garment, she reposes either on the soft leaves or on the soft grass. Ofttimes is she gathering flowers. And then, too, by chance was she gathering them when she beheld the youth, and wished to possess him, *thus* seen.

But though she hastened to approach *the youth*, still she did not approach him before she had put herself in order, and before she had surveyed her garments, and put on her *best* looks, and deserved to be thought beautiful. Then thus did she begin to speak: “O youth, most worthy to be thought to be a God! if thou art a God, thou mayst *well* be Cupid; but, if thou art a mortal, happy are they who begot thee, and blessed is thy brother, and fortunate indeed thy sister, if thou hast one, and the nurse *as well* who gave thee the breast. But far, far more fortunate than all these *is she*; if thou hast any wife, if thou shouldst vouchsafe any one *the honor of* marriage. And if any one is thy *wife*, *then* let my pleasure be stolen; but, if thou hast none, let me be *thy*

wife, and let us unite in one tie.” After these things *said*, the Naiad is silent; ablush tinges the face of the youth: he knows not what love is, but even to blush becomes him. Such is the color of apples, hanging on a tree exposed to the sun, or of painted ivory, or of the moon blushing beneath her brightness when the aiding *cymbals of* brass are resounding in vain. Upon the Nymph desiring, without ceasing, such kisses at least as he might give to his sister, and now laying her hands upon his neck, white as ivory, he says, “Wilt thou desist, or am I to fly, and to leave this place, together with thee?”

Salmacis is affrighted, and says, “I freely give up this spot to thee, stranger,” and, with a retiring step, she pretends to go away. But then looking back, and hid in a covert of shrubs, she lies concealed, and puts her bended knees down to the ground. But he, just like a boy, and as though unobserved on the retired sward, goes here and there, and in the sportive waves dips the soles of his feet, and *then* his feet as far as his ankles. Nor is there any delay; being charmed with the temperature of the pleasant waters, he throws off his soft garments from his tender body. Then, indeed, Salmacis is astonished, and burns with desire for his naked beauty. The eyes, too, of the Nymph are on fire, no otherwise than as when the Sun, most brilliant with his clear orb, is reflected from the opposite image of a mirror. With difficulty does she endure delay; hardly does she now defer her joy. Now she longs to embrace him; and now, distracted, she can hardly contain herself. He, clapping his body with his hollow palms, swiftly leaps into the stream, and throwing out his arms alternately, shines in the limpid water, as if any one were to cover statues of ivory, or white lilies, with clear glass.

“I have gained my point,” says the Naiad; “see, he is mine!” and, all her garments thrown aside, she plunges in the midst of the waters, and seizes him resisting her, and snatches reluctant kisses, and thrusts down her hands, and touches his breast against his will, and clings about the youth, now one way, and now another. Finally, as he is struggling against her, and desiring to escape, she entwines herself about him, like a serpent which the royal bird takes up and is bearing aloft; and as it hangs, it holds fast his head and feet, and enfolds his spreading wings with its tail. Or, as the ivy is wont to wind itself along the tall trunks *of trees*; and as the polypus holds fast its enemy,

caught beneath the waves, by letting down his suckers on all sides; *so* does the descendant of Atlas *still* persist, and deny the Nymph the hoped-for joy. She presses him hard; and clinging to him with every limb, as she holds fast, she says, "Struggle as thou mayst, perverse one, still thou shalt not escape. So ordain it, ye Gods, and let no time separate him from me, nor me from him." Her prayers find propitious Deities, for the mingled bodies of the two are united, and one human shape is put upon them; just as if any one should see branches beneath a common bark join in growing, and spring up together. So, when their bodies meet together in the firm embrace, they are no more two, and their form is twofold, so that they can neither be styled woman nor boy; they seem *to be* neither and both.

Therefore, when Hermaphroditus sees that the limpid waters, into which he had descended as a man, have made him but half a male, and that his limbs are softened in them, holding up his hands, he says, but now no longer with the voice of a male, "O, both father and mother, grant this favor to your son, who has the name of you both, that whoever enters these streams a man, may go out thence *but* half a man, and that he may suddenly become effeminate in the waters when touched." Both parents, moved, give their assent to the words of their two-shaped son, and taint the fountain with drugs of ambiguous quality.

EXPLANATION.

The only probable solution of this story seems to have been the fact that there was in Caria, near the town of Halicarnassus, as we read in Vitruvius, a fountain which was instrumental in civilizing certain barbarians who had been driven from that neighborhood by the Argive colony established there. These men being obliged to repair to the fountain for water, and meeting the Greek colonists there, their intercourse not only polished them, but in course of time corrupted them, by the introduction of the luxurious manners of Greece. Hence the fountain had the reputation of changing men into women.

Possibly the water of that fountain, by some peculiar chemical quality, made those who drank of it become soft and effeminate, as waters are to be occasionally found with extraordinary qualities.

Lylius Gyraldus suggests, that several disgraceful adventures happened near this fountain (which was enclosed by walls), which in time gave it a bad name.

FABLE VI.

Bacchus, to punish the daughters of Minyas for their contempt of his worship, changes them into bats, and their work into ivy and vine leaves.

There was *now* an end of their stories; and still do the daughters of Minyas go on with their work, and despise the God, and desecrate his festival; when, on a sudden, tambourines unseen resound with their jarring noise; the pipe, too, with the crooked horn, and the tinkling brass, re-echo; myrrh and saffron shed their fragrant odors; and, athing past all belief, their webs begin to grow green, and the cloth hanging *in the loom* to put forth foliage like ivy. Part changes into vines, and what were threads before, are *now* turned into vine shoots. Vine branches spring from the warp, and the purple lends its splendor to the tinted grapes.

And now the day was past, and the time came on, which you could neither call darkness nor light, but yet the *very* commencement of the dubious night along with the light. The house seemed suddenly to shake, and unctuous torches to burn, and the building to shine with glowing fires, and the fictitious phantoms of savage wild beasts to howl. Presently, the sisters are hiding themselves throughout the smoking house, and in different places are avoiding the fires and the light. While they are seeking a hiding-place, amembrane is stretched over their small limbs, and covers their arms with light wings; nor does the darkness suffer them to know by what means they have lost their former shape. No feathers bear them up; yet they support themselves on pellucid wings; and, endeavoring to speak, they utter a voice very diminutive *even* in proportion to their bodies, and express their low complaints with a squeaking sound. They frequent houses, not woods; and, abhorring the light, they fly *abroad* by night. And from the late evening do they derive their name.

FABLE VII.

Tisiphone, being sent by Juno to the Palace of Athamas, causes him to become mad; on which he dashes his son Learchus to pieces against a wall. He then pursues his wife Ino, who throws herself headlong from the top of a rock into the sea, with her other son Melicerta in her arms: when Neptune, at the intercession of Venus, changes them into Sea Deities. The attendants of Ino, who have followed her in her flight, are changed, some into stone, and others into birds, as they are about to throw themselves into the sea after their mistress.

But then the Divine power of Bacchus is famed throughout all Thebes; and his aunt is everywhere telling of the great might of the new Divinity; she alone, out of so many sisters, is free from sorrow, except that which her sisters have occasioned. Juno beholds her, having her soul elevated with her *children*, and her alliance with Athamas, and the God her foster-child. She cannot brook this, and says to herself, “Was the child of a concubine able to transform the Mæonian sailors, and to overwhelm them in the sea, and to give the entrails of the son to be torn to pieces by his mother, and to cover the three daughters of Minyas with newly formed wings? Shall Juno be able to do nothing but lament these griefs unrevenged? And is that sufficient for me? Is this my only power? He himself instructs me what to do. It is right to be taught even by an enemy. And what madness can do, he shows enough, and more than enough, by the slaughter of Pentheus. Why should not Ino, *too*, be goaded by madness, and submit to an example kindred to those of her sisters?”

There is a shelving path, shaded with dismal yew, which leads through profound silence to the infernal abodes. *Here* languid Styx exhales vapors; and the new-made ghosts descend this way, and phantoms when they have enjoyed funeral rites. Horror and winter possess these dreary regions far and wide, and the ghosts newly arrived know not where the way is that leads to the Stygian city, *or* where is the dismal palace of the black Pluto. The wide city has a thousand passages, and gates open on every side. And as the sea *receives* the rivers for the whole earth, so does that spot receive all the souls; nor is it *too* little for any *amount of* people, nor does it perceive the crowd to increase. The shades wander about, bloodless, without body and bones; and some throng the place of judgment;

some the abode of the infernal prince. Some pursue various callings, in imitation of their former life; their own punishment confines others.

Juno, the daughter of Saturn, leaving her celestial habitation, submits to go thither, so much does she give way to hatred and to anger. Soon as she has entered there, and the threshold groans, pressed by her sacred body, Cerberus raises his threefold mouth, and utters triple barkings at the same moment. She summons the Sisters, begotten of Night, terrible and implacable Goddesses. They are sitting before the doors of the prison shut close with adamant, and are combing black vipers from their hair. Soon as they recognize her amid the shades of darkness, *these* Deities arise. This place is called "the accursed." Tityus is giving his entrails to be mangled, and is stretched over nine acres. By thee, Tantalus, no waters are reached, and the tree which overhangs thee, starts away. Sisyphus, thou art either catching or thou art pushing on the stone destined to fall again. Ixion is whirled round, and both follows and flies from himself. The granddaughters, too, of Belus, who dared to plot the destruction of their cousins, are everlastingly taking up the water which they lose. After the daughter of Saturn has beheld all these with a stern look, and Ixion before all; again, after him, looking upon Sisyphus, she says,

"Why does he alone, of *all* the brothers, suffer eternal punishment? and why does a rich palace contain the proud Athamas, who, with his wife, has ever despised me?" And *then* she explains the cause of her hatred and of her coming, and what it is she desires. What she desires is, that the palace of Cadmus shall not stand, and that the Sister *Furies* shall involve Athamas in crime. She mingles together promises, commands, and entreaties, and solicits the Goddesses. When Juno has thus spoken, Tisiphone, with her locks dishevelled as they are, shakes them, and throws back from her face the snakes crawling over it; and thus she says: "There is no need of a long preamble; whatever thou commandest, consider it as done: leave these hateful realms, and betake thyself to the air of a better heaven."

Juno returns, overjoyed; and, preparing to enter heaven, Iris, the daughter of Thaumas, purifies her by sprinkling water. Nor is there

any delay; the persecuting Tisiphone takes a torch reeking with gore, and puts on a cloak red with fluid blood, and is girt with twisted snakes, and *then* goes forth from her abode. Mourning attends her as she goes, and Fright, and Terror, and Madness with quivering features. She *now* reaches the threshold; the Æolian door-posts are said to have shaken, and paleness tints the maple door; the Sun, too, flies from the place. His wife is terrified at these prodigies; Athamas, *too*, is alarmed, and they are *both* preparing to leave the house. The baneful Erinnys stands in the way, and blocks up the passage; and extending her arms twisted round with folds of vipers, she shakes her locks; the snakes *thus* moved, emit a sound. Some lying about her shoulders, some gliding around her temples, send forth hissings and vomit forth corruption, and dart forth their tongues. Then she tears away two snakes from the middle of her hair, which, with pestilential hand, she throws against them. But these creep along the breasts of Ino and Athamas, and inspire them with direful intent. Nor do they inflict any wounds upon their limbs; it is the mind that feels the direful stroke. She had brought, too, with her a monstrous composition of liquid poison, the foam of the mouth of Cerberus, and the venom of Echidna; and purposeless aberrations, and the forgetfulness of a darkened understanding, and crime, and tears, and rage, and the love of murder. All these were blended together; and, mingled with fresh blood she had boiled them in a hollow vessel of brass, stirred about with *a stalk of* green hemlock. And while they are trembling, she throws the maddening poison into the breasts of them both, and moves their inmost vitals. Then repeatedly waving her torch in the same circle, she swiftly follows up the flames *thus* excited with *fresh* flames. Thus triumphant, and having executed her commands, she returns to the empty realms of the great Pluto; and she ungirds the snakes which she had put on. Immediately the son of Æolus, filled with rage, cries out, in the midst of his palace, "Ho! companions, spread your nets in this wood; for here a lioness was just now beheld by me with two young ones." And, in his madness, he follows the footsteps of his wife, as though of a wild beast; and he snatches Learchus, smiling and stretching forth his little arms from the bosom of his mother, and three or four times he whirls him round in the air like a sling, and, frenzied, he dashes in pieces the bones of

the infant against the hard stones. Then, at last, the mother being roused (whether it was grief that caused it, or whether the power of the poison spread *over her*), yells aloud, and runs away distracted, with dishevelled hair; and carrying thee, Melicerta, alittle *child*, in her bare arms, she cries aloud “Evoë, Bacche.” At the name of Bacchus, Juno smiles, and says, “May thy foster-child do thee this service.”

There is a rock that hangs over the sea; the lowest part is worn hollow by the waves, and defends the waters covered *thereby* from the rain. The summit is rugged, and stretches out its brow over the open sea. This Ino climbs (madness gives her strength), and, restrained by no fear, she casts herself and her burden into the deep; the water, struck *by her fall*, is white with foam. But Venus, pitying the misfortunes of her guiltless granddaughter, in soothing words thus addresses her uncle: “O Neptune, thou God of the waters, to whom fell a power next after the *empire of* heaven, great things indeed do I request; but do thou take compassion on my kindred, whom thou seest being tossed upon the boundless Ionian sea; and add them to thy Deities. I have *surely* some interest with the sea, if, indeed, I once was foam formed in the hollowed deep, and my Grecian name is derived from that.” Neptune yields to her request; and takes away from them *all* that is mortal, and gives them a venerable majesty; and alters both their name and their shape, and calls Palæmon a Divinity, together with his mother Leucothoë.

Her Sidonian attendants, so far as they could, tracing the prints of their feet, saw the last of them on the edge of the rock; and thinking that there was no doubt of their death, they lamented the house of Cadmus, with their hands tearing their hair and their garments; and they threw the odium on the Goddess, as being unjust and too severe against the concubine. Juno could not endure their reproaches, and said, “I will make you yourselves tremendous memorials of my displeasure.” Confirmation followed her words. For the one who had been especially attached, said, “I will follow the queen into the sea;” and about to give the leap, she could not be moved any way, and adhering to the rock, *there* she stuck fast. Another, while she was attempting to beat her breast with the accustomed blows, perceived in the attempt that her arms had become stiff. One, as by chance she

had extended her hands over the waters of the sea, becoming a rock, held out her hands in those same waters. You might see the fingers of another suddenly hardened in her hair, as she was tearing her locks seized on the top of her head. In whatever posture each was found *at the beginning of the change*, in the same she remained. Some became birds; which, sprung from Ismenus, skim along the surface of the waves in those seas, with the wings which they have assumed.

EXPLANATION.

The story of Ino, Athamas, and Melicerta appears to have been based upon historical facts, as we are informed by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pausanias.

Athamas, the son of Æolus, and great-grandson of Deucalion, having, on the death of Themisto, his first wife, married Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, divorced her soon afterwards, to marry Nephele, by whom he had Helle and Phryxus. She having been divorced in her turn, he took Ino back again, and by her had Learchus and Melicerta. Ino, not being able to endure the presence of the children of Nephele, endeavored to destroy them. The city of Thebes being at that time afflicted with famine, which was said to have been caused by Ino, who ordered the seed to be parched before it was sown, Athamas ordered the oracle of Delphi to be consulted. The priests, either having been bribed, or the messengers having been corrupted, word was brought, that, to remove this affliction, the children of Nephele must be sacrificed.

Phryxus being warned of the designs of his stepmother, embarked in a ship, with his sister Helle, and sailed for Colchis, where he met with a kind reception from his kinsman Æetes. The young princess, however, either becoming sea-sick, and leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, fell overboard and was drowned, or died a natural death in the passage of the Hellespont, to which she gave its name from that circumstance. Athamas, having discovered the deceitful conduct of Ino, in his rage killed her son Learchus, and sought her, for the purpose of sacrificing her to his vengeance. To avoid his fury, she fled with her son Melicerta, and, being pursued, threw herself from a rock into the sea. To console her relatives, the story was probably

invented, that the Gods had changed Ino and Melicerta into Sea Deities, under the names of Leucothoë and Palæmon. Melicerta was afterwards worshipped in the Isle of Tenedos, where children were offered to him in sacrifice. In his honor, Glaucus established the Isthmian games, which were celebrated for many ages at Corinth; and, being interrupted for a time, were revived by Theseus, in honor of Neptune. Leucothoë was also worshipped at Rome, and the Roman women used to offer up their vows to her for their brothers' children, not daring to supplicate the Goddess for their own, because she had been unfortunate in hers. This Ovid tells us in the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*. The Romans gave the name of Matuta to Ino, and Melicerta, or Palæmon, was called Portunus.

The circumstance mentioned by Ovid, that some of Ino's attendants were changed into birds, and others into rocks, is, perhaps, only a poetical method of saying that some of her attendants escaped, while others perished with her.

FABLE VIII.

The misfortunes of his family oblige Cadmus to leave Thebes, and to retire with his wife Hermione to Illyria, where they are changed into serpents.

The son of Agenor knows not that his daughter and his little grandson are *now* Deities of the sea. Forced by sorrow, and a succession of calamities, and the prodigies which, many in number, he had beheld, the founder flies from his city, as though the *ill*-luck of the spot, and not his own, pressed *hard* upon him, and driven, in a long series of wandering, he reaches the coast of Illyria, with his exiled wife. And now, loaded with woes and with years, while they are reflecting on the first disasters of their house, and in their discourse are recounting their misfortunes, Cadmus says, "Was that dragon a sacred one, that was pierced by my spear, at the time when, setting out from Sidon, I sowed the teeth of the dragon in the ground, a seed *till then* unknown? If the care of the Gods avenges this with resentment so unerring, I pray that I myself, as a serpent, may be lengthened out into an extended belly." *Thus* he says; and, as a

serpent, he is lengthened out into an extended belly, and perceives scales growing on his hardened skin, and his black body become speckled with azure spots; and he falls flat on his breast, and his legs, joined into one, taper out by degrees into a thin round point. His arms are still remaining; those arms which remain he stretches out; and, as the tears are flowing down his face, still that of a man, he says, "Come hither, wife, come hither, most unhappy one, and, while something of me yet remains, touch me; and take my hand, while it is *still* a hand, *and* while I am not a serpent all over." He, indeed, desires to say more, but, on a sudden, his tongue is divided into two parts. Nor are words in his power when he offers *to speak*; and as often as he attempts to utter any complaints, he makes a hissing: this is the voice that Nature leaves him. His wife, smiting her naked breast with her hand, cries aloud, "Stay, Cadmus! and deliver thyself, unhappy one, from this monstrous form. Cadmus, what means this? Where are thy feet? where are both thy shoulders and thy hands? where is thy color and thy form, and, while I speak, *where* all else *besides*? Why do ye not, celestial Gods, turn me as well into a similar serpent?" *Thus* she spoke; he licked the face of his wife, and crept into her dear bosom, as though he recognized her; and gave her embraces, and reached her well-known neck.

Whoever is by, (some attendants are present), is alarmed; but the crested snakes soothe them with their slippery necks, and suddenly they are two *serpents*, and in joined folds they creep along, until they enter the covert of an adjacent grove. Now, too, do they neither shun mankind, nor hurt them with wounds, and the gentle serpents keep in mind what once they were.

EXPLANATION.

After Cadmus had reigned at Thebes many years, a conspiracy was formed against him. Being driven from the throne, and his grandson Pentheus assuming the crown, he and his wife Hermione retired into Illyria, where, as Apollodorus says, he commanded the Illyrian army, and at length was chosen king: on his death, the story here related by Ovid was invented. It is possible that it may have been based on the following grounds: —

The Phœnicians were anciently called ‘Achivi,’ which name they still retained after their establishment in Greece. ‘Chiva’ being also the Hebrew, and perhaps Phœnician word for ‘a serpent,’ the Greeks, probably in reference to the Phœnician origin of Cadmus, reported after his death, that he and his wife were serpents; and in time, that transformation may have been stated to have happened at the end of his life. According to Aulus Gellius, the ancient inhabitants of Illyria had two eyelids to each eye, and with their looks, when angered, they were able to kill those whom they beheld stedfastly. The Greeks hence called them serpents and basilisks; and, it is not unlikely, that when Cadmus retired among them, they said that he had become one of the Illyrians, otherwise a dragon, or a serpent. All the ancient writers who mention his history agree that Cadmus really did retire into Illyria, where he first assisted the Enchelians in their war against the Illyrians. The latter were defeated, and, to obtain a peace from the Enchelians, they gave the crown to Cadmus; to which, on his death, his son Illyrus succeeded. The historian Christodorus, quoted by Pausanias, says that he built the city of Nygnis, in the country of the Enchelians.

Some writers have supposed, upon the authority of Euhemerus as quoted by Eusebius that Cadmus was not the son of Agenor, but was one of his officers, who eloped thence with Hermione, a young girl. Others suppose that Cadmus is not really a proper name, but that it signifies a ‘leader,’ or ‘conductor;’ and that he received the name from leading a colony into Greece. Bochart says that he was called Cadmus, because he came from the eastern part of Phœnicia, which is called in Scripture ‘Cadmonia,’ or ‘oriental;’ and that Hermione probably received her name from Mount Hermon.

FABLE IX.

Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danaë, having killed Medusa, carries her head into Africa, where the blood that runs from it produces serpents. Atlas, king of that country, terrified at the remembrance of an oracle, which had foretold that his golden fruit should be taken by one of the sons of Jupiter, not only orders him to depart, but even resorts to violence to drive him away, on which Perseus shows him

the Gorgon's head, and changes him into a mountain.

But yet their grandson, *Bacchus* gave them both a great consolation, under this change of form; whom India, subdued *by him*, worshipped *as a God*, and whom Achaia honored with erected temples. Acrisius the son of Abas, descended of the same race, alone remained, to drive him from the walls of the Argive city, and to bear arms against the God, and to believe him not to be the offspring of Jove. Neither did he think Perseus to be the offspring of Jupiter, whom Danaë had conceived in a shower of gold; but soon (so great is the power of truth) Acrisius was sorry, both that he had insulted the God, and that he had not acknowledged his grandson. The one was now placed in heaven, while the other, bearing the memorable spoil of the viperous monster, cut the yielding air with hissing wings; and while the conqueror was hovering over the Libyan sands, bloody drops, from the Gorgon's head, fell down, upon receiving *which*, the ground quickened them into various serpents. For this cause, that region is filled and infested with snakes.

Carried thence, by the fitful winds, through boundless space, he is borne now here, now there, just like a watery cloud, and, from the lofty sky, looks down upon the earth, removed afar; and he flies over the whole world. Three times he saw the cold Bears, thrice did he see the claws of the Crab; oftentimes he was borne to the West, many a time to the East. And now, the day declining, afraid to trust himself to the night, he stopped in the Western part of the world, in the kingdom of Atlas; and *there* he sought a little rest, until Lucifer should usher forth the fires of Aurora, Aurora, the chariot of the day. Here was Atlas, the son of Iapetus, surpassing all men in the vastness of his body. Under this king was the extremity of the earth, and the sea which holds its waters under the panting horses of the Sun, and receives the wearied chariot. For him, athousand flocks, and as many herds, wandered over the pastures, and no neighboring places disturbed the land. Leaves of the trees, shining with radiant gold, covered branches of gold, *and* apples of gold. "My friend," said Perseus to him, "if the glory of a noble race influences thee, Jupiter is the author of my descent; or if thou art an admirer of exploits, thou wilt admire mine. I beg of thee hospitality, and a resting place." The other was mindful of an ancient oracle. The Parnassian Themis had

given this response: "A time will come, Atlas, when thy tree shall be stripped of its gold, and a son of Jove shall have the honor of the prize." Dreading this, Atlas had enclosed his orchard with solid walls, and had given it to be kept by a huge dragon; and expelled all strangers from his territories. To *Perseus*, too, he says, "Far hence begone, lest the glory of the exploits, to which thou falsely pretendest, and Jupiter as well, be far from protecting thee." He adds violence as well to his threats, and tries to drive him from his doors, as he hesitates and mingles resolute words with persuasive ones. Inferior in strength (for who could be a match for Atlas in strength?), he says "Since my friendship is of so little value to thee, accept *this* present;" and then, turning his face away, he exposes on the left side the horrible features of Medusa. Atlas, great as he is, becomes a mountain. Now his beard and his hair are changed into woods; his shoulders and his hands become mountain ridges, and what was formerly his head, is the summit on the top of the mountain. His bones become stones; then, enlarged on every side, he grows to an immense height (so you willed it, ye Gods), and the whole heaven, with so many stars, rests upon him.

EXPLANATION.

The story of the seduction of Danaë, the mother of *Perseus*, by Jupiter, in the form of a shower of gold, has been thus explained by some of the ancient writers. Acrisius, hearing of a prediction that Danaë, his daughter, should bring forth a child that would kill him, caused her to be shut in a tower with brazen gates, or, according to some, in a subterraneous chamber, covered with plates of that metal; which place, according to Pausanias, remained till the time of Perilaus, the king of Argos, by whom it was destroyed. The precautions of Acrisius were, however, made unavailing by his brother Proetus; who, falling in love with his niece, corrupted the guards with gold, and gained admission into the tower. Danaë, being delivered of *Perseus*, her father caused them to be exposed in a boat to the mercy of the waves. Being cast on shore near Seriphus, the king, Polydectes, gave them a hospitable reception, and took care of the education of *Perseus*.

Diodorus Siculus says that the Gorgons were female warriors, who inhabited the neighborhood of Lake Tritonis, in Libya. Pausanias explains the story of Medusa, by saying that she ruled the people in that neighborhood, and laid waste the lands of the nations in her vicinity. Perseus, having fled, with some companions, from Peloponnesus, surprised her by night, and killed her, together with her escort. The next morning, the beauty of her face appeared so remarkable that he cut it off, and afterwards 149 took it with him to Greece, to show it to the people, who could not look on it without being struck with astonishment. On this explanation we may remark, that if it is true, Perseus must have had more skill than the surgeons of our day, in being able to preserve the beauty of the features so long after death.

Again, many of the ancient historians, with Pliny, Athenæus, and Solinus, think that the Gorgons were wild women of a savage nature, living in caves and forests, who, falling on wayfarers, committed dreadful atrocities. Palæphatus and Fulgentius think that the Gorgons really were three young women, possessed of great wealth, which they employed in a very careful manner; Phorcus, 169 their father, having left them three islands, and a golden statue of Minerva, which they placed in their common treasury. They had one minister in common for the management of their affairs, who used to go for that purpose from one island to another, whence arose the story that they had but one eye, and that they lent it to one another alternately. Perseus, afugitive from Argos, hearing of the golden statue, determined to obtain it; and with that view, seized their minister, or, in the allegorical language of the poets, took their eye away from them. He then sent them word, that if they would give him the statue, he would deliver up his captive, and threatened, in case of refusal, to put him to death. Stheno and Euryale consented to this; but Medusa resisting, she was killed by Perseus. Upon his obtaining the statue, which was called the Gorgon, or Gorgonian, he broke it in pieces, and placed the head on the prow of his ship. As the sight of this, and the fame of the exploits of Perseus, spread terror everywhere, and caused passive submission to him, the fable originated, that with Medusa's head he turned his enemies into stone. Landing in the Isle of Seriphus, the king fled, with all his subjects; and, on entering the

chief city, finding nothing but the bare stones there, he caused the report to be spread, that he had petrified the inhabitants.

Servius, in his Commentary on the *Æneid*, quotes an opinion of Ammonius Serenus, that the Gorgons were young women of such beauty as to make a great impression on all that saw them; for which reason they were said to turn them into statues. LeClerc thinks that the story bears reference to a voyage which the Phœnicians had made in ancient times to the coast of Africa, whence they brought a great number of horses; and that the name 'Perseus' comes from the Phœnician word 'pharscha,' 'a horseman;' while the horse Pegasus was so called from the Phœnician 'pagsous,' 'a bridled horse,' according to the conjecture of Bochart. Alexander of Myndus, ahistorian quoted by Athenæus, says that Libya had an animal which the natives called 'gorgon;' that it resembled a sheep, and with its breath killed all those who approached it; that a tuft of hair fell over its eyes, which was so heavy as to be removed with difficulty, for the purpose of seeing the objects around it; but that when it was removed, by its looks it struck dead any person whom it gazed upon. He says, that in the war with Jugurtha, some of the soldiers of Marius were thus slain by it, and that it was at last killed by means of arrows discharged from a great distance.

The Gorgons are said to have inhabited the Gorgades, islands in the *Æthiopian Sea*, the chief of which was called Cerna, according to Diodorus and Palæphatus. It is not improbable that the Cape Verde Islands were called by this name. The fable of the transformation of Atlas into the mountain of that name may possibly have been based upon the simple fact, that Perseus killed him in the neighborhood of that range, from which circumstance it derived the name which it has borne ever since. The golden apples, which Atlas guarded with so much care, were probably either gold mines, which Atlas had discovered in the mountains of his country, and had secured with armed men and watchful dogs; or sheep, whose fleeces were extremely valuable for their fineness; or else oranges and lemons, and other fruits peculiar to very hot climates, for the production of which the poets especially remarked the country of Tingitana (the modern Tangier), as being very celebrated.

FABLE X.

Perseus, after his victory over Atlas, and his change into a mountain, arrives in Æthiopia, at the time when Andromeda is exposed to be devoured by a monster. He kills it, and hides the Gorgon's head under the sand, covered with sea-weed and plants; which are immediately turned into coral. He then renders thanks to the Gods for his victory, and marries Andromeda. At the marriage feast he relates the manner in which he had killed Medusa; and the reason why Minerva had changed her hair into serpents.

The grandson of Hippotas had shut up the winds in their eternal prison; and Lucifer, who reminds *men* of their work, was risen in the lofty sky, in all his splendor. Resuming his wings, *Perseus* binds his feet with them on either side, and is girt with his crooked weapon, and cleaves the liquid air with his winged ankles. Nations innumerable being left behind, around and below, he beholds the people of the Æthiopians and the lands of Cepheus. There the unjust Ammon had ordered the innocent Andromeda to suffer punishment for her mother's tongue.

Soon as the descendant of Abas beheld her, with her arms bound to the hard rock, but that the light breeze was moving her hair, and her eyes were running with warm tears, he would have thought her to be a work of marble. Unconsciously he takes fire, and is astonished; captivated with the appearance of her beauty, *thus* beheld, he almost forgets to wave his wings in the air. When he has lighted *on the ground*, he says, "Othou, undeserving of these chains, but *rather* of those by which anxious lovers are mutually united, disclose to me, inquiring both the name of this land and of thyself, and why thou wearest *these* chains." At first she is silent, and, avirgin, she does not dare address a man; and with her hands she would have concealed her blushing features, if she had not been bound; her eyes, 'twas *all* she could do, she filled with gushing tears. Upon his often urging her, lest she should seem unwilling to confess her offence, she told the name both of her country and herself, and how great had been the confidence of her mother in her beauty. All not yet being told, the waves roared, and a monster approaching, appeared with its head

raised out of the boundless ocean, and covered the wide expanse with its breast. The virgin shrieks aloud; her mournful father, and her distracted mother, are there, both wretched, but the latter more justly so. Nor do they bring her any help with them, but tears suitable to the occasion, and lamentations, and they cling round her body, bound *to the rock*.

Then thus the stranger says: "Plenty of time will be left for your tears *hereafter*, the season for giving aid is *but* short. If I were to demand her *in marriage*, I, Perseus, the son of Jove, and of her whom, in prison, Jove embraced in the impregnating *shower of gold*, Perseus, the conqueror of the Gorgon with her serpent locks, and who has dared, on waving wings, to move through the ætherial air, I should surely be preferred before all as your son-in-law. To so many recommendations I endeavor to add merit (if only the Deities favor me). *Only* stipulate that she may be mine, *if* preserved by my valor." Her parents embrace the condition, (for who could hesitate?) and they entreat *his aid*, and promise as well, the kingdom as a dowry. Behold! as a ship onward speeding, with the beak fixed *in its prow*, plows the waters, impelled by the perspiring arms of youths; so the monster, moving the waves by the impulse of its breast, was as far distant from the rocks, as *that distance* in the mid space of air, which a Balearic string can pass with the whirled plummet of lead; when suddenly the youth, spurning the earth with his feet, rose on high into the clouds. As the shadow of the hero was seen on the surface of the sea, the monster vented its fury on the shadow *so* beheld. And as the bird of Jupiter, when he has espied on the silent plain a serpent exposing its livid back to the sun, seizes it behind; and lest it should turn upon him its raging mouth, fixes his greedy talons in its scaly neck; so did the winged *hero*, in his rapid flight through the yielding *air*, press the back of the monster, and the descendant of Inachus thrust his sword up to the very hilt in its right shoulder, as it roared aloud.

Tortured by the grievous wound, it sometimes raises itself aloft in the air, sometimes it plunges beneath the waves, sometimes it wheels about, just like a savage boar, which a pack of hounds in full cry around him affrights. With swift wings he avoids the eager bites *of the monster*, and, with his crooked sword, one while wounds its back

covered with hollow shells, where it is exposed, at another time the ribs of its sides, and now, where its tapering tail terminates in *that of* a fish. The monster vomits forth from its mouth streams mingled with red blood; its wings, *made heavy by it*, are wet with the spray. Perseus, not daring any longer to trust himself on his dripping pinions, beholds a rock, which with its highest top projects from the waters *when* becalmed, *but is now* covered by the troubled sea. Resting on that, and clinging to the upper ridge of the rock with his left hand, three or four times he thrusts his sword through its entrails aimed at *by him*. Ashout, with applause, fills the shores and the lofty abodes of the Gods. Cassiope and Cepheus, the father, rejoice, and salute him as their son-in-law, and confess that he is the support and the preserver of their house.

Released from her chains, the virgin walks along, both the reward and the cause of his labors. He himself washes his victorious hands in water taken *from the sea*; and that it may not injure the snake-bearing head with the bare sand, he softens the ground with leaves; and strews some weeds produced beneath the sea, and lays upon them the face of Medusa, the daughter of Phorcys. The fresh weeds, being still alive, imbibed the poison of the monster in their spongy pith, and hardened by its touch; and felt an unwonted stiffness in their branches and their leaves. But the Nymphs of the sea attempt the wondrous feat on many *other* weeds, and are pleased at the same result; and raise seed again from them scattered on the waves. Even now the same nature remains in the coral, that it receives hardness from contact with the air; and what was a plant in the sea, out of the sea becomes stone.

To three Deities he erects as many altars of turf; the left one to Mercury; the right to thee, warlike Virgin; the altar of Jove is in the middle. A cow is sacrificed to Minerva; a calf to the wing-footed *God*, and a bull to thee, greatest of the Deities. Forthwith he takes Andromeda, and the reward of an achievement so great, without any dowry. Hymenæus and Cupid wave their torches before them; the fires are heaped with abundant perfumes. Garlands, too, are hanging from the houses: flageolets and lyres, and pipes, and songs resound, the happy tokens of a joyous mind. The folding-doors thrown open, the entire gilded halls are displayed, and the nobles of king Cepheus

sit down at a feast furnished with splendid preparations. After they have done the feast, and have cheered their minds with the gifts of the generous Bacchus, the grandson of Abas inquires the customs and habits of the country. Immediately one *of them*, Lyncides, tells him, on his inquiring, the manners and habits of the inhabitants. Soon as he had told him these things, he said, "Now, most valiant Perseus, tell us, Ibeseech thee, with how great valor and by what arts thou didst cut off the head all hairy with serpents." The descendant of Abas tells them that there is a spot situate beneath cold Atlas, safe in its bulwark of a solid mass; that, in the entrance of this, dwelt the two sisters, the daughters of Phorcys, who shared the use of a single eye; that he stealthily, by sly craft, while it was being handed over, obtained possession of this by putting his hand in the way; and that through rocks far remote, and pathless, and bristling with woods on their craggy sides, he had arrived at the abodes of the Gorgons, and saw everywhere, along the fields and the roads, statues of men and wild beasts turned into stone, from their *natural form*, at the sight of Medusa; yet that he himself, from the reflection on the brass of the shield which his left hand bore, beheld the visage of the horrible Medusa; and that, while a sound sleep held her and her serpents *entranced*, he took the head from off the neck; and that Pegasus and his brother, fleet with wings, were produced from the blood of *her*, their mother. He added, too, the dangers of his lengthened journey, *themselves* no fiction; what seas, what lands he had seen beneath him from on high, and what stars he had reached with his waving wings.

Yet, before it was expected, he was silent; *whereupon* one of the nobles rejoined, inquiring why she alone, of the sisters, wore snakes mingled alternately with her hair. "Stranger," said he, "since thou inquirest on a matter worthy to be related, hear the cause of the thing thou inquirest after. She was the most famed for her beauty, and the coveted hope of many wooers; nor, in the whole of her person, was any part more worthy of notice than her hair: I have met *with some* who said they had seen it. The sovereign of the sea is said to have deflowered her in the Temple of Minerva. The daughter of Jove turned away, and covered her chaste eyes with her shield. And that this might not be unpunished, she changed the hair of the Gorgon into hideous snakes. Now, too, that she may alarm her surprised foes

with terror, she bears in front upon her breast, those snakes which she *thus* produced.”

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EXPLANATION.

It is extremely difficult to surmise what may have given rise to many of the fabulous circumstances here narrated. It has been conjectured by some, that Pegasus and his brother Chrysaor, the two horses produced from the blood of Medusa, were really two ships in the harbor of the island where that princess was residing at the time when she was slain by Perseus; and that, on that event, they were seized by him. Perhaps they had the figure of a winged horse on the prow; from which circumstance the fable had its origin. Possibly, the story of the production of coral from the blood of Medusa may have originated in the fact, that on the defeat of the Gorgons, navigation became more safe, and, consequently, the fishing for coral more common than it had been before.

The story of the exposure of Andromeda may be founded on the fact, that she was contracted by her parents against her will to some fierce, piratical prince, who infested the adjacent seas with his depredations; and that the betrothal was made, on condition that he should allow the realms of her father, Cepheus, to be free and undisturbed; Perseus, being informed of this, slew the pirate, and Phineus having been kept in a state of inactivity through dread of the valor of Perseus, it was fabled that he had been changed into a stone. This interpretation of the story is the one suggested by Vossius.

Some writers think, that Phineus, the uncle of Andromeda, was the enemy from which she was rescued by Perseus, and who is here represented under the form of a monster; while others suggest that this monster was the name of the ship in which the pirate before mentioned was to have carried away Andromeda.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

FABLE I.

While Perseus is continuing the relation of the adventures of Medusa, Phineus, to whom Andromeda has been previously promised in marriage, rushes into the palace, with his adherents, and attacks his rival. A furious combat is the consequence, in which Perseus gives signal proofs of his valor. At length, perceiving himself likely to be overpowered by the number of his enemies, he shows them the head of the Gorgon; on which Phineus and his followers are turned into statues of stone. After this victory, he takes Andromeda with him to Argos, his native city, where he turns the usurper Proetus into stone, and re-establishes his grandfather Acrisius on the throne.

And while the hero, the son of Danaë, is relating these things in the midst of the company of the subjects of Cepheus, the royal courts are filled with a raging multitude; nor is the clamor such as celebrates a marriage-feast, but one which portends dreadful warfare. You might compare the banquet, changed into a sudden tumult, to the sea, which, when calm, the boisterous rage of the winds disturbs by raising its waves.

Foremost among these, Phineus, the rash projector of the onslaught, shaking an ashen spear with a brazen point, cries, "Behold! *now*, behold! I am come, the avenger of my wife, ravished from me; neither shall thy wings nor Jupiter turned into fictitious gold, deliver thee from me." As he is endeavoring to hurl *his lance*, Cepheus cries out, "What art thou doing? What fancy, my brother, impels thee, in thy madness, to this crime? Is this the due acknowledgment to return for deserts so great? Dost thou repay the life of her *thus* preserved, with this reward? 'Twas not Perseus, if thou wouldst know the truth, that took her away from thee; but the incensed majesty of the Nereids, and horned Ammon, and the monster of the sea, which came to be glutted with my bowels. She was snatched from thee at that moment, at which she was to have perished; unless it is that thou dost, in thy cruelty, insist upon that

very thing, that she should perish, and wilt be appeased only by my affliction. It is not enough, forsooth, that in thy presence she was bound and that thou, both her uncle and her betrothed, didst give no assistance; wilt thou be grieving, besides, that she was saved by another, and wilt thou deprive him of his reward? If this appears great to thee, thou shouldst have recovered it from the rock to which it was fastened. Now, let him who has recovered it, through whom my old age is not childless, have what he stipulated for, both by his merits and his words; and know that he was preferred not before thee, but before certain death.”

Phineus said nothing, on the other hand; but viewing both him and *Perseus*, with alternate looks, he was uncertain whether he should *first* attack the one or the other; and, having paused a short time, he vainly threw his spear, hurled with all the force that rage afforded. As it stood fixed in the cushion, then, at length, *Perseus* leapt off from the couch, and in his rage would have pierced the breast of his enemy with the weapon, thrown back, had not *Phineus* gone behind an altar, and *thus* (how unworthily!) an altar protected a miscreant. However, the spear, not thrown in vain, stuck in the forehead of *Rhoetus*; who, after he fell, and the steel was wrenched from the skull, he *still* struggled, and besprinkled the laid tables with his blood. But then does the multitude burst forth into ungovernable rage, and hurl their weapons. Some there are, who say that *Cepheus* ought to die with his son-in-law; but *Cepheus* has gone out by the entrance of the house, calling right and good faith to witness, and the Gods of hospitality, that this disturbance is made contrary to his will. The warlike *Pallas* comes; and with her shield protects her brother *Perseus*, and gives him courage. There was an Indian, *Athis* by name, whom *Limnate*, the daughter of the river *Ganges*, is believed to have brought forth beneath the glassy waters; excelling in beauty, which he improved by his rich dress; in his prime, as yet but twice eight years of age, dressed in a purple tunic, which a golden fringe bordered; agilded necklace graced his neck, and a curved hair-pin his hair wet with myrrh. He, indeed, had been taught to hit things, although at a distance, with his hurled javelin, but *he was* more skilled at bending the bow. *Perseus* struck him even then, as he was bending with his hands the flexible horns of a bow, with a billet,

which, placed in the middle of the altar, was smoking, and he crushed his face into his broken skull.

When the Assyrian Lycabas, who was a most attached friend of his, and no concealer of his real affection, saw him rolling his features, the objects of such praises, in his blood; after he had bewailed Athis, breathing forth his life from this cruel wound, he seized the bow which he had bent, and said, "And *now* let the contest against thee be with me; not long shalt thou exult in the fate of the youth, by which thou acquirest more hatred than praise." All this he had not yet said, *when* the piercing weapon darted from the string, and *though* avoided, still it hung in the folds of his garment. The grandson of Acrisius turned against him his falchion, *already* proved in the slaughter of Medusa, and thrust it into his breast. But he, now dying, with his eyes swimming in black night, looked around for Athis, and sank upon him, and carried to the shades the consolation of a united death. Lo! Phorbas of Syene, the son of Methion, and Amphimedon, the Libyan, eager to engage in the fight, fell down, slipping in the blood with which the earth was warm, soaked on every side; as they arose the sword met them, being thrust in the ribs of the one, *and* in the throat of Phorbas. But Perseus does not attack Erithus, the son of Actor, whose weapon is a broad battle-axe, by using his sword, but he takes up, with both hands, a huge bowl, standing out with figures deeply embossed, and of vast mass in its weight, and hurls it against the man. The other vomits forth red blood, and, falling on his back, beats the ground with his dying head. Then he slays Polydæmon, sprung from the blood of Semiramis, and the Caucasian Abaris, and Lycetus, the son of Sperchius, and Elyces, with unshorn locks, and Phlegias, and Clytus; and he tramples upon the heaps of the dying, which he has piled up.

But Phineus, not daring to engage hand to hand with his enemy, hurls his javelin, which accident carries against Idas, who, in vain, has declined the warfare and has followed the arms of neither. He, looking at the cruel Phineus with stern eyes, says, "Since I am *thus* forced to take a side, take the enemy, Phineus, that thou hast made, and make amends for my wound with this wound." And now, just about to return the dart drawn from his body, he falls sinking down upon his limbs void of blood. Here, too, Odytes, the next in rank

among the followers of Cepheus, after the king, lies prostrate under the sword of Clymenus; Hypseus kills Protenor, *and* Lyncides Hypseus. There is, too, among them the aged Emathion, an observer of justice, and a fearer of the Gods; as his years prevent him from fighting, he engages by talking, and he condemns and utters imprecations against their accursed arms. As he clings to the altars with trembling hands, Chromis cuts off his head with his sword, which straightway falls upon the altar, and there, with his dying tongue he utters words of execration, and breathes forth his soul in the midst of the fires. Upon this, two brothers, Broteas and Ammon invincible at boxing, if swords could only be conquered by boxing, fell by the hand of Phineus; Ampycus, too, the priest of Ceres, having his temples wreathed with a white fillet. Thou too, son of Iapetus, not to be employed for these services; but one who tuned the lyre, the work of peace, to thy voice, hadst been ordered to attend the banquet and festival with thy music. As thou art standing afar, and holding the unwarlike plectrum, Pettalus says, laughing, "Go sing the rest to the Stygian ghosts," and fixes the point of the sword in his left temple. He falls, and with his dying fingers he touches once again the strings of the lyre; and in his fall he plays a mournful dirge. The fierce Lycormas does not suffer him to fall unpunished; and tearing away a massive bar from the doorpost on the right, he dashes it against the bones of the middle of the neck *of Pettalus*; struck, he falls to the ground, just like a slaughtered bullock.

The Cinyphian Pelates, too, was trying to tear away the oaken bar of the doorpost on the left; as he was trying, his right hand was fastened *thereto* by the spear of Corythus, the son of Marmarus, and it stood riveted to the wood. *Thus* riveted, Abas pierced his side; he did not fall, however, but dying, hung from the post, which still held fast his hand. Melaneus, too, was slain, who had followed the camp of Perseus, and Dorylas, very rich in Nasamonian land. Dorylas, rich in land, than whom no one possessed it of wider extent, or received *thence* so many heaps of corn. The hurled steel stood fixed obliquely in his groin; the hurt was mortal. When the Bactrian Halcyoneus, the author of the wound, beheld him sobbing forth his soul, and rolling his eyes, he said, "Take *for thine own* this *spot* of earth which thou dost press, out of so many fields," and he left his lifeless body. The

descendant of Abas, as his avenger, hurls against *Halcyoneus* the spear torn from his wound *yet* warm, which, received in the middle of the nostrils, pierced through his neck, and projected on both sides. And while fortune is aiding his hand, he slays, with different wounds, Clytius and Clanis, born of one mother. For an ashen spear poised with a strong arm is driven through both the thighs of Clytius; with his mouth does Clanis bite the javelin. Celadon, the Mendesian, falls, too; Astreus falls, born of a mother of Palestine, *but* of an uncertain father. Æthion, too, once sagacious at foreseeing things to come, *but* now deceived by a false omen; and Thoactes, the armor-bearer of the king, and Agyrtes, infamous for slaying his father.

More work still remains, than what is *already* done; for it is the intention of all to overwhelm one. The conspiring troops fight on all sides, for a cause that attacks both merit and good faith. The one side, the father-in-law, attached in vain, and the new-made wife, together with her mother, encourage; and *these* fill the halls with their shrieks. But the din of arms, and the groans of those that fall, prevail; and for once, Bellona is deluging the household Gods polluted with plenteous blood, and is kindling the combat anew. Phineus, and a thousand that follow Phineus, surround Perseus *alone*; darts are flying thicker than the hail of winter, on both his sides, past his eyes, and past his ears. On this, he places his shoulders against the stone of a large pillar, and, having his back secure, and facing the adverse throng, he withstands their attack. Chaonian Molpeus presses on the left, Nabathæan Ethemon on the right. As a tiger, urged on by hunger, when it hears the lowings of two herds, in different valleys, knows not on which side in preference to rush out, and *yet* is eager to rush out on both; so Perseus, being in doubt whether to bear onward to the right or to the left, repulses Molpeus by a wound in the leg, which he runs through, and is contented with his flight. Nor, indeed, does Ethemon give him time, but fiercely attacks him; and, desirous to inflict a wound deep in his neck, he breaks his sword, wielded with incautious force; and against the extremity of a column which he has struck, the blade flies to pieces, and sticks in the throat of its owner; yet that blow has not power sufficient to *effect* his death. Perseus stabs him with his Cyllenian falchion, trembling, and vainly extending his unarmed hands.

But when Perseus saw his valor *likely* to yield to such numbers, he said, "Since you yourselves force me to do it, I will seek assistance from an enemy: turn away your faces, if any of my friends are here;" and *then* he produced the head of the Gorgon. "*Go*, seek some one else," said Thescelus, "for thy miracles to affect;" and, as he was preparing to hurl his deadly javelin with his hand, he stood fast in that posture, a statue of marble. Ampyx, being next him, made a pass with his sword at the breast of Lyncidas, full of daring spirit, and, while making it, his right hand became stiff, moving neither to one side nor the other. But Nileus, who had falsely boasted that he was begotten by the seven-mouthed Nile, and who had engraved on his shield its seven channels, partly in silver, partly in gold, said, "Behold, Perseus, the origin of my race; thou shalt carry to the silent shades a great consolation for thy death, that thou wast killed by one so great." The last part of his address was suppressed in the midst of the utterance; and you would think his half-open mouth was attempting to speak, but it gave no passage for his words. Eryx rebuked them, and said, "Ye are benumbed by the cowardice of your minds, not by the locks of the Gorgon; rush on with me, and strike to the ground *this* youth that wields his magic arms." He was about to rush on, *when* the earth arrested his steps, and he remained an immovable stone, and an armed statue. But all these met with the punishment they had deserved: there was one man, however, Aconteus *by name*, a soldier of Perseus, for whom while he was fighting, on beholding the Gorgon, he grew hard with stone rising upon him. Astyages, thinking him still alive, struck him with his long sword; the sword resounded with a shrill ringing. While Astyages was in amazement, he took on himself the same nature: and the look of one in surprise remained on his marble features. It is a tedious task to recount the names of the men of the lower rank. Two hundred bodies were *yet* remaining for the fight: two hundred bodies, on beholding the Gorgon, grew stiff.

Now at length Phineus repents of this unjust warfare. But what can he do? He sees statues varying in form, and he recognizes his friends, and demands help of them each, called by name; and not *yet* persuaded, he touches the bodies next him; they are marble. He turns away *his eyes*; and thus suppliant, and stretching forth his hands, that

confessed *his fault*, and his arms obliquely extended, he says, "Perseus, thou hast conquered; remove the direful monster, and take away that stone-making face of thy Medusa, whatever she may be; take it away, I pray. It is not hatred, or the desire of a kingdom, that has urged me to war: for a wife I wielded arms. Thy cause was the better in point of merit, mine in point of time. I am not sorry to yield. Grant me nothing, most valiant man, beyond this life; the rest be thine." Upon his saying such things, and not daring to look upon him, whom he is entreating with his voice, *Perseus* says, "What am I able to give thee, most cowardly Phineus, and, a great boon to a craven, that will I give; lay aside thy fears; thou shalt be hurt by no weapon. Moreover, I will give thee a monument to last forever, and in the house of my father-in-law thou shalt always be seen, that my wife may comfort herself with the form of her betrothed." Thus he said, and he turned the daughter of Phorcys to that side, towards which Phineus had turned himself with trembling face. Then, even as he endeavored to turn away his eyes, his neck grew stiff, and the moisture of his eyes hardened in stone. But yet his timid features, and his suppliant countenance, and his hands hanging down, and his guilty attitude, still remained.

The descendant of Abas, together with his wife, enters the walls of his native city; and as the defender and avenger of his innocent mother, he attacks Prætus. For, his brother being expelled by force of arms, Prætus had taken possession of the citadel of Acrisius; but neither by the help of arms, nor the citadel which he had unjustly seized, did he prevail against the stern eyes of the snake-bearing monster.

EXPLANATION.

The scene of this story is supposed by some to have been in Æthiopia, but it is more probably on the coast of Africa. Josephus and Strabo assert that this event happened near the city of Joppa, or Jaffa: indeed, Josephus says that the marks of the chains with which Andromeda was fastened, were remaining on the rock in his time. Pomponius Mela says, that Cepheus, the father of Andromeda, was king of Joppa, and that the memory of that prince and of his brother

Phineus was honored there with religious services. He says, too, that the inhabitants used to show the bones of the monster which was to have devoured Andromeda. Pliny tells us the same, and that Scaurus carried these bones with him to Rome. He calls the monster 'a Goddess,' 'Dea Cete.' Vossius believes that he means the God Dagon, worshipped among the Syrians under the figure of a fish, or sea-monster. Some authors have suggested that the story of the creature which was to have devoured Andromeda, was a confused version of that of the prophet Jonah.

The alleged power of Perseus, to turn his enemies into stone, was probably, an metaphorical mode of describing his heroism, and the terror which everywhere followed the fame of his victory over the Gorgons. This probably caused such consternation, that it was reported that he petrified his enemies by showing them the head of Medusa. Bochart supposes that the rocky nature of the island of Seriphus, where Polydectes reigned, was the ground of the various stories of the alleged metamorphoses into stone, effected by means of the Gorgon's head.

FABLE II.

Polydectes continues his hatred against Perseus, and treats his victories and triumphs over Medusa as mere fictions, on which Perseus turns him into stone. Minerva leaves her brother, and goes to Mount Helicon to visit the Muses, who show the Goddess the beauties of their habitation, and entertain her with their adventure at the court of Pyreneus, and the death of that prince. They also repeat to her the song of the Pierides, who challenged them to sing.

Yet, O Polydectes, the ruler of little Seriphus, neither the valor of the youth proved by so many toils, nor his sorrows have softened thee; but thou obstinately dost exert an inexorable hatred, nor is there any limit to thy unjust resentment. Thou also detractest from his praises, and dost allege that the death of Medusa is *but* a fiction. "We will give thee a proof of the truth," says Perseus; "have a regard for your eyes, *all besides*;" and he makes the face of the king *become* stone, without blood, by means of the face of Medusa.

Hitherto Tritonia had presented herself as a companion to her

brother, begotten in the golden shower. Now, enwrapped in an encircling cloud, she abandons Seriphus, Cythnus and Gyarus being left on the right. And where the way seems the shortest over the sea, she makes for Thebes and Helicon, frequented by the virgin *Muses*; having reached which mountain she stops, and thus addresses the learned sisters: "The fame of the new fountain has reached my ears, which the hard hoof of the winged steed sprung from the blood of Medusa has opened. That is the cause of my coming. I wished to see this wondrous prodigy; I saw him spring from the blood of his mother." Urania replies, "Whatever, Goddess, is the cause of thy visiting these abodes, thou art most acceptable to our feelings. However, the report is true, and Pegasus is the originator of this spring;" and *then* she conducts Pallas to the sacred streams. She, long admiring the waters produced by the stroke of his foot, looks around upon the groves of the ancient wood, and the caves and the grass studded with flowers innumerable; and she pronounces the Mnemonian maids happy both in their pursuits and in their retreat; when one of the sisters *thus* addresses her:

"O Tritonia, thou who wouldst have come to make one of our number, had not thy valor inclined thee to greater deeds, thou sayest the truth, and with justice thou dost approve both our pursuits and our retreat; and if we are but safe, happy do we reckon our lot. But (to such a degree is no denial borne by villany) all things affright our virgin minds, and the dreadful Pyreneus is placed before our eyes; and not yet have I wholly recovered my presence of mind. He, in his insolence, had taken the Daulian and Phoecean land with his Thracian troops, and unjustly held the government. We were making for the temple of Parnassus; he beheld us going, and adoring our Divinities in a feigned worship he said (for he had recognized us), 'O Mnemonian maids, stop, and do not scruple, I pray, under my roof to avoid the bad weather and the showers (for it was raining); oft have the Gods above entered more humble cottages.' Moved by his invitation and the weather, we assented to the man, and entered the front part of his house. The rain had *now* ceased, and the South Wind *now* subdued by the North, the black clouds were flying from the cleared sky. It was our wish to depart. Pyreneus closed his house, and prepared for violence, which we escaped by taking wing. He himself

stood aloft on the top *of his abode*, as though about to follow us, and said ‘Wherever there is a way for you, by the same road there will be *one* for me.’ And then, in his insanity, he threw himself from the height of the summit of the tower, and fell upon his face, and with the bones of his skull thus broken, he struck the ground stained with his accursed blood.”

Thus spoke the Muse. Wings resounded through the air, and a voice of some saluting them came from the lofty boughs. The daughter of Jupiter looked up, and asked whence tongues that speak so distinctly made that noise, and thought that a human being had spoken. They were birds; and magpies that imitate everything, lamenting their fate, they stood perched on the boughs, nine in number. As the Goddess wondered, thus did the Goddess *Urania* commence: “Lately, too, did these being overcome in a dispute, increase the number of the birds. Pierus, rich in the lands of Pella, begot them; the Pæonian Evippe was their mother. Nine times did she invoke the powerful Lucina, being nine times in labor. This set of foolish sisters were proud of their number, and came hither through so many cities of Hæmonia, *and* through so many of Achaia, and engaged in a contest in words such as these: “Cease imposing upon the vulgar with your empty melody. If you have any confidence *in your skill*, ye Thespian Goddesses, contend with us; we will not be outdone in voice or skill; and we are as many in number. Either, if vanquished, withdraw from the spring formed by the steed of Medusa, and the Hyantean Aganippe, or we will retire from the Emathian plains, as far as the snowy Pæonians. Let the Nymphs decide the contest.” It was, indeed, disgraceful to engage, but to yield seemed *even* more disgraceful. The Nymphs that are chosen swear by the rivers, and they sit on seats made out of the natural rock. Then, without casting lots, she who had been the first to propose the contest, sings the wars of the Gods above, and gives the Giants honor not their due, and detracts from the actions of the great Divinities; and *sings* how that Typhœus, sent forth from the lowest realms of the earth, had struck terror into the inhabitants of Heaven; and *how* they had all turned their backs in flight, until the land of Egypt had received them in their weariness, and the Nile, divided into its seven mouths. She tells, how that Typhœus had come there, too, and the

Gods above had concealed themselves under assumed shapes; and ‘Jupiter,’ she says, ‘becomes the leader of the flock, whence, even at the present day, the Libyan Ammon is figured with horns. *Apollo*, the Delian *God*, lies concealed as a crow, the son of Semele as a he-goat, the sister of Phœbus as a cat, *Juno*, the daughter of Saturn, as a snow-white cow, Venus as a fish, *Mercury*, the Cyllenian *God*, beneath the wings of an Ibis.’

“Thus far she had exerted her noisy mouth to *the sound* of the lyre; we of Aonia were *then* called upon; but perhaps thou hast not the leisure, nor the time to lend an ear to our strains.” Pallas says, “Do not hesitate, and repeat your song to me in its order;” and she takes her seat under the pleasant shade of the grove. The Muse *then* tells her story. “We assigned the management of the contest to one of *our number*. Calliope rises, and, having her long hair gathered up with ivy, tunes with her thumb the sounding chords; and *then* sings these lines in concert with the strings when struck.”

EXPLANATION.

According to Plutarch, the adventure of the Muses with Pyreneus, and of their asking wings of the Gods to save themselves, is a metaphor, which shows that he, when reigning in Phocis, was no friend to learning. As he had caused all the institutions in which it was taught to be destroyed, it was currently reported, that he had offered violence to the Muses, and that he lost his life in pursuing them. Ovid is the only writer that mentions him by name.

The challenge given by the Pierides to the Muses is not mentioned by any writer before the time of Ovid. By way of explaining it, it is said, that Pierus was a very bad poet, whose works were full of stories injurious to the credit of the Gods. Hence, in time, it became circulated, that his daughters, otherwise his works, were changed into magpies, thereby meaning that they were full of idle narratives, tiresome and unmeaning. It is not improbable that the story of Typhœus, who forces the Gods to conceal themselves in Egypt, under the forms of various animals, was a poem which Pierus composed on the war of the Gods with the Giants.

FABLE III.

One of the Muses repeats to Minerva the song of Calliope, in answer to the Pierides; in which she describes the defeat of the Giant Typhœus, and Pluto viewing the mountains of Sicily, where Venus persuades her son Cupid to pierce his heart with one of his arrows.

“Ceres was the first to turn up the clods with the crooked plough; she first gave corn and wholesome food to the earth; she first gave laws; everything is the gift of Ceres. She is to be sung by me; I only wish that I could utter verses worthy of the Goddess, *for* doubtless she is a Goddess worthy of my song. The vast island of Trinacria is heaped up on the limbs of the Giant, and keeps down Typhœus, that dared to hope for the abodes of Heaven, placed beneath its heavy mass. He, indeed, struggles, and attempts often to rise, but his right hand is placed beneath the Ausonian Pelorus, his left under thee, Pachynus; his legs are pressed down by Lilybœum; Ætna bears down his head; under it Typhœus, on his back, casts forth sand, and vomits flame from his raging mouth; often does he struggle to throw off the load of earth, and to roll away cities and huge mountains from his body. Then does the earth tremble, and the King of the shades himself is in dread, lest it may open, and the ground be parted with a wide chasm, and, the day being let in, may affright the trembling ghosts.

“Fearing this ruin, the Ruler had gone out from his dark abode; and, carried in his chariot by black horses, he cautiously surveyed the foundations of the Sicilian land. After it was sufficiently ascertained that no place was insecure, and fear was laid aside, Erycina, sitting down upon her mountain, saw him wandering; and, embracing her winged son, she said, Cupid, my son, my arms, my hands, and my might, take up those darts by which thou conquerest all, and direct the swift arrows against the breast of the God, to whom fell the last lot of the triple kingdom. Thou subduest the Gods above, and Jupiter himself; thou *subduest* the conquered Deities of the deep, and him who rules over the Deities of the deep. Why is Tartarus exempt? Why dost thou not extend the Empire of thy mother and thine own? A third part of the world is *now* at stake. And yet so great power is

despised even in our own heaven, and, together with myself, the influence of Love becomes but a trifling matter. Dost thou not see how that Pallas, and Diana, who throws the javelin, have renounced me? The daughter of Ceres, too, will be a virgin, if we shall permit it, for she inclines to similar hopes. But do thou join the Goddess to her uncle, if I have any interest with thee in favor of our joint sway.

“Venus *thus* spoke. He opened his quiver, and, by the direction of his mother, set apart one out of his thousand arrows; but one, than which there is not any more sharp or less unerring, or which is more true to the bow. And he bent the flexible horn, by pressing his knee against it, and struck Pluto in the breast with the barbed arrow.”

EXPLANATION.

The ancients frequently accounted for natural phænomena on fabulous grounds: and whatever they found difficult to explain, from their ignorance of the principles of natural philosophy, they immediately attributed to the agency of a supernatural cause. Ætna was often seen to emit flames, and the earth was subjected to violent shocks from the forces of its internal fires when struggling for a vent. Instead of looking for the source of these eruptions in the sulphur and bituminous matter in which the mountain abounds, they fabled, that the Gods, having vanquished the Giant Typhœus, or, according to some authors, Enceladus, threw Mount Ætna on his body; and that the attempts he made to free himself from the superincumbent weight were the cause of those fires and earthquakes.

FABLE IV.

Pluto surprises Proserpina in the fields of Henna, and carries her away by force. The Nymph Cyane endeavors, in vain, to stop him in his passage, and through grief and anguish, dissolves into a fountain. Ceres goes everywhere in search of her daughter, and, in her journey, turns the boy Stellio into a newt.

“Not far from the walls of Henna there is a lake of deep water, Pergus by name; Cayster does not hear more songs of swans, in his running streams, than that. Awood skirts the lake, surrounding it on

every side, and with its foliage, as though with an awning, keeps out the rays of the sun. The boughs produce a coolness, the moist ground flowers of Tyrian hue. *There* the spring is perpetual. In this grove, while Proserpina is amusing herself, and is plucking either violets or white lilies, and while, with childlike eagerness, she is filling her baskets and her bosom, and is striving to outdo *her companions* of the same age in gathering, almost at the same instant she is beheld, beloved, and seized by Pluto; in such great haste is love. The Goddess, affrighted, with lamenting lips calls both her mother and her companions, but more frequently her mother; and as she has torn her garment from the upper edge, the collected flowers fall from her loosened robes. So great, too, is the innocence of her childish years, this loss excites the maiden's grief as well. The ravisher drives on his chariot, and encourages his horses, called, each by his name, along whose necks and manes he shakes the reins, dyed with swarthy rust. He is borne through deep lakes, and the pools of the Palici, smelling strong of sulphur, *and* boiling fresh from out of the burst earth; and where the Bacchiadæ, a race sprung from Corinth, with its two seas, built a city between unequal harbors.

“There is a stream in the middle, between Cyane and the Pisæan Arethusa, which is confined within itself, being enclosed by mountain ridges at a short distance *from each other*. Here was Cyane, the most celebrated among the Sicilian Nymphs, from whose name the pool also was called, who stood up from out of the midst of the water, as far as the higher part of her stomach, and recognized the God, and said, ‘No further shall you go. Thou mayst not be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. *The girl* should have been asked *of her mother*, not carried away. But if I may be allowed to compare little matters with great ones, Anapis also loved me. Yet I married him, courted, and not frightened *into it*, like her.’ She *thus* said, and stretching her arms on different sides, she stood in his way. The son of Saturn no longer restrained his rage; and encouraging his terrible steeds, he threw his royal sceptre, hurled with a strong arm, into the lowest depths of the stream. The earth, *thus* struck, made a way down to Tartarus, and received the descending chariot in the middle of the yawning space. But Cyane, lamenting both the ravished Goddess, and the slighted privileges of her spring, carries in her silent mind an

inconsolable wound, and is entirely dissolved into tears, and melts away into those waters, of which she had been but lately the great guardian Divinity. You might see her limbs soften, her bones become subjected to bending, her nails lay aside their hardness: each, too, of the smaller extremities of the whole of her body melts away; both her azure hair, her fingers, her legs, and her feet; for easy is the change of those small members into a cold stream. After that, her back, her shoulders, her side, and her breast dissolve, vanishing into thin rivulets. Lastly, pure water, instead of live blood, enters her corrupted veins, and nothing remains which you can grasp *in your hand*.

“In the mean time, throughout all lands and in every sea, the daughter is sought in vain by her anxious mother. Aurora, coming with her ruddy locks does not behold her taking any rest, neither does Hesperus. She, with her two hands, sets light to some pines at the flaming Ætna, and giving herself no rest, bears them through the frosty darkness. Again, when the genial day has dulled the light of the stars, she seeks her daughter from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof. Fatigued by the labor, she has *now* contracted thirst, and no streams have washed her mouth, when by chance she beholds a cottage covered with thatch, and knocks at its humble door, upon which an old woman comes out and sees the Goddess, and gives her, asking for water, asweet drink which she has lately distilled from parched pearly barley. While she is drinking it *thus* presented, aboy of impudent countenance and bold, stands before the Goddess, and laughs, and calls her greedy. She is offended; and a part being not yet quaffed, the Goddess sprinkles him, as he is *thus* talking, with the barley mixed with the liquor.

“His face contracts the stains, and he bears legs where just now he was bearing arms; atail is added to his changed limbs; and he is contracted into a diminutive form, that no great power of doing injury may exist; his size is less than *that of* a small lizard. He flies from the old woman, astounded and weeping, and trying to touch the monstrosity; and he seeks a lurking place, and has a name suited to his color, having his body speckled with various spots.”

EXPLANATION.

The story of the rape of Proserpine has caused much inquiry among writers, both ancient and modern, as to the facts on which it was founded. Some have grounded it on principles of natural philosophy; while others have supposed it to contain some portion of ancient history, defaced and blemished in lapse of time.

The antiquarian Pezeron is of opinion, that in the partition of 198 the world among the Titan kings, Pluto had the west for his share; and that he carried a colony to the further end of Spain, where he caused the gold and silver mines of that region to be worked. The situation of his kingdom, which lay very low, comparatively with Greece, and which the ancients believed to be covered with eternal darkness, gave rise to the fable, that Pluto had got Hell for his share; and this notion was much encouraged by the subterranean nature of the mines which he caused to be worked. He thinks that the river Tartarus, so famed in the realms of Pluto, was no other than the Tartessa, or Guadalquivir of the present day, which runs through the centre of Spain. Lethe, too, he thinks to have been the Guadalaviar, in the same country. Pluto, he suggests, had heard of the beauty of Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, queen of Sicily, and carried her thence, which gave rise to the tradition that she had been carried to the Infernal Regions.

Le Clerc, on the other hand, thinks that it was not Pluto that carried away Proserpine, but Aidoneus, king of Epirus, or Orcus king of the Molossians. Aidoneus is supposed to have wrought mines in his kingdom, and, as the entrance into it was over a river called Acheron, that prince has often been confounded with Pluto; Epirus too, which was situate very low, may have been figuratively described as the Infernal Regions; for which reason, the journeys of Theseus and Hercules into Epirus may have been spoken of as descents into the Stygian abodes. LeClerc supposes that Ceres was reigning in Sicily at the time when Aidoneus was king of Epirus, and that she took great care to instruct her subjects in the art of tilling the ground and sowing corn, and established laws for regulating civil government and the preservation of private property; for which reasons she was afterward deemed to be the Goddess of the Earth, and of Corn. Cicero and Diodorus Siculus tell us that Ceres made her residence at Enna, or Henna, in Sicily, which name, according to

Bochart, signifies 'agreeable fountain.' Cicero and Strabo agree with Ovid in telling us that Proserpine, the only daughter of Ceres, whom other writers name Pherephata, was walking in the adjacent meadows, and gathering flowers with her companions; upon which, certain pirates seized her, and, placing her in a chariot, carried her to the seaside, whence they embarked for Epirus. As Pausanias tells us, it was immediately spread abroad, that Aidoneus, or Pluto, as he was called, had done it, the act having been really committed by others, according to his orders. As those who carried her off concealed themselves in the caverns of Mount Ætna, awaiting their opportunity to escape, it was afterwards fabled that Pluto came out of the Infernal Regions at that 177 place; as that mountain, from its nature, was always deemed one of the outlets of Hell. Upon this, Ceres went to Greece, in search of her daughter; and, resting at Eleusis, in Attica, she heard that the ship in which her daughter was carried away had sailed westward. On this, she complained to Jupiter, one of the Titan kings, but could obtain no further satisfaction than that her daughter should be permitted to visit her occasionally, whereby, at length, her grief was mitigated.

Banier does not agree with these suggestions of Pezeron and LeClerc, and thinks that Ceres is no other personage than the Isis of the Egyptians, supposing that the story is founded on the following circumstance: — Greece, he says, was afflicted with famine in the reign of Erectheus, who was obliged to send to Egypt for corn, when those who went for it brought back the worship of the Deity who presided over agriculture. The evils which the Athenians had suffered by the famine, and the dread of again incurring the same calamity, made them willingly embrace the rites of a Goddess whom they believed able to protect them from it. Triptolemus established her worship in Eleusis, and there instituted the mysteries which he had brought over from Egypt. These had been previously introduced into Sicily, which was the reason why it was said that Ceres came from Sicily to Athens. Her daughter was said to have been taken away, because corn and fruit had not been produced in sufficient quantities, for some time, to furnish food for the people. Pluto was said to have carried her to the Infernal regions, because the grain and seeds at that time remained buried, as it were, at the very center of the earth.

Jupiter was said to have decided the difference between Ceres and Pluto, because the earth again became covered with crops.

This appears to be an ingenious allegorical explanation of the story; but it is not at all improbable that it may have been founded upon actual facts, and that, having lost her daughter, and going to Attica to seek her, Ceres taught Triptolemus the mysteries of Isis; and that, in process of time, Ceres, having become enrolled among the Divinities of Greece, her worship became confounded with that of Isis.

It is very possible that the story of the transformation of Stellio into a newt may have had no other foundation than the Poet's fancy.

FABLE V.

Ceres proceeds in a fruitless search for her daughter over the whole earth, until the Nymph Arethusa acquaints her with the place of her ravisher's abode. The Goddess makes her complaint to Jupiter, and obtains his consent for her daughter's return to the upper world, provided she has not eaten anything since her arrival in Pluto's dominions. Ascalaphus, however, having informed that she has eaten some seeds of a pomegranate, Ceres is disappointed, and Proserpine, in her wrath, metamorphoses the informer into an owl. The Sirens have wings given them by the Gods, to enable them to be more expeditious in seeking for Proserpine. Jupiter, to console Ceres for her loss, decides that her daughter shall remain six months each year with her mother upon earth, and the other six with her husband, in the Infernal Regions.

"It were a tedious task to relate through what lands and what seas the Goddess wandered; for her search the world was too limited. She returns to Sicily; and while, in her passage, she views all *places*, she comes, too, to Cyane; she, had she not been transformed, would have told her everything. But both mouth and tongue were wanting to her, *thus* desirous to tell, and she had no means whereby to speak. Still, she gave unmistakable tokens, and pointed out, on the top of the water, the girdle of Proserpine, well known to her parent, which by chance had fallen off in that place into the sacred stream.

"Soon as she recognized this, as if then, at last, she fully

understood that her daughter had been carried away the Goddess tore her unadorned hair, and struck her breast again and again with her hands. Not as yet does she know where she is, yet she exclaims against all countries, and calls them ungrateful, and not worthy of the gifts of corn; *and* Trinacria before *all* others, in which she has found the proofs of her loss. Wherefore, with vengeful hand, she there broke the ploughs that were turning up the clods, and, in her anger, consigned to a similar death both the husbandmen and the oxen that cultivated the fields, and ordered the land to deny a return of what had been deposited *therein*, and rendered the seed corrupted. The fertility of the soil, famed over the wide world, lies in ruin, the corn dies in the early blade, and sometimes excessive heat of the sun, sometimes excessive showers, spoil it. Both the Constellations and the winds injure it, and the greedy birds pick up the seed as it is sown; darnel, and thistles, and unconquerable weeds, choke the crops of wheat.

“Then the Alpheian Nymph raised her head from out of the Elean waters, and drew back her dripping hair from her forehead to her ears, and said, “O thou mother of the virgin sought over the whole world, and of the crops *as well*, cease *at length* thy boundless toil, and in thy wrath be not angered with a region that is faithful to thee. This land does not deserve it; and against its will it gave a path for *the commission* of the outrage. Nor am I *now* a suppliant for *my own* country; a stranger I am come hither. Pisa is my native place, and from Elis do I derive my birth. As a stranger do I inhabit Sicily, but this land is more pleasing to me than any other soil. I, Arethusa, now have this for my abode, this for my habitation; which, do thou, most kindly *Goddess*, preserve. Why I have been removed from my *native* place, and have been carried to Ortygia, through the waters of seas so spacious, a seasonable time will come for my telling thee, when thou shalt be eased of thy cares, and *wilt be* of more cheerful aspect. The pervious earth affords me a passage, and, carried beneath its lowest caverns, here I lift my head *again*, and behold the stars which I have not been used *to see*. While, then, I was running under the earth, along the Stygian stream, thy Proserpine was there beheld by my eyes. *She* indeed *was* sad, and not as yet without alarm in her countenance, but still *she is* a queen, and the most ennobled *female* in

the world of darkness; still, too, is she the powerful spouse of the Infernal King.”

“The mother, on hearing these words, stood amazed, as though she *had been made* of stone, and for a long time was like one stupefied; and when her intense bewilderment was dispelled by the weight of her grief, she departed in her chariot into the ætherial air, and there, with her countenance all clouded, she stood before Jupiter, much to his discredit, with her hair dishevelled; and she said, “I have come, Jupiter, as a suppliant to thee, both for my own offspring and for thine. If thou hast no respect for the mother, *still* let the daughter move her father; and I pray thee not to have the less regard for her, because she was brought forth by my travail. Lo! my daughter, so long sought for, has been found by me at last; if you call it finding to be more certain of one’s loss; or if you call it finding, to know where she is. I will endure *the fact*, that she has been carried off, if he will only restore her. For, indeed, a daughter of thine is not deserving of a ravisher for a husband, if now my own daughter is.” Jupiter replied, “Thy daughter is a pledge and charge, in common to me and thee; but, should it please thee only to give right names to things, this deed is not an injury, but it is *a mark of affection*, nor will he, as a son-in-law, be any disgrace to us, if thou only, Goddess, shouldst give thy consent. Although other *recommendations* were wanting, how great a thing is it to be the brother of Jupiter! and besides, is it not because other points are not wanting, and because he is not my inferior, except by the accident *of his allotment of the Stygian abodes*? But if thy eagerness is so great for their separation, let Proserpine return to heaven; still upon this fixed condition, if she has touched no food there with her lips; for thus has it been provided by the law of the Destinies.”

“*Thus* he spoke; still Ceres is *now* resolved to fetch away her daughter; but not so do the Fates permit. For the damsel had broke her fast; and, while in her innocence she was walking about the finely-cultivated garden, she had plucked a pomegranate from the bending tree, and had chewed in her mouth seven grains taken from the pale rind. Ascalaphus alone, of all persons, had seen this, whom Orphne, by no means the most obscure among the Nymphs of

Avernus, is said once to have borne to her own Acheron within *his* dusky caves. He beheld *this*, and cruelly prevented her return by his discovery. The Queen of Erebus grieved, and changed the informer into an accursed bird, and turned his head, sprinkled with the waters of Phlegethon, into a beak, and feathers, and great eyes. He, *thus* robbed of his own *shape*, is clothed with tawny wings, his head becomes larger, his long nails bend inwards, and with difficulty can he move the wings that spring through his sluggish arms. He becomes an obscene bird, the foreboder of approaching woe, alazy owl, adireful omen to mortals.

“But he, by his discovery, and his talkativeness, may seem to have merited punishment. Whence have you, daughters of Acheloüs, feathers and the feet of birds, since you have the faces of maidens? Is it because, when Proserpine was gathering the flowers of spring, you were mingled in the number of her companions? After you had sought her in vain throughout the whole world, immediately, that the waters might be sensible of your concern, you wished to be able, on the support of your wings, to hover over the waves, and you found the Gods propitious, and saw your limbs grow yellow with feathers suddenly formed. But lest the sweetness of your voice, formed for charming the ear, and so great endowments of speech, should lose the gift of a tongue, your virgin countenance and your human voice *still* remained.”

EXPLANATION.

Apollodorus says, that the terms of the treaty respecting Proserpine were, that she should stay on earth nine months with Ceres, and three with Pluto, in the Infernal Regions. Other writers divide the time equally; six months to Ceres, and six to Pluto. They also tell us that the story of Ascalaphus is founded on the fact, that he was one of the courtiers of Pluto, who, having advised his master to carry away Proserpine, did all that lay in his power to obstruct the endeavors of Ceres, and hinder the restoration of her daughter, on which Proserpine had him privately destroyed; to screen which deed the Fable was invented; the pernicious counsels which he gave his master being signified by the seeds of the pomegranate. It has also

been suggested that the story of his change into an owl was based on the circumstance that he was the overseer of the mines of Pluto, in which he perished, removed from the light of day. Perhaps he was there crushed to death by the fall of a rock, which caused the poets to say that Proserpine had covered him with a large stone, as Apollodorus informs us, who also says that it was Ceres who inflicted the punishment upon him. The name 'Ascalaphus' signifies, 'one that breaks stones,' and, very probably, that name was only given him to denote his employment. Some writers state that he was changed into a lizard, which the Greeks call 'Ascalabos,' and, probably, the resemblance between the names gave rise to this version of the story.

Probably, the story of the Nymph Cyane reproaching Pluto with his treatment of Proserpine, and being thereupon changed by him into a fountain, has no other foundation than the propinquity of the place where Pluto's emissaries embarked to a stream of that name near the city of Syracuse; which was, perhaps, overflowing at that time, and may have impeded their passage.

Ovid, probably, feigned that the Sirens begged the Gods to change them into birds, that they might seek for Proserpine, on the ground of some existing tradition, that living on the coast of Italy, near the island of Sicily, and having heard of the misfortune that had befallen her, they ordered a ship with sails to be equipped to go in search of her. Further reference to the Sirens will be made, on treating of the adventures of Ulysses.

FABLE VI.

The Muse continues her song, in which Ceres, being satisfied with the decision of Jupiter relative to her daughter, returns to Arethusa, to learn the history of her adventures. The Nymph entertains the Goddess with the Story of the passion of Alpheus, and his pursuit of her; to avoid which, she implores the assistance of Diana, who changes her into a fountain.

"But Jupiter being the mediator between his brother and his disconsolate sister, divides the rolling year equally *between them*.

For *now*, the Goddess, a common Divinity of two kingdoms, is so many months with her mother, and just as many with her husband. Immediately the appearance of both her mind and her countenance is changed; for the brow of the Goddess, which, of late, might appear sad, even to Pluto, himself, is full of gladness; as the Sun, which has lately been covered with watery clouds, when he comes forth from the clouds, *now* dispersed. The genial Ceres, *now* at ease on the recovery of her daughter, *thus* asks, 'What was the cause of thy wanderings? Why art thou, Arethusa, a sacred spring?' The waters are silent, *and*, the Goddess raises her head from the deep fountain; and, having dried her green tresses with her hand, she relates the old amours of the stream of Elis.

"'I was,' says she, 'one of the Nymphs which exist in Achaia, nor did any one more eagerly skim along the glades than myself, nor with more industry set the nets. But though the reputation for beauty was never sought by me, although, *too*, I was of robust make, *still* I had the name of being beautiful. But my appearance, when so much commended, did not please me; and I, like a country lass, blushed at those endowments of person in which other females are wont to take a pride, and I deemed it a crime to please. I remember, I was returning weary from the Stympalian wood; the weather was hot, and my toil had redoubled the intense heat. I found a stream gliding on without any eddies, without any noise, *and* clear to the bottom; through which every pebble, at so great a depth, might be counted, *and* which you could hardly suppose to be in motion. The hoary willows and poplars, nourished by the water, furnished a shade, spontaneously produced, along the shelving banks. I approached, and, at first, I dipped the soles of my feet, and then, as far as the knee. Not content with that, I undressed, and I laid my soft garments upon a bending willow; and, naked, I plunged into the waters.

"'While I was striking them, and drawing them *towards me*, moving in a thousand ways, and was sending forth my extended arms, I perceived a most unusual murmuring noise beneath the middle of the stream; and, alarmed, I stood on the edge of the nearer bank. 'Whither dost thou hasten, Arethusa?' said Alpheus from his waves. 'Whither dost thou hasten?' again he said to me, in a hollow tone. Just as I was, I fled without my clothes; *for* the other side had

my garments. So much the more swiftly did he pursue, and become inflamed; and, because I was naked, the more tempting to him did I appear. Thus was I running; thus unrelentingly was he pursuing me; as the doves are wont to fly from the hawk with trembling wings, and as the hawk is wont to pursue the trembling doves, I held out in my course even as far as Orchomenus, and Psophis, and Cyllene, and the Mænalian valleys, and cold Erymanthus and Elis. Nor was he swifter than I, but unequal to *him* in strength, I was unable, any longer, to keep up the chase; for he was able to endure prolonged fatigue. However, I ran over fields *and* over mountains covered with trees, rocks too, and crags, and where there was no path. The sun was upon my back; I saw a long shadow advancing before my feet, unless, perhaps, it was my fear that saw it. But, at all events, I was alarmed at the sound of his feet, and his increased hardness of breathing was *now* fanning the fillets of my hair. Wearied with the exertion of my flight, I said, 'Give aid, Dictynna, to thy armor-bearer, *or* I am overtaken; *I*, to whom thou hast so often given thy bow to carry, and thy darts enclosed in a quiver.' The Goddess was moved, and, taking one of the dense clouds, she threw it over me. The river looked about for me, concealed in the darkness, and, in his ignorance sought about the encircling cloud and twice, unconsciously did he go around the place where the Goddess had concealed me, and twice did he cry, 'Ho, Arethusa! Ho, Arethusa!' What, then, were my feelings in my wretchedness? Were they not just those of the lamb, as it hears the wolves howling around the high sheep-folds? Or of the hare, which, lurking in the bush, beholds the hostile noses of the dogs, and dares not make a single movement with her body? Yet he does not depart; for no *further* does he trace any prints of my feet. He watches the cloud and the spot. A cold perspiration takes possession of my limbs *thus* besieged, and azure colored drops distil from all my body. Wherever I move my foot, *there* flows a lake; drops trickle from my hair, and, in less time than I take in acquainting thee with my fate, I was changed into a stream. But still the river recognized the waters, the objects of his love; and, having laid aside the shape of a mortal, which he had assumed, he was changed into his own waters, that he might mingle with me. *Thereupon*, the Delian Goddess cleaved the ground. Sinking, I was carried through dark caverns to Ortygia,

which, being dear to me, from the surname of my own Goddess, was the first to introduce me to the upper air.”

EXPLANATION.

Bochart tells us that the story of the fountain Arethusa and the river Alpheus, her lover, who traversed so many countries in pursuit of her, has no other foundation than an equivocal expression in the language of the first inhabitants of Sicily. The Phœnicians, who went to settle in that island, finding the fountain surrounded with willows, gave it the name of ‘Alphaga,’ or ‘the fountain of the willows.’ Others, again, gave it the name of ‘Arith,’ signifying ‘a stream.’ The Greeks, arriving there in after ages, not understanding the signification of these words, and remembering their own river Alpheus, in Elis, imagined that since the river and the fountain had nearly the same name, Alpheus had crossed the sea, to arrive in Sicily.

This notion appearing, probably, to the poets not devoid of ingenuity, they accordingly founded on it the romantic story of the passion of the river God Alpheus for the Nymph Arethusa. Some of the ancient historians appear, however, in their credulity, really to have believed, at least, apart of the story, as they seriously tell us, that the river Alpheus passes under the bed of the sea, and rises again in Sicily, near the fountain of Arethusa. Even among the more learned, this fable gained credit; for we find the oracle of Delphi ordering Archias to conduct a colony of Corinthians to Syracuse, and the priestess giving the following directions:—‘Go into that island where the river Alpheus mixes his waters with the fair Arethusa.’

Pausanias avows, that he regards the story of Alpheus and Arethusa as a mere fable; but, not daring to dispute a fact established by the response of an oracle, he does not contradict the fact of the river running through the sea, though he is at a loss to understand how it can happen.

FABLE VII.

Ceres entrusts her chariot to Triptolemus, and orders him to go everywhere, and cultivate the earth. He obeys her, and, at length, arrives in Scythia, where Lyncus, designing to kill him, is changed into a lynx. The Muse then finishes her song, on which the daughters of Pierus are changed into magpies.

“Thus far Arethusa. The fertile Goddess yoked two dragons to her chariot, and curbed their mouths with bridles; and was borne through the mid air of heaven and of earth, and guided her light chariot to the Tritonian citadel, to Triptolemus; and she ordered him to scatter the seeds that were entrusted *to him* partly in the fallow ground, *and* partly *in the ground* restored to cultivation after so long a time. Now had the youth been borne on high over Europe and the lands of Asia, and he arrived at the coast of Scythia: Lyncus was the king there. He entered the house of the king. Being asked whence he came, and the occasion of his coming, and his name, and his country, he said, ‘My country is the famous Athens, my name is Triptolemus. I came neither in a ship through the waves, nor on foot by land; the pervious sky made a way for me. I bring the gifts of Ceres, which, scattered over the wide fields, are to yield *you* the fruitful harvests, and wholesome food.’ The barbarian envies him; and that he himself may be *deemed* the author of so great a benefit, he receives him with hospitality, and, when overpowered with sleep, he attacks him with the sword. *But*, while attempting to pierce his breast, Ceres made him a lynx; and again sent the Mopsopian youth to drive the sacred drawers of her chariot through the air.

“The greatest of us had *now* finished her learned song. But the Nymphs, with unanimous voice, pronounced that the Goddesses who inhabit Helicon had proved the conquerors. Then the others, *thus* vanquished, began to scatter their abuse: ‘Since,’ said she, ‘it is a trifling matter for you to have merited punishment by this contest, you add abuse, too, to your fault, and endurance is not permitted us: we shall proceed to punishment, and whither our resentment calls, we shall follow.’ The Emathian sisters smiled, and despised our threatening language; and endeavoring to speak, and to menace with their insolent hands amid great clamor, they beheld quills growing out of their nails, and their arms covered with feathers. And they each see the face of the other shooting out into a hard beak, and new

birds being added to the woods. And while they strive to beat their breasts elevated by the motion of their arms, they hang poised in the air, *as* magpies, the scandal of the groves. Even then their original talkativeness remains in *them* as birds, and their jarring garrulity, and their enormous love of chattering.”

EXPLANATION.

Triptolemus reigned at Eleusis at the time when the mysteries of Ceres were established there. As we are told by Philochorus, he went with a ship, to carry corn into different countries, and introduced there the worship of Ceres, whose priest he was. This is, doubtless, the key for the 188 explanation of the story, that Ceres nursed him on her own milk, and purified him by fire. Some have supposed that the fable refers to the epoch when agriculture was introduced into Greece: but it is much more probable that it relates simply to the introduction there of the mysterious worship of Ceres, which was probably imported from Egypt. It is possible that, at the same period, the Greeks may have learned some improved method of tilling the ground, acquired by their intercourse with Egypt.

Probably, the dangers which Triptolemus experienced in his voyages and travels, gave rise to the story of Lyncus, whose cruelty caused him to be changed into a lynx. Bochart and LeClerc think that the fable of Triptolemus being drawn by winged dragons, is based upon the equivocal meaning of a Phœnician word, which signified either ‘a winged dragon,’ or ‘a ship fastened with iron nails or bolts.’ Philochorus, however, as cited by Eusebius, says that his ship was called a flying dragon, from its carrying the figure of a dragon on its prow. We learn from a fragment of Stobæus, that Erectheus, when engaged in a war against the Eleusinians, was told by the oracle that he would be victorious, if he sacrificed his daughter Proserpine. This, perhaps, may have given rise, or added somewhat, to the story of the rape of Proserpine by Pluto.

According to a fragment of Homer, cited by Pausanias, the names of the first Greeks, who were initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, were, — Celeus, Triptolemus, Eumolpus, and Diocles. Clement of Alexandria calls them Baubon, Dysaulus, Eubuleüs, Eumolpus, and

Triptolemus. Eumolpus being the Hierophant, or explainer of the mysteries of Eleusis, made war against Erectheus, king of Athens. They were both killed in battle, and it was thereupon agreed that the posterity of Erectheus should be kings of Athens, and the descendants of Eumolpus should, in future, retain the office of Hierophant.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

FABLE I.

Arachne, vain-glorious of her ingenuity, challenges Minerva to a contest of skill in her art. The Goddess accepts the challenge, and, being enraged to see herself outdone, strikes her rival with her shuttle; upon which, Arachne, in her distress, hangs herself. Minerva, touched with compassion, transforms her into a spider.

Tritonia had *meanwhile* lent an ear to such recitals as these, and she approved of the songs of the Aonian maids, and their just resentment. Then *thus she says* to herself: "To commend is but a trifling matter; let us, too, deserve commendation, and let us not permit our divine majesty to be slighted without *due* punishment." And *then* she turns her mind to the fate of the Mæonian Arachne; who, as she had heard, did not yield to her in the praises of the art of working in wool. She was renowned not for the place *of her birth*, nor for the origin of her family, but for her skill *alone*. Idmon, of Colophon, her father, used to dye the soaking wool in Phocæan purple. Her mother was dead; but she, too, was of the lower rank, and of the same condition with her husband. Yet *Arachne*, by her skill, had acquired a memorable name throughout the cities of Lydia; although, born of a humble family, she used to live in the little *town* of Hypæpæ. Often did the Nymphs desert the vineyards of their own Tymolus, that they might look at her admirable workmanship; *often* did the Nymphs of the *river* Pactolus forsake their streams. And not only did it give them pleasure to look at the garments when made, but even, too, while they were being made, so much grace was there in her working. Whether it was that she was rolling the rough wool into its first balls, or whether she was unravelling the work with her fingers, and was softening the fleeces worked over again with long drawings out, equalling the mists *in their fineness*; or whether she was moving the *smooth* round spindle with her nimble thumb, or was embroidering with the needle, you might perceive that she had been instructed by Pallas.

This, however, she used to deny; and, being displeased with a

mistress so famed, she said, "Let her contend with me. There is nothing which, if conquered, I should refuse *to endure*." Pallas personates an old woman; she both places false gray hair on her temples, and supports as well her infirm limbs by a staff. Then thus she begins to speak: "Old age has not everything which we should avoid; experience comes from lengthened years. Do not despise my advice; let the greatest fame for working wool be sought by thee among mortals. *But* yield to the Goddess, and, rash woman, ask pardon for thy speeches with suppliant voice. She will grant pardon at my entreaty." *The other* beholds her with scowling eyes, and leaves the threads she has begun; and scarcely restraining her hand, and discovering her anger by her looks, with such words as these does she reply to the disguised Pallas: "Thou comest *here* bereft of thy understanding, and worn out with prolonged old age; and it is thy misfortune to have lived too long. If thou hast any daughter-in-law, if thou hast any daughter *of thy own*, let her listen to these remarks. I have sufficient knowledge for myself in myself, and do not imagine that thou hast availed anything by thy advice; my opinion is *still* the same. Why does not she come herself? why does she decline this contest?"

Then the Goddess says, "Lo! she is come;" and she casts aside the figure of an old woman, and shows herself *as* Pallas. The Nymphs and the Mygdonian matrons venerate the Goddess. The virgin alone is not daunted. But still she blushes, and a sudden flush marks her reluctant features, and again it vanishes; *just* as the sky is wont to become tinted with purple, when Aurora is first stirring, and after a short time to grow white from the influence of the Sun. She persists in her determination, and, from a desire for a foolish victory, she rushes upon her own destruction. Nor, indeed, does the daughter of Jupiter decline *it*, or advise her any further, nor does she now put off the contest. There is no delay; they both take their stand in different places, and stretch out two webs *on the loom* with a fine warp. The web is tied around the beam; the sley separates the warp; the woof is inserted in the middle with sharp shuttles, which the fingers hurry along, and being drawn within the warp, the teeth notched in the moving sley strike it. Both hasten on, and girding up their garments to their breasts, they move their skilful arms, their eagerness

beguiling their fatigue. There both the purple is being woven, which is subjected to the Tyrian brazen vessel, and fine shades of minute difference; just as the rainbow, with its mighty arch, is wont to tint a long tract of the sky by means of the rays reflected by the shower: in which, though a thousand different colors are shining, yet the very transition eludes the eyes that look upon it; to such a degree is that which is adjacent the same; and yet the extremes are different. There, too, the pliant gold is mixed with the threads, and ancient subjects are represented on the webs.

Pallas embroiders the rock of Mars in *Athens*, the citadel of Cecrops, and the old dispute about the name of the country. Twice six celestial Gods are sitting on lofty seats in august state, with Jupiter in the midst. His own proper likeness distinguishes each of the Gods. The form of Jupiter is that of a monarch. She makes the God of the sea to be standing *there*, and to be striking the rugged rocks with his long trident, and a wild *horse* to be springing forth out of the midst of the opening of the rock; by which pledge *of his favor* he lays claim to the city. But to herself she gives the shield, she gives the lance with its sharp point; she gives the helmet to her head, *and* her breast is protected by the *Ægis*. She *there* represents, too, the earth struck by her spear, producing a shoot of pale olive with its berries, and the Gods admiring it. Victory is the end of her work. But that the rival of her fame may learn from precedents what reward to expect for an attempt so mad, she adds, in four *different* parts, four contests bright in their coloring, and distinguished by diminutive figures. One corner contains Thracian Rhodope and Hæmus, now cold mountains, formerly human bodies, who assumed to themselves the names of the supreme Gods. Another part contains the wretched fate of the Pygmæan matron. Her, overcome in a contest, Juno commanded to be a crane, and to wage war against her own people. She depicts, too, Antigone, who once dared to contend with the wife of the great Jupiter; *and* whom the royal Juno changed into a bird; nor did Ilion protect her, or her father Laomedon, from assuming wings, and *as* a white crane, from commending herself with her chattering beak. The only corner that remains, represents the bereft Cinyras; and he, embracing the steps of a temple, *once* the limbs of his own daughters, and lying upon the stone, appears to be weeping.

She surrounds the exterior borders with peaceful olive. That is the close; and with her own tree she puts an end to the work.

The Mæonian Nymph delineates Europa, deceived by the form of the bull; and you would think it a real bull, and real sea. She herself seems to be looking upon the land which she has left, and to be crying out to her companions, and to be in dread of the touch of the dashing waters, and to be drawing up her timid feet. She drew also Asterie, seized by the struggling eagle; and made Leda, reclining beneath the wings of the swan. She added, how Jupiter, concealed under the form of a Satyr, impregnated *Antiope*, the beauteous daughter of Nycteus, with a twin offspring; *how* he was Amphitryon, when he beguiled thee, Tirynthian dame; how, turned to gold, he deceived Danaë; *how*, changed into fire, the daughter of Asopus; *how*, as a shepherd, Mnemosyne; and as a speckled serpent, Deois. She depicted thee too, Neptune, changed into a fierce bull, with the virgin daughter of Æolus. Thou, seeming to be Enipeus, didst beget the Aloïdæ; as a ram, thou didst delude *Theophane*, the daughter of Bisaltis. Thee too the most bounteous mother of corn, with her yellow hair, experienced as a steed; thee, the mother of the winged horse, with her snaky locks, received as a bird; Melantho, as a dolphin. To all these did she give their own likeness, and the *real* appearance of the *various* localities. There was Phœbus, under the form of a rustic; and how, *besides*, he was wearing the wings of a hawk at one time, at another the skin of a lion; how, too, as a shepherd, he deceived Isse, the daughter of Macareus. How Liber deceived Erigone, in a fictitious bunch of grapes; *and* how Saturn begot the two-formed Chiron, in *the form of* a horse. The extreme part of the web, being enclosed in a fine border, had flowers interwoven with the twining ivy.

Pallas could not blame that work, nor could Envy *censure* it. The yellow-haired Virgin grieved at her success, and tore the web embroidered with the criminal acts of the Gods of heaven. And as she was holding her shuttle *made of boxwood* from Mount Cytorus, three or four times did she strike the forehead of Arachne, the daughter of Idmon. The unhappy creature could not endure it; and being of a high spirit, she tied up her throat in a halter. Pallas, taking compassion, bore her up as she hung; and thus she said: "Live on

indeed, wicked one, but still hang; and let the same decree of punishment be pronounced against thy race, and against thy latest posterity, that thou mayst not be free from care in time to come.” After that, as she departed, she sprinkled her with the juices of an Hecatean herb; and immediately her hair, touched by the noxious drug, fell off, and together with it her nose and ears. The head of herself, *now* small as well throughout her whole body, becomes very small. Her slender fingers cleave to her sides as legs; her belly takes possession of the rest *of her*; but out of this she gives forth a thread; and *as* a spider, she works at her web as formerly.

EXPLANATION.

The story of Arachne is most probably based upon the simple fact, that she was the most skilful artist of her time, at working in silk and wool. Pliny the Elder tells us, that Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, a Lydian by birth, and of low extraction, invented the art of making linen cloths and nets; which invention was also by some attributed to Minerva. This competition, then, for the merit of the invention, is the foundation of the challenge here described by the Poet. As, however, Arachne is said to have hanged herself in despair, she probably fell a prey to some cause of grief or discontent, the particulars of which, in their simple form, have not come down to us. Perhaps the similarity of her name and employment with those of the spider, as known among the Greeks, gave rise to the story of her alleged transformation; unless we should prefer to attribute the story to the fact of the Hebrew word “arag,” signifying to spin, and, in some degree, resembling her name.

In this story, Ovid takes the opportunity of touching upon several fables, the subjects whereof he states to have been represented in the works of Minerva and Arachne. He alludes, among other matters, to the dispute between Neptune and Minerva, about giving a name to the city of Athens. St. Augustine, on the authority of Varro, says, that Cecrops, in building that city, found an olive tree and a fountain, and that the oracle at Delphi, on being consulted, stating that both Minerva and Neptune had a right to name the city, the Senate decided in favor of the Goddess; and this circumstance, he says, gave

rise to the story. According to some writers, it was based on the fact, that Cranaüs changed the name of the city from Poseidonius, which it was called after Neptune, to Athenæ, after his own daughter Athena: and as the Areiopagus sanctioned this change, it was fabled that Neptune had been overcome by the judgment of the Gods.

The Jesuit Tournemine suggests the following explanation of the story: — He says, that the aborigines of Attica, being conquered by the Pelasgians, learned from them the art of navigation, which they turned to account by becoming pirates. Cecrops, bringing a 220 colony from Saïs, in Egypt, tried to abolish this barbarous custom, and taught them a more civilized mode of life; and, among other things, he showed them how to till the earth, and to raise the olive, for the cultivation of which he found the soil very favorable. He also introduced the worship of Minerva, or Athena, as she was called, a Goddess highly honored at Saïs, and to whom the olive tree was dedicated. Her the Athenians afterwards regarded as the patroness of their city, which they called after her name. Athens becoming famous for its olives, and, considerable profit arising from their cultivation, the new settlers attempted to wean the natives from piracy, by calling their attention to agricultural pursuits. To succeed in this, they composed a fable, in which Neptune was said to be overcome by Minerva; who, even in the judgment of the twelve greater deities, had found out something of more utility than he. This fable Tournemine supposes to have been composed in the ancient language of the country, which was the Phrygian, mingled with many Phœnician words; and, as in those languages the same word signifies either a ship or a horse, those who afterwards interpreted the fable, took the word in the latter signification, and spoke of a horse instead of a ship, which was really the original emblem employed in the fiction.

Vossius thinks that the fable originated in a dispute between the sailors of Athens, who acknowledged Neptune for their chief, and the people, who followed the Senate, governed by Minerva. The people prevailed, and a life of civilization, marked by attention to the pursuits of agriculture, was substituted for one of piracy; which gave occasion for the saying, that Minerva had overcome Neptune.

With reference to the intrigues and lustful actions attributed to the

197 various Deities by Arachne in the delineations on her embroidery, we may here remark, by way of elucidating the origin of these stories in general, that, in early times, when the earth was sunk in ignorance and superstition, and might formed the only right in the heathen world, where a king or petty chieftain demanded the daughter of a neighbor in marriage, and met with a refusal, he immediately had recourse to arms, to obtain her by force. Their standards and ships, on these expeditions, carrying their ensigns, consisting of birds, beasts, or fabulous monsters, gave occasion to those who described their feats of prowess to say, that the ravisher had changed himself into a bull, an eagle, or a lion, for the purpose of effecting his object. The kings and potentates of those days, being frequently called Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune, etc., and the priests of the Gods so named often obtaining their ends by assuming the names of the Divinities they served, we can account the more easily for the number of intrigues and abominable actions, attended by changes and transformations, which the poets and mythologists attribute to many of the Deities.

Palæphatus suggests a very ingenious method of accounting for these stories; founded, however, it must be owned, on a very low estimate of female virtue in those times. He says, that these fabulous narratives originate in the figures of different animals which were engraved on the coins of those times; and that, when money was given to buy over or to procure the seduction of a female, it was afterward said that the lover had himself taken the figure which was represented on the coin, by means of which his object had been effected.

Ovid, in common with many of the ancient historians, geographers, and naturalists, mentions the Pygmies, of which, from the time of Homer downwards, anation was supposed to exist, in a state of continual warfare with the Cranes. Aristotle, who believed in their existence, placed them in Æthiopia; Pliny, Solinus, and Philostratus in India, near the source of the Ganges; others again, in Scythia, on the banks of the Danube. Some of the moderns have attempted to explain the origin of this prevalent notion. Olaüs Magnus thinks the Samoeids and Laplanders to have been the Pygmies of Homer. Gesner and others fancy that they have found

their originals in Thuringia; while Albertus Magnus supposed that the Pygmies were the monkeys, which are so numerous in the interior of Africa, and which were taken for human beings of diminutive stature. Vander Hart, who has written a most ingenious treatise on the subject, suggests that the fable originated in a war between two cities in Greece, Pagæ and Gerania, the similarity of whose names to those of the Pygmies and the Cranes, gave occasion to their neighbors, the Corinthians, to confer on them those nicknames. It is most probable, however, that the story was founded upon the diminutive stature of some of the native tribes of the interior of Africa.

As to the fable of Pygas being changed into a crane, Banier suggests, that the origin of it may be found in the work of Antoninus Liberalis, quoting from the Theogony of Bœus. That poet, whose works are lost, says, that among the Pygmies there was a very beautiful princess, named Cœnoë, who greatly oppressed her subjects. Having married Nicodamas, she had by him a son, named Mopsus, whom her subjects seized upon, to educate him in their own way. She accordingly raised levies against her own subjects; and that circumstance, together with the name of Gerane, which, according to Ælian, she also bore, gave rise to the fable, which said that she was changed into a crane; the resemblance which it bore to ‘geranos,’ the Greek for ‘a crane,’ suggesting the foundation of the story.

FABLE II.

The Theban matrons, forming a solemn procession in honor of Latona, Niobe esteems herself superior to the Goddess, and treats her and her offspring with contempt; on which, Apollo and Diana, to avenge the affront offered to their mother, destroy all the children of Niobe; and she, herself, is changed into a statue.

All Lydia is in an uproar, and the rumor of the fact goes through the town of Phrygia, and fills the wide world with discourse *thereon*. Before her own marriage Niobe had known her, at the time, when still single, she was inhabiting Mæonia and Sipylus. And yet by the punishment of her countrywoman, Arachne, she was not warned to yield to the inhabitants of Heaven, and to use less boastful words.

Many things augmented her pride; but yet, neither the skill of her husband, nor the descent of them both, nor the sovereignty of a mighty kingdom, pleased her so much (although all of them did please her) as her own progeny; and Niobe might have been pronounced the happiest of mothers, if she had not so seemed to herself.

For Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, foreknowing the future, urged by a divine impulse, had proclaimed through the middle of the streets, “Ye women of Ismenus, go all of you, and give to Latona, and the two children of Latona, the pious frankincense, together with prayers, and wreath your hair with laurel; by my mouth does Latona command *this*.” Obedience is paid; and all the Theban women adorn their temples with leaves *of laurel*, as commanded, and offer frankincense on the sacred fires, and words of supplication. Lo! Niobe comes, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, conspicuous for the gold interwoven in her Phrygian garments, and beautiful, so far as anger will allow; and tossing her hair, hanging down on both shoulders, with her graceful head, she stands still; and as she loftily casts around her haughty eyes, she says, “What madness is this to prefer the inhabitants of Heaven, that you have *only* heard of, to those who are seen? or why is Latona worshipped at the altars, *and* my Godhead is still without its *due* frankincense? Tantalus was my father, who alone was allowed to approach the tables of the Gods above. The sister of the Pleiades is my mother; the most mighty Atlas is my grandsire, who bears the æthereal skies upon his neck. Jupiter is my other grandsire; of him, too, I boast as my father-in-law. The Phrygian nations dread me; the palace of Cadmus is subject to me as its mistress; and the walls that were formed by the strings of my husband’s *lyre*, together with their people, are governed by me and my husband; to whatever part of the house I turn my eyes, immense wealth is seen. To this is added a face worthy of a Goddess. Add to this my seven daughters, and as many sons, and, at a future day, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. Now inquire what ground my pride has *for its existence*; and presume to prefer Latona the Titaness, the daughter of some obscure Cæus, to whom, when in travail, the great earth once refused a little spot, to myself. Neither by heaven, nor by earth, nor by water, was your Goddess received; she was

banished the world, till Delos, pitying the wanderer, said, "Thou dost roam a stranger on the land, I in the waves;" and gave her an unstable place *of rest*. She was made the mother of two children, that is *but* the seventh part of my issue. I am fortunate, and who shall deny it? and fortunate I shall remain; who, too, can doubt of that? Plenty has made me secure; I am too great for Fortune possibly to hurt; and, though she should take away many things from me, *even then* much more will she leave me: my *many* blessings have now risen superior to apprehensions. Suppose it possible for some part of this multitude of my children to be taken away *from me*; still, thus stripped, I shall not be reduced to two, the number of Latona; an amount, by the number of which, how far, *I pray*, is she removed from one that is childless? Go from the sacrifice; hasten away from the sacrifice, and remove the laurel from your hair!"

They remove it, and the sacrifice they leave unperformed; and what they can do, they adore the Divinity in gentle murmurs. The Goddess was indignant; and on the highest top of *Mount Cynthus*, she spoke to her two children in such words as these: "Behold! I, your mother, proud of having borne you, and who shall yield to no one of the Goddesses, except to Juno *alone*, am called in question whether I am a Goddess, and, for all future ages, I am driven from the altars devoted *to me*, unless you give me aid. Nor is this my only grief; the daughter of Tantalus has added abusive language to her shocking deeds, and has dared to postpone you to her own children, and (what *I wish* may fall upon herself), she has called me childless; and the profane *wretch* has discovered a tongue like her father's." To this relation Latona was going to add entreaties, when Phœbus said, "Cease thy complaints, 'tis prolonging the delay of her punishment." Phœbe said the same; and, by a speedy descent through the air, they arrived, covered with clouds, at the citadel of Cadmus.

There was near the walls a plain, level, and extending far and wide, trampled continually by horses, where multitudes of wheels and hard hoofs had softened the clods placed beneath them. There, part of the seven sons of Amphion are mounting upon their spirited steeds, and press their backs, red with the Tyrian dye, and wield the reins heavy with gold; of these, Ismenus, who had formerly been the first burden of his mother, while he is guiding the steps of the horses

in a perfect circle, and is curbing their foaming mouths, cries aloud, "Ah, wretched me!" and, pierced through the middle of his breast, bears a dart *therein*; and the reins dropping from his dying hand, by degrees he falls on his side, over *the horse's* shoulder. The next *to him*, Sipylus, on hearing the sound of a quiver in the air, gives rein *to his horse*; as when the pilot, sensible of the storm *approaching*, flies on seeing a cloud, and unfurls the hanging sails on every side, that the light breeze may by no means escape them. He gives rein, *I said*; while thus giving it, the unerring dart overtakes him, and an arrow sticks quivering in the top of his neck, and the bare steel protrudes from his throat. He, as he is bending forward, rolls over the neck, *now* let loose, and *over* the mane, and stains the ground with his warm blood. The unhappy Phædimus, and Tantalus, the heir to the name of his grandsire, when they had put an end to their wonted exercise *of riding*, had turned to the youthful exercises of the palæstra, glowing with oil; and now had they brought breast to breast, struggling in a close grapple, when an arrow, sped onward from the stretched bow, pierced them both, just as they were united together. At the same instant they groaned aloud, and together they laid their limbs on the ground, writhing with pain; together as they lay, for the last time, they rolled their eyeballs, and together they breathed forth their life.

Alphenor sees this, and, beating his torn breast, flies to them, to lift up their cold limbs in his embrace, and falls in this affectionate duty. For the Delian God pierces the inner part of his midriff with the fatal steel. Soon as it is pulled out, apart of his lungs is dragged forth on the barbs, and his blood is poured forth, with his life, into the air; but no single wound reaches the unshaven Damasiathon. He is struck where the leg commences, and where the sinewy ham makes the space between the joints soft; and while he is trying with his hand to draw out the fatal weapon, another arrow is driven through his neck, up to the feathers. The blood drives this out, and itself starting forth, springs up on high, and, piercing the air, spouts forth afar. The last *of them*, Ilioneus, had raised his unavailing arms in prayer, and had said, "O, all ye Gods, in common, (not knowing that all were not to be addressed) spare me!" The *God*, the bearer of the bow, was moved, when now his arrow could not be recalled; yet he died with

the slightest wound *of all*, his heart not being struck deep by the arrow.

The report of this calamity, and the grief of the people, and the tears of her family, made the mother acquainted with a calamity so sudden, wondering that it could have happened, and enraged that the Gods above had dared this, *and* that they enjoyed a privilege so great. For Amphion the father, thrusting his sword through his breast, dying, had ended his grief together with his life. Alas! how different is this Niobe from that Niobe who had lately driven the people from the altars of Latona, and, with lofty head, had directed her steps through the midst of the city, envied by her own people, but now to be pitied even by an enemy! She falls down upon the cold bodies, and with no distinction she distributes her last kisses among all her sons. Raising her livid arms from these towards heaven, she says, "Glut thyself, cruel Latona, with my sorrow; glut thyself, and satiate thy breast with my mourning; satiate, too, thy relentless heart with seven deaths. I have received my death-blow; exult and triumph, my victorious enemy. But why victorious? More remains to me, in my misery, than to thee, in thy happiness. Even after so many deaths, I am the conqueror." *Thus* she spoke; *when* the string twanged from the bent bow, which affrighted all but Niobe alone; she *became* bold by her misfortunes.

The sisters were standing in black array, with their hair dishevelled, before the biers of their brothers. One of these, drawing out the weapon sticking in her entrails, about to die, swooned away, with her face placed upon her brother. Another, endeavoring to console her wretched parent, was suddenly silent, and was doubled together with an invisible wound; and did not close her mouth, until after the breath had departed. Another, vainly flying, falls down; another dies upon her sister; another lies hid; another you might see trembling. And *now* six being put to death, and having received different wounds, the last *only* remains; her mother covering her with all her body, *and* with all her garments, cries, "Leave me but one, and that the youngest; the youngest only do I ask out of so many, and *that but* one." And while she was entreating, she, for whom she was entreating, was slain. Childless, she sat down among her dead sons and daughters and husband, and became hardened by her woes. The

breeze moves no hair *of hers*; in her features is a color without blood; her eyes stand unmoved in her sad cheeks; in her form there is no *appearance* of life. Her tongue itself, too, congeals within, together with her hardened palate, and the veins cease to be able to be moved. Her neck can neither be bent, nor can her arms give any motion, nor her feet move. Within her entrails, too, it is stone.

Still did she weep on; and, enveloped in a hurricane of mighty wind, she was borne away to her native land. There, fixed on the top of a mountain, she dissolves; and even yet does the marble distil tears.

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EXPLANATION.

All the ancient historians agree with Diodorus Siculus and Apollodorus, that Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, and the sister of Pelops; but she must not be confounded with a second Niobe, who was the daughter of Phoroneus, and the first mortal (Homer tells us) with whom Jupiter fell in love. Homer says that she was the mother of twelve children, six sons and six daughters. Herodotus says, that she had but two sons and three daughters. Diodorus Siculus makes her the mother of fourteen 204 children, seven of each sex. Apollodorus, on the authority of Hesiod, says, that she had ten sons and as many daughters; but gives the names of fourteen only. The story of the destruction of her children is most likely based upon truth, and bears reference to a historical fact. The plague, which ravaged the city of Thebes, destroyed all the children of Niobe; and contagious distempers being attributed to the excessive heat of the sun, it was fabled that Apollo had killed them with his arrows; while women, who died of the plague, were said to owe their death to the anger of Diana. Thus, Homer says, that Laodamia and the mother of Andromache were killed by Diana. Valerius Flaccus relates the sorrow of Clytie, the wife of Cyzicus, on the death of her mother, killed by the same Goddess; so the Scholiast on Pindar (Pythia, ode iii.) says, on the authority of Pherecydes, that Apollo sent Diana to kill Coronis and several other women. Eustathius distinctly asserts, that the poets attributed the deaths of men, who died of the plague, to

Apollo; and those of women, dying a similar death, to Diana.

This supposition is based upon rational and just grounds; since many contagious distempers may be clearly traced to the exhalations of the earth, acted on by the intense heat of the sun. Homer, most probably, means this, when he says that the plague came upon the Grecian camp, on the God, in his anger, discharging his arrows against it; or, in other words, when the extreme heat of his rays had caused a corruption of the atmosphere. It may be here observed, that arrows were the symbol of Apollo, when angry, and the harp when he was propitious. Diogenes Laertius tells us, that, during the prevalence of the plague, it was the custom to place branches of laurel on the doors of the houses, in the hope that the God, being reminded of Daphne, would spare the places which thereby claimed his protection.

Ovid says, that the sons of Niobe were killed while managing their horses; but Pausanias tells us that they died on Mount Cithæron, while engaged in hunting, and that her daughters died at Thebes. Homer says, that her children remained nine days without burial, because the Gods changed the Thebans into stones, and that the offended Divinities themselves performed the funeral rites on the tenth day; the meaning probably, is, that, they dying of the plague, no one ventured to bury them, and all seemed insensible to the sorrows of Niobe, as each consulted his own safety. Ismenus, her eldest son, not being able to endure the pain of his malady, is said to have thrown himself into a river of Bœotia, which, from that circumstance, received his name. After the death of her husband and children, Niobe is said to have retired to Mount Sipylus, in Lydia, where she died. Here, as Pausanias informs us, was a rock, resembling, at a distance, a woman overwhelmed with grief; though according to the same author, who had visited it, the resemblance could not be traced on approaching it. On this ground, Ovid relates, that she was borne on a whirlwind to the top of a Lydian mountain, where she was changed into a rock.

Pausanias tells us, that Melibœa, or Chloris, and Amycle, two of her daughters, appeased Diana, who preserved their lives; or that, in other words, they recovered from the plague; though he inclines to credit the version of Homer, who says that all of her children died by

the hands of Apollo and Diana. Melibœa received the surname of Chloris, from the paleness which ensued on her alarm at the sudden death of her sisters.

FABLE III.

Latona, fatigued with the burden of her two children, during a long journey, and parched with thirst, goes to drink at a pond, near which some countrymen are at work. These clowns, in a brutal manner, not only hinder her from drinking, but trouble the water to make it muddy; on which, the Goddess, to punish their brutality, transforms them into frogs.

But then, all, both women and men, dread the wrath of the divinity, *thus* manifested, and with more zeal *than ever* all venerate with *divine* worship the great godhead of the Deity who produced the twins; and, as *commonly* happens, from a recent fact they recur to the narration of former events.

One of them says, “Some countrymen of old, in the fields of fertile Lycia, *once* insulted the Goddess, *but* not with impunity. The thing, indeed, is but little known, through the obscure station of the individuals, still it is wonderful. I have seen upon the spot, the pool and the lake noted for the miracle. For my father being now advanced in years, and incapable of travel, ordered me to bring thence some choice oxen, and on my setting out, had given me a guide of that nation: with whom, while I was traversing the pastures, behold! an ancient altar, black with the ashes of sacrifices, was standing in the middle of a lake, surrounded with quivering reeds. My guide stood still, and said in a timid whisper, ‘Be propitious to me;’ and with a like whisper, I said, ‘Be propitious.’ However, I asked him whether it was an altar of the Naiads, or of Faunus, or of some native God; when the stranger answered me in such words; ‘Young man, there is no mountain Divinity for this altar. She calls this her own, whom once the royal Juno banished from the world; whom the wandering Delos, at the time when it was swimming as a light island, hardly received at her entreaties. There Latona, leaning against a palm, together with the tree of Pallas, brought forth twins, in spite of their stepmother *Juno*. Hence, too, the newly delivered

Goddess is said to have fled from Juno, and in her bosom to have carried the two divinities, her children. And now the Goddess, wearied with her prolonged toil, being parched with the heat of the season, contracted thirst in the country of Lycia, which bred the Chimæra when the intense sun was scorching the fields; the craving children, too, had exhausted her suckling breasts. By chance she beheld a lake of fine water, in the bottom of a valley; some countrymen were there, gathering bushy osiers, together with bulrushes, and sedge natural to fenny spots. The Titaness approached, and bending her knee, she pressed the ground, that she might take up the cool water to drink; the company of rustics forbade it. The Goddess thus addressed them, as they forbade her: ‘Why do you deny me water? The use of water is common *to all*. Nature has made neither sun, nor air, nor the running stream, the property of any one. To her public bounty have I come, which yet I humbly beg of you to grant me. I was not intending to bathe my limbs here, and my wearied joints, but to relieve my thirst. My mouth, as I speak, lacks moisture, and my jaws are parched, and scarce is there a passage for my voice therein; adraught of water will be nectar to me, and I shall own, that, together with it, I have received my life *at your hands*. In *that* water you will be giving me life. Let these, too, move you, who hold out their little arms from my bosom’; and by chance the children were holding out their arms.

“What person might not these kindly words of the Goddess have been able to influence? Still, they persist in hindering *the Goddess thus* entreating them; and moreover add threats and abusive language, if she does not retire to a distance. Nor is this enough. They likewise muddy the lake itself *with* their feet and hands; and they raise the soft mud from the very bottom of the water, by spitefully jumping to and fro. Resentment removes her thirst. For now no longer does the daughter of Cæus supplicate the unworthy *wretches*, nor does she any longer endure to utter words below *the majesty of* a Goddess; and raising her hands to heaven, she says, ‘For ever may you live in that pool.’ The wish of the Goddess comes to pass. They delight to go beneath the water, and sometimes to plunge the whole of their limbs in the deep pool; now to raise their heads, and now to swim on the top of the water; oft to sit on the bank of the

pool, *and* often to leap back again into the cold stream. And even now do they exercise their offensive tongues in strife: and banishing *all* shame, although they are beneath the water, *still* beneath the water, do they try to keep up their abuse. Their voice, too, is now hoarse, and their bloated necks swell out; and their very abuse dilates their extended jaws. Their backs are united to their heads: their necks seem as though cut off; their backbone is green; their belly, the greatest part of their body, is white; and *as* new-made frogs, they leap about in the muddy stream.”

EXPLANATION.

This story may possibly be based upon some current tradition of Latona having been subjected to such cruel treatment from some country clowns; or, which is more probable, it may have been originally invented as a satire on the rude manners and uncouth conduct of the peasantry of ancient times. The story may also have been framed, to account, in a poetical manner, for the origin of frogs.

FABLE IV.

The Satyr Marsyas, having challenged Apollo to a trial of skill on the flute, the God overcomes him, and then flays him alive for his presumption. The tears that are shed on the occasion of his death produce the river that bears his name.

When thus one, who, it is uncertain, had related the destruction of *these* men of the Lycian race, another remembers *that of* the Satyr; whom, overcome *in playing* on the Tritonian reed, the son of Latona visited with punishment. “Why,” said he, “art thou tearing me from myself? Alas! *Inow* repent; alas,” cried he, “the flute is not of so much value!” As he shrieked aloud, his skin was stript off from the surface of his limbs, nor was he aught but *one entire* wound. Blood is flowing on every side; the nerves, exposed, appear, and the quivering veins throb without any skin. You might have numbered his palpitating bowels, and the transparent lungs within his breast. The inhabitants of the country, the Fauns, Deities of the woods, and his brothers the Satyrs, and Olympus, even then renowned, and the

Nymphs lamented him; and whoever *besides* on those mountains was feeding the wool-bearing flocks, and the horned herds.

The fruitful earth was moistened, and being moistened received the falling tears, and drank them up in her lowest veins, which, when she had turned into a stream, she sent forth into the vacant air. And then, as the clearest river in Phrygia, running towards the rapid sea within steep banks, it bears the name of Marsyas.

From narratives such as these the people return at once to the present events, and mourn Amphion extinct together with *all* his race. The mother is *an object* of hatred. Yet *her brother* Pelops is said alone to have mourned for her as well; and after he had drawn his clothes from his shoulder towards his breast, he discovered the ivory on his left shoulder. This shoulder, at the time of his birth, was of the same color with the right one, and *was* formed of flesh. They say that the Gods afterwards joined his limbs cut asunder by the hands of his father; and the rest of them being found, that part which is midway between the throat and the top of the arm, was wanting. Ivory was inserted there, in the place of the part that did not appear; and so by that means Pelops was made entire.

EXPLANATION.

Marsyas was the son of Hyagnis, the inventor of a peculiar kind of flute, and of the Phrygian measure. Livy and Quintus Curtius tell us, that the story of Apollo and Marsyas is an allegory; and that the river Marsyas gave rise to it. They say that the river, falling from a precipice, in the neighborhood of the town of Celenæ, in Phrygia, made a very stunning and unpleasant noise; but that the smoothness of its course afterwards gave occasion for the saying, that the vengeance of Apollo had rendered it more tractable.

It is, however, not improbable that the story may have been based on historical facts. Having learned from his father, Hyagnis, the art of playing on the flute, and, proud of his skill, at a time when the musical art was yet in its infancy, Marsyas may have been rash enough to challenge either a priest of Apollo, or some prince who bore that name, and, for his presumption, to have received the punishment described by Ovid. Herodotus certainly credited the

story; for he says that the skin of the unfortunate musician was to be seen, in his time, in the town of Celenæ. Strabo, Pausanias, and Aulus Gellius also believe its truth. Suidas tells us, that Marsyas, mortified at his defeat, threw himself into the river that runs near Celenæ, which, from that time, bore his name. Strabo says, that Marsyas had stolen the flute from Minerva, which proved so fatal to him, and had thereby drawn upon himself the indignation of that Divinity. Ovid, in the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, and Pausanias, quoting from Apollodorus, tell us, that Minerva, having observed, by seeing herself in the river Meander, that, when she played on the flute, her cheeks were swelled out in an unseemly manner, threw aside the flute in her disgust, and Marsyas finding it, learned to play on it so skilfully, that he challenged Apollo to a trial of proficiency. Hyginus, in his 165th Fable, says that Marsyas was the son of Œagrius, and not Hyagnis; perhaps, however, this is a corrupt reading.

FABLE V.

Tereus, king of Thrace, having married Progne, the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, falls in love with her sister Philomela, whom he ravishes, and then, having cut out her tongue, he shuts her up in a strong place in a forest, to prevent a discovery. The unfortunate Philomela finds means to acquaint her sister with her misfortunes; for, weaving her story on a piece of cloth, she sends it to Progne by the hands of one of her keepers.

The neighboring princes met together; and the cities that were near, entreated their kings to go to console *Pelops*, namely, Argos and Sparta, and the Pelopean Mycenæ, and Calydon, not yet odious to the stern Diana, and fierce Orchomeneus, and Corinth famous for its brass, and fertile Messene, and Patræ, and humble Cleonæ, and the Neleian Pylos, and Trœzen not yet named from Pittheus; and other cities which are enclosed by the Isthmus between the two seas, and those which, situated beyond, are seen from the Isthmus between the two seas. Who could have believed it? You, Athens, alone omitted it. Awar prevented this act of humanity; and barbarous troops brought *thither* by sea, were alarming the Mopsopian walls.

The Thracian Tereus had routed these by his auxiliary forces, and by his conquest had acquired an illustrious name. Him, powerful both in riches and men, and, as it happened, deriving his descent from the mighty Gradivus, Pandion united to himself, by the marriage of *his daughter* Progne.

Neither Juno, the guardian of marriage rites, nor yet Hymeneus, nor the Graces, attended those nuptials. *On that occasion*, the Furies brandished torches, snatched from the funeral pile. The Furies prepared the nuptial couch, and the ill-boding owl hovered over the abode, and sat on the roof of the bridal chamber. With these omens were Progne and Tereus wedded; with these omens were they made parents. Thrace, indeed, congratulated them, and they themselves returned thanks to the Gods, and they commanded the day, upon which the daughter of Pandion was given to the renowned prince, and that upon which Itys was born, to be considered as festivals. So much does our true interest lie concealed *from us*. Now Titan had drawn the seasons of the repeated year through five autumns, when Progne, in gentle accents, said to her husband, “If I have any influence *with thee*, either send me to see my sister, or let my sister come hither. Thou shalt promise thy father-in-law that she shall return in a short time. As good as a mighty God *wilt thou be* to me, if thou shalt allow me to see my sister.”

He *thereupon* ordered ships to be launched; and with sails and oars he entered the Cecropian harbor, and landed upon the shores of the Piræus. As soon as ever an opportunity was given of *addressing* his father-in-law, and right hand was joined to right hand, with evil omen their discourse began. He had commenced to relate the occasion of his coming, *and* the request of his wife, and to promise a speedy return for *Philomela*, if sent. When lo! Philomela comes, richly adorned in costly apparel; richer *by far* in her charms; such as we hear *of* the Naiads and Dryads *as they* haunt the middle of the forests, if you were only to give them the like ornaments and dress. Tereus was inflamed upon seeing the virgin, no otherwise than if one were to put fire beneath the whitening ears of corn, or were to burn leaves and *dry* grass laid up in stacks. Her beauty, indeed, is worthy *of love*; but inbred lust, as well, urges him on, and the people in those regions are *naturally* much inclined to lustfulness. He burns, both by

his own frailty and that of his nation. He has a desire to corrupt the care of her attendants, and the fidelity of her nurse, and *besides*, to tempt herself with large presents, and to spend his whole kingdom *in so doing*; or else, to seize her, and, when seized, to secure her by a cruel war. And there is nothing which, being seized by an unbridled passion, he may not dare; nor does his breast contain the internal flame. And now he ill bears with delay; and with eager mouth returns to *urge* the request of Progne, and under it he pleads his own wishes; passion makes him eloquent. As oft as he presses beyond what is becoming, he pretends that Progne has thus desired. He adds tears as well, as though she had enjoined them too. O ye Gods above, how much of dark night do the breasts of mortals contain! Through his very attempt at villany, Tereus is thought to be affectionate, and from his crime does he gather praise.

And how is it, too, that Philomela desires the same thing? and fondly embracing the shoulders of her father with her arms, she begs, even by her own safety (and against it too), that she may visit her sister. Tereus views her, and, while viewing her, is embracing her beforehand in imagination; and, as he beholds her kisses, and her arms around *her father's* neck, he receives them all as incentives, and fuel, and the food of his furious passion; and, as often as she embraces her father, he could wish to be *that* father, and, even then, he would have been not the less impious. The father is overcome by the entreaties of them both. She rejoices, and returns thanks to her parent, and, to her misfortune, deems that the success of both, which will be the cause of sorrow to them both. Now but little of his toil was remaining for Phœbus, and his steeds were beating with their feet the descending track of Olympus; aregal banquet was set on the tables, and wine in golden *vessels*; after this, their bodies were given up to gentle sleep. But the Odrysian king, though he was withdrawn, still burned for her; and, recalling her form, her movements, her hands, fancies that which he has not yet seen, to be such as he wishes; and he himself feeds his own flames, his anxiety preventing sleep.

It was *now* day; and Pandion, grasping the right hand of his son-in-law, about to depart, with tears bursting forth, recommended his companion to *his care*. "I commit her, my dear son-in-law, to thee,

because reasons, grounded on affection, have compelled me, and both *my daughters* have desired it, and thou as well, Tereus, hast wished it; and I entreat thee, begging by thy honor, by thy breast *thus* allied to us, *and* by the Gods above, to protect her with the love of a father; and do send back to me, as soon as possible, this sweet comfort of my anxious old age, *for* all delay will be tedious to me, and do thou, too, Philomela, if thou hast any affection for me, return as soon as possible: 'tis enough that thy sister is so far away." *Thus* did he enjoin, and at the same time he gave kisses to his daughter, and his affectionate tears fell amid his instructions. He *then* demanded the right hands of them both, as a pledge of their fidelity, and joined them together when given, and bade them, with mindful lips, to salute for him his absent daughter and grandson, and with difficulty uttered the last farewell, his mouth being filled with sobs; and he shuddered at the presages of his own mind. But as soon as Philomela was put on board of the painted ship, and the sea was urged by the oars, and the land was left behind, he exclaimed, "I have gained my point; the object of my desires is borne along with me." The barbarian exults, too, and with difficulty defers his joy in his intention, and turns not his eyes anywhere away from her. No otherwise than when the ravenous bird of Jupiter, with crooked talons, has placed a hare in his lofty nest; there is no escape for the captive; the plunderer keeps his eye on his prey. And now the voyage is ended, and now they have gone forth from the wearied ship, upon his own shore; when the king drags the daughter of Pandion into a lofty dwelling, concealed in an ancient wood, and there he shuts her up, pale and trembling, and dreading everything, and now with tears inquiring where her sister is; and confessing his baseness, he masters by force her a maiden, and but one, while she often vainly calls on her father, often on her sister, and on the great Gods above all. She trembles like a frightened lamb, which, wounded, being snatched from the mouth of a hoary wolf, does not as yet seem to itself in safety; and as a dove, its feathers soaked with its own blood, still trembles, and dreads the ravening talons wherein it has been *lately* held. *But* soon, when consciousness returned, tearing her dishevelled hair like one mourning, and beating her arms in lamentation, stretching out her hands, she said, "Oh, barbarous *wretch*, for thy

dreadful deeds; oh, cruel *monster*! have neither the requests of my father, with his affectionate tears, moved thee, nor a regard for my sister, nor my virgin state, nor the laws of marriage? Thou hast confounded all. I am become the supplanter of my sister; thou, the husband of both of us. This punishment was not my due. Why dost thou not take away this life, that no villany, perfidious *wretch*, may remain *unperpetrated* by thee? and would that thou hadst done it before thy criminal embraces! *then* I might have had a shade void of *all* crime. Yet, if the Gods above behold these things, if the majesty of the Gods be anything; if, with myself, all things are not come to ruin; one time or other thou shalt give me satisfaction. I myself, having cast shame aside, will declare thy deeds. If opportunity is granted me, I will come among the people; if I shall be kept imprisoned in the woods, I will fill the woods, and will move the conscious rocks. Let Heaven hear these things, and the Gods, if there are any in it.”

After the wrath of the cruel tyrant was aroused by such words, and his fear was not less than it, urged on by either cause, he drew the sword, with which he was girt, from the sheath, and seizing her by the hair, her arms being bent behind her back, he compelled her to submit to chains. Philomela was preparing her throat, and, on seeing the sword, had conceived hopes of her death. He cut away, with his cruel weapon, her tongue seized with pincers, while giving vent to her indignation, and constantly calling on the name of her father, and struggling to speak. The extreme root of the tongue *still* quivers. *The tongue* itself lies, and faintly murmurs, quivering upon the black earth; and as the tail of a mangled snake is wont to writhe about, *so* does it throb, and, as it dies, seeks the feet of its owner. It is said, too, that often after this crime (I could hardly dare believe it) he satisfied his lust upon her mutilated body.

He has the effrontery, after such deeds, to return to Progne, who, on seeing her husband, inquires for her sister; but he heaves feigned sighs, and tells a fictitious story of her death; and his tears procure him credit. Progne tears from her shoulders her robes, shining with broad gold, and puts on black garments, and erects an honorary sepulchre, and offers expiation to an imaginary shade; and laments the death of a sister not thus to be lamented.

The God *Apollo*, the year being completed, had run through the twice six signs *of the Zodiac*. What can Philomela do? Aguard prevents her flight; the walls of the house are hard, built of solid stone: her speechless mouth is deprived of the means of discovering the crime. But in grief there is extreme ingenuity, and inventive skill arises in misfortunes. She skilfully suspends the warp in a web of Barbarian design, and interweaves purple marks with white, as a mode of discovering the villany *of Tereus*; and delivers it, when finished, to one *of her attendants*, and begs her, by signs, to carry it to her mistress. As desired, she carries it to Progne, and does not know what she is delivering in it. The wife of the savage tyrant unfolds the web, and reads the mournful tale of her sister, and (wondrous that she can be so!) she is silent. 'Tis grief that stops her utterance, and words sufficiently indignant fail her tongue, in want of them; nor is there room for weeping. But she rushes onward, about to confound both right and wrong, and is wholly *occupied* in the contrivance of revenge.

EXPLANATION.

The gravest authors among the ancients, such as Strabo and Pausanias, speaking of this tragical story, agree that the narrative, divested of its poetical ornaments, is strictly conformable to truth; though, of course, the sequel bears evident marks of embellishment either by the fancy of the Poet, or the superstition of the vulgar.

FABLE VI.

Progne delivers her sister Philomela from captivity, and brings her to the court of Tereus, where she revolves in her mind her different projects of revenge. Her son Itys, in the meantime, comes into her apartment, and is murdered by his mother and aunt. Progne afterwards serves him up at a feast, which she prepares for her husband; on which, being obliged to fly from the fury of the enraged king, she is changed into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Tereus himself into a lapwing.

It is *now* the time when the Sithonian matrons are wont to celebrate the triennial festival of Bacchus. Night is conscious of their rites; by night Rhodope resounds with the tinklings of the shrill cymbal. By night the queen goes out of her house, and is arrayed according to the rites of the God, and carries the arms of the frantic solemnity. Her head is covered with vine leaves; from her left side hang down the skins of a deer; upon her shoulder rests a light spear. *Then* the terrible Progne rushing through the woods, a multitude of her followers attending her, and agitated by the fury of her resentment, pretends, Bacchus, that it is *inspired* by thee.

She comes at length to the lonely dwelling, and howls aloud, and cries “Evoë!” and breaks open the gates, and seizes her sister, and puts upon her, *so* seized, the badges of Bacchus, and conceals her countenance under the foliage of ivy; and dragging her along, full of amazement, leads her within her threshold. When Philomela perceives that she has arrived at that accursed house, the wretched woman shudders, and paleness spreads over her whole face. Progne having *now* got a *fitting* place *for so doing*, takes away the symbols of the rites, and unveils the blushing face of her wretched sister; and holds her in her embraces. But she, on the other hand, cannot endure to lift up her eyes; seeming to herself the supplanter of her sister, and fixing her looks on the ground, her hand is in the place of voice to her, as she desires to swear and to call the Gods to witness that this disgrace has been brought upon her by violence. Progne burns *with rage*, and contains not her anger; and checking the grief of her sister, she says, “We must not act in this matter with tears, but with the sword, *and even* with anything, if *such* thou hast, that can possibly outdo the sword. I have, sister, prepared myself for every crime! Either, when I shall have set fire to the royal palace with torches, I will throw the artful Tereus into the midst of the flames, or with the steel will I cut away his tongue or his eyes, or the members that have deprived thee of thy chastity, or by a thousand wounds will I expel his guilty soul *from his body*. Something tremendous am I prepared for; what it is, I am still in doubt.”

While Progne was uttering such expressions, Itys came to his mother. By him she was put in mind of what she might do; and

looking at him with vengeful eyes, she said, "Ah! how like thou art to thy father!" And saying no more, she prepared for a horrible deed, and burned with silent rage. Yet when her son came to her, and saluted his mother and drew her neck *towards him* with his little arms, and added kisses mingled with childish endearments, the mother, in truth, was moved, and her anger abated, and her eyes, in spite of her, became wet with tears *thus forced from her*. But soon as she found the mother *in her* shrinking from excess of affection, from him again did she turn towards the features of her sister; and looking at them both by turns, she said, "Why does the one employ endearments, *while* the other is silent with her tongue torn from her? Why does she not call her sister, whom he calls mother? Consider to what kind of husband thou art married, daughter of Pandion. Thou dost grow degenerate. Tenderness in the wife of Tereus is criminality." No *more delay is there*; she drags Itys along, just as the tigress of the banks of the Ganges *does* the suckling offspring of the hind, through the shady forests. And when they are come to a remote part of the lofty house, Progne strikes him with the sword, extending his hands, and as he beholds his fate, crying now "Alas!" and now "My mother!" and clinging to her neck, where his breast joins his side; nor does she turn away her face. Even one wound *alone* is sufficient for his death; Philomela cuts his throat with the sword; and they mangle his limbs, still quivering and retaining somewhat of life. Part of them boils, in the hollow cauldrons; part hisses on spits; the inmost recesses stream with gore. His wife sets Tereus, in his unconsciousness, before this banquet; and falsely pretending rites after the manner of her country, at which it is allowed one man only to be present, she removes his attendants and servants. Tereus himself, sitting aloft on the throne of his forefathers, eats and heaps his own entrails into his own stomach. And so great is the blindness of his mind, *that* he says, "Send for Itys." Progne is unable to conceal her cruel joy; and now, desirous to be the discoverer of her having murdered him, she says, "Thou hast within *thee*, that for which thou art asking." He looks around, and inquires where he is; as he inquires, and calls him again, Philomela springs forth, just as she is, with her hair disordered by the infernal murder, and throws the bloody head of Itys in the face of his father; nor at any time has she

more longed to be able to speak, and to testify her joy by words such as are deserved.

The Thracian pushes from him the table with a loud cry, and summons the Viperous sisters from the Stygian valley; and at one moment he desires, if he *only* can, by opening his breast to discharge thence the horrid repast, and the half-digested entrails. And then he weeps, and pronounces himself the wretched sepulchre of his own son; and then he follows the daughters of Pandion with his drawn sword. You would have thought the bodies of the Cecropian Nymphs were supported by wings; *and* they were supported by wings. The one of them makes for the woods, the other takes her place beneath the roofs *of houses*. Nor *even* as yet have the marks of murder withdrawn from her breast; and her feathers are *still* stained with blood. He, made swift by his grief, and his desire for revenge, is turned into a bird, upon whose head stands a crested *plume*; a prolonged bill projects in place of the long spear. The name of the bird is 'epops' [*lapwing*]; its face appears to be armed. This affliction dispatched Pandion to the shades of Tartarus before his day, and the late period of protracted old age.

EXPLANATION.

By the symbolical changes of Philomela, Progne, and Tereus, those who framed this termination of the story intended to depict the different characters of the persons whose actions are there 245 VI. 677 represented. As the lapwing delights in filth and impurity, the ancients thereby portrayed the unscrupulous character of Tereus; and, as the flight of that bird is but slow, it shows that he was not able to overtake his wife and her sister. The nightingale, concealed in the woods and thickets, seems there to be concealing her misfortunes and sorrows; and the swallow, which frequents the abodes of man, shows the restlessness of Progne, who seeks in vain for her son, whom, in her frantic fit, she has so barbarously murdered.

Anacreon and Apollodorus, however, reverse the story, saying that Philomela was changed into a swallow, and Progne into a nightingale. This event is said by some writers to have happened not in Thrace, but at Daulis, a town of Phocis, where Tereus is supposed

to have gone to settle. Pausanias tells us, that the tomb of Tereus was to be seen near Athens, so that it is probable that he died at a distance from Thrace, his native country. Homer alludes to the story of Philomela in somewhat different terms; speaking of the grounds of the grief of Penelope, he says, that 'she made her complaints to be heard like the inconsolable Philomela, the daughter of Pandarus, always hidden among the leaves and branches of trees. When the Spring arrives, she makes her voice echo through the woods, and laments her dear Itylus, whom she killed by an unhappy mistake; varying, in her continued plaints, the mournful melody of her notes.' By this, Homer seems to have known nothing of Tereus or of Progne, and to have followed a tradition, which was to the following effect: — Pandarus had three daughters, Ædon, Mecrope, and Cleothera. Ædon, the eldest, was married to Zethus, the brother of Amphiön, by whom she had one son, who was named Itylus. Envyiug the more numerous family of Niobe, her sister-in-law, she resolved to despatch the eldest of her nephews; and, as her son was brought up with his cousin, and was his bedfellow, she bade him change his place in the bed, on the night on which she intended to commit the crime. Itylus forgot her commands, and consequently his mother killed him by mistake for her nephew.

FABLE VII.

Boreas, not obtaining the consent of Erectheus, king of Athens, for the marriage of his daughter, Orithyia, takes that princess in his arms, and carries her away into Thrace. By her he has two sons, Calaïs and Zethes, who have wings, like their father, and afterwards embark with Jason in search of the Golden Fleece.

Erectheus received the sceptre of *that* country, and the government of the state; it is a matter of doubt whether he was more powerful through his justice, or by his mighty arms. He had, indeed, begotten four sons, and as many of the female sex: but the beauty of two of *them* was equal. Of these, Cephalus, the son of Æolus, was blessed with thee, Procris, for his wife; Tereus and the Thracians were an obstacle to Boreas; and long was *that* God without his much-

loved Orithyia, while he was entreating, and choosing rather to use prayers than force. But when nothing was effected by blandishments, terrible with that rage which is his wont, and but too natural with that wind, he said, “And *this is* deservedly *done*; for why did I relinquish my own weapons, my violence, my strength, my anger, and my threatening spirit, and turn to prayers, the employment of which ill becomes me? Violence is suitable for me; by violence do I dispel the lowering clouds, by violence do I arouse the seas, and overthrow the knotted oaks, and harden the snow, and beat the earth with hail. Itoo, when I have met with my brothers in the open air (for that is *peculiarly* my field), struggle with efforts so great, that the intermediate sky thunders again with our onset, and fires flash, struck forth from the hollow clouds. Itoo, when I have descended into the hollow recesses of the earth, and in my rage have placed my back against its lowest depths, disturb the shades below, and the whole globe with earthquakes. By these means should I have sought this alliance; and Erectheus ought not to have been entreated *to be* my father-in-law, but made so by force.”

Boreas, having said these words, or some not less high-sounding than these, shakes his wings, by the motion of which all the earth is fanned, and the wide sea becomes ruffled; and the lover, drawing his dusty mantle over the high tops *of mountains*, sweeps the ground, and, wrapt in darkness, embraces with his tawny wings Orithyia, as she trembles with fear. As she flies, his flame, being agitated, burns more fiercely. Nor does the ravisher check the reins of his airy course, before he reaches the people and the walls of the Ciconians. There, too, is the Actæan damsel made the wife of the cold sovereign, and *afterwards* a mother, bringing forth twins at a birth, who have the wings of their father, the rest *like* their mother. Yet they say that these *wings* were not produced together with their bodies; and while their long beard, with its yellow hair, was away, the boys Calais and Zethes were without feathers. *But* soon after, at once wings began to enclose both their sides, after the manner of birds, and at once their cheeks *began* to grow yellow *with down*. When, therefore, the boyish season of youth was passed, they sought, with the Minyæ, along the sea *before* unmoved, in the first ship *that existed*, the fleece that glittered with shining hair *of gold*.

EXPLANATION.

Plato tells us that the story of the rape of Orithyïa is but an allegory, which signifies that, by accident, she was blown by the wind into the sea, where she was drowned. Apollodorus and Pausanias, however, assert that this story is based on historical facts, and that Boreas, king of Thrace, seized Orithyïa, the daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, and sister of Procris, as she was passing the river Ilissus, and carried her into his dominions, where she became the mother of twins, Calaïs and Zethes. In the Argonautic expedition, these chiefs delivered Phineus, the king of Bithynia, from the persecution of the Harpies, which were in the habit of snatching away the victuals served up at his table.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

FABLE I.

Jason, after having met with various adventures, arrives with the Argonauts in Colchis, and demands the Golden Fleece. Medea falls in love with Jason, and by the power of her enchantments preserves him from the dangers he has to encounter in obtaining it. He obtains the prize, and carrying off Medea, returns in triumph to Thessaly.

And now the Minyæ were ploughing the sea in the Pagasæan ship; and Phineus prolonging a needy old age under perpetual night, had been visited, and the youthful sons of the North wind had driven the birds with the faces of virgins from *before* the mouth of the distressed old man; and having suffered many things under the famous Jason, had reached at length the rapid waters of the muddy Phasis.

And while they go to the king, and ask the fleece that once belonged to Phryxus, and conditions are offered them, dreadful for the number of mighty labors; in the meantime, the daughter of Æetes conceives a violent flame; and having long struggled *against it*, after she is unable to conquer her frenzy by reason, she says: "In vain, Medea, dost thou resist; some God, who, I know not, is opposing thee. It is a wonder too, if it is not this, or at least something like this, which is called 'love.' For why do the commands 249 VII. 15-44 of my father appear too rigid for me? and yet too rigid they are. Why 223 VII. 16-48 am I in dread, lest he whom I have seen *but* so lately, should perish? What is the cause of alarm so great? Banish the flames conceived in thy virgin breast, if thou canst, unhappy *creature*. If I could, I would be more rational. But a new power draws me on, against my will; and Cupid persuades one thing, reason another. I see which is the more proper *course*, and I approve of it, *while* I follow the wrong one. Why, royal maiden, art thou burning for a stranger, and why coveting the nuptial ties of a strange country? This land, too, may give thee something which thou mayst love. Whether he shall live, or whether die, is in *the disposal* of the Gods. Yet he may survive; and that I may pray for, even without love. For

what *fault* has Jason committed? Whom, but one of hard heart, would not the *youthful* age of Jason affect? his descent too, and his valor? Whom, though these other points were wanting, would not his beauty move? at least, he has moved my breast. But unless I shall give him aid, he will be breathed upon by the mouths of the bulls; and will engage with his own *kindred* crops, an enemy sprung from the earth; or he will be given as a cruel prey to the ravenous dragon. If I allow this, then I will confess that I was born of a tigress; then, *too*, that I carry steel and stone in my heart. Why do I not as well behold him perish? Why not, too, profane my eyes by seeing it? Why do I not stimulate the bulls against him, and the fierce sons of the earth, and the never-sleeping dragon? May the Gods award better things. And yet these things are not to be prayed for, but must be effected by myself. Shall I *then* betray the kingdom of my father? and by my aid shall some stranger, I know not who, be saved; that being delivered by my means, he may spread his sails to the winds without me, and be the husband of another; and I, Medea, be left for punishment? If he can do this, and if he is capable of preferring another to me, let him perish in his ingratitude. But not such is his countenance, not such that nobleness of soul, that gracefulness of person, that I should fear treachery, and forgetfulness 250 VII. 45-61 of what I deserve. Besides, he shall first pledge his faith, and I will oblige the Gods to be witnesses of our compact. What then dost thou dread, *thus* secure? Haste *then*, and banish 224 VII. 48-66 *all* delay. Jason will ever be indebted to thee for his preservation; thee will he unite to himself in the rites of marriage, and throughout the Pelasgian cities thou wilt be celebrated by crowds of matrons, as the preserver *of their sons*. And shall I then, borne away by the winds, leave my sister and my brother, and my father, and my Gods, and my native soil? My father is cruel, forsooth; my country, too, is barbarous; my brother is still *but* an infant; the wishes of my sister are in my favor. The greatest of the Gods is in possession of me. I shall not be relinquishing anything great; I shall be pursuing what is great; the credit of saving the youth of Greece, acquaintance with a better country, and cities, whose fame is flourishing even here, and the politeness and the arts of their inhabitants; and the son of Æson, whom I could be ready to take in exchange for *all* the things that the

whole world contains; with whom for my husband I shall both be
251 VII. 62-84 deemed dear to the Gods, and shall reach the stars
with my head. Why say that I know not what mountains are reported
to arise in the midst of the waves, and that Charybdis, an enemy to
ships, one while sucks in the sea, at another discharges it; and how
that Scylla, begirt with furious dogs, is said to bark in the Sicilian
deep? Yet holding him 225 VII. 66-94 whom I love, and clinging to
the bosom of Jason, I shall be borne over the wide seas; embracing
him, naught will I dread; or if I fear anything, for my husband alone
will I fear. And dost thou, Medea, call this a marriage, and dost thou
give a plausible name to thy criminality? Do but consider how great
an offence thou art meditating, and, while *still* thou mayst, fly from
guilt.”

Thus she said, and before her eyes stood Virtue, Affection, and
Modesty; and now Cupid turned his vanquished back. She was going
to the ancient altars of Hecate, the daughter of Perses, which a shady
grove and the recesses of a wood concealed. And now she was
resolved, and her passion being checked, had subsided; when she
beheld the son of Æson, and the extinguished flame revived. Her
cheeks were covered with blushes, and her whole face was suffused
with a glow. As a spark is wont to derive nourishment from the
winds, which, but small when it lay concealed beneath the ashes cast
over it, *is wont* to increase, and aroused, to rise again to its original
strength, so her love, now declining, which you would suppose was
now growing languid, when she beheld the youth, was rekindled with
the appearance of him before her eyes. And by chance, on that day,
the son of Æson was more 252 VII. 85-110 beauteous than usual.
You might forgive her loving him. She gazes; and keeps her eyes
fixed upon his countenance, as though but now seen for the first time;
and in her frenzy she thinks she does not behold the face of a mortal;
nor does she turn away from him. But when the stranger began to
speak, and seized her right hand, and begged her assistance with a
humble voice, and promised her marriage; she said, with tears
running down, “I see what I ought to do; and it will not be ignorance
of the truth, but love that beguiles me. By my agency thou shalt be
saved; when saved, grant what thou hast promised.”

He swears by the rites of the Goddess of the triple form, and the Deity which is in that grove, and by the sire of his future father-in-law, who beholds all things, and by his own adventures, and by dangers so great. Being believed *by her*, he immediately received some enchanted herbs, and thoroughly learned the use of them, and went away rejoicing to his abode. The next morning had *now* dispersed the twinkling stars, *when* the people repaired to the sacred field of Mavors, and ranged themselves on the hills. In the midst of the assembly sat the king himself, arrayed in purple, and distinguished by a sceptre of ivory. Behold! the brazen-footed bulls breathe forth flames from their adamantine nostrils; and the grass touched by the vapors is on fire. And as the forges filled *with fire* are wont to roar, or when flints dissolved in an earthen furnace receive intense heat by the sprinkling of flowing water; so do their breasts rolling forth the flames enclosed within, and their scorched throats, resound. 253 VII. 110-139 Yet the son of Æson goes forth to meet them. The fierce *bulls* turn their terrible features, and their horns pointed with iron, towards his face as he advances, and with cloven hoofs they spurn the dusty ground, and fill the place with lowings, that send forth clouds of smoke. The Minyæ are frozen with horror. He comes up, and feels not the flames breathed forth by them, so great is the power of the incantations. He even strokes their hanging dewlaps with a bold right hand, and, subjected to the yoke, he obliges them to draw the heavy weight of a plough, and to turn up with the share the plain *till now* unused to it.

The Colchians are astonished; the Minyæ fill *the air* with their shouts, and give him *fresh* courage. Then in a brazen 227 VII. 120-155 helmet he takes the dragon's teeth, and strews them over the ploughed up fields. The ground, impregnated beforehand with a potent drug, softens the seed; and the teeth that were sown grow up, and become new bodies. And as the infant receives the human form in the womb of the mother, and is there formed in all its parts, and comes not forth into the common air until at maturity, so when the figure of man is ripened in the bowels of the pregnant earth, it arises in the fruitful plain; and, what is still more surprising, it brandishes arms produced at the same time. When the Pelasgians saw them preparing to hurl their spears with sharp points at the head of the

Hæmonian youth, they lowered their countenances and their courage, *quailing* with fear. She, too, became alarmed, who had rendered him secure; and when she saw the youth, being but one, attacked by so many enemies, she turned pale, and suddenly chilled *with fear*, sat down without blood *in her cheeks*. And, lest the herbs that had been given by her, should avail him but little, she repeats an auxiliary charm, and summons *to her aid* her secret arts. He, hurling a heavy stone into the midst of his 254 VII. 140-158 enemies, turns the warfare, now averted from himself, upon themselves. The Earth-born brothers perish by mutual wounds, and fall in civil fight. The Greeks congratulate him, and caress the conqueror, and cling to him in hearty embraces. And thou too, barbarian maiden, wouldst fain have embraced him; 'twas modesty that opposed the design; otherwise thou wouldst have embraced him; but regard for thy reputation restrained thee from doing so. What thou mayst do, *thou dost do*; thou rejoicest with a silent affection, and thou givest thanks to thy charms, and to the Gods, the authors of them.

It *still* remains to lay asleep with herbs the watchful dragon, who, distinguished by his crest and his three tongues, and terrible with his hooked teeth, is the keeper of the Golden Fleece. After he has sprinkled him with herbs of Lethæan juice, and has thrice repeated words that cause placid slumbers, which *would even calm* the boisterous ocean, *and* which would stop the rapid rivers, sleep creeps upon the eyes 228 VII. 155-158 that were strangers to it, and the hero, the son of Æson, gains the gold; and proud of the spoil and bearing with him the giver of the prize as a second spoil, he arrives victorious, with his wife, at the port of Iolcos.

EXPLANATION.

To understand this story, one of the most famous in the early history of Greece, we must go back to the origin of it, and examine the fictions which the poets have mingled with the history of the expedition of the Argonauts, one of the most remarkable events of the fabulous ages.

Athamas, the son of Æolus, grandson of Hellen, and great-grandson of Deucalion, having married Ino, the daughter of Cadmus,

was obliged to divorce her, on account of the madness with which she was attacked. He afterwards married Nephele, by whom he had a son and daughter, Phryxus and Helle; but on his taking his first wife again, she brought him two sons, Learchus and Melicerta. Ino, hating the children of Nephele, sought to destroy them. Phryxus being informed thereof, ordered a ship to be privately prepared; and taking his father's treasures, sailed with 255 his sister Helle, to seek a retreat in the court of Æetes, his kinsman. Helle died on the voyage, but Phryxus arrived in Colchis, where he dedicated the prow of his ship to Neptune, or Jupiter. He there married Chalciopé, by whom he had four sons, Argos, Phrontes, Molas, and Cylindus. Some years after, Æetes caused him to be assassinated; and his sons fleeing to the court of their grandfather, Athamas, were shipwrecked on an island, where they remained until found there by Jason, who took them back to their mother. Having mourned them as dead, she was transported with joy on finding them, and used every exertion to aid Jason in promoting his addresses to Medea. Æetes having seized the treasures of Athamas on the death of Phryxus, the Greeks prepared an expedition to recover them, and to avenge his death. Pelias, who had driven his brother Æson from the throne of Iolcos, desiring to procure the absence of his son Jason, took this opportunity of engaging him in an enterprise, which promised both glory, profit, and a large amount of personal exertion. The uneasiness which Pelias felt was caused by the prediction of an oracle, that he should be killed by a prince of the family of Æolus, and which warned him to beware of a person who should have but one shoe. Just at that period, Jason, returning from the school of Chiron, lost one of his shoes in crossing a river. On this, his uncle was desirous to destroy him; but not daring to do so publicly, he induced him to embark with the Argonauts, expecting that he would perish in an undertaking of so perilous a nature. Many young nobles of Greece repaired to the court of Iolcos, and joined in the undertaking, when they chose Jason for their leader, and embarked in a ship, the name of which was Argo, and from which the adventurers received the name of Argonauts.

Diodorus Siculus says, that the ship was so named from its swiftness; 229 while others say, that it was so called from Argus, the name of its builder, or from the Argives, or Greeks, on board of it.

Bochart, however, supposes, that the name is derived from the Phœnician word ‘arco,’ which signifies ‘long,’ and suggests, that before that time the Greeks sailed in vessels of a rounder form, Jason being the first who sailed in a ship built in the form of a galley. After many adventures, on arriving at the Isle of Lemnos, they found that the women had killed their husbands in a fit of jealousy, on which the Argonauts took wives from their number, and Jason received for his companion Hypsipyle, the daughter of Thoas. Putting to sea again, they were driven on the coast of Bithynia, where they delivered Phineus, its king, from the persecution of the Harpies, who were in the habit of snatching away the victuals from his table. These monsters, of hideous form, with crooked beaks and talons, huge wings, and the faces of women, the Argonauts, and especially Calais and Zethes, pursued as far as the islands called Strophades, in the Ionian sea, where Iris appearing to them, enjoined them to pursue the Harpies no further, promising that Phineus should no longer be persecuted by them. To explain this story, some suppose that the Harpies were the daughters of Phineus, who by their dissipation and extravagance, had ruined him in his old age, which occasioned the saying, that they snatched the victuals out of his mouth. LeClerc thinks, that the Harpies were vast swarms of grasshoppers, which ravaged 256 all Paphlagonia, and caused a famine in the dominions of Phineus; the word ‘arbatî,’ whence the term ‘Harpy’ is derived, signifying ‘a grasshopper;’ and that the North wind blowing them into the Ionian sea, it gave rise to the saying, that the sons of Boreas pursued them so far. Diodorus Siculus does not mention the Harpies, though he speaks of the arrival of the Argonauts at the court of Phineus.

After some other adventures, the Argonauts arrived at Colchis. Æetes, or Æeta, the king, having been forewarned by an oracle, that a stranger should deprive him of his crown and life, had established a custom of sacrificing all strangers found in his dominions. His daughter Medea, falling in love with Jason, promised him her assistance in preserving them from the dangers to which they were exposed, on the condition of his marrying her. Having engaged to do so, she conducted him by night to the royal palace, and gave him a false key, by means whereof he found the royal treasures, and

carrying them off, embarked with Medea and his companions. By way of explaining the miraculous portion of the story, we may, perhaps, not err in supposing, that the account of it was originally written in the Phœnician language; and through not understanding it, the Greeks invented the fiction of the Fleece, the Dragon, and the Fiery Bulls. Bochart and LeClerc have observed, that the Syriac word ‘gaza,’ signifies either ‘a treasure,’ or ‘a fleece.’ ‘Saur,’ which means ‘a wall,’ also means ‘a bull;’ and in the same language the same word, ‘nachas,’ signifies both ‘brass,’ ‘iron,’ and ‘a dragon.’ Hence, instead of the simple narrative, that Jason, by the aid of Medea, carried away the treasures which Æetes kept within walls, with bolts, or locks of metal, and which Phryxus had carried to Colchis in a ship with the figure of a ram at the prow, it was published, and circulated by the ignorant, that the Gods, to save Phryxus from his stepmother, sent him a sheep with a golden fleece, 230 VII. 159-176 which bore him to Colchis; that its fleece became the object of the ambition of the leading men of Greece; and that whoever wished to bear it away was obliged to contend with bulls and dragons. Some historians, by way of interpreting the story, affirm, that the keeper of the treasures was named ‘Draco,’ or ‘Dragon,’ and that the garrison of the stronghold of Æetes was brought from the ‘Tauric’ Chersonesus. They say also, that the fleece was the skin of the sheep which Phryxus had sacrificed to Neptune, which he had caused to be gilt. It is not, however, very likely, that an object so trifling could have excited the avarice of the Greeks, and caused them to undertake an expedition accompanied with so many dangers. The dragon’s teeth most probably bear reference to some foreign troops which Jason, in the same way as Cadmus had done, found means to alienate from Æetes, and to bring over to his own side. Homer makes but very slight allusion to the adventures of the Argonauts.

257 VII. 159-180

FABLE II.

Jason, after his return home, requests Medea to restore his father Æson to youth, which she performs; then, going to the court of

Pelias, she avenges the injuries which he had done to the family of Jason, by making him the victim of the credulity of his own daughters, who, in compliance with her pretended regard for them, stab him to death. Medea, having executed her design, makes her escape in her chariot.

The Hæmonian mothers and aged fathers bring presents, for receiving their sons *safe home*; and frankincense dissolves, piled on the flames, and the devoted victim falls, having its horns gilded. But Æson is not among those congratulating, being now near death, and worn out with the years of old age; when thus the son of Æson *addresses Medea*: “Owife, to whom I confess that I owe my safety, although thou hast granted me everything, and the sum of thy favors exceeds *all* belief; *still*, if *thy enchantments* can effect this (and what can enchantments not effect?), take away from my own years, and, when taken, add them to *those of my father*.”

And *thus saying*, he could not check his tears. She was moved with the affection of the petitioner; and *her father*, Æetes, left behind, recurred to her mind, unlike *that of Jason*; yet she did not confess any such feelings. “What a piece of wickedness, husband,” said she, “has escaped thy affectionate lips! Can I, then, seem capable of transferring to any one a portion of thy life? May Hecate not allow of this; nor dost thou ask what is reasonable; but, Jason, I will endeavor to grant thee a favor *still* greater than that which thou art asking. By my arts 231 VII. 176-203 we will endeavor to bring back the long years of my father-in-law, and not by means of thy years; if the Goddess of the triple form do but assist, and propitiously aid *so* vast an undertaking.” Three nights were *now* wanting that the horns of *the Moon* might meet entirely, and might form a *perfect* orb. After the 258 VII. 180-204 Moon shone in her full, and looked down upon the Earth, with her disk complete, *Medea* went forth from the house, clothed in garments flowing loose, with bare feet, and having her unadorned hair hanging over her shoulders, and unattended, directed her wandering steps through the still silence of midnight. Sound sleep has *now* relaxed *the nerves of both* men, and birds, and beasts; the hedges and the motionless foliage are still, without any noise, the dewy air is still; the stars alone are twinkling; towards which, holding up her arms, three times she turns herself about, three times

she besprinkles her hair with water taken from the stream; with three yells she opens her mouth, and, her knee bending upon the hard ground, she says, “ONight, most faithful to these my mysteries, and ye golden Stars, who, with the Moon, succeed the fires of the day, and thou, three-faced Hecate, who comest conscious of my design, and ye charms and arts of the enchanters, and thou, too, Earth, that dost furnish the enchanters with powerful herbs; ye breezes, too, and winds, mountains, rivers, and lakes, and all ye Deities of the groves, and all ye Gods of night, attend here; through whose aid, whenever I will, the rivers run back from their astonished banks to their sources, *and* by my charms I calm the troubled sea, and rouse it when calm; I disperse the clouds, and I bring clouds *upon the Earth*; I both allay the winds, and I raise them; and I break the jaws of 232 VII. 203-229 serpents with my words and my spells; I move, too, the solid rocks, and the oaks torn up with their own *native* earth, and the forests *as well*. I command 259 VII. 204-229 the mountains, too, to quake, and the Earth to groan, and the ghosts to come forth from their tombs. Thee, too, OMoon, do I draw down, although the Temesæan brass relieves thy pangs. By my spells, also, the chariot of my grandsire is rendered pale; Aurora, too, is pale through my enchantments. For me did ye blunt the flames of the bulls, and with the curving plough you pressed the necks that never before bore the yoke. You raised a cruel warfare for those born of the dragon among themselves, and you lulled to sleep the keeper *of the golden fleece*, that had never known sleep; and *thus*, deceiving the guardian, you sent the treasure into the Grecian cities. Now there is need of juices, by means of which, old age, being renewed, may return to the bloom *of life*, and may receive back again its early years; and *this* ye will give me; for not in vain did the stars *just now* sparkle; nor yet in vain is the chariot come, drawn by the necks of winged dragons.”

A chariot sent down from heaven was come; which, soon as she had mounted, and had stroked the harnessed necks of the dragons, and had shaken the light reins with her hands, she was borne aloft, and looked down upon Thessalian Tempe below her, and guided her dragons towards the chalky regions; and observed the herbs which Ossa, and which the lofty Pelion bore, Othrys, too, and Pindus, and Olympus *still* greater than Pindus; and part she tore up by the root

gently worked, part she cut down with the bend of a brazen sickle. Many a herb, too, that grew on the banks of Apidanus pleased her; many, too, *on the banks* of Amphrysus; 260 VII. 229-249 233 VII. 229-249 nor, Enipeus, didst thou escape. The Peneian waters, and the Spercheian as well, contributed something, and the rushy shores of Bœbe. She plucks, too, enlivening herbs by the Eubœan Anthedon, not yet commonly known by the change of the body of Glaucus. And now the ninth day, and the ninth night had seen her visiting all the fields in her chariot, and upon the wings of the dragons, when she returned; nor had the dragons been fed, but with the odors *of the plants*: and yet they cast the skin of old age full of years. On her arrival she stood without the threshold and the gates, and was canopied by the heavens alone, and avoided the contact of her husband, and erected two altars of turf; on the right hand, one to Hecate, but on the left side one to Youth. After she had hung them round with vervain and forest boughs, throwing up the earth from two trenches not far off, she performed the rites, and plunged a knife into the throat of a black ram, and besprinkled the wide trenches with blood. Then pouring thereon goblets of flowing wine, and pouring brazen goblets of warm milk; she at the same time utters words, and calls upon the Deities of the earth, and entreats the king of the shades below, together with his 261 VII. 249-271 ravished 234 VII. 249-273 wife, that they will not hasten to deprive the aged limbs of life. When she had rendered them propitious both by prayers and prolonged mutterings, she commanded the exhausted body of Æson to be brought out to the altars, and stretched it cast into a deep sleep by her charms, *and* resembling one dead, upon the herbs laid beneath him.

She orders the son of Æson to go far thence, and the attendants, too, to go afar; and warns them to withdraw their profane eyes from her mysteries. At her order, they retire. Medea, with dishevelled hair, goes round the blazing altars like a worshipper of Bacchus, and dips her torches, split into many parts, in the trench, black with blood, and lights them, *thus* dipt, at the two altars. And thrice does she purify the aged man with flames, thrice with water, and thrice with sulphur. In the meantime the potent mixture is boiling and heaving in the brazen cauldron, placed *on the flames*, and whitens with swelling froth. There she boils roots cut up in the Hæmonian valleys, and

seeds and flowers and acrid juices. She adds stones fetched from the most distant East, and sand, which the ebbing tide of the ocean has washed. She adds, too, hoar-frost gathered at night by the light of the moon, and the ill-boding wings of a screech owl, together with its flesh; and the entrails of an ambiguous wolf, that was wont to change its appearance of a wild beast into *that of* a man. Nor is there wanting there 262 VII. 272-294 the thin scaly slough of the Cinyphian water-snake, and the liver of the long-lived 235 VII. 273-296 stag; to which, besides, she adds the bill and head of a crow that had sustained *an existence of* nine ages. When, with these and a thousand other things without a name, the barbarian *princess* has completed the medicine prepared for the mortal *body*, with a branch of the peaceful olive long since dried up, she stirs them all up, and blends the lowest *ingredients* with the highest. Behold! the old branch, turned about in the heated cauldron, at first becomes green; and after no long time assumes foliage, and is suddenly loaded with heavy olives. Besides, wherever the fire throws the froth from out of the hollow cauldron, and the boiling drops fall upon the earth, the ground becomes green, and flowers and soft grass spring up.

Soon as Medea sees this, she opens the throat of the old man with a drawn sword; and allowing the former blood to escape, replenishes *his veins* with juices. Soon as Æson has drunk them in, either received in his mouth or in his wound, his beard and his hair laying aside their hoariness, assume a black hue. His leanness flies, being expelled; his paleness and squalor are gone. His hollow veins are supplied with additional blood, and his limbs become instinct with vigor. Æson is astonished, and calls to recollection that he was such four times ten years before.

Liber had beheld from on high the miraculous operations of so great a prodigy; and taught *thereby* that 263 VII. 295-315 youthful years can be restored to his nurses, he requests this present from the daughter of Æetes.

236 VII. 297-325

And that her arts may not cease, the Phasian feigns a counterfeit quarrel with her husband, and flies as a suppliant to the threshold of Pelias and (as he himself is oppressed with old age) his daughters receive her; whom, after a short time, the crafty Colchian engages to

herself by the appearance of a pretended friendship. And while among the greatest of her merits, she relates that the infirmities of Æson have been removed, and is dwelling upon that part *of the story*, a hope is suggested to the damsels, the daughters of Pelias, that by the like art their parent may become young again; and this they request *of her*, and repeatedly entreat her to name her own price. For a short time she is silent, and appears to be hesitating, and keeps their mind in suspense, as they ask, with an affected gravity.

Afterwards, when she has promised them, she says, “That there may be the greater confidence in this my skill, the leader of the flock among your sheep, which is the most advanced in age, shall become a lamb by this preparation.” Immediately, a fleecy *ram*, enfeebled by innumerable years, is brought, with his horns bending around his hollow temples; whose withered throat, when she has cut with the Hæmonian knife, and stained the steel with its scanty blood, the enchantress plunges the limbs of the sheep, and her potent juices together, into the hollow copper. The limbs of 264 VII. 316-345 his body are lessened, and he puts off his horns, and his years together with his horns; and in the midst of the kettle a low bleating is heard. And without any delay, while they are wondering at the bleating, a lamb springs forth, and gambols in its course, and seeks the suckling dugs. The daughters of Pelias are amazed; and after her promises have obtained her credit, then, indeed, they urge her still more strongly. Phœbus had thrice taken the yoke off his horses sinking in the Iberian sea; and upon the fourth night the radiant stars were twinkling, 237 VII. 326-349 when the deceitful daughter of Æetes set pure water upon a blazing fire, and herbs without any virtue. And now sleep like to death, their bodies being relaxed, had seized the king, and the guards together with their king, which her charms and the influence of her enchanting tongue had caused. The daughters *of the king*, as ordered, had entered the threshold, together with the Colchian, and had surrounded the bed; “Why do you hesitate now, in your indolence? Unsheathe your swords,” says she, “and exhaust the ancient gore, that I may replenish his empty veins with youthful blood. The life and the age of your father is now in your power. If you have any affection and cherish not vain hopes, perform your duty to your father, and drive away old age with your

weapons, and, thrusting in the steel, let out his corrupted blood.”

Upon this exhortation, as each of them is affectionate, she becomes especially undutiful, and that she may not be wicked, she commits wickedness. Yet not one is able to look upon her own blow; and they turn away their eyes, and turning away their faces, they deal chance blows with their cruel right hands. He, streaming with gore, yet raises his limbs on his elbows, and, half-mangled, attempts to rise from the couch; and in the midst of so many swords stretching forth his pale arms, he says, “What 265 VII. 346-354 are you doing, my daughters? What arms you against the life of your parent?” Their courage and their hands fail *them*. As he is about to say more, the Colchian severs his throat, together with his words, and plunges him, *thus* mangled, in the boiling cauldron.

EXPLANATION.

The authors who have endeavored to explain the true meaning and origin of the story of the restitution of Æson to youth, are much divided in their opinions concerning it. Some think it refers to the mystery of reviving the decrepit and aged by the transfusion of youthful blood. It is, however, not improbable, that Medea obtained the reputation of being a sorceress, only because she had been taught by her mother the virtues of various plants: and that she administered a potion to Æson, which furnished him with new spirits and strength.

The daughters of Pelias being desirous to obtain the same favor of Medea for their father, she, to revenge the evils which he had brought upon her husband and his family, may possibly have mixed some venomous herbs in his drink, which immediately killed him.

238 VII. 350-362

FABLE III.

Medea, after having killed Pelias, goes through several countries to Corinth, where, finding that Jason, in her absence, has married the daughter of king Creon, she sets fire to the palace, whereby the princess and her father are consumed. She then murders the two children which she had by Jason, before his face, and takes to flight.

And unless she had mounted into the air with winged dragons, she would not have been exempt from punishment; she flies aloft, over both shady Pelion, the lofty habitation of the son of Phillyra, and over Othrys, and the places noted for the fate of the ancient Cerambus. He, by the aid of Nymphs, being lifted on wings into the air, when the ponderous earth was covered by 266 VII. 355-365 the sea pouring over it, not being overwhelmed, escaped the flood of Deucalion. On the left side, she leaves the Æolian Pitane, and the image of the long Dragon made out of stone, and the wood of Ida, in which Bacchus hid a stolen bullock beneath the appearance of a fictitious stag; *the spot* too, where the father of Corythus lies buried beneath a little sand, and the fields which Mæra alarmed by her unusual barking.

239 VII. 363-370

The city, too, of Eurypylus, in which the Coan matrons wore horns, at the time when the herd of Hercules departed *thence*; Phœbean Rhodes also, and 267 VII. 365-382 the Ialysian Telchines, whose eyes corrupting all things by the very looking upon them, Jupiter utterly hating, thrust beneath the waves of his brother. She passed, too, over the Cartheian walls of ancient Cea, where her father Alcidamas was destined to wonder that a gentle dove could arise from the body of his daughter.

240 VII. 371-389

After that, she beholds the lakes of Hyrie, and Cycneian Tempe, which the swan that had suddenly become such, frequented. For there Phyllius, at the request of the boy, had given him birds, and a fierce lion tamed; being ordered, too, to subdue a bull, he had subdued him; and being angry at his despising his love so often, he denied him, *when* begging the bull as his last reward. The other, indignant, said, "Thou shalt wish that thou hadst given it;" and *then* leaped from a high rock. All imagined he had fallen; but, transformed into a swan, he hovered in the air on snow-white wings. But his mother, Hyrie, not knowing that he was saved, dissolved in tears, and formed a lake *called* after her own name.

Adjacent to these *places* is Pleuron; in which 268 VII. 383-396 Combe, the daughter of Ophis, escaped the wounds of her sons with trembling wings. After that, she sees the fields of Calaurea, sacred to

Latona, conscious of the transformation of their king, together with his wife, into birds. Cyllene is on the right hand, on which Menephron was *one day* to lie with his mother, after the manner of savage beasts. Far hence she beholds Cephisus, lamenting the fate of his grandson, changed 241 VII. 389-401 by Apollo into a bloated sea-calf; and the house of Eumelus, lamenting his son in the air.

At length, borne on the wings of her dragons, she reached the Pirenian Ephyre. Here, those of ancient times promulgated that in the early ages mortal bodies were produced from mushrooms springing from rain. But after the new-made bride was consumed, through the Colchian drugs, and both seas beheld the king's house on fire, her wicked sword was bathed in the blood of her sons; and the mother, having *thus* barbarously revenged herself, fled from the arms of Jason. 269 VII. 397-401 Being borne hence by her Titanian dragons, she entered the city of Pallas, which saw thee, most righteous Phineus, and thee, aged Periphas, flying together, and the granddaughter of Polypemon resting upon new-formed wings.

EXPLANATION.

Jason being reconciled to the children of Pelias, gave the crown to his son Acastus. Becoming tired of Medea, he married Glauce, or Creüsa, the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth. Medea, hastening to that place, left her two sons in the temple of Juno, and set fire to Creon's palace, where he and 242 his daughter were consumed to ashes, after which she killed her own children. Euripides, in his tragedy of Medea, makes a chorus of Corinthian women say, that the Corinthians themselves committed the murder, and that the Gods sent a plague on the city, as a punishment for the deed. Pausanias also says, that the tomb of Medea's children, whom the Corinthians stoned to death, was still to be seen in his time; and that the Corinthians offered sacrifices there every year, to appease their ghosts, as the oracle had commanded them.

Apollodorus relates this story in a different manner. He says, that Medea sent her rival a crown, dipped in a sort of gum of a combustible nature; and that when Glauce had put it on her head, it began to burn so furiously, that the young princess perished in the

greatest misery. Medea afterwards retired to Thebes, where Hercules engaged to give her assistance against Jason, which promise, however, he failed to perform. Going thence to Athens, she married Ægeus.

The story of her winged dragons may, perhaps, be based on the fact, that her ship was called 'the Dragon.' In recounting the particulars of her flight, Ovid makes allusion to several stories by the way, the most of which are entirely unknown to us. With regard 270 VII. 402-408 to these fictions, it may not be out of place to remark here, as affording a key to many of them, that where a person escaped from any imminent danger, it was published that he had been changed into a bird. If, to avoid pursuit, a person hid himself in a cave, he was said to be transformed into a serpent; and if he burst into tears, from excess of grief, he was reported to have changed into a fountain; while, if a damsel lost herself in a wood, she became a Nymph, or a Dryad. The resemblance of names, also, gave rise to several fictions: thus, Alopis was changed into a fox; Cygnus into a swan; Coronis into a crow; and Cerambus into a horned beetle. As some few of the stories here alluded to by Ovid, refer to historical events, it may be remarked, that the account of the women of Cos being changed into cows, is thought by some to have been founded on the cruel act of the companions of Hercules, who sacrificed some of them to the Gods of the country. The inhabitants of the Isle of Rhodes were said to have been changed into rocks, because they perished in an inundation, which laid a part of that island under water, and particularly the town of Ialysus. The fruitfulness of the daughter of Alcidas occasioned it to be said, that she was changed into a dove. The rage of Mæra is shown by her transformation into a bitch; and Arne was changed into a daw, because, having sold her country, her avarice was well depicted under the symbol of that bird, which, according to the popular opinion, is fond of money. Philyra, the mother of the Centaur Chiron, was said to be changed into a linden-tree, probably because she happened to bear the name of that tree, which in the Greek language is called φιλύρα.

243 VII. 402-423

FABLE IV.

Hercules chains the dog Cerberus, the guardian of the gates of the Infernal Regions. Theseus, after his exploits at Corinth, arrives at Athens, where Medea prepares a cup of poison for him. The king, however, recognizing his son, just as he is about to drink, snatches away the cup from him, while Medea flies in her chariot. Ægeus then makes a festival, to celebrate the arrival and preservation of Theseus. In the mean time, Minos, the king of Crete, solicits several princes to assist him in a war against Athens, to revenge the death of his son Androgeus, who had been murdered there.

Ægeus, to be blamed for this deed alone, shelters her; and hospitality is not enough, he also joins her *to himself* by the ties of marriage. And now was Theseus, his son, arrived, unknown to his father, who, by his valor, had established peace in the Isthmus between the two seas. For his destruction Medea mingles the wolfsbane, which she once brought with her from the shores of Scythia. This, they say, sprang from the teeth of 271 VII. 409-428 the Echidnean dog. There is a gloomy cave, with a dark entrance, *wherein* there is a descending path, along which the Tirynthian hero dragged away Cerberus resisting, and turning his eyes sideways from the day and the shining rays *of the Sun*, in chains formed of adamant; he, filled with furious rage, filled the air with triple barkings at the same moment, and sprinkled the verdant fields with white foam. This, they suppose, grew solid, and, receiving the nourishment of a fruitful and productive soil, acquired the power of being noxious. Because, full of life, it springs up on the hard rock, the rustics call it aconite.

This, by the contrivance of his wife, the father Ægeus himself presented to his son, as though to an enemy. Theseus had received the presented cup with unsuspecting right hand, when his father perceived upon the ivory hilt of his sword the 244 VII. 423-439 tokens of his race, and struck the guilty *draught* from his mouth. She escaped death, having raised clouds by her enchantments.

But the father, although he rejoices at his son's being safe, astonished that so great a wickedness can be committed with so narrow an escape from death, heats the altars with fires, and loads the Gods with gifts; and the 272 VII. 429-443 axes strike the muscular necks of the oxen having their horns bound with wreaths. No day is

said *ever* to have shone upon the people of Erectheus more famous than that — the senators and the common people keep up the festivity; songs, too, they sing, wine inspiring wit. “Thee, greatest Theseus,” said they, “Marathon admired for *shedding* the blood of the Cretan bull; and that the husbandman ploughs Cromyon in safety from the boar, is thy procurement and thy work. By thy means the country of Epidaurus saw the club-bearing son of Vulcan fall; *and* the banks of the river Cephissus saw the cruel Procrustes *fall by thee*. Eleusis, sacred to Ceres, beheld the death of Cercyon. 245 VII. 439-460 Sinnis fell too, who barbarously used his great powers; who was able to bend *huge* beams, and used to pull pine trees from aloft to the earth, destined to scatter *human* bodies far and wide. The road to Alcatheë, the Lelegeian 273 VII. 443-463 city, is now open in safety, Scyron being laid low *in death: and* the earth denies a resting-place, the water, *too*, denies a resting-place to the bones of the robber scattered piecemeal; these, long tossed about, length of time is reported to have hardened into rocks. To *these* rocks the name of Scyron adheres. If we should reckon up thy glorious deeds, and thy years, thy actions would exceed thy years *in number*. For thee, bravest *hero*, we make public vows: in thy honor do we quaff the draughts of wine.” The palace rings with the acclamations of the populace, and the prayers of those applauding; and there is no place sorrowing throughout the whole city.

And yet (so surely is the pleasure of no one unalloyed, and some anxiety is *ever* interposing amid joyous circumstances), Ægeus does not have his joy undisturbed, on receiving back his son. Minos prepares for war; who, though he is strong in soldiers, strong in shipping, is still strongest of all in the resentment of a parent, and, with retributive arms, avenges the death of *his son* Androgeus. Yet, before the war, he obtains auxiliary forces, and crosses the sea with a swift fleet, in which 2436 VII. 460-468 he is accounted strong. On the one side, he joins Anaphe to himself; and the realms of Astypale; Anaphe by treaty, the realms of Astypale by conquest; on the other side, the low Myconos, and the chalky lands of Cimolus, and the flourishing Cythnos, Scyros, 274 VII. 464-468 and the level Seriphos; Paros, too, abounding in marble, and *the island* wherein the treacherous Sithonian betrayed the citadel, on receiving the gold,

which, in her covetousness, she had demanded. She was changed into a bird, which even now has a passion for gold, the jackdaw *namely*, black-footed, and covered with black feathers.

EXPLANATION.

If it is the fact, as many antiquarians suppose, that much of the Grecian mythology was derived from that of the Egyptians, there can be but little doubt that their system of the Elysian Fields and the Infernal Regions was derived from the Egyptian notions on the future state of man. The story too, of Cerberus is, perhaps, based upon the custom of the Egyptians, who kept dogs to guard the fields or caverns in which they kept their mummies.

It is, however, very possible that the story of Cerberus may have been founded upon a fact, or what was believed to be such. There was a serpent which haunted the cavern of Tænarus, in Laconia, and ravaged the districts adjacent to that promontory. This cave, being generally considered to be one of the avenues to the kingdom of Pluto, the poets thence derived the notion that this serpent was the guardian of its portals. Pausanias observes, that Homer was the first who said that Cerberus was a dog; though, in reality, he was a serpent, whose name in the Greek language signified ‘one that devours flesh.’ The story that Cerberus, with his foam, poisoned the herbs that grew in Thessaly, and that the aconite and other poisonous plants were ever after common there, is probably based on the simple fact, that those herbs were found in great quantities in that region.

Women, using these herbs in their pretended enchantments, gave ground for the stories of the witches of Thessaly, and of their ability to bring the 247 VII. 469-481 moon down to the earth by their spells and incantations; which latter notion was probably based on the circumstance, that these women used to invoke the Night and the Moon as witnesses of their magical operations.

275 VII. 469-481

FABLE V.

Minos, having engaged several powers in his interest, and having

been refused by others, goes to the island of Ægina, where Æacus reigns, to endeavor to secure an alliance with that prince; but without success. Upon his departure, Cephalus arrives, as ambassador, from Athens, and obtains succors from the king; who gives him an account of the desolation which a pestilence had formerly made in his country, and of the surprising manner in which it had been re-peopled.

But Oliaros, and Didyme, and Tenos, and Andros, and Gyaros, and Peparethos, fruitful in the smooth olive, do not aid the Gnessian ships. Then Minos makes for Ænopia, the kingdom of Æacus, lying to the left. The ancients called it Ænopia, but Æacus himself called it Ægina, from the name of his mother. The multitude rushes forth, and desires greatly to know a man of so great celebrity. Both Telamon, and Peleus, younger than Telamon, and Phocus, the *king's* third son, go to meet him. Æacus himself, too, *though* slow through the infirmity of old age, goes forth, and asks him what is the reason of his coming? The ruler of a hundred cities, being 248 VII. 481-512 put in mind of his fatherly sorrow *for his son*, sighs, and gives him this answer: "I beg 276 VII. 482-509 thee to assist arms taken up on account of my son; and be a party in a war of affection. For his shades do I demand satisfaction." To him the grandson of Asopus says, "Thou askest in vain, and for a thing not to be done by my city; for, indeed, there is no land more closely allied to the people of Cecropia. Such are *the terms of* our compact." Minos goes away in sadness, and says, "This compact of thine will cost thee a dear price;" and he thinks it more expedient to threaten war than to wage it, and to waste his forces there prematurely.

Even yet may the Lyctian fleet be beheld from the Ænopian walls, when an Attic ship, speeding onward with full sail, appears, and enters the friendly harbor, which is carrying Cephalus, and together *with him* the request of his native country. The youthful sons of Æacus recognize Cephalus, although seen but after a long period, and give their right hands, and lead him into the house of their father. The graceful hero, even still retaining some traces of his former beauty, enters; and, holding a branch of his country's olive, being the elder, he has on his right and left hand the two younger in age, Clytus and Butes, the sons of Pallas. After their first meeting has had words

suitable *thereto*, Cephalus relates the request of the people of Cecrops, and begs assistance, and recounts the treaties and alliances of their forefathers; and he adds, that the subjection of the whole of Achaia is aimed at. After the eloquence of *Cephalus* has thus promoted the cause entrusted to him, Æacus, leaning with his left hand on the handle of his sceptre, says —

“Ask not for assistance, O Athens, but take it, and consider, beyond doubt, the resources which this island possesses, as thy own, and let all the forces of my kingdom go *along with thee*. Strength is not wanting. I have soldiers enough both for my defence, and for 277 VII. 510-537 *opposing* the enemy. Thanks to the Gods; this is a prosperous time, and one that can excuse no refusal of mine.” “Yes, *and* be it so,” says Cephalus: 249 VII. 512-545 “and I pray that thy power may increase along with thy citizens. Indeed, as I came along just now, I received *much* pleasure, when a number of youths, so comely and so equal in their ages, came forward to meet me. Yet I miss many from among them, whom I once saw when I was formerly entertained in this city.” Æacus heaves a sigh, and thus he says, with mournful voice: “A better fortune will be following a lamentable beginning; *I only* wish I could relate this to you. I will now tell it you without any order, that I may not be detaining you by any long preamble. They are *now* lying as bones and ashes, for whom thou art inquiring with tenacious memory. And how great a part were they of my resources that perished! Adreadful pestilence fell upon my people, through the anger of the vengeful Juno, who hated a country named from her rival. While the calamity seemed natural, and the baneful cause of so great destruction was unknown, it was opposed by the resources of medicine. *But* the havoc exceeded *all* help, which *now* lay baffled. At first the heaven encompassed the earth with a thick darkness, and enclosed within its clouds a drowsy heat. And while the Moon was four times filling her orb by joining her horns, *and*, four times decreasing, was diminishing her full orb, the hot South winds were blowing with their deadly blasts. It is known for a fact that the infection came even into fountains and lakes, and that many thousands of serpents were wandering over the uncultivated fields, and were tainting the rivers with their venom. The violence of this sudden distemper was first discovered by the destruction of dogs,

and birds, and sheep, and oxen, and among the wild beasts. 278 VII. 538-566 The unfortunate ploughman wonders that strong oxen fall down at their work, and lie stretched in the middle of the furrow. *And* while the wool-bearing flocks utter weakly bleatings, both their wool falls off spontaneously, and their bodies pine away. The horse, once of high mettle, and of great fame on the course, degenerates for the *purposes of* victory; and, forgetting his ancient honors, he groans at the manger, doomed to perish by an inglorious distemper. The boar remembers not to 250 VII. 545-576 be angry, nor the hind to trust to her speed, nor the bears to rush upon the powerful herds.

“A faintness seizes all *animals*; both in the woods, in the fields, and in the roads, loathsome carcasses lie strewn. The air is corrupted with the smell *of them*. I am relating strange events. The dogs, and the ravenous birds, and the hoary wolves, touch them not; falling away, they rot, and, by their exhalations, produce baneful effects, and spread the contagion far and wide. With more dreadful destruction the pestilence reaches the wretched husbandmen, and riots within the walls of the extensive city. At first, the bowels are scorched, and a redness, and the breath drawn with difficulty, is a sign of the latent flame. The tongue, *grown* rough, swells; and the parched mouth gapes, with its throbbing veins; the noxious air, too, is inhaled by the breathing. *The infected* cannot endure a bed, or any coverings; but they lay their hardened breasts upon the earth, and their bodies are not made cool by the ground, but the ground is made hot by their bodies. There is no physician at hand; the cruel malady breaks out upon even those who administer remedies; and *their own* arts become an injury to their owners. The nearer at hand any one is, and the more faithfully he attends on the sick, the sooner does he come in for his share of the fatality. And when the hope of recovery is departed, and they see the end of their malady *only* in death, they indulge their humors, and there is no 279 VII. 567-596 concern as to what is to their advantage; for, *indeed*, nothing is to their advantage. All sense, too, of shame being banished, they lie *promiscuously* close to the fountains and rivers, and deep wells; and their thirst is not extinguished by drinking, before their life *is*. Many, overpowered *with the disease*, are unable to arise thence, and die amid the very water; and yet another even drinks that *water*. So great, too, is the

irksomeness for the wretched *creatures* of their hated beds, *that* they leap out, or, if their strength forbids them standing, they roll their bodies upon the ground, and every man flies from his own dwelling; each one's house seems fatal to him: and since the cause of the calamity is unknown, the place that is known 251 VII. 576-611 is blamed. You might see persons, half dead, wandering about the roads, as long as they were able to stand; others, weeping and lying about on the ground, and rolling their wearied eyes with the dying movement. They stretch, too, their limbs towards the stars of the overhanging heavens, breathing forth their lives here and there, where death has overtaken them.

“What were my feelings then? Were they not such as they ought to be, to hate life, and to desire to be a sharer with my people? On whichever side my eyes were turned, there was the multitude strewed *on the earth*, just as when rotten apples fall from the moved branches, and acorns from the shaken holm-oak. Thou seest a lofty temple, opposite *thee*, raised on high with long steps: Jupiter has it *as his own*. Who did not offer incense at those altars in vain? how often did the husband, while he was uttering words of entreaty for his wife, *or* the father for his son, end his life at the altars without prevailing? in his hand, too, was part of the frankincense found unconsumed! How often did the bulls, when brought to the temples, while the priest was making his supplications, and pouring the pure wine between their horns, fall without waiting for the wound! While I myself was offering sacrifice to Jupiter, for myself, and my country, and my three sons, 280 VII. 597-613 the victim sent forth dismal lowings, and suddenly falling down without any blow, stained the knives thrust into it, with its scanty blood; the diseased entrails, too, had lost *all* marks of truth, and the warnings of the Gods. The baneful malady penetrated to the entrails. I have seen the carcasses lying, thrown out before the sacred doors; before the very altars, *too*, that death might become more odious *to the Gods*. Some finish their lives with the halter, and by death dispel the apprehension of death, and voluntarily invite approaching fate. The bodies of the dead are not borne out with any funeral rites, according to the custom; for the *city* gates cannot receive *the multitude of* the processions. Either unburied they lie upon the ground, or they are laid on the lofty pyres

without the usual honors. And now there is no distinction, and they struggle for the piles; and they are burnt on fires that belong to others. They who should 252 VII. 611-622 weep are wanting; and the souls of sons, and of husbands, of old and of young, wander about unlamented: there is not room sufficient for the tombs, nor trees for the fires.”

EXPLANATION.

Minos (most probably the second prince that bore that name), upon his accession to the throne, after the death of his father, Lycastus, made several conquests in the islands adjoining Crete, where he reigned, and, at last, became master of those seas. The strength of his fleet is particularly remarked by Thucydides, Apollodorus, and Diodorus Siculus.

The Feast of the Panathenæa being celebrated at Athens, Minos sent his son Androgeus to it, who joined as a combatant in the games, and was sufficiently skilful to win all the prizes. The glory which he thereby acquired, combined with his polished manners, obtained him the friendship of the sons of Pallas, the brother of Ægeus. This circumstance caused Ægeus to entertain jealous feelings, the more especially as he knew that his nephews were conspiring against him. Being informed that Androgeus was about to take a journey to Thebes, he caused him to be assassinated near Cœnoë, atown on the confines of Attica. Apollodorus, indeed, says that he was killed by the Bull of Marathon, which was then making great ravages in Greece; but it is very possible that the Athenians encouraged this belief, with the view of screening their king from the infamy of an action so inhuman and unjust. 281 VII. 614-632 Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch agree in stating that Ægeus himself caused Androgeus to be murdered.

On hearing the news of his son's death, Minos resolved on revenge. He ordered a strong fleet to be fitted out, and went in person to several courts, to contract alliances, and engage other powers to assist him; and this, with the history of the plague at Ægina, forms the subject of the present narrative.

FABLE VI.

Jupiter, at the prayer of his son Æacus, transforms the ants that are in the hollow of an old oak into men; these, from the Greek name of those insects, are called Myrmidons.

“Stupefied by so great an outburst of misery, I said, ‘O Jupiter! if stories do not falsely say that thou didst come into the embraces of Ægina, the daughter of Asopus, and thou art not ashamed, great Father, to be the parent of myself; either restore my people to me, or else bury me, as well, in the sepulchre.’ He gave a signal by lightnings, and by propitious thunders. I accepted *the omen*, and I said, ‘I pray that these may be happy signs of thy intentions: the omen which thou givest me, I accept as a pledge.’ By chance there was close 253 VII. 622-654 by, an oak sacred to Jupiter, of seed from Dodona, but thinly covered with wide-spreading boughs. Here we beheld some ants, the gatherers of corn, in a long train, carrying a heavy burden in their little mouths, and keeping their track in the wrinkled bark. While I was wondering at their numbers, I said, ‘Do thou, most gracious Father, give me citizens as many in number, and replenish my empty walls.’ The lofty oak trembled, and made a noise in its boughs, moving without a breeze. My limbs quivered, with trembling fear, and my hair stood on an end; yet I gave kisses to the earth and to the oak, nor did I confess that I had any 282 VII. 633-660 hopes; *and* yet I did hope, and I cherished my own wishes in my mind. Night came on, and sleep seized my body wearied with anxiety. Before my eyes the same oak seemed to be present, and to bear as many branches, and as many animals in its branches, and to be trembling with a similar motion, and to be scattering the grain-bearing troop on the fields below. These suddenly grew, and seemed greater and greater, and raised themselves from the ground, and stood with their bodies upright; and laid aside their leanness, and the *former* number of their feet, and their sable hue, and assumed in their limbs the human shape.

“Sleep departs. When *now* awake, I censured the vision, and complained that there was no help for me from the Gods above. But within my palace there was a great murmur, and I seemed to be hearing the voices of men, to which I had now become

unaccustomed. While I was supposing that these, too, were *a part* of my dream, lo! Telamon came in haste, and, opening the door, said, ‘Father, thou wilt see things beyond thy hopes or expectations. Do come out.’ I did go out, and I beheld and recognized such men, each in his turn, as I had seemed to behold in the vision of my sleep. They approached, and saluted me as their king. I offered up vows to Jupiter, and divided the city and the lands void of their former tillers, among this new-made people, and I called them Myrmidons, and did not
254 VII. 654-671 deprive their name *of the marks* of their origin. Thou hast beheld their persons. Even still do they retain the manners which they formerly had; and they are a thrifty race, patient of toil, tenacious of what they get, and what they get they lay up. These, alike in years and in courage, will attend thee to the war, as soon as the East wind, which brought thee prosperously hither (for the East wind had brought him), shall have changed to the South.”

EXPLANATION.

This fable, perhaps, has no other foundation than the retreat of 283 VII. 661-674 the subjects of Æacus into woods and caverns, whence they returned, when the contagion had ceased with which their country had been afflicted, and when he had nearly lost all hopes of seeing them again. It is probable that the old men were carried off by the plague, while the young, who had more strength, resisted its power, which circumstance would fully account for the active habits of the remaining subjects of Æacus. Some writers, however, suppose that the Myrmidons were a barbarous, but industrious people of Thessaly, who usually dwelt in caves, and who were brought thence by Æacus to people his island, which had been made desolate by a pestilence. The similarity of their name to the Greek word μύρμηξ, signifying ‘an ant,’ most probably gave occasion to the report that Jupiter had changed ants into men.

FABLE VII.

Cephalus, having resisted the advances of Aurora, who has become enamoured of him while hunting, returns in disguise to his wife,

Procris, to try if her affection for him is sincere. She, discovering his suspicions, flies to the woods, and becomes a huntress, with the determination not to see him again. Afterwards, on becoming reconciled to him, she bestows on him a dog and a dart, which Diana had once given her. The dog is turned into stone, while hunting a wild beast, which Themis has sent to ravage the territories of Thebes, after the interpretation of the riddle of the Sphinx, by Œdipus.

In these and other narratives they passed the day. The last part of the day was spent in feasting, and the night in sleep. The golden Sun had *now* shed his beams, *when* the East wind was still blowing, and detained the sails about to return. The sons of Pallas repair to Cephalus, who was stricken in years. Cephalus and the sons of Pallas, together *with him, come* to the king; but a sound sleep still possessed the monarch. Phocus, the son of Æacus, received them at the threshold; for Telamon and his brother were levying men for the war. Phocus conducted the citizens of Cecrops into an inner room, and a 255 VII. 671-702 handsome apartment. Soon as he had sat down with them, he observed that the grandson of Æolus was holding in his hand a javelin made of an unknown wood, the point of which was of gold.

Having first spoken a few words in promiscuous conversation, 284 VII. 675-702 he said, "I am fond of the forests, and of the chase of wild beasts; still, from what wood the shaft of the javelin, which thou art holding, is cut, I have been for some time in doubt; certainly, if it were of wild ash, it would be of brown color; if of cornel-wood, there would be knots in it. Whence it comes I am ignorant, but my eyes have not looked upon a weapon used for a javelin, more beautiful than this." One of the Athenian brothers replied, and said, "In it, thou wilt admire its utility, *even* more than its beauty. Whatever it is aimed at, it strikes; chance does not guide it when thrown, and it flies back stained with blood, no one returning it." Then, indeed, does the Nereian youth inquire into all particulars, why it was given, and whence *it came*? who was the author of a present of so great value? What he asks, *Cephalus* tells him; but as to what he is ashamed to tell, *and* on what condition he received it, he is silent; and, being touched with sorrow for the loss of his wife, he thus speaks, with tears bursting forth: "Son of a Goddess, this weapon

(who could have believed it?) makes me weep, and long will make me do so, if the Fates shall grant me long to live. 'Twas this that proved the destruction of me and of my dear wife. Would that I had ever been without this present! Procris was (if perchance *the fame of* Orithyia may have more probably reached thy ears) the sister of Orithyia, the victim of violence. If you should choose to compare the face and the manners of the two, she was the more worthy to be carried off. Her father Erectheus united her to me; love, *too*, united her to me. I was pronounced happy, and *so* I was. Not thus did it seem *good* to the Gods; or even now, perhaps, I should be *so*. The second month was now passing, after the marriage rites, when the saffron-colored Aurora, dispelling the darkness in the morn, beheld me, as I was planting nets for the horned deer, from 256 VII. 702-731 the highest summit of the 285 VII. 702-728 ever-blooming Hymettus, and carried me off against my will. By the permission of the Goddess, let me relate what is true; though she is comely with her rosy face, *and* though she possesses the confines of light, and possesses *the confines* of darkness, though she is nourished with the draughts of nectar, *still* I loved Procris; Procris was *ever* in my thoughts, Procris was ever on my lips. I alleged the sacred ties of marriage, our late embraces, and our recent union, and the prior engagements of my forsaken bed. The Goddess was provoked, and said, 'Cease thy complaints, ungrateful man; keep thy Procris; but, if my mind is gifted with foresight, thou wilt wish that thou hadst not had her;'" and *thus*, in anger, she sent me back to her.

"While I was returning, and was revolving the sayings of the Goddess within myself, there began to be apprehensions that my wife had not duly observed the laws of wedlock. Both her beauty and her age bade me be apprehensive of her infidelity; *yet* her virtue forbade me to believe it. But yet, I had been absent; and besides, she, from whom I was *just* returning, was an example of *such* criminality: but we that are in love, apprehend all *mishaps*. I then endeavored to discover that, by reason of which I must feel anguish, and by bribes to make attempts upon her chaste constancy. Aurora encouraged this apprehension, and changed my shape, *as* I seemed *then* to perceive. I entered Athens, the city of Pallas, unknown *to any one*, and I went into my own house. The house itself was without fault, and gave

indications of chastity, and was in concern for the carrying off of its master.

“Having, with difficulty, made my way to the daughter of Erechtheus by means of a thousand artifices, soon as I beheld her, I was amazed, and was nearly abandoning my projected trial of her constancy; with 286 VII. 729-752 difficulty did I restrain myself from telling the truth, with difficulty from giving her the kisses which I ought. She was in sorrow; but yet no one could be more beautiful 257 VII. 732-756 than she, *even* in her sadness; and she was consuming with regret for her husband, torn from her. *Only* think, Phocus, how great was the beauty of her, whom even sorrow did so much become. Why should I tell how often her chaste manners repulsed *all* my attempts? How often she said, ‘I am reserved for *but* one, wherever he is; for that one do I reserve my joys.’ For whom, in his senses, would not that trial of her fidelity have been sufficiently great? *Yet* I was not content; and I strove to wound myself, while I was promising to give vast sums for *but one* night, and forced her at last to waver, by increasing the reward. *On this* I cried out, ‘Lo! I, the gallant in disguise, to my sorrow, *and* lavish in promises, to my misery, am thy real husband; thou treacherous woman! thou art caught, *and* I the witness.’ She said nothing: only, overwhelmed with silent shame, she fled from the house of treachery, together with her wicked husband; and from her resentment against me, abhorring the whole race of men, she used to wander on the mountains, employed in the pursuits of Diana. Then, a more violent flame penetrated to my bones, thus deserted. I begged forgiveness, and owned myself in fault; and that I too might have yielded to a similar fault, on presents being made; if presents so large had been offered. Upon my confessing this, having first revenged her offended modesty, she was restored to me, and 287 VII. 779-795 passed the pleasant years in harmony with me. She gave me, besides, as though in herself she had given me but a small present, a dog as a gift, which when her own Cynthia had presented to her, she had said, ‘He will excel all dogs in running.’ She gave her, too, a javelin, which, as thou seest, I am carrying in my hand.

258 VII. 757-782

“Dost thou inquire what was the fortune of the other present —

hear *then*. Thou wilt be astonished at the novelty of the wondrous fact. The son of Laius had solved the verses not understood by the wit of others before him; and the mysterious propounder lay precipitated, forgetful of her riddle. But the genial Themis, forsooth, did not leave such things unrevengeed. Immediately another plague was sent forth against Aonian Thebes; and many of the peasants fed the savage monster, both by the destruction of their cattle, and their own as well. We, the neighboring youth, came together, and enclosed the extensive fields with toils. With a light bound it leaped over the nets, and passed over the topmost barriers of the toils that were set. The couples were taken off the dogs, from which, as they followed, it fled, and eluded them, no otherwise than as a winged bird. Imyself, too, was requested, with eager demands, for my *dog* Lælaps [*Tempest*]; that was the name of *my wife's* present. For some time already had he been struggling to get free from the couples, and strained them with his neck, as they detained him. Scarce was he well let loose; and *yet* we could not now tell where he was; the warm dust had the prints of his feet, *but* he himself was snatched from our eyes. Aspear does not fly swifter than he *did*, nor pellets whirled from the twisted sling, nor the light arrow from the Gortynian bow. The top of a 288 VII. 779-795 hill, *standing* in the middle, looks down upon the plains below. Thither I mount, and I enjoy the sight of an unusual chase; wherein the wild beast one while seemed to be caught, at another to 259 VII. 782-799 elude his very bite; and it does not fly in a direct course, and straight onward, but deceives his mouth, as he pursues it, and returns in circles, that its enemy may not have his full career against it. He keeps close to it, and pursues it, amatch for him; and *though* like as if he has caught it, *still* he fails to catch it, and vainly snaps at the air. I was *now* turning to the resources of my javelin; while my right hand was poising it, *and* while I was attempting to insert my fingers in the thongs *of it*, I turned away my eyes; and again I had directed them, recalled to the same spot, when, *most* wondrous, I beheld two marble statues in the middle of the plain; you would think the one was flying, the other barking *in pursuit*. Some God undoubtedly, if any God *really* did attend to them, desired them both to remain unconquered in this contest of speed."

EXPLANATION.

There were two princes of the name of Cephalus; one, the son of Mercury and Herse, the daughter of Cecrops; the other, the son of Deïoneus, king of Phocis, and Diomeda, the daughter of Xuthus. The first was carried off by Aurora, and went to live with her in Syria; the second married Procris, the daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens. Though Apollodorus seems, in the first instance, to follow this genealogy, in his third book he confounds the actions of those two princes. Ovid and other writers have spoken only of the son of Deïoneus, who was carried off by Aurora, and having left her, according to them, returned to Procris.

289 VII. 796-818

FABLE VIII.

Procris, jealous of Cephalus, in her turn, goes to the forest, which she supposes to be the scene of his infidelity, to surprise him. Hearing the rustling noise which she makes in the thicket, where she lies concealed, he imagines it is a wild beast, and, hurling the javelin, which she has formerly given to him, he kills her.

Thus far *did he speak*; and *then* he was silent. “But,” said Phocus, “what fault is there in that javelin?” *whereupon* he thus informed him of the demerits of the javelin. “Let my joys, Phocus, be the first portion of my sorrowful story. These will I first relate. Oson of Æacus, I delight to remember the happy time, during which, for the first years *after my marriage*, I was completely blessed in my wife, *and* she 260 VII. 799-834 was happy in her husband. A mutual kindness and social love possessed us both. Neither would she have preferred the bed of Jupiter before my love; nor was there any woman that could have captivated me, not *even* if Venus herself had come. Equal flames fired the breasts *of us both*. The Sun striking the tops of the mountains with his early rays, I was wont generally to go with youthful ardor into the woods, to hunt; but I neither suffered my servants, nor my horses, nor my quick-scented hounds to go *with me*, nor the knotty nets to attend me; I was safe with my javelin. But when my right hand was satiated with the slaughter of wild beasts, I took

myself to the cool spots and the shade, and the breeze which was breathing forth from the cool valleys. The gentle breeze was sought by me, in the midst of the heat. For the breeze was I awaiting; that was a refreshment after my toils: 'Come, breeze,' I was wont to sing, for I remember it *full well*, 'and, most grateful, refresh me, and enter my breast; and, as thou art wont, be willing to assuage the heat with which I am parched.' Perhaps I may have added (*for* so my destiny prompted me) many words of endearment, and I may have been accustomed to say, 'Thou art my great delight; thou dost refresh and cherish me; thou makest me to love the woods and lonely haunts, and 290 VII. 819-850 thy breath is ever courted by my face.' I was not aware that some one was giving an ear, deceived by these ambiguous words; and thinking the name of the breeze, so often called upon by me, to be that of a Nymph, he believed some Nymph was beloved by me.

"The rash informer of an imaginary crime immediately went to Procris, and with his whispering tongue related what he had heard. Love is a credulous thing. When it was told her, she fell down fainting, with sudden grief; and coming to, after a long time, she declared that she was wretched, and *born* to a cruel destiny; and she complained about my constancy. Excited by a groundless charge, she dreads that which, *indeed*, is nothing; *and* fears a name without a body; and, in her wretchedness, grieves as though about a real rival. Yet she is often in doubt, and, in her extreme wretchedness, hopes she may be deceived, and denies credit to the information; and unless she beholds it herself, will not pass sentence upon 261 VII. 834-865 the criminality of her husband. The following light of the morning had banished the night, when I sallied forth, and sought the woods; and being victorious in the fields, I said, 'Come, breeze, and relieve my pain;' and suddenly I seemed to hear I know not what groans in the midst of my words; yet I said, 'Come hither, most delightful *breeze*.' Again, the falling leaves making a gentle noise, I thought it was a wild beast, and I discharged my flying weapon. It was Procris; and receiving the wound in the middle of her breast, she cried out, 'Ah, wretched me!' When the voice of my attached wife was heard, headlong and distracted, I ran towards *that* voice. I found her dying, and staining her scattered vestments with blood, and drawing her

own present (ah, wretched me!) from out of her wound; I lifted up her body, dearer to me than my own, in my guilty arms, and I bound up her cruel wounds with the garments torn from my bosom; and I endeavored to stanch the blood, and besought her that she would not forsake 291 VII. 851-865 me, *thus* criminal, by her death. She, wanting strength, and now expiring, forced herself to utter these few words:

“I suppliantly beseech thee, by the ties of our marriage, and by the Gods above, and my own Gods, and if I have deserved anything well of thee, by that *as well*, and by the cause of my death, my love even now enduring, while I am perishing, do not allow the Nymph Aura [*breeze*] to share with thee my marriage ties.’ She *thus* spoke; and then, at last, I perceived the mistake of the name, and informed her of it. But what avails informing her? She sinks; and her little strength flies, together with her blood. And so long as she can look on anything, she gazes on me, and breathes out upon me, on my face, her unhappy life; but she seems to die free from care, and with a more contented look.”

In tears, the hero is relating these things to them, as they weep, and, lo! Æacus enters, with his two sons, and his soldiers newly levied; which Cephalus received, *furnished* with valorous arms.

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EXPLANATION.

The love which Cephalus, the son of Deïoneus, bore for the chase, causing him to rise early in the morning for the enjoyment of his sport, was the origin of the story of his love for Aurora. His wife, Procris, as Apollodorus tells us, carried on an amour with Pteleon, and, probably, caused that report to be spread abroad, to divert attention from her own intrigue. Cephalus, suspecting his wife’s infidelity, she fled to the court of the second Minos, king of Crete, who fell in love with her. Having, thereby, incurred the resentment of Pasiphaë, who adopted several methods to destroy her rival, and, among others, spread poison in her bed, she left Crete, and returned to Thoricus, the place of her former residence, where she was reconciled to Cephalus, and gave him the celebrated dog and javelin

mentioned by Ovid.

The poets tell us, that this dog was made by Vulcan, and presented by him to Jupiter, who gave him to Europa; and that coming to the hands of her son Minos, he presented it to Procris. The wild beast, which ravaged the country, and was pursued by 292 the dog of Procris, and which some writers tell us was a monstrous fox, was probably a pirate or sea robber; and being, perhaps, pursued by some Cretan officer of Minos, who escorted Procris back to her country, on their vessels being shipwrecked near some rocks, it gave occasion to the story that the dog and the monster had been changed into stone. Indeed, Tzetzes says distinctly, that the dog was called Cyon, and the monster, or fox, Alopis; and he also says that Cyon was the captain who brought Procris back from Crete. It being believed that resentment had some share in causing the death of Procris, the court of the Areiopagus condemned Cephalus to perpetual banishment. The island of Cephallenia, which received its name from him, having been given to him by Amphitryon, he retired to it, where his son Celeus afterwards succeeded him.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

FABLE I.

Minos commences the war with the siege of Megara. The preservation of the city depends on a lock of the hair of its king, Nisus. His daughter, Scylla, falling in love with Minos, cuts off the fatal lock, and gives it to him. Minos makes himself master of the place; and, abhorring Scylla and the crime she has been guilty of, he takes his departure. In despair, she throws herself into the sea, and follows his fleet. Nisus, being transformed into a sea eagle, attacks her in revenge, and she is changed into a bird called Ciris.

Now, Lucifer unveiling the day and dispelling the season of night, the East wind fell, and the moist vapours arose. The favourable South winds gave a passage to the sons of Æacus, and Cephalus returning; with which, being prosperously impelled, they made the port they were bound for, before it was expected.

In the meantime Minos is laying waste the Lelegeian coasts, and previously tries the strength of his arms against the city Alcathe, which Nisus had; among whose honoured hoary hairs a lock, distinguished by its purple colour, descended from the middle of his crown, the safeguard of his powerful kingdom. The sixth horns of the rising Phœbe were *now* growing again, and the fortune of the war was still in suspense, and for a long time did victory hover between them both with uncertain 264 viii. 13-47. wings. There was a regal tower built with vocal walls, on which the son of Latona is reported to have laid his golden harp; *and* its sound adhered to the stone. The daughter of Nisus was wont often to go up thither, and to strike the resounding stones with a little pebble, when it was a time of peace. She used, likewise, often to view the fight, and the contests of the hardy warfare, from that tower. And now, by the continuance of the hostilities, she had become acquainted with both the names of the chiefs, their arms, their horses, their dresses, and the Cydonean quivers.

Before the rest, she had observed the face of the chieftain, the son of Europa; even better than was enough for merely knowing him. In

her opinion, Minos, whether it was that he had enclosed his head in a helm crested with feathers, was beauteous in a helmet; or whether he had taken up a shield shining with gold, it became him to assume that shield. Drawing his arm back, did he hurl the slender javelin; the maiden commended his skill, joined with strength. Did he bend the wide bow with the arrow laid upon it; she used to swear that thus Phœbus stood, when assuming his arrows. But when he exposed his face, by taking off the brazen *helmet*, and, arrayed in purple, pressed the back of a white horse, beauteous with embroidered housings, and guided his foaming mouth; the virgin daughter of Nisus was hardly mistress of herself, hardly able to control a sound mind. She used to call the javelin happy which he touched, and the reins happy which he was pressing with his hand. She had an impulse (were it only possible) to direct her virgin footsteps through the hostile ranks; she had an impulse to cast her body from the top of the towers into the Gnosian camp, or to open the gates, strengthened with brass, to the enemy; or, *indeed*, anything else, if Minos should wish it. And as she was sitting, looking at the white tents of the Dictæan king, she said, "I am in doubt whether I should rejoice, or whether I should grieve, that this mournful war is carried on. I grieve that Minos is the enemy of the person who loves him; but unless there had been a war, would he have been known to me? yet, taking me for a 265 viii. 47-82. hostage, he might cease the war, and have me for his companion, me as a pledge of peace. If, most beauteous of beings, she who bore thee, was such as thou art thyself, with reason was the God *Jupiter* inflamed with *love for* her. Oh! thrice happy were I, if, moving upon wings through the air, I could light upon the camp of the Gnosian king, and, owning myself and my flame, could ask him with what dowry he could wish to be purchased; provided only, that he did not ask the city of my father. For, perish rather the desired alliance, than that I should prevail by treason; although the clemency of a merciful conqueror has often made it of advantage to many, to be conquered. He certainly carries on a just war for his slain son, and is strong both in his cause, and in the arms that defend his cause.

"We shall be conquered, as I suppose. If this fate awaits this city, why should his own arms, and not my love, open the walls to him? It will be better for him to conquer without slaughter and delay, and the

expense of his own blood. How much, indeed, do I dread, Minos, lest any one should unknowingly wound thy breast! for who is so hardened as to dare, unless unknowingly, to direct his cruel lance against thee? The design pleases me; and my determination is to deliver up my country as a dowry, together with myself, and *so* to put an end to the war. But to be willing, is too little; aguard watches the approaches, and my father keeps the keys of the gates. Him alone, in my wretchedness, do I dread; he alone obstructs my desires. Would that the Gods would grant I might be without a father! Every one, indeed, is a God to himself. Fortune is an enemy to idle prayers. Another woman, inflamed with a passion so great, would long since have taken a pleasure in destroying whatever stood in the way of her love. And why should any one be bolder than myself? I could dare to go through flames, *and* amid swords. But in this case there is no occasion for any flames or *any* swords; *only* want the lock of my father. That purple lock is more precious to me than gold; it will make me happy, and mistress of my own wish.”

As she is saying such things, the night draws on, the greatest nurse of cares, and with the darkness her boldness 266 viii. 82-116. increases. The first slumbers are now come, in which sleep takes possession of the breast wearied with the cares of the day. She silently enters the chamber of her father, and (*Oabominable* crime!) the daughter despoils the father of his fatal lock, and having got the prize of crime, carries with her the spoil of her impiety; and issuing forth by the gate, she goes through the midst of the enemy, (so great is her confidence in her deserts) to the king, whom, in astonishment, she thus addresses: “‘Twas love that urged the deed. *I am* Scylla, the royal issue of Nisus; to thee do I deliver the fortunes of my country and my own, *as well*; I ask for no reward, but thyself. Take this purple lock, as a pledge of my love; and do not consider that I am delivering to thee a lock of hair, but the life of my father.” And *then*, in her right hand, she holds forth the infamous present. Minos refuses it, *thus* held out; and shocked at the thought of so unheard of a crime, he says, “May the Gods, O thou reproach of our age, banish thee from their universe; and may both earth and sea be denied to thee. At least, I will not allow so great a monster to come into Crete, the birth-place of Jupiter, which is my realm.” He *thus* spoke; and when, *like* a most

just lawgiver, he had imposed conditions on the vanquished, he ordered the halsers of the fleet to be loosened, and the brazen *beaked* ships to be impelled with the oars. Scylla, when she beheld the launched ships sailing on the main, and *saw* that the prince did not give her the *expected* reward of her wickedness, having spent *all* her entreaties, fell into a violent rage, and holding up her hands, with her hair dishevelled, in her frenzy she exclaimed,

“Whither dost thou fly, the origin of thy achievements *thus* left behind, Othou preferred before my country, preferred before my father? Whither dost thou fly, barbarous *man*? whose victory is both my crime and my merit. Has neither the gift presented to thee, nor yet my passion, moved thee? nor yet *the fact* that all my hopes were centred in thee alone? For whither shall I return, forsaken *by thee*? To my country? Subdued, it is ruined. But suppose it were *still* safe; by my treachery, it is shut against me. To the face of my father, that I have placed in thy power. My fellow-citizens 267 viii. 116-142. hate me deservedly; the neighbours dread my example. I have closed the whole world against me, that Crete alone might be open *to me*. And dost thou thus forbid me that as well? Is it thus, ungrateful one, that thou dost desert me? Europa was not thy mother, but the inhospitable Syrtis, or Armenian tigresses, or Charybdis disturbed by the South wind. Nor wast thou the son of Jupiter; nor was thy mother beguiled by the *assumed* form of a bull. That story of thy birth is false. He was both a fierce bull, and one charmed with the love of no heifer, that begot thee. Nisus, my father, take vengeance upon me. Thou city so lately betrayed, rejoice at my misfortunes; for I have deserved them, I confess, and I am worthy to perish. Yet let some one of those, whom I have impiously ruined, destroy me. Why dost thou, who hast conquered by means of my crime, chastise that crime? This, which was treason to my country and to my father, was an act of kindness to thee. She is truly worthy of thee for a husband, who, adulterously *enclosed* in wood, deceived the fierce-looking bull, and bore in her womb an offspring of shape dissimilar *to herself*. And do my complaints reach thy ears? Or do the same winds bear away my fruitless words, and thy ships, ungrateful man? Now, *ah!* now, it is not to be wondered at that Pasiphaë preferred the bull to thee; thou didst have the more savage nature *of the two*. Wretch that I am! He

joys in speeding onward, and the waves resound, cleaved by his oars. Together with myself, alas! my *native* land recedes from him. Nothing dost thou avail; oh thou! forgetful to no purpose of my deserts. In spite of thee, will I follow thee, and grasping thy crooked stern, I will be dragged through the long seas.”

268 viii. 143-151.

Scarce has she said *this*, *when* she leaps into the waves, and follows the ships, Cupid giving her strength, and she hangs, an unwelcome companion, to the Gnosian ship. When her father beholds her, (for now he is hovering in the air, and he has lately been made a sea eagle, with tawny wings), he is going to tear her in pieces with his crooked beak. Through fear she quits the stern; but the light air seems to support her as she is falling, that she may not touch the sea. It is feathers *that support her*. With feathers, being changed into a bird, she is called Ciris; and this name does she obtain from cutting off the lock.

EXPLANATION.

Minos, having raised an army and received auxiliary troops from his allies, made war upon the Athenians, to revenge the death of his son, Androgeus. Having conquered Nisea, he laid siege to Megara, which was betrayed by the perfidy of Scylla, the daughter of its king, Nisus. Pausanias and other historians say that the story here related by the Poet is based on fact; and that Scylla held a secret correspondence with Minos during the siege of Megara, and, at length, introduced him into the town, by opening the gates to him with the keys which she had stolen from her father, while he was asleep. This is probably alluded to under the allegorical description of the fatal lock of hair, though why it should be depicted in that form especially, it is difficult to guess. The change of Scylla into a lark, or partridge, and of her father into a sea eagle, are poetical fictions based on the equivocal meanings of their names, the one Greek and the other Hebrew; for the name ‘Ciris’ resembles the Greek verb κείρω, which signifies ‘to clip,’ or ‘cut short.’ ‘Nisus,’ too, resembles the Hebrew word ‘Netz,’ which means a bird resembling the osprey, or sea eagle. Apollodorus says, that Minos ordered Scylla to be thrown into the

sea; and Zenodotus, that he caused her to be hanged at the mainmast of his ship.

269 viii. 152-176.

FABLE II.

Minos, having overcome the Athenians, obliges them to pay a tribute of youths and virgins of the best families, to be exposed to the Minotaur. The lot falls on Theseus, who, by the assistance of Ariadne, kills the monster, escapes from the labyrinth, which Dædalus made, and carries Ariadne to the island of Naxos, where he abandons her. Bacchus woos her, and, to immortalize her name, he transforms the crown which he has given her into a Constellation.

Minos paid, as a vow to Jupiter, the bodies of a hundred bulls, as soon as, disembarking from his ships, he reached the land of the Curetes; and his palace was decorated with the spoils there hung up. The reproach of his family had *now* grown up, and the shameful adultery of his mother was notorious, from the unnatural shape of the two-formed monster. Minos resolves to remove the disgrace from his abode, and to enclose it in a habitation of many divisions, and an abode full of mazes. Dædalus, aman very famed for his skill in architecture, plans the work, and confounds the marks *of distinction*, and leads the eyes into mazy wanderings, by the intricacy of its various passages. No otherwise than as the limpid Mæander sports in the Phrygian fields, and flows backwards and forwards with its varying course, and, meeting itself, beholds its waters that are to follow, and fatigues its wandering current, now *pointing* to its source, and now to the open sea. Just so, Dædalus fills innumerable paths with windings; and scarcely can he himself return to the entrance, so great are the intricacies of the place. After he has shut up here the double figure of a bull and of a youth; and the third supply, chosen by lot each nine years, has subdued the monster twice *before* gorged with Athenian blood; and when the difficult entrance, retraced by none of those *who have entered it* before, has been found by the aid of the maiden, by means of the thread gathered up again; immediately, the son of Ægeus, carrying away the daughter of Minos, sets sail for Dia, and barbarously deserts his companion on

those shores.

270 viii. 176-182.

Her, *thus* deserted and greatly lamenting, Liber embraces and aids; and, that she may be famed by a lasting Constellation, he places in the heavens the crown taken from off her head. It flies through the yielding air, and, as it flies, its jewels are suddenly changed into fires, and they settle in their places, the shape of the crown *still* remaining; which is in the middle, between *the Constellation* resting on his knee, and that which holds the serpents.

EXPLANATION.

Oppressed with famine, and seeing the enemy at their gates, the Athenians went to consult the oracle at Delphi; and were answered, that to be delivered from their calamities, they must give satisfaction to Minos. They immediately sent ambassadors to him, humbly suing for peace, which he granted them, on condition that each year, according to Apollodorus and Diodorus Siculus, or every nine years, according to Plutarch and Ovid, they should send him seven young men and as many virgins. The severity of these conditions provoked the Athenians to render Minos as odious as possible; whereupon, they promulgated the story, that he destined the youths that were sent to him, to fight in the Labyrinth against the Minotaur, which was the fruit of an intrigue of his wife Pasiphaë with a white bull which Neptune had sent out of the sea. They added, that Dædalus favoured this extraordinary passion of the queen; and that Venus inspired Pasiphaë with it, to be revenged for having been surprised with Mars by Apollo, her father. Plato, Plutarch, and other writers acknowledge that these stories were invented from the hatred which the Greeks bore to the king of Crete.

As, however, these extravagant fables have generally some foundation in fact, we are informed by Servius, Tzetzes, and Zenobius, that, in the absence of Minos, Pasiphaë fell in love with a young noble of the Cretan court, named Taurus, who, according to Plutarch, was the commander of the fleet of Minos; that Dædalus, their confidant, allowed their assignations to take place in his house, and that the queen was afterwards 271 viii. 183-189. delivered of

twins, of which the one resembled Minos, and the other Taurus. This, according to those authors, was the foundation of the story as to the fate for which the young Athenians were said to be destined. Philochorus, quoted by Plutarch, says that Minos instituted funeral games in honour of his son Androgeus, and that those who were vanquished became the slaves of the conquerors. That author adds, that Taurus was the first who won all the prizes in these games, and that he used the unfortunate Athenians, who became his slaves, with great barbarity. Aristotle tells us that the tribute was paid three times by the Athenians, and that the lives of the captives were spent in the most dreadful servitude.

Dædalus, on returning into Crete, built a labyrinth there, in which, very probably, these games were celebrated. Palæphatus, however, says that Theseus fought in a cavern, where the son of Taurus had been confined. Plutarch and Catullus say, that Theseus voluntarily offered to go to Crete with the other Athenians, while Diodorus Siculus says that the lot fell on him to be of the number. His delivery by Ariadne, through her giving him the thread, is probably a poetical method of informing us that she gave her lover the plan of the labyrinth where he was confined, that he might know its windings and the passage out. Eustathius, indeed, says, that Ariadne received a thread from Dædalus; but he must mean a plan of the labyrinth, which he himself had designed. The story of Ariadne's intercourse with Bacchus is most probably founded on the fact, that on arriving at the Isle of Naxos, when she was deserted by Theseus, she became the wife of a priest of Bacchus.

FABLE III.

Dædalus, weary of his exile, finds means, by making himself wings, to escape out of Crete. His son Icarus, forgetting the advice of his father, and flying too high, the Sun melts his wings, and he perishes in the sea, which afterwards bore his name. The sister of Dædalus commits her son Perdix to his care, for the purpose of being educated. Dædalus, being jealous of the talent of his nephew, throws him from a tower, with the intention of killing him; but Minerva supports him in his fall, and transforms him into a partridge.

In the meantime, Dædalus, abhorring Crete and his prolonged exile, and inflamed by the love of his native soil, was enclosed *there* by the sea. "Although Minos," said he, "may beset the land and the sea, still the skies, at least, are open. By that way will we go: let Minos possess everything *besides*: he does not sway the air." *Thus* he spoke; and he turned his thoughts to arts unknown *till then*; and varied *the course* 272 *viii.* 189-221. *of nature.* For he arranges feathers in order, beginning from the least, the shorter one succeeding the longer; so that you might suppose they grew on an incline. Thus does the rustic pipe sometimes rise by degrees, with unequal straws. Then he binds those in the middle with thread, and the lowermost ones with wax; and, thus ranged, with a gentle curvature, he bends them, so as to imitate real *wings of birds*. His son Icarus stands together with him; and, ignorant that he is handling *the source of danger* to himself, with a smiling countenance, he sometimes catches at the feathers which the shifting breeze is ruffling; and, at other times, he softens the yellow wax with his thumb; and, by his playfulness, he retards the wondrous work of his father.

After the finishing hand was put to the work, the workman himself poised his own body upon the two wings, and hung suspended in the beaten air. He provided his son *with them* as well; and said to him, "Icarus, I recommend thee to keep the middle tract; lest, if thou shouldst go too low, the water should clog thy wings; if too high, the fire *of the sun* should scorch them. Fly between both; and I bid thee neither to look at Boötes, nor Helice, nor the drawn sword of Orion. Under my guidance, take thy way." At the same time, he delivered him rules for flying, and fitted the untried wings to his shoulders. Amid his work and his admonitions, the cheeks of the old man were wet, and the hands of the father trembled. He gives kisses to his son, never again to be repeated; and, raised upon his wings, he flies before, and is concerned for his companion, just as the bird which has led forth her tender young from the lofty nest into the air. And he encourages him to follow, and instructs him in the fatal art, and both moves his own wings himself, and looks back on those of his son. A person while he is angling for fish with his quivering rod, or the shepherd leaning on his crook, or the ploughman on the

plough tail, when he beholds them, is astonished, and believes them to be Divinities, who thus can cleave the air. And now Samos, sacred to Juno, and Delos, 273 viii. 221-253. and Paros, were left behind to the left hand. On the right were Lebynthus, and Calymne, fruitful in honey; when the boy began to be pleased with a bolder flight, and forsook his guide; and, touched with a desire of reaching heaven, pursued his course still higher. The vicinity of the scorching Sun softened the fragrant wax that fastened his wings. The wax was melted; he shook his naked arms, and, wanting his oar-like wings, he caught no *more* air. His face, too, as he called on the name of his father, was received in the azure water, which received its name from him.

But the unhappy father, now no more a father, said, "Icarus, where art thou? In what spot shall I seek thee, Icarus?" did he say; *when* he beheld his wings in the waters, and *then* he cursed his own arts; and he buried his body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of him buried there. As he was laying the body of his unfortunate son in the tomb, aprattling partridge beheld him from a branching holm-oak, and, by its notes, testified its delight. 'Twas then but a single bird *of its kind*, and never seen in former years, and, lately made a bird, was a grievous reproof, Dædalus, to thee. For, ignorant *of the decrees* of fate, his sister had entrusted her son to be instructed by him, aboy who had passed twice six birthdays, with a mind eager for instruction. 'Twas he, too, who took the backbones observed in the middle of the fish, for an example, and cut *a* continued *row of* teeth in iron, with a sharp edge, and *thus* discovered the use of the saw.

He was the first, too, that bound two arms of iron to one centre, that, being divided *and* of equal length, the one part might stand fixed, *and* the other might describe a circle. Dædalus was envious, and threw him headlong from the sacred citadel of Minerva, falsely pretending that he had fallen *by accident*. But Pallas, who favours ingenuity, received him, and made him a bird; and, in the middle of the air, he flew upon 274 viii. 254-261. wings. Yet the vigour of his genius, once so active, passed into his wings and into his feet; his name, too, remained the same as before. Yet this bird does not raise its body aloft, nor make its nest in the branches and the lofty tops *of*

trees, but flies near the ground, and lays its eggs in hedges: and, mindful of its former fall, it dreads the higher regions.

EXPLANATION.

Dædalus was a talented Athenian, of the family of Erechtheus; and he was particularly famed for his skill in statuary and architecture. He became jealous of the talents of his nephew, Talos, whom Ovid here calls Perdix; and, envying his inventions of the saw, the compasses, and the art of turning, he killed him privately. Flying to Crete, he was favourably received by Minos, who was then at war with the Athenians. He there built the Labyrinth, as Pliny the Elder asserts, after the plan of that in Egypt, which is described by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo. Philochorus, however, as quoted by Plutarch, says that it did not resemble the Labyrinth of Egypt, and that it was only a prison in which criminals were confined.

Minos, being informed that Dædalus had assisted Pasiphaë in carrying out her criminal designs, kept him in prison; but escaping thence, by the aid of Pasiphaë, he embarked in a ship which she had prepared for him. Using sails, which till then, according to Pausanias and Palæphatus, were unknown, he escaped from the galleys of Minos, which were provided with oars only. Icarus, either fell into the sea, or, overpowered with the fatigues of the voyage, died near an island in the Archipelago, which afterwards received his name. These facts have been disguised by the poets under the ingenious fiction of the wings, and the neglect of Icarus to follow his father's advice, as here related.

FABLE IV.

Diana, offended at the neglect of Œneus, king of Calydon, when performing his vows to the Gods, sends a wild boar to ravage his dominions; on which Œneus assembled the princes of the country for its pursuit. His son Meleager leads the chase, and, having killed the monster, presents its head to his mistress, Atalanta, the daughter of the king of Arcadia. He afterwards kills his two uncles, Plexippus

and Toxeus, who would deprive her of this badge of his victory. Their sister Althæa, the mother of Meleager, filled with grief at their death, loads her son with execrations; and, remembering the torch which she received from the Fates at his birth, and on which the preservation of his life depends, she throws it into the fire. As soon as it is consumed, Meleager expires in the greatest torments. His sisters mourn over his body, until Diana changes them into birds.

And now the Ætnæan land received Dædalus in his fatigue; and 275 viii. 261-285. Cocalus, taking up arms for him as he entreated, was commended for his kindness. *And* now Athens has ceased to pay her mournful tribute, through the exploits of Theseus. The temples are decked with garlands, and they invoke warlike Minerva, with Jupiter and the other Gods, whom they adore with the blood of *victims* vowed, and with presents offered, and censers of frankincense. Wandering Fame had spread the renown of Theseus throughout the Argive cities, and the nations which rich Achaia contained, implored his aid amid great dangers. Calydon, *too*, although it had Meleager, suppliantly addressed him with anxious entreaties. The occasion of asking *aid* was a boar, the servant and the avenger of Diana in her wrath.

For they say that Ceneus, for the blessings of a plenteous year, had offered the first fruits of the corn to Ceres, to Bacchus his wine, and the Palladian juice of *olives* to the yellow-haired Minerva. These invidious honours commencing with the rural *Deities*, were continued to all the Gods above; they say that the altars of the daughter of Latona, who was omitted, were alone left without frankincense. Wrath affects even the Deities. “But *this*,” says she, “I will not tamely put up with; and I, who am thus dishonoured, will not be said to be unrevenged *as well*!” and she sends a boar as an avenger throughout the lands of Ceneus, than which not even does verdant Epirus possess bulls of greater size; even the fields of Sicily have them of less magnitude. His eyes shine with blood and 276 viii. 285-304. flames, his rough neck is stiff; bristles, too, stand up, like spikes, thickly set; like palisades do those bristles project, just like high spikes. Boiling foam, with a harsh noise, flows down his broad shoulders; his tusks rival the tusks of India. Thunders issue from his mouth; the foliage is burnt up with the blast. One while he tramples

down the corn in the growing blade, and crops the expectations of the husbandman, doomed to lament, as yet unripe, and he intercepts the corn in the ear. In vain does the threshing floor, and in vain do the barns await the promised harvest. The heavy grapes, with the long branches of the vine, are scattered about, and the berries with the boughs of the ever-green olive. He vents his fury, too, upon the flocks. These, neither dogs nor shepherds *can protect*; not *even* the fierce bulls are able to defend the herds. The people fly in all directions, and do not consider themselves safe, but in the walls of a city, until Meleager, and, together *with him*, a choice body of youths, unite from a desire for fame.

The two sons of Tyndarus, the one famous for boxing, the other for his skill in horsemanship; Jason, too, the builder of the first ship, and Theseus, with Pirithoüs, happy unison, and the two sons of Thestius, and Lynceus, the son of 277 viii. 304-312. Aphareus, and the swift Idas, and Cæneus, now no longer a woman; and the valiant Leucippus, and Acastus, famous for the dart, and Hippothoüs, and Dryas, and Phœnix, the son of Amyntor, and the two sons of Actor, and Phyleus, sent from Elis, *are there*. Nor is Telamon absent; the father, too, of the great Achilles; and with the son of Pheres, and the Hyantian Iolaüs, the active Eurytion, and Echion, invincible in the race, and the Narycian Lelex, and Panopeus, and 278 viii. 312-328. Hyleus, and bold Hippasus, and Nestor, now but in his early years. Those, too, whom Hippocoön sent from ancient Amyclæ, and the father-in-law of Penelope, with the Parrhasian Ancæus, and the sage son of Ampycus, and the descendant of Œclus, as yet safe from his wife, and Tegeæan *Atalanta*, the glory of the Lycæan groves. Apolished buckle fastened the top of her robe; her plain hair was gathered into a single knot. The ivory keeper of her weapons rattled, hanging from her left shoulder; her left hand, too, held a bow. Such was her dress, and her face such as you might say, with reason, was that of a maid in a boy, that of a boy in a maid. Her the Calydonian hero both beheld, and at the same moment sighed for her, against the will of the God; and he caught the latent flame, and said, "Oh, happy *will he be*, if she shall vouchsafe *to make* any one her husband." The occasion and propriety allow him to say no more; the greater deeds of the mighty contest *now* engage him.

A wood, thick with trees, which no age has cut down, rises from a plain, and looks down upon the fields below. After the heroes are come there, some extend the nets; some take the couples off the dogs, some follow close the traces of his feet, and are anxious to discover their own danger. There is a hollow channel, along which rivulets of rain water are wont to discharge themselves. The bending willows cover the lower parts of the cavity, and smooth sedges, and marshy rushes, and oziars, and thin reeds with their long stalks. Aroused from this spot, the boar rushes violently into the midst of the enemy, like lightning darted from the bursting clouds. In his onset the grove is laid level, and the wood, borne down, makes a crashing noise. The young men raise a shout, and with strong right hands hold their weapons extended before them, brandished with their broad points. Onward he rushes, and disperses the dogs, as any one *of them* opposes his career; and scatters them, as they bark *at him*, with sidelong wounds. The spear that was first hurled by the arm of Echion, was unavailing, and made a slight incision in the trunk of a maple tree. The next, if it had not employed too much of the strength of him who threw it, seemed as if it would stick in the back it was aimed at: it went beyond. The owner of the weapon was the Pagasæan Jason. "Phœbus," said the son of Ampycus, "if I have worshipped thee, and if I do worship thee, grant me *the favour* to reach what is *now* aimed at, with unerring weapon." The God consented to his prayer, so far as he could. The boar was struck by him, but without a wound; Diana took the steel head from off the flying weapon; the shaft reached him without the point. The rage of the monster was aroused, and not less violently was he inflamed than the lightnings; light darted from his eyes, and flame was breathed from his breast. As the stone flies, launched by the tightened rope, when it is aimed at either walls, or towers filled with soldiers, with the like unerring onset is the destroying boar borne on among the youths, and lays upon the ground Eupalamus and Pelagon, who guard the right wing. *Thus* 280 viii. 361-391. prostrate, their companions bear them off. But Enæsimus, the son of Hippocoön, does not escape a deadly wound. The sinews of his knee, cut *by the boar*, fail him as he trembles, and prepares to turn his back.

Perhaps, too, the Pylian *Nestor* would have perished before the times of the Trojan war: but taking a spring, by means of his lance, planted *in the ground*, he leaped into the branches of a tree that was standing close by, and, safe in his position, looked down upon the enemy which he had escaped. He, having whetted his tusk on the trunk of an oak, fiercely stood, ready for their destruction; and, trusting to his weapons newly pointed, gored the thigh of the great Othriades with his crooked tusks. But the two brothers, not yet made Constellations of the heavens, distinguished from the rest, were borne upon horses whiter than the bleached snow; *and* both were brandishing the points of their lances, poised in the air, with a tremulous motion. They would have inflicted wounds, had not the bristly *monster* entered the shady wood, a place penetrable by neither weapons nor horses. Telamon pursues him; and, heedless in the heat of pursuit, falls headlong, tripped up by the root of a tree. While Peleus is lifting him up, the Tegeæan damsel fits a swift arrow to the string, and, bending the bow, lets it fly. Fixed under the ear of the beast, the arrow razes the surface of the skin, and dyes the bristles red with a little blood. And not more joyful is she at the success of her aim than Meleageris.

He is supposed to have observed it first, and first to have pointed out the blood to his companions, and to have said, "Thou shalt receive due honour for thy bravery." The heroes blush *in emulation*; and they encourage one another, and raise their spirits with shouts, and discharge their weapons without any order. Their *very* multitude is a hindrance to those that are thrown, and it baffles the blow for which it is designed. Behold! the Arcadian, wielding his battle-axe, rushing madly 281 viii. 391-430. on to his fate, said, "Learn, O youths, how much the weapons of men excel those of women, and give way for my achievement. Though the daughter of Latona herself should protect him by her own arms, still, in spite of Diana, shall my right hand destroy him." Such words did he boastingly utter with self-confident lips; and lifting his double-edged axe with both hands, he stood erect upon tiptoe. The beast seized him *thus* bold, and, where there is the nearest way to death, directed his two tusks to the upper part of his groin. Ancæus fell; and his bowels, twisted, rush forth, falling with plenteous blood, and the earth was soaked with

gore. Pirithoüs, the son of Ixion, was advancing straight against the enemy, shaking his spear in his powerful right hand. To him the son of Ægeus, at a distance, said, "Othou, dearer to me than myself; stop, thou better part of my soul; we may be valiant at a distance: his rash courage was the destruction of Ancæus." *Thus* he spoke, and he hurled his lance of cornel wood, heavy with its brazen point; which, well poised, and likely to fulfil his desires, aleafy branch of a beech-tree opposed.

The son of Æson, too, hurled his javelin, which *unlucky* chance turned away from *the beast*, to the destruction of an unoffending dog, and running through his entrails, it was pinned through *those* entrails into the earth. But the hand of the son of Ceneus has different success; and of two discharged by him, the first spear is fastened in the earth, the second in the middle of his back. There is no delay; while he rages, while he is wheeling his body round, and pouring forth foam, hissing with the fresh blood, the giver of the wound comes up, and provokes his adversary to fury, and buries his shining hunting spear in his opposite shoulder. His companions attest their delight in an encouraging shout, and in their right hands endeavour to grasp the conquering right hand; and with wonder they behold the huge beast as he lies upon a large space of ground, and they do not deem it safe as yet to touch him; but yet they, each of them, stain their weapons with his blood. *Jason* himself, placing his foot upon it, presses his frightful head, and thus he says: "Receive, Nonacrian Nymph, the spoil that is my right; and let my glory be shared by thee." Immediately he gives her the skin as the spoil, thick with the stiffening bristles, and the head remarkable for the huge tusks. The giver of the present, as well as the present, is a *source* of pleasure to 282 viii. 430-463. her. The others envy her, and there is a murmuring throughout the whole company. Of these, stretching out their arms, with a loud voice, the sons of Thestius cry out, "Come, lay them down, and do not thou, awoman, interfere with our honours; let not thy confidence in thy beauty deceive thee, and let the donor, seized with this passion for thee, keep at a distance." And *then* from her they take the present, *and* from him the right *of disposing* of the present.

The warlike *prince* did not brook it, and, indignant with swelling

rage, he said, "Learn, ye spoilers of the honour that belongs to another, how much deeds differ from threats;" and, with his cruel sword, he pierced the breast of Plexippus, dreading no such thing. Nor suffered he Toxeus, who was doubtful what to do, and both wishful to avenge his brother, and fearing his brother's fate, long to be in doubt; but a second time warmed his weapon, reeking with the former slaughter, in the blood of the brother.

Althæa was carrying gifts to the temples of the Gods, her son being victorious, when she beheld her slain brothers carried off *from the field*: uttering a shriek, she filled the city with her sad lamentations, and assumed black garments in exchange for her golden ones. But soon as the author of their death was made known, all grief vanished; and from tears it was turned to a thirst for vengeance. There was a billet, which, when the daughter of Thestius was lying in labour *with her son*, the three Sisters, *the Fates*, placed in the flames, and spinning the fatal threads, with their thumbs pressed upon them, they said, "We give to thee, Onew-born *babe*, and to this wood, the same period *of existence*." Having uttered this charm, the Goddesses departed; *and* the mother snatched the flaming brand from the fire, and sprinkled it with flowing water. Long had it been concealed in her most retired apartment; and being *thus* preserved, had preserved, O youth, thy life. This *billet* the mother *now* brings forth, and orders torches to be heaped on broken pieces *of wood*; and when heaped, applies to them the hostile flames. Then four times essaying to lay the branch upon the flames, four times does she pause in the attempt. Both the mother 283 viii. 463-492. and the sister struggle hard, and the two different titles influence her breast in different ways. Often is her countenance pale with apprehension of the impending crime; often does rage, glowing in her eyes, produce its red colour. And one while is her countenance like that of one making some cruel threat or other; at another moment, such as you could suppose to be full of compassion. And when the fierce heat of her feelings has dried up her tears, still are tears found *to flow*. Just as the ship, which the wind and a tide running contrary to the wind, seize, is sensible of the double assault, and unsteadily obeys them both; no otherwise does the daughter of Thestius fluctuate between *two* varying affections, and in turn lays by

her anger, and rouses it again, *when thus* laid by. Still, the sister begins to get the better of the parent; and that, with blood she may appease the shades of her relations, in her unnatural conduct she proves affectionate.

For after the pernicious flames gained strength, she said, "Let this funeral pile consume my entrails." And as she was holding the fatal billet in her ruthless hand, she stood, in her wretchedness, before the sepulchral altars, and said, "Ye Eumenides, the three Goddesses of punishment, turn your faces towards these baleful rites; I am both avenging and am committing a crime. With death must death be expiated; crime must be added to crime, funeral to funeral; by accumulated calamities, let this unnatural race perish. Shall Æneus, in happiness, be blessed in his victorious son; and shall Thestius be childless? It is better that you both should mourn. Only do ye, ghosts of my brothers, phantoms newly made, regard this my act of affection, and receive this funeral offering, provided at a cost so great, the guilty pledge of my womb. Ah, wretched me! Whither am I hurried away? Pardon, my brothers, *the feelings of a mother*. My hands fail me in my 284 viii. 492-522. purpose, I confess that he deserves to die; but the author of his death is repugnant to me. Shall he then go unpunished? Alive and victorious, and flushed with his success, shall he possess the realms of Calydon? *And* shall you lie, a little heap of ashes, and *as* lifeless phantoms? For my part, I will not endure this. Let the guilty wretch perish, and let him carry along with him the hopes of his father, and the ruin of his kingdom and country. *But* where are the feelings of a mother, where are the affectionate ties of the parent? Where, too, are the pangs which for twice five months I have endured? Oh, that thou hadst been burnt, when an infant, in that first fire! And would that I had allowed it! By my aid hast thou lived; now, for thy own deserts, shalt thou die. Take the reward of thy deeds; and return to me that life which was twice given thee, first at thy birth, next when the billet was rescued; or else place me as well in the tomb of my brothers. I both desire *to do it*, and I am unable. What shall I do? one while the wounds of my brothers are before my eyes, and the form of a murder so dreadful; at another time, affection and the name of mother break my resolution. Wretch that I am! To my sorrow, brothers, will you prevail; but *still* prevail;

so long as I myself shall follow the appeasing sacrifice that I shall give you, and you yourselves;" she *thus* said, and turning herself away, with trembling right hand she threw the fatal brand into the midst of the flames.

That billet either utters, or seems to utter, agroan, and, caught by the reluctant flames, it is consumed. Unsuspecting, and at a distance, Meleager is burned by that flame, and feels his entrails scorched by the secret fires; but with fortitude he supports the mighty pain. Still, he grieves that he dies by an inglorious death, and without *shedding his* blood, and says that the wounds of Ancæus were a happy lot. And while, with a sigh, he calls upon his aged father, and his brother, and his affectionate sisters, and with his last words the companion of his bed, perhaps, too, his mother *as well*; 285 viii. 522-545. the fire and his torments increase; and *then* again do they diminish. Both of them are extinguished together, and by degrees his spirit vanishes into the light air.

Lofty Calydon *now* lies prostrate. Young and old mourn, both people and nobles lament; and the Calydonian matrons of Evenus, tearing their hair, bewail him. Lying along upon the ground, his father pollutes his white hair and his aged features with dust, and chides his prolonged existence. But her own hand, conscious to itself of the ruthless deed, exacted punishment of the mother, the sword piercing her entrails. If a God had given me a mouth sounding with a hundred tongues, and an enlarged genius, and the whole of Helicon *besides*; *still* I could not enumerate the mournful expressions of his unhappy sisters. Regardless of shame, they beat their livid bosoms, and while the body *still* exists, they embrace it, and embrace it again; they give kisses to it, *and* they give kisses to the bier *there* set. After *he is reduced to* ashes, they pour them, when gathered up, to their breasts; and they lie prostrate around the tomb, and kissing his name cut out in the stone, they pour their tears upon his name. Them, the daughter of Latona, at length satiated with the calamities of the house of Parthaon, bears aloft on wings springing from their bodies, except Gorge, and the daughter-in-law of noble Alcmena; and she stretches long wings over their arms, and makes their mouths horny, and sends them, *thus* transformed, through the air.

EXPLANATION.

It is generally supposed that the story of the chase of the Calydonian boar, though embracing much of the fabulous, is still based upon historical facts. Homer, in the 9th book of the *Iliad*, alludes to it, though in somewhat 286 viiii. 546-558. different terms from the account here given by Ovid; and from the ancient historians we learn, that Ceneus, offering the first fruits to the Gods, forgot Diana in his sacrifices. A wild boar, the same year having ravaged some part of his dominions, and particularly a vineyard, on the cultivation of which he had bestowed much pains, these circumstances, combined, gave occasion for saying that the boar had been sent by Diana. As the wild beast had killed some country people, Meleager collected the neighbouring nobles, for the purpose of destroying it. Plexippus and Toxeus, having been killed, in the manner mentioned by the Poet, Althæa, their sister, in her grief, devoted her son to the Furies; and, perhaps, having used some magical incantations, the story of the fatal billet was invented.

Homer does not mention the death of Meleager; but, on the contrary, says that his mother, Althæa, was pacified. Some writers, however, think that he really was poisoned by his mother. The story of the change of the sisters of Meleager into birds is only the common poetical fiction, denoting the extent of their grief at the untimely death of their brother.

FABLE V.

Theseus, returning from the chase of the Calydonian boar, is stopped by an inundation of the river Acheloüs, and accepts of an invitation from the God of that river, to come to his grotto. After the repast, Acheloüs gives him the history of the five Naiads, who had been changed into the islands called Echinades, and an account of his own amour with the Nymph Perimele, whom, being thrown by her father into the sea, Neptune had transformed into an island.

In the meantime, Theseus having performed his part in the joint labour, was going to the Erecthean towers of Tritonis. *But* Acheloüs, swollen with rains, opposed his journey, and caused him delay as he

was going. "Come," said he, "famous Cecropian, beneath my roof; and do not trust thyself to the rapid floods. They are wont to bear away strong beams, and to roll down stones, as they lie across, with immense roaring. I have seen high folds, contiguous to my banks, swept away, together with the flocks; nor was it of any avail there for the herd to be strong, nor for the horses to be swift. Many bodies, too, of young men has this torrent overwhelmed in its whirling eddies, when the snows of the mountains dissolved. Rest is the safer *for thee*; until the river runs within its usual bounds, until its own channel receives the flowing waters."

287 viii. 559-591.

To *this* the son of Ægeus agreed; and replied, "I will make use of thy dwelling and of thy advice, Acheloüs;" and both he did make use of. He entered an abode built of pumice stone with its many holes, and the sand-stone far from smooth. The floor was moist with soft moss, shells with alternate *rows of* murex arched the roof. And now, Hyperion having measured out two parts of the light, Theseus and the companions of his labours lay down upon couches; on the one side the son of Ixion, on the other, Lelex, the hero of Træzen, having his temples now covered with thin grey hairs; and some others whom the river of the Acarnanians, overjoyed with a guest so great, had graced with the like honour. Immediately, some Nymphs, barefoot, furnished with the banquet the tables that were set before them; and the dainties being removed, they served up wine in *bowls adorned with gems*. Then the mighty hero, surveying the seas that lay beneath his eyes, said, "What place is this?" and he pointed with his finger; "and inform me what name that island bears; although it does not seem to be one only?" In answer to these words, the River said, "It is not, indeed, one object that we see; five countries lie *there*; they deceive through their distance. And that thou mayst be the less surprised at the deeds of the despised Diana, these were Naiads; who, when they had slain twice five bullocks, and had invited the Gods of the country to a sacrifice, kept a joyous festival, regardless of me. *At this* I swelled, and I was as great as I ever am, in my course, when I am the fullest; and, redoubled both in rage and in flood, I tore away woods from woods, and fields from fields; and together with the spot, I hurled the Nymphs into the sea, who then, at last, were mindful of

me. My waves and those of the main divided the land, *before* continuous, and separated it into as many parts, as thou seest *islands*, called Echinades, in the midst of the waves.

“But yet, as thou thyself seest from afar, one island, see! was withdrawn far off from the rest, *an island* pleasing to me. The mariner calls it Perimele. This beloved Nymph did I deprive 288 viii. 591-610. of the name of a virgin. This her father, Hippodamas, took amiss, and pushed the body of his daughter, when about to bring forth, from a rock, into the sea. I received her; and bearing her up when swimming, I said, ‘O thou bearer of the Trident, who hast obtained, by lot, next in rank to the heavens, the realms of the flowing waters, in which we sacred rivers end, *and* to which we run; come hither, Neptune, and graciously listen to me, as I pray. Her, whom I am bearing up, I have injured. If her father, Hippodamas, had been mild and reasonable, or if he had been less unnatural, he ought to have pitied her, and to have forgiven me. Give thy assistance; and grant a place, Neptune, I beseech thee, to her, plunged in the waters by the cruelty of her father; or allow her to become a place herself. Her, even, *thus* will I embrace.’ The King of the ocean moved his head, and shook all the waters with his assent. The Nymph was afraid; but yet she swam. Her breast, as she was swimming, I myself touched, as it throbbed with a tremulous motion; and while I felt it, I perceived her whole body grow hard, and her breast become covered with earth growing over it. While I was speaking, fresh earth enclosed her floating limbs, and a heavy island grew upon her changed members.”

EXPLANATION.

This story is simply based upon physical grounds. The river Achelōüs, running between Acarnania and Ætolia, and flowing into the Ionian Sea, carried with it a great quantity of sand and mud, which probably formed the islands at its mouth, called the Echinades. The same solution probably applies to the narrative of the fate of the Nymph Perimele.

FABLE VI.

Jupiter and Mercury, disguised in human shape, are received by Philemon and Baucis, after having been refused admittance by their neighbours. The Gods, in acknowledgment of their hospitality, transform their cottage into a temple, of which, at their own request, they are made the priest and priestess; and, after a long life, the worthy couple are changed into trees. The village where they live is laid under water, on account of the impiety of the inhabitants, and is turned into a lake. Acheloüs here relates the surprising changes of Proteus.

After these things the river was silent. The wondrous deed 289 viii. 613-642. had astonished them all. The son of Ixion laughed at them, believing *the story*; and as he was a despiser of the Gods, and of a haughty disposition, he said, "Acheloüs, thou dost relate a fiction, and dost deem the Gods more powerful than they are, if they both give and take away the form *of things*." At *this* all were amazed, and did not approve of such language; and before all, Lelex, ripe in understanding and age, spoke thus: "The power of heaven is immense, and has no limits; and whatever the Gods above will, 'tis done.

"And that thou mayst the less doubt *of this*, there is upon the Phrygian hills, an oak near to the lime tree, enclosed by a low wall. I, myself, have seen the spot; for Pittheus sent me into the land of Pelops, once governed by his father, *Pelops*. Not far thence is a standing water, formerly habitable ground, but now frequented by cormorants and coots, that delight in fens. Jupiter came hither in the shape of a man, and together with his parent, the grandson of Atlas, *Mercury*, the bearer of the Caduceus, having laid aside his wings. To a thousand houses did they go, asking for lodging and for rest. A thousand houses did the bolts fasten *against them*. Yet one received them, a small one indeed, thatched with straw, and the reeds of the marsh. But a pious old woman *named* Baucis, and Philemon of a like age, were united in their youthful years in that *cottage*, and in it, they grew old together; and by owning their poverty, they rendered it light, and not to be endured with discontented mind. It matters not, whether you ask for the masters there, or for the servants; the whole family are but two; the same persons both obey and command. When, therefore, the inhabitants of heaven reached this little abode,

and, bending their necks, entered the humble door, the old man bade them rest their limbs on a bench set *there*; upon which the attentive Baucis threw a coarse cloth. Then she moves the warm embers on the hearth, and stirs 290 viii. 642-669. up the fire they had had the day before, and supplies it with leaves and dry bark, and with her aged breath kindles it into a flame; and brings out of the house faggots split into many pieces, and dry bits of branches, and breaks them, and puts them beneath a small boiler. Some pot-herbs, too, which her husband has gathered in the well-watered garden, she strips of their leaves.

“With a two-pronged fork *Philemon* lifts down a rusty side of bacon, that hangs from a black beam; and cuts off a small portion from the chine that has been kept so long; and when cut, softens it in boiling water. In the meantime, with discourse they beguile the intervening hours; and suffer not the length of time to be perceived. There is a beechen trough there, that hangs on a peg by its crooked handle; this is filled with warm water, and receives their limbs to refresh them. On the middle of the couch, its feet and frame being made of willow, is placed a cushion of soft sedge. This they cover with cloths, which they have not been accustomed to place there but on festive occasions; but even these cloths are coarse and old, *though* not unfitting for a couch of willow. The Gods seat themselves. The old woman, wearing an apron, and shaking *with palsy*, sets the table *before them*. But the third leg of the table is too short; a potsherd, *placed beneath*, makes it equal. After this, being placed beneath, has taken away the inequality, green mint rubs down the table *thus* made level. Here are set the double-tinted berries of the chaste Minerva, and cornel-berries, gathered in autumn, *and* preserved in a thin pickle; endive, too, and radishes, and a large piece of curdled milk, and eggs, that have been gently turned in the slow embers; all *served* in earthenware. After this, an embossed goblet of 291 viii. 669-599. similar clay is placed *there*; cups, too, made of beech wood, varnished, where they are hollowed out, with yellow wax.

“There is *now* a short pause; the fire *then* sends up the warm repast; and wine kept no long time, is again put on; and *then*, set aside for a little time, it gives place to the second course. Here are nuts, *and* here are dried figs mixed with wrinkled dates, plums too,

and fragrant apples in wide baskets, and grapes gathered from the purple vines. In the middle there is white honey-comb. Above all, there are welcome looks, and no indifferent and niggardly feelings. In the meanwhile, as oft as Baucis and the alarmed Philemon behold the goblet, *when* drunk off, replenish itself of its own accord, and the wine increase of itself, astonished at this singular event, they are frightened, and, with hands held up, they offer their prayers, and entreat pardon for their entertainment, and their want of preparation. There was a single goose, the guardian of their little cottage, which its owners were preparing to kill for the Deities, their guests. Swift with its wings, it wearied them, *rendered* slow by age, and it escaped them a long time, and at length seemed to fly for safety to the Gods themselves. The immortals forbade it to be killed, and said, ‘We are Divinities, and this impious neighbourhood shall suffer deserved punishment. To you it will be allowed to be free from this calamity; only leave your habitation, and attend our steps, and go together to the summit of the mountain.’

“They both obeyed; and, supported by staffs, they endeavoured to place their feet *on the top* of the high hill. They were *now* as far from the top, as an arrow discharged can go at once, *when* they turned their eyes, and beheld the other parts sinking in a morass, *and* their own abode alone remaining. While they were wondering at these things, *and* while they were bewailing the fate of their *fellow countrymen*, that old cottage of *theirs*, 292 viii. 699-734. *too* little for even two owners, was changed into a temple. Columns took the place of forked stakes, the thatch grew yellow, and the earth was covered with marble; the doors appeared carved, and the roof to be of gold. Then, the son of Saturn uttered such words as these with benign lips: ‘Tell us, good old man, and thou, wife, worthy of a husband *so* good, what it is you desire?’ Having spoken a few words to Baucis, Philemon discovered their joint request to the Gods: ‘We desire to be your priests, and to have the care of your temple; and, since we have passed our years in harmony, let the same hour take us off both together; and let me not ever see the tomb of my wife, nor let me be destined to be buried by her.’ Fulfilment attended their wishes. So long as life was granted, they were the keepers of the temple; and when, enervated by years and old age, they were standing, by chance,

before the sacred steps, and were relating the fortunes of the spot, Baucis beheld Philemon, and the aged Philemon saw Baucis, *too*, shooting into leaf. And now the tops of the trees growing above their two faces, so long as they could they exchanged words with each other, and said together, 'Farewell! my spouse;' and at the same moment the branches covered their concealed faces. The inhabitants of Tyana still shew these adjoining trees, made of their two bodies. Old men, no romancers, (and there was no reason why they should wish to deceive me) told me this. I, indeed, saw garlands hanging on the branches, and placing *there* some fresh ones *myself*, Isaid, 'The good are the *peculiar* care of the Gods, and those who worshipped *the Gods*, are *now* worshipped *themselves*.'"

He had *now* ceased; and the thing *itself* and the relator *of it* had astonished them all; *and* especially Theseus, whom, desiring to hear of the wonderful actions of the Gods, the Calydonian river leaning on his elbow, addressed in words such as these: "There are, O most valiant *hero*, some things, whose form has been once changed, and *then* has continued under that change. There are some whose privilege it is to pass into many shapes, as thou, Proteus, inhabitant of the sea that embraces the earth. For people have seen thee one while a young man, and again a lion; at one time thou wast a furious boar, at another a serpent, which they dreaded to touch; *and* 293 viii 734-736. sometimes, horns rendered thee a bull. Ofttimes thou mightst be seen as a stone; often, too, as a tree. Sometimes imitating the appearance of flowing water, thou wast a river; sometimes fire, the *very* contrary of water."

EXPLANATION.

The story of Baucis and Philemon, which is here so beautifully related by the Poet, is a moral tale, which shows the merit of hospitality, and how, in some cases at least, virtue speedily brings its own reward. If the story is based upon any actual facts, the history of its origin is entirely unknown. Huet, the theologian, indeed, supposes that it is founded on the history of the reception of the Angels by Abraham. This is a bold surmise, but entirely in accordance with his position, that the greatest part of the fictions of the heathen

mythology were mere glosses or perversions of the histories of the Old Testament. If derived from Scripture, the story is just as likely to be founded on the hospitable reception of the Prophet Elijah by the woman of Zarephath; and the miraculous increase of the wine in the goblet, calls to mind 'the barrel of meal that wasted not, and the cruse of oil that did not fail.' The story of the wretched fate of the inhospitable neighbours of Baucis and Philemon is thought, by some modern writers, to be founded upon the Scriptural account of the destruction of the wicked cities of the plain.

Ancient writers have made many attempts to solve the wondrous story of Proteus. Some say that he was an elegant orator, who charmed his auditors by the force of his eloquence. Lucian says that he was an actor of pantomime, so supple that he could assume various postures. Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Clement of Alexandria, assert that he was an ancient king of Egypt, successor to Pheron, and that he lived at the time, of the Trojan war. Herodotus, who represents him as a prince of great wisdom and justice, does not make any allusion to his powers of transformation, which was his great merit in the eyes of the poets. Diodorus Siculus says that his alleged changes may have had their rise in a custom which Proteus had of adorning his helmet, sometimes with the skin of a panther, sometimes with that of a lion, and sometimes with that of a serpent, or of some other animal. When Lycophron states that Neptune saved Proteus from the fury of his children, by making him go through caverns from Pallene to Egypt, he follows the tradition which says that he originally came from that town in Thessaly, and that he retired thence to Egypt. Virgil, and Servius, his Commentator, assert that Proteus returned to Thessaly after the death of his children, who were slain by Hercules; in which assertion, however, they are not supported by Homer or Herodotus.

294 viii. 737-759.

FABLE VII.

Acheloüs continues his narrative with the story of Metra, the daughter of Erisichthon, who is attacked with insatiable hunger, for having cut down an oak, in one of the groves of Ceres. Metra begs of

Neptune, who was formerly in love with her, the power of transforming herself into different shapes; that she may be enabled, if possible, to satisfy the voracious appetite of her father. By these means, Erisichthon, being obliged to expose her for sale, in order to purchase himself food, always recovers her again; until, by his repeated sale of her, the fraud is discovered. He at last becomes the avenger of his own impiety, by devouring his own limbs.

“Nor has the wife of Autolycus, the daughter of Erisichthon, less privileges *than he*. Her father was one who despised the majesty of the Gods; and he offered them no honours on their altars. He is likewise said to have profaned with an axe a grove of Ceres, and to have violated her ancient woods with the iron. In these there was standing an oak with an ancient trunk, a wood *in itself* alone, fillets and tablets, *as* memorials, and garlands, proofs of wishes that had been granted, surrounded the middle of it. Often, beneath this *tree*, did the Dryads lead up the festive dance; often, too, with hands joined in order, did they go round the compass of its trunk; and the girth of the oak made up three times five ells. The rest of the wood, too, lay as much under this oak as the grass lay beneath the whole of the wood. Yet not on that account *even* did the son of Triopas withhold the axe from it; and he ordered his servants to cut down the sacred oak; and when he saw them hesitate, *thus* ordered, the wicked *wretch*, snatching from one of them an axe, uttered these words: ‘Were it not only beloved by a Goddess, but even were it a Goddess itself, it should now touch the ground with its leafy top.’ *Thus* he said; and while he was poising his weapon for a side stroke, the Deoïan oak shuddered, and uttered a groan; and 295 viii. 759-793. at once, its green leaves, and, with them, its acorns began to turn pale; and the long branches to be moistened with sweat. As soon as his impious hand had made an incision in its trunk, the blood flowed from the severed bark no otherwise than, as, at the time when the bull, a large victim, falls before the altars, the blood pours forth from his divided neck. All were amazed and one of the number attempted to hinder the wicked design, and to restrain the cruel axe. The Thessalian eyes him, and says, ‘Take the reward of thy pious intentions,’ and turns the axe from the tree upon the man, and hews off his head; and *then* hacks at the oak again; when such words as

these are uttered from the middle of the oak: 'I, aNymph, most pleasing to Ceres, am beneath this wood; I, *now* dying, foretell to thee that the punishment of thy deeds, the solace of my death, is at hand.'

"He pursued his wicked design; and, at last, weakened by numberless blows, and pulled downward with ropes, the tree fell down, and with its weight levelled a great part of the wood. All her sisters, the Dryads, being shocked at the loss of the grove and their own, in their grief repaired to Ceres, in black array, and requested the punishment of Erisichthon. She assented to their *request*, and the most beauteous Goddess, with the nodding of her head, shook the fields loaded with the heavy crops; and contrived *for him* a kind of punishment, lamentable, if he had not, for his crimes, been deserving of the sympathy of none, *namely*, to torment him with deadly Famine. And since that Goddess could not be approached by herself (for the Destinies do not allow Ceres and Famine to come together), in such words as these she addressed rustic Oreas, one of the mountain Deities: 'There is an icy region in the extreme part of Scythia, adreary soil, aland, desolate, without corn *and* without trees; there dwell drowsy Cold, and Paleness, and Trembling, and famishing Hunger; order her to bury herself in the breast of this sacrilegious *wretch*. Let no abundance of provisions overcome her; 296 viii. 793-824. and let her surpass my powers in the contest. And that the length of the road may not alarm thee, take my chariot, take the dragons, which thou mayst guide aloft with the reins;' and *then* she gave them to her.

"She, borne through the air on the chariot *thus* granted, arrived in Scythia; and, on the top of a steep mountain (they call it Caucasus), she unyoked the neck of the dragons, and beheld Famine, whom she was seeking, in a stony field, tearing up herbs, growing here and there, with her nails and with her teeth. Rough was her hair, her eyes hollow, paleness on her face, her lips white with scurf, her jaws rough with rustiness; her skin hard, through which her bowels might be seen; her dry bones were projecting beneath her crooked loins; instead of a belly, there was *only* the place for a belly. You would think her breast was hanging, and was only supported from the chine of the back. Leanness had, *to appearance*, increased her joints, and

the caps of her knees were stiff, and excrescences projected from her overgrown ancles. Soon as *Oreas* beheld her at a distance (for she did not dare come near her), she delivered the commands of the Goddess; and, staying for so short a time, although she was at a distance from her, *and* although she had just come thither, still did she seem to feel hunger; and, turning the reins, she drove aloft the dragon's back to Hæmonia.

“Famine executes the orders of Ceres (although she is ever opposing her operations), and is borne by the winds through the air to the assigned abode, and immediately enters the bedchamber of the sacrilegious *wretch*, and embraces him, sunk in a deep sleep (*for* it is night-time), with her two wings. She breathes herself into the man, and blows upon his jaws, and his breast, and his face; and she scatters hunger through his empty veins. And having *thus* executed her commission, she forsakes the fruitful world, and returns to her famished abode, her wonted fields. Gentle sleep is still soothing Erisichthon with its balmy wings. In a vision of his 297 viii. 824-857. sleep he craves for food, and moves his jaws to no purpose, and tires his teeth *grinding* upon teeth, and wearies his throat deluded with imaginary food; and, instead of victuals, he devours in vain the yielding air. But when sleep is banished, his desire for eating is outrageous, and holds sway over his craving jaws, and his insatiate entrails. And no delay *is there*; he calls what the sea, what the earth, what the air produces, and complains of hunger with the tables set before him, and requires food in *the midst of* food. And what might be enough for *whole* cities, and what *might be enough* for a *whole* people, is not sufficient for one man. The more, too, he swallows down into his stomach, the more does he desire. And just as the ocean receives rivers from the whole earth, and *yet* is not satiated with water, and drinks up the rivers of distant countries, and as the devouring fire never refuses fuel, and burns up beams of wood without number, and the greater the quantity that is given to it, the more does it crave, and it is the more voracious through the very abundance *of fuel*; so do the jaws of the impious Erisichthon receive all victuals *presented*, and at the same time ask for *more*. In him all food is *only* a ground for *more* food, and there is always room vacant for eating *still more*.

“And now, through his appetite, and the voracity of his capacious stomach, he had diminished his paternal estate; but yet, even then, did his shocking hunger remain undiminished, and the craving of his insatiable appetite continued in full vigour. At last, after he has swallowed down his estate into his paunch, his daughter *alone* is remaining, undeserving of him for a father; her, too, he sells, pressed by want. Born of a noble race, she cannot brook a master; and stretching out her hands, over the neighbouring sea, she says, ‘Deliver me from a master, thou who dost possess the prize of my ravished virginity.’ This *prize* Neptune had *possessed himself of*. He, not despising her prayer, although, the moment before, she has been seen by her master in pursuit of her, both alters her form, and gives her the appearance of a man, and a habit befitting such as catch fish. Looking at her, her master says, ‘O thou manager of the rod, who dost cover the brazen *hook*, as it hangs, with tiny morsels, even so may the sea be smooth *for thee*, 298 viii. 857-884. even so may the fish in the water be *ever* credulous for thee, and may they perceive no hook till caught; tell me where she is, who this moment was standing upon this shore (for standing on the shore I saw her), with her hair dishevelled, *and* in humble garb; for no further do her footsteps extend.’ She perceives that the favour of the God has turned to good purpose, and, well pleased that she is inquired after of herself, she replies to him, as he inquires, in these words: ‘Whoever thou art, excuse me, *but* I have not turned my eyes on any side from this water, and, busily employed, I have been attending to my pursuit. And that thou mayst the less disbelieve *me*, may the God of the sea so aid this employment of mine, no man has been for some time standing on this shore, myself only excepted, nor has any woman been standing *here*.’ Her master believed her, and, turning his feet *to go away*, he paced the sands, and, *thus* deceived, withdrew. Her own shape was restored to her.

“But when her father found that his *daughter* had a body capable of being transformed, he often sold the grand-daughter of Triopas to *other* masters. But she used to escape, sometimes as a mare, sometimes as a bird, now as a cow, now as a stag; and *so* provided a dishonest maintenance for her hungry parent. Yet, after this violence of his distemper had consumed all his provision, and had added fresh

fuel to his dreadful malady: he himself, with mangling bites, began to tear his own limbs, and the miserable *wretch* used to feed his own body by diminishing it. *But* why do I dwell on the instances of others? I, too, O youths, have a power of often changing my body, *though* limited in the number of *those changes*. For, one while, I appear what I now am, another while I am wreathed as a snake; then *as* the leader of a herd, I receive strength in my horns. In my horns, *I say*, so long as I could. Now, one side of my forehead is deprived of its weapons, as thou seest thyself.” Sighs followed his words.

EXPLANATION.

The story of Metra and Erisichon has no other foundation, in all probability, than the diligent care which she took, as a dutiful daughter, to support her father, when he had ruined himself by his luxury and extravagance. She, probably, was a young woman, who, in the hour of need, could, in common parlance, ‘turn her hand’ to any useful employment. Some, however, suppose that, by her changes are meant the wages she received from those whom she served in the capacity of a slave, and which she gave to her father; and it must be remembered that, in ancient times, as money was scarce, the wages of domestics were often paid in kind. Other writers again suggest, less to the credit of the damsel, that her changes denote the price she received for her debaucheries. Ovid adds, that she married Autolycus, the robber, who stole the oxen of Eurytus. Callimachus also, in his Hymn to Ceres, gives the story of Erisichon at length. He was the great grandfather of Ulysses, and was probably a man noted for his infidelity and impiety, as well as his riotous course of life. The story is probably of Eastern origin, and if a little expanded might vie with many of the interesting fictions which we read in the Arabian Night’s Entertainments.

BOOK THE NINTH.

FABLE I.

Deïanira, the daughter of Cœneus, having been wooed by several suitors, her father gives his consent that she shall marry him who proves to be the bravest of them. Her other suitors, having given way to Hercules and Acheloüs, they engage in single combat. Acheloüs, to gain the advantage over his rival, transforms himself into various shapes, and, at length, into that of a bull. These attempts are in vain, and Hercules overcomes him, and breaks off one of his horns. The Naiads, the daughters of Acheloüs, take it up, and fill it with the variety of fruits which Autumn affords; on which it obtains the name of the Horn of Plenty.

Theseus, the Neptunian hero, inquires what is the cause of his sighing, and of his forehead being mutilated; when thus begins the Calydonian river, having his unadorned hair crowned with reeds:

“A mournful task thou art exacting; for who, when overcome, is desirous to relate his own battles? yet I will relate them in order; nor was it so disgraceful to be overcome, as it is glorious to have engaged; and a conqueror so mighty affords me a great consolation. If, perchance, Deïanira, by her name, has at last reached thy ears, once she was a most beautiful maiden, and the envied hope of many a wooer; together with these, when the house of him, whom I desired as my father-in-law, was entered by me, I said, ‘Receive me, Oson of Parthaon, for thy son-in-law.’ Alcides, too, said *the same*; the others yielded to *us* two. He alleged that he was offering *to the* . damsel both Jupiter as a father-in-law, and the glory of his labours; the orders, too, of his step-mother, successfully executed. On the other hand (I thought it disgraceful for a God to give way to a mortal, for then he was not a God), I said, ‘Thou beholdest me, asking of the waters, flowing amid thy realms, with my winding course; nor *am I* some stranger sent thee for a son-in-law, from foreign lands, but I shall be one of thy people, and a part of thy state. Only let it not be to my prejudice, that the royal Juno does not hate me, and that all punishment, by labours enjoined, is afar from me. For, since thou,

Hercules, dost boast thyself born of Alcmena for thy mother; Jupiter is either thy pretended sire, or thy real one through a criminal deed: by the adultery of thy mother art thou claiming a father. Choose, *then*, whether thou wouldst rather have Jupiter *for thy* pretended father, or that thou art sprung *from him* through a disgraceful deed?’

“While I was saying such things as these, for some time he looked at me with a scowling eye, and did not very successfully check his inflamed wrath; and he returned me just as many words *as these*: ‘My right hand is better than my tongue. If only I do but prevail in fighting, do thou get the better in talking;’ and *then* he fiercely *attacked* me. I was ashamed, after having so lately spoken big words, to yield. I threw on one side my green garment from off my body, and opposed my arms *to his*, and I held my hands bent inwards, from before my breast, on their guard, and I prepared my limbs for the combat. He sprinkled me with dust, taken up in the hollow of his hands, and, in his turn, grew yellow with the casting of yellow sand *upon himself*. And at one moment he aimed at my neck, at another my legs, as they shifted about, or you would suppose he was aiming *at them*; and he assaulted me on every side. My bulk defended me, and I was attacked in vain; no . otherwise than a mole, which the waves beat against with loud noise: it remains *unshaken*, and by its own weight is secure.

“We retire a little, and *then* again we rush together in conflict, and we stand firm, determined not to yield; foot, too, is joined to foot; and *then* I, bending forward full with my breast, press upon his fingers with my fingers, and his forehead with my forehead. In no different manner have I beheld the strong bulls engage, when the most beautiful mate in all the pasture is sought as the reward of the combat; the herds look on and tremble, uncertain which the mastery of so great a domain awaits. Thrice without effect did Alcides attempt to hurl away from him my breast, as it bore hard against him; the fourth time, he shook off my hold, and loosened my arms clasped around him; and, striking me with his hand, (I am resolved to confess the truth) he turned me quite round, and clung, a mighty load, to my back. If any credit *is to be given me*, (and, indeed, no glory is sought by me through an untrue narration) I seemed to myself *as though* weighed down with a mountain placed upon me. Yet, with great

difficulty, I disengaged my arms streaming with much perspiration, *and*, with great exertion, I unlocked his firm grasp from my body. He pressed on me as I panted for breath, and prevented me from recovering my strength, and *then* seized hold of my neck. Then, at last, was the earth pressed by my knee, and with my mouth I bit the sand. Inferior in strength, I had recourse to my arts, and transformed into a long serpent, I escaped from the hero.

“After I had twisted my body into winding folds, and darted my forked tongue with dreadful hissings, the Tiryntian laughed, and deriding my arts, he said, ‘It was the labour of my cradle to conquer serpents; and although, Acheloüs, thou shouldst excel other snakes, how large a part wilt thou, *but* one serpent, be of the Lernæan Echidna? By her *very* wounds was she multiplied, and not one head of her hundred in . number was cut off *by me* without danger *to myself*; but rather so that her neck became stronger, with two successors *to the former head*. Yet her I subdued, branching with serpents springing from *each* wound, and growing stronger by her disasters; and, *so* subdued, I slew her. What canst thou think will become of thee, who, changed into a fictitious serpent, art wielding arms that belong to another, and whom a form, obtained as a favour, is *now* disguising?’ Thus he spoke; and he planted the grip of his fingers on the upper part of my neck. I was tortured, just as though my throat was squeezed with pincers; and I struggled hard to disengage my jaws from his fingers.

“Thus vanquished, too, there still remained for me my third form, *that* of a furious bull; with my limbs changed into *those of* a bull I renewed the fight. He threw his arms over my brawny neck, on the left side, and, dragging *at me*, followed me in my onward course; and seizing my horns, he fastened them in the hard ground, and felled me upon the deep sand. And that was not enough; while his relentless right hand was holding my stubborn horn, he broke it, and tore it away from my mutilated forehead. This, heaped with fruit and odoriferous flowers, the Naiads have consecrated, and the bounteous Goddess, Plenty, is enriched by my horn.” Thus he said; but a Nymph, girt up after the manner of Diana, one of his handmaids, with her hair hanging loose on either side, came in, and brought the whole *of the produce* of Autumn in the most plentiful horn, and

choice fruit for a second course.

Day comes on, and the rising sun striking the tops of the hills, the young men depart; nor do they stay till the stream has quiet *restored to it*, and a smooth course, and *till* the troubled waters subside. Acheloüs conceals his rustic features, and his mutilated horn, in the midst of the waves; yet the loss of this honour, taken from him, *alone* affects him; in other respects, he is unhurt. The injury, too, which has befallen his head, is *now* concealed with willow branches, or with reeds placed upon it.

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EXPLANATION.

The river Acheloüs, which ran between Acarnania and Ætolia, often did considerable damage to those countries by its inundations, and, at the same time, by confounding or sweeping away the limits which separated those nations, it engaged them in continual warfare with each other. Hercules, who seems really to have been a person of great scientific skill, which he was ever ready to employ for the service of his fellow men, raised banks to it, and made its course so uniform and straight, that he was the means of establishing perpetual peace between these adjoining nations.

The early authors who recorded these events have narrated them under a thick and almost impenetrable veil of fiction. They say that Hercules engaged in combat with the God of that river, who immediately transformed himself into a serpent, by which was probably meant merely the serpentine windings of its course. Next they say, that the God changed himself into a bull, under which allegorical form they refer to the rapid and impetuous overflowing of its banks, ever rushing onwards, bearing down everything in its course, and leaving traces of its ravages throughout the country in its vicinity. This mode of description the more readily occurred to them in the case of Acheloüs, as from the roaring noise which they often make in their course, rivers in general were frequently represented under the figure of a bull, and, of course, as wearing horns, the great instruments of the havoc which they created.

It was said, then, that Hercules at length overcame this bull, and

broke off one of his horns; by which was meant, according to Strabo, that he brought both the branches of the river into one channel. Again, this horn became the Horn of Plenty in that region; or, in other words, being withdrawn from its bed, the river left a large track of very fertile ground for agricultural purposes. As to the Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty of the heathen Mythology, there is some variation in the accounts respecting it. Some writers say that by it was meant the horn of the goat Amalthea, which suckled Jupiter, and that the Nymphs gave it to Acheloüs, who again gave it in exchange for that of which Hercules afterwards deprived him. Deïanira, having given her hand to Hercules, as the recompense of the important services which he had rendered to her father, Æneus, it was fabled that she had been promised to Acheloüs, who was vanquished by his rival; and on this foundation was built the superstructure of the famous combat which the Poet here describes. After having remained for some time at the court of his father-in-law, Hercules was obliged to leave it, in consequence of having killed the son of Architritilus, who was the cupbearer of that prince.

FABLE II.

Hercules, returning with Deïanira, as the prize of his victory, entrusts her to the Centaur Nessus, to carry her over the river Evenus. Nessus seizes the opportunity of Hercules being on the other side of the river, and attempts to carry her off; on which Hercules, perceiving his design, shoots him with an arrow, and thus prevents its execution. The Centaur, when expiring, in order to gratify his revenge, gives Deïanira his tunic dipped in his blood, assuring her that it contains an effectual charm against all infidelity on the part of her husband. Afterwards, on hearing that Hercules is in love with Iole, Deïanira sends him the tunic, that it may have the supposed effect. As soon as he puts it on, he is affected with excruciating torments, and is seized with such violent fits of madness, that he throws Lychas, the bearer of the garment, into the sea, where he is changed into a rock. Hercules, then, in obedience to a response of the oracle, which he consults, prepares a funeral pile, and laying himself upon it, his

friend Philoctetes applies the torch to it, on which the hero, having first recounted his labours, expires in the flames. After his body is consumed, Jupiter translates him to the heavens, and he is placed in the number of the Gods.

But a passion for this same maiden proved fatal to thee, fierce Nessus, pierced through the back with a swift arrow. For the son of Jupiter, as he was returning to his native city with his new-made wife, had *now* come to the rapid waters of *the river* Evenus. The stream was swollen to a greater extent than usual with the winter rains, and was full of whirlpools, and impassable. Nessus came up to him, regardless of himself, *but* feeling anxiety for his wife, both strong of limb, and well acquainted with the fords, and said, "Alcides, she shall be landed on yonder bank through my services, do thou employ thy strength in swimming;" and the Aonian *hero* entrusted to Nessus the Calydonian damsel full of alarm, and pale with apprehension, and *equally* dreading both the river and *Nessus* himself. Immediately, just as he was, loaded both with his quiver and the spoil of the lion, (for he had thrown his club and his crooked bow to the opposite side), he said, "Since I have undertaken it, the stream must be passed."

And he does not hesitate; nor does he seek out where the stream is the smoothest, and he spurns to be borne over by the compliance of the river. And now having reached the bank, and as he is taking up the bow which he had thrown over, he recognizes the voice of his wife; and as Nessus is preparing to rob him of what he has entrusted to his care, he cries out, "Whither, thou ravisher, does thy vain confidence in thy feet hurry thee? to thee am I speaking, Nessus, thou two-shaped *monster*. Listen; and do not carry off my property. If no regard for myself influences thee, still the wheel of thy father might have restrained thee from forbidden embraces. Thou shalt not escape, however, although thou dost confide in thy powers of a horse; with a wound, *and* not with my feet, will I overtake thee." *These* last words he confirms by deeds, and pierces him through the back, as he is flying, with an arrow discharged *at him*. The barbed steel stands out from his breast; soon as it is wrenched out, the blood gushes forth from both wounds, mingled with the venom of the Lernæan poison.

Nessus takes it out, and says to himself, "And yet I shall not die unrevenged;" and gives his garment, dyed in the warm blood, as a present to her whom he is carrying off, as though an incentive to love.

Long was the space of intervening time, and the feats of the mighty Hercules and the hatred of his step-mother had filled the earth. *Returning* victorious from Œchalia, he is preparing a sacrifice which he had vowed to Cenæan Jupiter, when tattling Rumour (who takes pleasure in adding false things to the truth, and from a very little *beginning*, swells to a great bulk by her lies) runs before to thy ears, Deïanira, *to the effect* that the son of Amphitryon is seized with a passion for Iole. As she loves him, she believes it; and being alarmed with the report of this new amour, at first she indulges in . tears and in her misery gives vent to her grief in weeping. Soon, however, she says, "But why do I weep? My rival will be delighted with these tears; and since she is coming I must make haste, and some contrivance must be resolved on while it is *still* possible, and while, as yet, another has not taken possession of my bed. Shall I complain, or shall I be silent? Shall I return to Calydon, or shall I stay here? Shall I depart from this abode? or, if nothing more, shall I oppose *their entrance*? What if, OMeleager, remembering that I am thy sister, I resolve on a desperate deed, and testify, by murdering my rival, how much, injury and a woman's grief can effect?"

Her mind wavers, amid various resolves. Before them all, she prefers to send the garment dyed in the blood of Nessus, to restore strength to his declining love. Not knowing herself what she is giving, she delivers *the cause of* her own sorrows to the unsuspecting Lichas, and bids him, in gentle words, to deliver this most fatal gift to her husband. In his ignorance, the hero receives it, and places upon his shoulders the venom of the Lernæan Echidna. He is placing frankincense on the rising flames, and *is offering* the words of prayer, and pouring wine from the bowl upon the marble altars. The virulence of the bane waxes warm, and, melted by the flames, it runs, widely diffused over the limbs of Hercules. So long as he is able, he suppresses his groans with his wonted fortitude. After his endurance is overcome by his anguish, he pushes down the altars, and fills the woody Œta with his cries. There is no *further* delay; he attempts to

tear off the deadly garment; *but* where it is torn off, it tears away the skin, and, shocking to relate, it either sticks to his limbs, being tried in vain to be pulled off, or it lays bare his mangled limbs, and his huge bones. The blood itself hisses, just as when a red hot plate *of metal* is dipped in cold water; and it boils with the burning poison. There is no limit *to his misery*; the devouring flames prey upon his entrails, and a livid perspiration flows from his whole body; his half-burnt sinews also crack; and his marrow being *now* dissolved by the subtle poison, lifting his hands towards the stars *of heaven*, . he exclaims, “Daughter of Saturn, satiate thyself with my anguish; satiate thyself, and look down from on high, O cruel *Goddess*, at this *my* destruction, and glut thy relentless heart. Or, if I am to be pitied even by an enemy (for an enemy I am to thee), take away a life insupportable through these dreadful agonies, hateful, too, *to myself*, and *only* destined to trouble. Death will be a gain to me. It becomes a stepmother to grant such a favour.

“And was it for this that I subdued Busiris, who polluted the temples *of the Gods* with the blood of strangers? And did I *for this*, withdraw from the savage Antæus the support given him by his mother? Did neither the triple shape of the Iberian shepherd, nor thy triple form, OCerberus, alarm me? And did you, my hands, seize the horns of the mighty bull? Does Elis, *too*, possess *the result* of your labours, and the Stymphalian waters, and the Parthenian grove *as well*? By your valour was it that the belt, inlaid with the gold of Thermodon, was gained, the apples too, guarded in vain by the wakeful dragon? And could neither the Centaurs resist me, nor yet the boar, the ravager of Arcadia? And was it not of no avail to the Hydra to grow through *its own* loss, and to recover double strength? And what besides? When I beheld the Thracian steeds fattened with human blood, and the mangers filled with mangled bodies, did I throw them down when *thus* beheld, and slay both the master and *the horses* themselves? And does the carcass of the Nemean *lion* lie crushed by these arms? With this neck did I support the heavens? . The unrelenting wife of Jupiter was weary of commanding, *but* I was *still* unwearied with doing. But *now* a new calamity is come upon me, to which resistance can be made neither by valour, nor by weapons, nor by arms. A consuming flame is pervading the inmost

recesses of my lungs, and is preying on all my limbs. But Eurystheus *still* survives. And are there," says he, "any who can believe that the Deities exist?"

And *then*, racked with pain, he ranges along the lofty Ceta, no otherwise than if a tiger should chance to carry the hunting spears fixed in his body, and the perpetrator of the deed should be taking to flight. Often might you have beheld him uttering groans, often shrieking aloud, often striving to tear away the whole of his garments, and levelling trees, and venting his fury against mountains, or stretching out his arms towards the heaven of his father. Lo! he espies Lichas, trembling and lying concealed in a hollow rock, and, as his pain has summoned together all his fury, he says, "Didst thou, Lichas, bring *this* fatal present; and shalt thou be the cause of my death?" He trembles, and *turning* pale, is alarmed, and timorously utters some words of excuse. As he is speaking, and endeavouring to clasp his knees with his hands, Alcides seizes hold of him, and whirling him round three or four times, he hurls him into the Eubœan waves, with greater force than *if sent* from an engine of war. As he soars aloft in the aerial breeze he grows hard; and as they say that showers freeze with the cold winds, *and* that thence snow is formed, and that from the snow, revolving *in its descent*, the soft body is compressed, and is *then* made round in many a hailstone, so have former ages declared, that, hurled through the air by the strong arms *of Hercules*, and bereft of blood through fear, and having no moisture left in him, he was transformed into hard stone. Even to this day, in the Eubœan sea, a small rock projects to a height, and . retains the traces of the human form. This, the sailors are afraid to tread upon, as though it could feel it; and they call it Lichas.

But thou, the famous offspring of Jupiter, having cut down, trees which lofty Ceta bore, and having raised them for a pile, dost order the son of Pœas to take the bow and the capacious quiver, and the arrows which are again to visit the Trojan realms; by whose assistance flames are put beneath the pile; and while the structure is being seized by the devouring fires, thou dost cover the summit of the heap of wood with the skin of the Nemean *lion*, and dost lie down with thy neck resting on thy club, with no other countenance than if thou art lying as a guest crowned with garlands, amid the full

cups of wine.

And now, the flames, prevailing and spreading on every side, roared, and reached the limbs *thus* undismayed, and him who despised them. The Gods were alarmed for *this* protector of the earth; Saturnian Jupiter (for he perceived it) thus addressed them with joyful voice: "This fear of yours is my own delight, O ye Gods of heaven, and, with all my heart, I gladly congratulate myself that I am called the governor and the father of a grateful people, and that my progeny, too, is secure in your esteem. For, although this *concern* is given *in return* for his mighty exploits, *still* I myself am obliged by it. But, however, that your affectionate breasts may not be alarmed with vain fears, despise these flames of Æta. He who has conquered all things, shall conquer the fires which you behold; nor shall he be sensible of the potency of the flame, but in the part *of him* which he derived from his mother. *That part of him*, which he derived from me, is immortal, and exempt and secure from death, and to be subdued by no flames. This, too, when disengaged from earth, I will receive into the celestial regions, and I trust that this act of mine will be agreeable to all the Deities. Yet if any one, if any one, *I say*, perchance should grieve at Hercules being a Divinity, *and* should be unwilling that this honour should be conferred on him; still he shall know that he deserves it to be bestowed *on him*, and *even* against his will, shall approve of it."

To this the Gods assented; his royal spouse, too, seemed to bear the rest *of his remarks* with no discontented *air*, but only the last words with a countenance of discontent, and to take it amiss that she was *so plainly* pointed at. In the mean time, whatever was liable to be destroyed by flame, Mulciber consumed; and the figure of Hercules remained, not to be recognized; nor did he have anything derived from the form of his mother, and he only retained the traces of *immortal* Jupiter. And as when a serpent revived, by throwing off old age with his slough, is wont to be instinct with fresh life, and to glisten in his new-made scales; so, when the Tirynthian *hero* has put off his mortal limbs, he flourishes in his more æthereal part, and begins to appear more majestic, and to become venerable in his august dignity. Him the omnipotent Father, taking up among encircling clouds, bears aloft amid the glittering stars, in his chariot

drawn by *its* four steeds.

EXPLANATION.

Hercules, leaving the court of Calydon with his wife, proceeded on the road to the city of Trachyn, in Thessaly, to atone for the accidental death of Eunomus, and to be absolved from it by Ceyx, who was the king of that territory. Being obliged to cross the river Evenus, which had overflowed its banks, the adventure happened with the Centaur Nessus, which the Poet has here related. We learn from other writers, that after Nessus had expired, he was buried on Mount Taphiusa; and Strabo informs us, that his tomb (in which, probably, the ashes of other Centaurs were deposited) sent forth so offensive a smell, that the Locrians, who were the inhabitants of the adjacent country, were surnamed the ‘Ozolæ,’ that is, the ‘ill-smelling,’ or ‘stinking,’ Locrians. Although the river Evenus lay in the road between Calydon and Trachyn, still it did not run through the middle of the latter city, as some authors have supposed; for in such case Hercules would have been more likely to have passed it by the aid of a bridge or of a boat, than to have recourse to the assistance of the Centaur Nessus, and to have availed himself of his acquaintance with the fords of the stream.

Hercules, in lapse of time, becoming tired of Deïanira, by whom he had one son, named Hyllus, fell in love with Iole, the daughter of Eurytus; and that prince, refusing to give her to him, he made war upon Œchalia, and, having slain Eurytus, he bore off his daughter. Upon his return from that expedition, he sent Lychas for the vestments which he had occasion to use in a sacrifice which it was his intention to offer. Deïanira, jealous on account of his passion for Iole, sent him either a philtre or love potion, which unintentionally caused his death, or else a tunic smeared on the inside with a certain kind of pitch, found near Babylon, which, when thoroughly warmed, stuck fast to his skin; and this it is, most probably, which has been termed by poets and historians, the tunic of Nessus. It seems, however, pretty clear that Hercules fell into a languishing distemper, without any hopes of recovery, and, probably, in a fit of madness, he threw Lychas into the sea, which circumstance was made by the

poets to account for the existence there of a rock known by that name.

Proceeding afterwards to Trachyn, he caused Deïänira to hang herself in despair; and, having consulted the oracle concerning his distemper, he was ordered to go with his friends to Mount Ceta, and there to raise a funeral pile. He understood the fatal answer, and immediately prepared to execute its commands. When the pile was ready, Hercules ascended it, and laid himself down with an air of resignation, on which Philoctetes kindled the fire, which consumed him. Some, however, of the ancient authors say, with more probability, that Hercules died at Trachyn, and that his corpse was burned on Mount Ceta. His apotheosis commenced at the ceremonial of his funeral, and, from the moment of his death, he was worshipped as a Demigod. Diodorus Siculus says that it was Iolus who first introduced this worship. It was also said that, as soon as Philoctetes had applied fire to the pile, it thundered, and the lightnings descending from heaven immediately consumed Hercules. A tomb was raised for him on Mount Ceta, with an altar, upon which a bull, a wild boar, and a he-goat were yearly sacrificed in his honour, at the time of his festival. The Thebans, and, after them, the other people of Greece, soon followed the example of the Trachinians, and temples and altars were raised to him in various places, where he was honoured as a Demigod.

FABLE III.

Juno, to be revenged on Alcmena for her amour with Jupiter, desires Ilithyia, the Goddess who presides over births, not to assist her on the occasion of the birth of Hercules. Lucina complies with her request, and places herself on an altar at the gate of Alcmena's abode, where, by a magic spell, she increases her pains and impedes her delivery. Galanthis, one of her maids, seeing the Goddess at the door, imagines that she may possibly exercise some bad influence on her mistress's labour, and, to make her retire, declares that Alcmena is already delivered. Upon Ilithyia withdrawing, Alcmena's pains are assuaged, and Hercules is born. The Goddess, to punish Galanthis for her officiousness, transforms her into a weazel, a creature which was

supposed to bring forth its young through its mouth.

Atlas was sensible of this burden. Nor, as yet, had Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, laid aside his wrath *against Hercules*; . and, in his fury, he vented his hatred for the father against his offspring. But the Argive Alcmena, disquieted with prolonged anxieties *for her son* has Iole, to whom to disclose the complaints of her old age, to whom to relate the achievements of her son attested by *all* the world, or to whom *to tell* her own misfortunes. At the command of Hercules, Hyllus had received her both into his bed and his affections, and had filled her womb with a noble offspring. To her, thus Alcmena began *her story*: —

“May the Gods be propitious to thee at least; and may they shorten the tedious hours, at the hour when, having accomplished thy time, thou shalt be invoking Ilithyia, who presides over the trembling parturient women; her whom the influence of Juno rendered inexorable to myself. For, when now the natal hour of Hercules, destined for so many toils, was at hand, and the tenth sign *of the Zodiac* was laden with the *great* luminary, the heavy weight was extending my womb; and that which I bore was so great, that you might *easily* pronounce Jupiter to be the father of the concealed burden. And now I was no longer able to endure my labours: even now, too, as I am speaking, a cold shudder seizes my limbs, and a part of my pain is the remembrance of it. Tormented for seven nights, and during as many days, tired out with misery, and extending my arms towards heaven, with loud cries I used to invoke Lucina and the two Nixi. She came, indeed, but corrupted beforehand, and she had the intention to give my life to the vengeful Juno. And when she heard my groans, she seated herself upon that altar before the door, and pressing her left knee with her right knee, her fingers being joined together in *form of* a comb, she retarded my delivery; she uttered charms, . too, in a low voice; and *those* charms impeded the birth *now* begun. I struggled hard, and, in my frenzy, I vainly uttered reproaches against the ungrateful Jupiter, and I desired to die, and complained in words that would have moved *even* the hard stones. The Cadmeian matrons attended me, and offered up vows, and encouraged me in my pains.

“There was present one of my hand-maids of the lower class of

people, Galanthis *by name*, with yellow hair, *and* active in the execution of my orders; one beloved for her good services. She perceived that something unusual was being done by the resentful Juno; and, while she was often going in and out of the door, she saw the Goddess, sitting upon the altar, and supporting her arms upon her knees, linked by the fingers; and *then* she said, 'Whoever thou art, congratulate my mistress; the Argive Alcmena is delivered, and, having brought forth, she has gained her wishes.' The Goddess who presides over pregnancy leaped up, and, struck with surprise, loosened her joined hands. I, myself, on the loosening of those bonds, was delivered. The story is, that Galanthis laughed, upon deceiving the Divinity. The cruel Goddess dragged her along *thus* laughing and seized by her very hair, and she hindered her as she attempted to raise her body from the earth, and changed her arms into fore feet.

"Her former activity *still* remains, and her back has not lost its colour; *but* her shape is different from her former one. Because she had assisted me in labour by a lying mouth, she brings forth from the mouth, and, just as before, she frequents my house."

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EXPLANATION.

According to Diodorus Siculus and Apollodorus, Amphitryon was the son of Alceus, the son of Perseus, and his wife, Alcmena, was the daughter of Electryon, also the son of Perseus; and thus they were cousins. When their marriage was about to take place, an unforeseen accident prevented it. Electryon, who was king of Mycenæ, being obliged to revenge the death of his children, whom the sons of Taphius, king of the Teleboans, had killed in combat, returned victorious, and brought back with him his flocks, which he had recovered from Taphius. Amphitryon, who went to meet his uncle, to congratulate him upon the success of his expedition, throwing his club at a cow, which happened to stray from the herd, unfortunately killed him. This accidental homicide lost him the kingdom of Mycenæ, which was to have formed the dower of Alcmena. Sthenelus, the brother of Electryon, taking advantage of the public

indignation, which was the result of the accident, drove Amphitryon out of the country of Argos, and made himself master of his brother's dominions, which he left, at his death, to his son Eurystheus, the inveterate persecutor of Hercules.

Amphitryon, obliged to retire to Thebes, was there absolved by Creon; but when, as he thought, he was about to receive the hand of Alcmena, who accompanied him to the court of that prince, she declared that, not being satisfied with the revenge which her father had taken on the Teleboans, she would consent to be the prize of him who would undertake to declare war against them. Amphitryon accepted these conditions, and, forming an alliance with Creon, Cephalus, and some other princes, made a descent upon the islands which the enemy possessed, and, making himself master of them, bestowed one of them on his ally, Cephalus.

It was during this war that Hercules came into the world; and whether Amphitryon had secretly consummated his marriage before his departure, or whether he had returned privately to Thebes, or to Tirynthus, where Hercules was said to have been born, it was published, that Jupiter, to deceive Alcmena, had taken the form of her husband, and was the father of the infant Hercules. If this is not the true explanation of the story, it may have been invented to conceal some intrigue in which Alcmena was detected; or, in process of time, to account for the extraordinary strength and valour of Hercules, it may have been said that Jupiter, and not Amphitryon, was the father of Hercules. Indeed, we find Seneca, in one of his Tragedies, putting these words into the mouth of Hercules: —'Whether all that has been said upon this subject be held as undoubted truth, or whether it proves to be but a fable, and that my father was, after all, in reality, but a mortal; my mother's fault is sufficiently effaced by my valour, and I have merit sufficient to have had Jupiter for my father.' The more readily, perhaps, to account for the transcendent strength and prowess of Hercules, the story was invented, that Jupiter made the night on which he was received by Alcmena under the form of Amphitryon, as long as three, or, according to Plautus, Hyginus, and Seneca, nine nights. Some writers say that Alcmena brought forth twins, one of which, Iphiclus, was the son of Amphitryon, while Hercules had Jupiter for his father.

With respect to the metamorphosis of Galanthis, it is but a little episode here introduced by Ovid, to give greater plausibility to the other part of the story. It most probably originated in the resemblance of the names of that slave to that of the weazel, which the Greeks called γαλῆ. Ælian, indeed, tells us that the Thebans paid honour to that animal, because it had helped Alcmena in her labour. The more ancient poets also added, that Juno retarded the birth of Hercules till the mother of Eurystheus was delivered, which was the cause of his being the subject of that king; though others state that this came to pass by the command of the oracle of Delphi. This king of Mycenæ having ordered him to rid Greece of the numerous robbers and wild beasts that infested it, it is most probable that, as we learn from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he performed this service at the head of the troops of Eurystheus. If this is the case, the persecutions which the poets have ascribed to the jealousy of Juno, really originated either in the policy or the jealousy of the court of Mycenæ.

As Ovid has here cursorily taken notice of the labours of Hercules, we may observe, that it is very probable that his history is embellished with the pretended adventures of many persons who bore his name, and, perhaps, with those of others besides. Cicero, in his 'Treatise on the Nature of the Gods,' mentions six persons who bore the name of Hercules; and possibly, after a minute examination, amuch greater number might be reckoned, many nations of antiquity having given the name to such great men of their own as had rendered themselves famous by their actions. Thus, we find one in Egypt in the time of Osiris, in Phœnicia, among the Gauls, in Spain, and in other countries. Confining ourselves to the Grecian Hercules, surnamed Alcides, we find that his exploits have generally been sung of by the poets, under the name of the Twelve Labours; but, on entering into the detail of them, we find them much more numerous. Killing some serpents in his youth, it was published, not only that he had done so, but that they had been sent by Juno for the purpose of destroying him. The forest of Nemea serving as a retreat for a great number of lions that ravaged the country, Hercules hunted them, and, killing the most furious of them, always wore his skin.

Several thieves, having made the neighbourhood of Lake

Stymphalus, in Arcadia, their resort, he freed the country of them; the nails and wings which the poets gave them, in representing them as birds, being typical of their voracity and activity. The marshes of Lerna, near Argos, were infested by great numbers of serpents, which, as fast as they were destroyed, were replaced by new swarms; draining the marshes, and, probably, setting fire to the adjacent thickets or jungles, he destroyed these pestilent reptiles, on which it was fabled that he had destroyed the Hydra of Lerna, with its heads, which grew as fast as they were cut off. The forest of Erymanthus was full of wild boars, which laid waste all the neighbouring country: he destroyed them all, and brought one with him to the court of Eurystheus, of a size so monstrous, that the king was alarmed on seeing it, and was obliged to run and hide himself.

The stables of Augeas, king of Elis, were so filled with manure, by reason of the great quantity of oxen that he kept, that Hercules being 317 called upon to cleanse them, employed his engineering skill in bringing the river Alpheus through them. Having pursued a hind for a whole year, which Eurystheus had commanded him to take, it was circulated, probably on account of her untiring swiftness, that she had feet of brass. The river Achelœus having overflowed the adjacent country, he raised banks to it, as already mentioned. Theseus was a prisoner in Epirus, where he had been with Pirithous, to bring away the daughter of Aidoneus. Hercules delivered him; and that was the foundation of the Fable which said that he had gone down to Hades, or Hell. In the cavern of Tænarus there was a monstrous serpent; this he was ordered to kill, and, probably, this gave rise to the story of Cerberus being chained by him. Pelias having been killed by his daughters, his son Acastus pursued them to the court of Admetus, who, refusing to deliver up Alcestis, of whom he was enamoured, was taken prisoner in an engagement, and was delivered by that princess, who herself offered to be his ransom. Hercules being then in Thessaly, he took her away from Acastus, who was about to put her to death, and returned her to Admetus. This, probably, was the foundation of the fable which stated, that he had recovered her from the Infernal Regions, after having vanquished death, and bound him in chains.

The Amazons were a nation of great celebrity in the time of

Hercules, and their frequent victories had rendered them very formidable to their neighbours. Eurystheus ordered him to go and bring away the girdle of Hippolyta, or, in other words, to make war upon them, and to pillage their treasures. Embarking on the Euxine Sea, Hercules arrived on the banks of the Thermodon, and, giving battle to the female warriors, defeated them; killing some, and putting the rest to flight. He took Antiope, or Hippolyta, prisoner, whom he gave to Theseus; but her sister, Menalippa, redeemed herself by giving up the famous girdle, or, in other words, by paying a large ransom. It is very probable, that in that expedition, he slew Diomedes, the barbarous king of Thrace, and brought away his mares, which were said to have been fed by him on human flesh. In returning by way of Thessaly, he embarked in the expedition of the Argonauts; but, leaving them soon afterwards, he went to Troy, and delivered Hesione from the monster which was to have devoured her; but not receiving from Laomedon, the king, the recompense which had been promised him, he killed that prince, sacked the city, and brought away Hesione, whom he gave to Telamon, who had accompanied him on the expedition.

This is probably the extent of the labours of Hercules in Greece, Thrace, and Phrygia. The poets have made him engage in many other laborious undertakings in distant countries, which most probably ought not to be attributed to the Grecian Hercules. Among other stories told of him, it is said, that having set out to fight with Geryon, the king of Spain, he was so much incommoded by the heat of the sun, that his wrath was excited against the luminary, and he fired his arrows at it, on which, the Sun, struck with admiration at his spirited conduct, made him a present of a golden goblet. After this, embarking and arriving in Spain, he defeated Geryon, a prince who was famed for having three heads, which probably either meant that he reigned over the three Balearic islands of Maiorca, Minorca, and Iviza, or else that 318 Hercules defeated three princes who were strictly allied. Having thence passed the straits of Gibraltar to go over to Africa, he fought with the Giant Antæus, who sought to oppose his landing. That prince was said to be a son of the Earth, and was reported to recover fresh strength every time he was thrown on the ground; consequently, Hercules was obliged to hold him in his arms,

till he had squeezed him to death. The solution of this fable is most probably that Antæus, always finding succour in a country where he was known as a powerful monarch, Hercules took measures to deprive him of aid, by engaging him in a sea fight, and thereby defeated him, without much trouble, as well as the Pygmies, who were probably some African tribes of stunted stature, who came to his assistance.

Hercules, returning from these two expeditions, passed through Gaul with the herds of Geryon, and went into Italy, where Cacus, a celebrated robber, who had made the caverns of Mount Aventine his haunts, having stolen some of his oxen, he, with the assistance, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, of Evander and Faunus, destroyed him, and shared his spoils with his allies. In his journey from Africa, Hercules delivered Atlas from the enmity of Busiris, the tyrant of Egypt, whom he killed; and gave such good advice to the Mauritanian king, that it was said that he supported the heavens for some time on his own shoulders, to relieve those of Atlas. The latter, by way of acknowledgment of his services, made him a present of several fine sheep, or rather, according to Diodorus Siculus, of some orange and lemon trees, which he carried with him into Greece. These were represented as the golden apples watched by a dragon in the garden of the Hesperides. As the ocean there terminated the scene of his conquests, he was said to have raised two pillars on those shores, to signify the fact of his having been there, and the impossibility of proceeding any further.

The deliverance of Prometheus, as already mentioned; the death of the two brothers, the Cercopes, famous robbers; the defeat of the Bull of Marathon; the death of Lygis, who disputed the passage of the Alps with him; that of the giant Alcycaneus, who hurled at him a stone so vast that it crushed twenty-four men to death; that of Eryx, king of Sicily, whom he killed with a blow of the cestus, for refusing to deliver to him the oxen which he had stolen; the combat with Cycnus, which was terminated by a peal of thunder, which separated the combatants; another combat against the Giants in Gaul, during which, as it was said, Jupiter rained down vast quantities of stones; all these are also attributed to Hercules, besides many more stories, which, if diligently collected, would swell to a large volume.

The foregoing remarks on the history of Hercules, give us an insight into the ideas which, based upon the explanations given by the authors of antiquity, the Abbè Banier, one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, entertained on this subject. We will conclude with some very able and instructive remarks on this mythus, which we extract from Mr. Keightley's *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*. He says —

“Various theories have been formed respecting the mythus of Hercules. It is evidently one of very remote antiquity, long perhaps, anterior to the 319 times of Homer. We confess that we cannot see any very valid reason for supposing no such real personage to have existed; for it will, perhaps, be found that mythology not unfrequently prefers to absolute fiction, the assuming of some real historic character, and making it the object of the marvels devised by lively and exuberant imagination, in order thereby to obtain more ready credence for the strange events which it creates. Such, then, may the real Hercules have been, — aDorian, aTheban, or an Argive hero, whose feats of strength lived in the traditions of the people, and whom national vanity raised to the rank of a son of Zeus [Jupiter], and poetic fancy, as geographic knowledge extended, sent on journies throughout the known world, and accumulated in his person the fabled exploits of similar heroes of other regions.

“We may perceive, by the twelve tasks, that the astronomical theory was applied to the mythus of the hero, and that he was regarded as a personification of the Sun, which passes through the twelve signs of the Zodiac. This, probably, took place during the Alexandrian period. Some resemblance between his attributes and those of the Deity, with whom the Egyptian priests were pleased to identify him, may have given occasion to this notion; and he also bore some similitude to the God whom the Phœnicians chiefly worshipped, and who, it is probable, was the Sun. But we must steadily bear in mind, that Hercules was a hero in the popular legend long before any intercourse was opened between Greece and Egypt; and that, however (which is certainly not very likely) aGod might be introduced from Phœnicia, the same could hardly be the case with a popular hero. — A very ingenious theory on the mythus of Hercules is given by Buttmann (*Mythologus*, vol.i., p. 246). Though

acknowledging that Perseus, Theseus, and Hercules may have been real persons, he is disposed, from an attentive consideration of all the circumstances in the mythus of the last, to regard him as one of those poetical persons or personifications, who, as he says, have obtained such firm footing in the dark periods of antiquity, as to have acquired the complete air of historic personages.

“In his view of the life of Hercules, it is a mythus of extreme antiquity and great beauty, setting forth the ideal of human perfection, consecrated to the weal of mankind, or rather, in its original form, to that of his own nation. This perfection, according to the ideas of the heroic age, consists in the greatest bodily strength, united with the advantages of mind and soul recognised by that age. Such a hero is, he says, aman; but these noble qualities in him are of divine origin. He is, therefore, the son of the king of the Gods by a mortal mother. To render his perfection the more manifest, the Poet makes him to have a twin brother, the child of a mortal sire. As virtue is not to be learned, Hercules exhibits his strength and courage in infancy; he strangles the snakes, which fills his brother with terror. The character of the hero throughout life, as that of the avenger of injustice and punisher of evil, must exhibit itself in the boy as the wild instinct of nature; and the mythus makes him kill his tutor Linus with a blow of the lyre. When sent away by Amphitryon, he prepares himself, in the stillness and solitude of the shepherd’s life, by feats of strength and courage, for his future task of purifying the earth of violence.

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“ — The number of tasks may not originally have been twelve, though most accounts agree in that number, but they were all of a nature agreeable to the ideas of an heroic age — the destruction of monsters, and bringing home to his own country the valuable productions of other regions. These are, however, regarded by Buttmann as being chiefly allegorical. The Hydra, for instance, he takes to have been meant to represent the evils of democratic anarchy, with its numerous heads, against which, though one may not be able to effect anything, yet the union of even two may suffice to become dominant overit.

“The toils of the hero conclude with the greatest and most rare of

all in the heroic age — the conquest over death. This is represented by his descent into the under world, and dragging Cerberus to light is a proof of his victory. In the old mythus, he was made to engage with and wound Hades; and the *Alcestis* of Euripides exhibits him in conflict with Death. But virtue, to be a useful example, must occasionally succumb to human weakness in the power of the evil principle. Hence, Hercules falls into fits of madness, sent on him by Hera [Juno]; and hence — he becomes the willing slave of Omphale, the fair queen of Lydia, and changes his club and lion's skin for the distaff and the female robe.

“The mythus concludes most nobly with the assumption of the hero into Olympus. His protecting Deity abandons him to the power of his persevering enemy; his mortal part is consumed by fire, the fiercest of elements; his shade (εἶδωλον), like those of other men, descends to the realms of Hades, while the divine portion himself (αὐτὸς) mounts from the pyre in a thunder-cloud, and the object of Hera's persecution being now accomplished, espouses youth, the daughter of his reconciled foe.

“Muller (*Dorians*, vol. i. part ii. ch. 11, 12) is also disposed to view in Hercules a personification of the highest powers of man in the heroic age. He regards him as having been the national hero of the Dorian race, and appropriates to him all the exploits of the hero in Thessaly, Ætolia, and Epirus, which last place he supposes to have been the original scene of the Geryoneia, which was afterwards transformed to the western stream of the ocean. He thinks, however, that the Argives had an ancient hero of perhaps the same name, to whom the Peloponnesus adventures belong, and whom the Dorians combined with their own hero. The servitude to Eurystheus, and the enmity of Hera, he looks on as inventions of the Dorians to justify their own invasion of the Peloponnesus. This critic also proves that the Theban Hercules had nothing to do with the Gods and traditions of the Cadmeians; and he thinks that it was the Dorian Heracleides who introduced the knowledge of him into Thebes, or that he came from Delphi with the worship of Apollo, a Deity with whom, as the tutelar God of the Dorians, he supposes their national hero to have been closely connected.”

FABLE IV.

The Nymph Lotis, pursued by Priapus, in her flight, is changed into a tree. Dryope, going to sacrifice to the Naiads at the same spot, and ignorant of the circumstance, breaks a branch off the tree for her child, which she is carrying with her, and is subjected to a similar transformation. While Iole is relating these circumstances to Alcmena, she is surprised to see her brother Iolaüs restored to youth. The Poet here introduces the prediction of Themis concerning the children of Calirrhoë.

Thus she said; and, moved by the remembrance of her old servant, she heaved a deep sigh. Her daughter-in-law addressed her, thus grieving. “Even her form being taken away from one that was an alien to thy blood, affects thee, O mother. What if I were to relate to thee the wondrous fate of my own sister? although tears and sorrow hinder me, and forbid me to speak. Dryope, the most remarkable for her beauty of the Æchalian maids, was the only daughter of her mother (*for my father had me by another wife*). Deprived of her virginity, and having suffered violence from the God that owns Delphi and Delos, Andræmon married her, and he was esteemed fortunate in his wife.

“There is a lake that gives the appearance of a sloping shore, by its shelving border; groves of myrtle crown the upper part. Hither did Dryope come, unsuspecting of her fate; and, that thou mayst be the more indignant *at her lot*, she was about to offer garlands to the Nymphs. In her bosom, too, she was bearing her son, who had not yet completed his first year, apleasing burden; and she was nursing him, with the help of *her* warm milk. Not far from the lake was blooming a watery lotus that vied with the Tyrian tints, in hope of *future* berries. Dryope had plucked thence some flowers, which she might give as playthings to her child; and I, too, was just on the point of doing the same; for I was present. I saw bloody drops fall from the flower, and the boughs shake with a tremulous quivering; for, as the swains say, now, at length, too late *in their information*, the Nymph Lotis, flying from the lust of Priapus, had transferred her changed form into this *plant*, her name being *still* preserved.

“Of this my sister was ignorant. When, in her alarm, she is endeavouring to retire and to depart, having adored the Nymphs, her feet are held fast by a root. She strives hard to tear them up, but she moves nothing except her upper parts. From below, a bark slowly grows up, and, by degrees, it envelopes the whole of her groin. When she sees this, endeavouring to tear her hair with her hands, she fills her hand with leaves, *for* leaves are covering all her head. But the boy Amphissos (for his grandfather Eurytus gave him this name) feels his mother’s breast growing hard; nor does the milky stream follow upon his sucking. I was a spectator of thy cruel destiny, and I could give thee no help, my sister; and *yet*, as long as I could, I delayed the growing trunk and branches by embracing them; and, I confess it, I was desirous to be hidden beneath the same bark. Behold! her husband Andræmon and her most wretched father appear, and inquire for Dryope: on their inquiring for Dryope, I show them the lotus. They give kisses to the wood *still* warm *with life*, and, extended *on the ground*, they cling to the roots of their own tree. And now, dear sister, thou hadst nothing except thy face, that was not tree. Tears drop upon the leaves made out of thy changed body; and, while she can, and *while* her mouth gives passage to her voice, she pours forth such complaints *as these* into the air: —

“‘If any credit *is to be given* to the wretched, I swear by the Deities that I merited not this cruel usage. I suffer punishment without a crime. I lived in innocence; if I am speaking false, withered away, may I lose the leaves which I bear, and, cut down with axes, may I be burnt. Yet take this infant away from the branches of his mother, and give him to his nurse; and often, beneath my tree, make him drink milk, and beneath my tree let him play; and, when he shall be able to speak, make him salute his mother, and let him in sadness say, ‘Beneath this trunk is my mother concealed.’ Yet let him dread the ponds, and let him not pluck flowers from the trees; and let him think that all shrubs are the bodies of Goddesses. Farewell, dear husband; and thou, sister; and, *thou* my father; in whom, if there is any affection *towards me*, protect my branches from the wounds of the sharp pruning-knife, . *and* from the bite of the cattle. And since it is not allowed me to bend down towards you, stretch your limbs up hither, and come near for my kisses, while they can *still* be reached,

and lift up my little son. More I cannot say. For the soft bark is now creeping along my white neck, and I am being enveloped at the top of my head. Remove your hands from my eyes; *and*, without your help, let the bark, closing over them, cover my dying eyes.' Her mouth ceased at once to speak, at once to exist; and long after her body was changed, were her newly formed branches *still* warm."

And *now*, while Iole was relating the wretched fate of her sister, and while Alcmena was drying away the tears of the daughter of Eurytus, with her fingers applied *to her face*, and still she herself was weeping, anovel event hushed all their sorrow; for Iolaüs stood at the lofty threshold, almost a boy *again*, and covering his cheeks with a down almost imperceptible, having his visage changed to *that of* the first years *of manhood*. Hebe, the daughter of Juno had granted him this favour, overcome by the solicitations of her husband. When she was about to swear that she would hereafter grant such favours to no one, Themis did not allow her. "For now," said she, "Thebes is commencing civil warfare, and Capaneus will not be able to be overcome, except by Jupiter, and the two brothers will engage in bloody combat, and the earth dividing, the prophet *Amphiaraüs* will see his *destined* shades, while he still lives; and the son avenging one parent, by *the death of* the *other* parent, will be dutiful and wicked in the same action; and confounded by his misfortunes, deprived both of his reason and of his home, he will be persecuted both by the features of the . Eumenides, and by the ghost of his mother; until his wife shall call upon him for the fatal gold, and the Phegeïan sword shall stab the side of their kinsman. Then, at last, shall Calirrhoë, the daughter of Acheloüs, suppliantly ask of mighty Jupiter these years *of youth* for her infant sons. Jupiter, concerned *for them*, will prescribe for them the *peculiar* gift of her who is *both* his step-daughter and his daughter-in-law, and will make them men in their years of childhood."

When Themis, foreseeing the future, had said these words with prophetic voice, the Gods above murmured in varying discourse; and the complaint was, why it might not be allowed others to grant the same gifts. *Aurora*, the daughter of Pallas, complained of the aged years of her husband; the gentle Ceres complained that Iäasion was growing grey; Mulciber demanded for Erichthonius a life to live over

again; a concern for the future influenced Venus, too, and she made an offer to renew the years of Anchises.

EXPLANATION.

The adventure of Dryope is one of those narratives which have no connexion with the main story which the Poet is relating, and, if really founded on fact, it would almost baffle any attempt to guess at its origin. It is, most probably, built entirely upon the name of the damsel who was said to have met with the untimely and unnatural fate so well depicted by the Poet.

The name of Dryope comes, very probably, from the Greek word *Δρῦς*, 'an oak,' which tree has a considerable resemblance to the lotus tree. If we seek for an historical solution, perhaps Dryope was punished for attempting to profane a tree consecrated to the Gods, a crime of which Erisichthon was guilty, and for which he was so signally punished. All the particulars that we know of Dryope are, that she was the daughter of Eurytus, and the sister of Iole; and that she was the wife of Andræmon.

Ovid says, that while Iole was relating this adventure to Alcmena, Iolaüs, who, according to some, was the son of Hercules, by Hebe, after his apotheosis, and, according to others, was the son of Iphiclus, the brother of Hercules, became young, at the intercession of that Goddess, who had appeased Juno. This was, probably, no other than a method of accounting for the great age to which and individual of the name of Iolaüs had lived.

Ovid then passes on to the surprising change in the children of Calirrhoë, the outline of which the story may be thus explained: — Amphiaräus, foreseeing, (by the aid of the prophetic art, as we learn from Homer, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny and Statius), that the civil wars of Thebes, his native country, would prove fatal to him, retired from the court of Adrastus, King of Argos, whose sister he had married, to conceal himself in some place of safety. The Argives, to whom the oracle had declared, that Thebes could not be taken unless they had Amphiaräus with their troops, searched for him in every direction; but their labour would have been in vain, if Eriphyle, his wife, gained by a necklace of great value, which her brother Adrastus gave

her, had not discovered where he was. Discovered in his retreat, Amphiaräus accompanied the Argives, and while, according to the rules of the soothsaying art, he was observing a flight of birds, in order to derive an augury from it, his horses fell down a precipice, and he lost his life. Statius and other writers, to describe this event in a poetical manner, say that the earth opened and swallowed up him and his chariot.

Amphiaräus had engaged his son Alcmaeon, in case he lost his life in the war, to kill Eriphyle; which injunction he performed as soon as he heard of the death of his father. Alcmaeon, going to the court of Phegeus, to receive expiation for his crime, and to deliver himself from the persecution of the Furies, or, in other words, by the ceremonial of expiation, to tranquillize his troubled conscience, that prince received him with kindness, and gave him his daughter Alphefibæa in marriage. Alcmaeon made her a present of his mother Eriphyle's necklace; but, having afterwards repudiated her to marry Calirrhoë, or Arsinoë, the daughter of Acheloüs, he went to demand the necklace from his brothers-in-law, who assassinated him. Amphiterus and Acarnanus, who were his sons by Calirrhoë, revenged the death of their father when they were very young; and this it is, possibly, which is meant by the Poet when he says that the Goddess Hebe augmented the number of their years, the purpose being, to put them speedily in a position to enable them to avenge the death of their father.

Thus we see, that Iolaüs was, like Æson, who also renewed his youth, a person who, in his old age, gave marks of unusual vigour; while in Amphiterus and Arcananus, to whom Hebe added years, are depicted two young men, who, by a deed of blood, exacted retribution for the death of their father, at a time when they were in general only looked upon as mere children.

FABLE V.

Byblis falls in love with her brother Caunus, and her passion is inflamed to such a degree, that he is obliged to leave his native country, to avoid any encouragement of her incestuous flame. On this, she follows him; and, in her way through Caria, she is changed

into a fountain.

Every God has some one to favour; and their jarring discord . is increasing by their *various* interests, until Jupiter opens his mouth, and says, “O, if you have any regard for me, to what rash steps are you proceeding? Does any one *of you* seem to himself so powerful as to overcome even the Fates? By the Fates has Iolaüs returned to those years which he has spent; by the Fates ought the sons of Calirrhoë to become young men, *and* not by ambition or by dint of arms. And do you, too, endure this as well with more contented mind, *for* even me do the Fates govern; could I but change them, declining years should not be making my *son* Æacus to bend *beneath them*; and Rhadamanthus should have the everlasting flower of age, together with my *son*, Minos, who is *now* looked down upon on account of the grievous weight of old age, and does not reign with the dignity with which once *he did*.”

The words of Jupiter influenced the Divinities; and no one continued to complain when they saw Rhadamanthus and Æacus, and Minos, weary with years; *Minos*, who, when he was in the prime of life, had alarmed great nations with his very name. Then, *however*, he was enfeebled by age, and was alarmed by Miletus, the son of Deione, exulting in the strength of youth, and in Phœbus as his sire; and *though* believing that he was aiming at his kingdom, still he did not dare to drive him away from his native home. Of thy own accord, Miletus, thou didst fly, and in the swift ship thou didst pass over the Ægean waters, and in the land of Asia didst build a city, bearing the name of its founder. Here Cyane, the daughter of *the river* Mæander, that so often returns to the same place, while she was following the windings of her father’s bank, of a body excelling in beauty, being known by thee, brought forth a double offspring, Byblis, with Caunus, *her brother*.

Byblis is an example that damsels *only* ought to love what it is allowed them *to love*; Byblis, seized with a passion for her brother, the descendant of Apollo, loved him not as a sister *loves* a brother, nor in such manner as she ought. At first, indeed, she understands nothing of the flame, and she . does not think that she is doing wrong in so often giving him kisses, *and* in throwing her arms round the neck of her brother; and for a long time she *herself* is deceived, by

this resemblance of natural affection. By degrees this affection degenerates, and decked out, she comes to see her brother, and is too anxious to appear beautiful; and if there is any woman there more beautiful, she envies her. But, as yet she is not fully discovered to herself, and under that flame conceives no wishes; but still, inwardly she is agitated. At one moment she calls him sweetheart, at another, she hates the mention of his relationship; and now she prefers that he should call her Byblis, rather than sister. Still, while awake, she does not dare admit any criminal hopes into her mind; *but* when dissolved in soft sleep, she often sees the *object* which she is in love with. She seems to be even embracing her brother, and she blushes, though she is lying buried in sleep. Slumber departs; for a long time she is silent, and she recalls to *memory* the appearance of her dream, and thus she speaks with wavering mind:

“Ah, wretched me! What means this vision of the silent night? How far am I from wishing it real. Why have I seen this dream? He is, indeed, beautiful, even to envious eyes. He pleases me, too; and were he not my brother, I could love him, and he would be worthy of me. But it is my misfortune that I am his sister. So long as I strive, while awake, to commit no such *attempt*, let sleep often return with the like appearance. No witness is there in sleep; and yet there is the resemblance of the delight. O Venus and winged Cupid, together with thy voluptuous mother, how great the joys I experienced! how substantial the transport which affected me! How I lay dissolved in *delight* throughout my whole marrow! How pleasing to remember it; although short-lived was that pleasure, and the night sped onward rapidly, and was envious of my attempts *at bliss*. Oh, could I only be united *to thee*, by changing my name, how happily, Caunus, could I become the daughter-in-law of thy father! how . happily, Caunus, couldst thou become the son-in-law of my father! O, that the Gods would grant that all things were in common with us, except our ancestors. Would that thou wast more nobly born than myself. For this reason then, most beauteous one, thou wilt make some stranger, whom I know not, another; but to me, who have unhappily got the same parents as thyself, thou wilt be nothing *more* than a brother. That *tie* alone we shall have, which bars all else. What, then, do my visions avail me? And what weight have dreams? And do dreams

have any weight? The Gods *fare* better; for the Gods have their own sisters *in marriage*. Thus Saturn married Ops, related to him by blood; Ocean Tethys, the ruler of Olympus Juno. The Gods above have their privileges. Why do I attempt to reduce human customs to the rule of divine ordinances, and those so different? Either this forbidden flame shall be expelled from my heart, or if I cannot effect that, I pray that I may first perish, and that when dead I may be laid out on my bed, and that my brother may give me kisses as I lie. And besides, this matter requires the inclination of us both; suppose it pleases me; to him it will seem to be a crime. But the sons of Æolus did not shun the embraces of their sisters. But whence have I known of these? Why have I furnished myself with these precedents? Whither am I hurried onward? Far hence begone, ye lawless flames! and let not my brother be loved by me, but as it is lawful for a sister *to love him*. But yet, if he had been first seized with a passion for me, perhaps I might have indulged his desires. Am I then, myself, to court him, whom I would not have rejected, had he courted me? And canst thou speak out? And canst thou confess it? Love will compel me. I can. Or if shame shall restrain my lips, a private letter shall confess the latent flame.”

This thought pleases her, this determines her wavering mind. She raises herself on her side, and leaning on her left elbow, she says, “He shall see it; let me confess my frantic passion. Ah, wretched me! How am I degrading myself! What flame is my mind *now* kindling!” And *then*, with trembling hand, she puts together the words well weighed. Her right hand holds the iron *pen*, the other, clean wax tablets. She begins, and *then* she hesitates; she writes, and *then* corrects what is written; she marks, and *then* scratches out; she alters, and condemns, and approves; and one while she throws them down when taken up, and at another time, she takes them up again, when thrown aside. What she would have, she knows not. Whatever she seems on the point of doing, is not to her taste. In her features are assurance mingled with shame. *The word* ‘sister’ is written; it seems *as well* to efface *the word* ‘sister,’ and *then* to write such words as these upon the smoothed wax: “Thy lover wishes thee that health which she, herself, is not to enjoy, unless thou shalt grant it. I am ashamed! Oh, I am ashamed to disclose my name! and shouldst thou

inquire what it is I wish; without my name could I wish my cause to be pleaded, and that I might not be known as Byblis, until the hopes of *enjoying* my desires were realized. There might have been as a proof to thee of my wounded heart, my *pale* complexion, my falling away, my *downcast* looks, and my eyes often wet with tears, sighs, too, fetched without any seeming cause; frequent embraces too, and kisses, which, if perchance thou didst observe, could not be deemed to be those of a sister. Still I, myself, though I had a grievous wound in my soul, *and* although there was a raging fire within, have done everything, as the Gods are my witnesses, that at last I might be cured; and long, in my wretchedness, have I struggled to escape the ruthless weapon of Cupid; and I have endured more hardships than thou wouldst believe that a maiden could endure.

“Vanquished *at length*, I am forced to own *my passion*; and with timorous prayers, to entreat thy aid. Thou alone canst . save, thou destroy, one who loves thee. Choose which thou wilt do. She is not thy enemy who begs this; but one who, though most nearly connected with thee, desires to be still more closely connected, and to be united to thee in a nearer tie. Let aged men be acquainted with ordinances, and make inquiry what is lawful, and what is wicked, and what is proper; and let them employ themselves in considering the laws. A passion that dares all consequences is suited to our years. As yet, we know not what is lawful, and we believe that all things are lawful, and *so* follow the example of the great Gods. Neither a severe father, nor regard for character, nor fear, shall restrain us, *if* only the cause for fearing is removed. Under a brother’s name will we conceal our stolen joys *so* sweet. I have the liberty of conversing with thee in private; and *even* before others do we give embraces, and exchange kisses. How little is it that is wanting! do have pity on the love of her who confesses it, and who would not confess it, did not extreme passion compel her; and merit not to be inscribed on my tomb as the cause *of my death*.”

The filled tablets fall short for her hand, as it vainly inscribes such words as these, and the last line is placed in the margin. At once she seals up her own condemnation, with the impress of a signet, which she wets with her tears, *for* the moisture has deserted her tongue. Filled with shame, she *then* calls one of her male domestics, and

gently addressing him in timorous tones, she said, "Carry these, most trusty one, to my," and, after a long pause, she added, "brother." While she was delivering them, the tablets, slipping from her hands, fell down. She was shocked by this omen, but still she sent them. The servant, having got a fit opportunity, goes *to her brother* and delivers the secret writing. The Mæandrian youth, seized with sudden anger, throws away the tablets *so* received, when he has read a part; and, with difficulty withholding his hands from the face of the trembling servant, he says, "Fly hence, Othou accursed pander to forbidden lust, who shouldst have given me satisfaction by thy death, if *it was* not *that* thy destruction would bring disgrace on my character." Frightened, he hastens . away, and reports to his mistress the threatening expressions of Caunus. Thou, Byblis, on hearing of his refusal, turnest pale, and thy breast, beset with an icy chill, is struck with alarm; yet when thy senses return, so, too, does thy frantic passion return, and thy tongue with difficulty utters such words as these, the air being struck *by thy accents*:

"And deservedly *am I thus treated*; for why, in my rashness, did I make the discovery of this wound? why have I so speedily committed words to a hasty letter, which ought *rather* to have been concealed? The feelings of his mind ought first to have been tried beforehand by me, with ambiguous expressions. Lest he should not follow me in my course, I ought, with some part of my sail *only*, to have observed what kind of a breeze it was, and to have scudded over the sea in safety; *whereas*, now, I have filled my canvass with winds *before* untried. I am driven upon rocks in consequence; and sunk, I am buried beneath the whole ocean, and my sails have *now* no retreat. And besides, was I not forbidden, by unerring omens, to indulge my passion, at the time when the waxen *tablets* fell, as I ordered him to deliver them, and made my hopes sink to the ground? and ought not either the day to have been changed, or else my whole intentions; but rather, *of the two*, the day? *Some* God himself warned me, and gave me unerring signs, if I had not been deranged; and yet I ought to have spoken out myself, and not to have committed myself to writing, and personally *I ought* to have discovered my passion; *then* he would have seen my tears, *then* he would have seen the features of her who loved him; I might have given utterance to more

than what the letter contained. I might have thrown my arms around his reluctant neck, and have embraced his feet, and lying *on the ground*, I might have begged for life; and if I had been repelled, I might have seemed on the point of death. All this, *I say*, I might *then* have done; if each of these things could not *singly* have softened his obdurate feelings, *yet* all of them might.

“Perhaps, too, there may be some fault in the servant that . was sent. He did not wait on him at a convenient moment; he did not choose, I suppose, a fitting time; nor did he request both the hour and his attention to be disengaged. ‘Tis this that has undone me; for he was not born of a tigress, nor does he carry in his breast hard flints, or solid iron, or adamant; nor yet did he suck the milk of a lioness. He will *yet* be won. Again must he be attacked. And no weariness will I admit of in *the accomplishment of* my design, so long as this breath of *mine* shall remain. For the best thing (if I could *only* recall what has been destined) would have been, not to have made the attempt; the next best thing is, to urge the accomplishment of what is begun; for he cannot (suppose I were to relinquish my design) ever be unmindful of this my attempt; and because I have desisted, I shall appear to have desired for but an instant, or even to have been trying him, and to have solicited him with the intention to betray; or, at least, I shall be thought not to have been overcome by this God, who with such intensity *now* burns, and has burnt my breast, but rather by lust. In fine, I cannot now be guiltless of a wicked deed; I have both written *to him*, and I have solicited *him*; my inclination has been defiled. Though I were to add nothing more, I cannot be pronounced innocent: as to what remains, ‘*twill add much to the gratifying of* my wishes, *but* little to my criminality.”

Thus she says; and (so great is the unsteadiness of her wavering mind) though she is loath to try him, she has a wish to try him, and she exceeds *all* bounds, and, to her misery, exposes herself to be often repulsed. At length, when there is *now* no end to *this*, he flies from his country and *the commission of* this crime, and founds a new city in a foreign land. But then, they say that the daughter of Miletus, in her sadness, was bereft of all understanding. Then did she tear her garments away from her breast, and in her frenzy beat her arms. And now she is openly raving, and she proclaims the unlawful hopes of

unnatural lust. Deprived of these *hopes*, she deserts her native land, and her hated home, and follows the steps of her flying brother. And as the Ismarian Bacchanals, . son of Semele, aroused by thy thyrsus, celebrate thy triennial festivals, as they return, no otherwise did the Bubasian matrons see Byblis howling over the wide fields; leaving which, she wandered through *the country of* the Carians, and the warlike Leleges, and Lycia.

And now she has left behind Cragos, and Lymira, and the waves of Xanthus, and the mountain in which the Chimæra had fire in its middle parts, the breast and the face of a lioness, and the tail of a serpent. The woods *at length* fail thee; when thou, Byblis, wearied with following him, dost fall down, and laying thy tresses upon the hard ground, art silent, and dost press the fallen leaves with thy face. Often, too, do the Lelegeian Nymphs endeavour to raise her in their tender arms; often do they advise her to curb her passion, and they apply consolation to a mind insensible *to their advice*. Silent does Byblis lie, and she tears the green herbs with her nails, and waters the grass with the stream of her tears. They say that the Naiads placed beneath these *tears* a channel which could never become dry; and what greater gift had they to bestow? Immediately, as drops from the cut bark of the pitch tree, or as the viscid bitumen distils from the impregnated earth, or as water which has frozen with the cold, at the approach of Favonius, gently blowing, melts away in the sun, so is Byblis, the descendant of Phæbus, dissolving in her tears, changed into a fountain, which even now, in those vallies, bears the name of its mistress, and flows beneath a gloomy oak.

EXPLANATION.

This shocking story has been also recounted by Antoninus Liberalis and both he and Ovid have embellished it with circumstances, which are the fruit of a lively imagination. They make Byblis travel over several countries in search of her brother, who flies from her extravagant passion, and they both agree in tracing her to Caria. There, according to Antoninus Liberalis, she was transformed into a Hamadryad, just as she was on . the point of throwing herself from the summit of a mountain. Ovid, on the other hand, says that she was

changed into a fountain, which afterwards bore her name.

It is, however, most probable, that if the story is founded on truth, the whole of the circumstances happened in Caria; since we learn, both from Apollodorus and Pausanias, that Miletus, her father, went from the island of Crete to lead a colony into Caria, when he conquered a city, to which he gave his own name. Pausanias says, that all the men of the city being killed during the siege, the conquerors married their wives and daughters. Cyanea, the daughter of Mæander, fell to the share of Miletus, and Caunus and Byblis were the offspring of that marriage. Byblis, having conceived a criminal passion for her brother, he was obliged to leave his father's court, that he might avoid her importunities; upon which she died of grief. As she often went to weep by a fountain, which was outside of the town, those who related the adventure, magnified it, by stating that she was changed into the fountain, which, after her death, bore her name. We are informed by Photius, on the authority of the historian Conon, that it was Caunus who fell in love with Byblis, and that she hanged herself upon a walnut tree. Ovid also, in his 'Art of Love,' follows the tradition that she hanged herself. 'Arsit et est laqueo fortiter ultra nefas.' Miletus lived in the time of the first Minos, and, according to some writers, married his daughter Acallis; but, having disagreed with his father-in-law, he was obliged to leave Crete, and retired to Caria.

The Persians had certain state ordinances, by which their monarchs were enjoined to marry their own sisters; and, as Asia Minor was overrun by them at the time when Cræsus was conquered by Cyrus, it is possible that the story of Byblis and Caunus may have originated in the disgust which the natives felt for their conquerors, and as a covert reproach to them for sanctioning alliances of so incestuous a nature. While Ovid enters into details in the story, which trench on the rules of modesty and decorum, the moral of the tale, aided by some of his precepts, is not uninstructional as a warning to youth to learn betimes how to regulate the passions.

FABLE VI.

Ligdus commands his wife Telethusa, who is pregnant, to destroy the

infant, should it prove to be a girl; on which, the Goddess Isis appears to her in a dream, and, forbidding her to obey, promises her her protection. Telethusa is delivered of a daughter, who is called Iphis, and passes for a son. Iphis is afterwards married to Ianthe, on which, Isis, to reward her mother's piety, transforms her into a man.

The fame of this new prodigy would, perhaps, have filled the hundred cities of Crete, if Crete had not lately produced a nearer wonder *of her own*, in the change of Iphis.

For once on a time the Phæstian land adjoining to the . Gnosian kingdom produced one Ligdus, of obscure name, aman of the freeborn class of common people. Nor were his means any greater than his rank, but his life and his honour were untainted. He startled the ears of his wife in her pregnancy, with these words, when her lying-in was near at hand: "Two things there are which I wish for; that thou mayst be delivered with very little pain, and that thou mayst bring forth a male child. The other alternative is a cause of greater trouble, and providence has denied us means *for bringing up a female*. The thing I abominate; but if a female should, by chance, be brought forth at thy delivery, (I command it with reluctance, forgive me, natural affection) let it be put to death." *Thus* he said, and they bathed their faces with tears streaming down; both he who commanded, and she to whom the commands were given. But yet Telethusa incessantly urged her husband, with fruitless entreaties, not to confine his hopes within a compass so limited. *But* Ligdus's resolution was fixed.

And now was she hardly *able* to bear her womb big with the burden ripe for birth; when in the middle of the night, under the form of a vision, the daughter of Inachus, attended by a train of her votaries, either stood, or seemed to stand, before her bed. The horns of the moon were upon her forehead, with ears of corn with their bright golden colour, and the royal ornament *of the diadem*; with her was the barking Anubis, and the holy Bubastis, and the particoloured Apis; he, too, who suppresses his voice, and with . his finger enjoins silence. There were the sistra too, and Osiris, never enough sought for; and the foreign serpent, filled with soporiferous poison. When thus the Goddess addressed her, as though roused from her sleep, and seeing *all* distinctly: "O Telethusa, one of my votaries, lay aside thy

grievous cares, and evade the commands of thy husband; and do not hesitate, when Lucina shall have given thee ease by delivery, to bring up *the child*, whatever it shall be. I am a befriending Goddess, and, when invoked, I give assistance; and thou shalt not complain that thou hast worshipped an ungrateful Divinity.”

Thus she advises her, and *then* retires from her chamber. The Cretan matron arises joyful from her bed; and suppliantly raising her pure hands towards the stars of *heaven*, prays that her vision may be fulfilled. When her pains increased, and her burden forced itself into the light, and a girl was born to the father unaware of it, the mother ordered it to be brought up, pretending it was a boy; and the thing gained belief, nor was any one but the nurse acquainted with the fact. The father performed his vows, and gave *the child* the name of its grandfather. The grandfather had been called Iphis. The mother rejoiced in that name because it was common to *both sexes*, nor would she be deceiving any one by it. Her deception lay unperceived under this fraud, the result of natural affection. The *child's* dress was that of a boy; the face such, that, whether you gave it to a girl or to a boy, either would be beautiful. In the meantime the third year had *now* succeeded the tenth, when her father, OIphis, promised to thee, in marriage, the yellow-haired Iänthe, who was a virgin the most commended among all the women of Phæstus, for the endowments of her beauty; the daughter of the Dictæan Telestes. Equal was their age, their beauty equal; and they received their first instruction, the elements *suited* to their age, from the same preceptor.

Love, in consequence, touches the inexperienced breasts of them both, and inflicts on each an equal wound; but *how* different are their hopes! Iänthe awaits the time of their union, and of the ceremonial agreed upon, and believes that she, whom she thinks to be a man, will be *her husband*. Iphis is in love with her whom she despairs to be able to enjoy, and this very thing increases her flame; and, *herself* a maid, she burns with passion for a maid. And, with difficulty, suppressing her tears, she says, “What issue of *my love* awaits me, whom the anxieties unknown to any *before*, and *so* unnatural, of an unheard-of passion, have seized upon? if the Gods would spare me, (they ought to have destroyed me, and if they would not have destroyed me), at least they should have inflicted some natural evil,

and *one common to the human race*. Passion for a cow does not inflame a cow, nor does that for mares *inflame* the mares. The ram inflames the ewes; its own female follows the buck. And so do birds couple; and among all animals, no female is seized with passion for a female. Would that I did not exist.

“Yet, lest Crete might not be the producer of *all kinds of* prodigies, the daughter of the Sun loved a bull; that is to say, a female *loved* a male. My passion, if I confess the truth, is more extravagant than that. Still she pursued the hopes of enjoyment; still, by a subtle contrivance, and under the form of a cow, did she couple with the bull, and her paramour was one that might be deceived. But though the ingenuity of the whole world were to centre here, though Dædalus himself were to fly back again with his waxen wings, what could he do? Could he, by his skilful arts, make me from a maiden into a youth? or could he transform . thee, Iänthe? But why dost thou not fortify thy mind, and recover thyself, Iphis? And why not shake off this passion, void of *all* reason, and senseless *as it is*? Consider what it was thou wast born (unless thou art deceiving thyself as well), and pursue that which is allowable, and love that which, as a woman, thou oughtst *to love*. Hope it is that produces, Hope it is that nourishes love. This, the *very case itself* deprives thee of. No guard is keeping thee away from her dear embrace; no care of a watchful husband, no father’s severity; does not she herself deny thy solicitations. And yet she cannot be enjoyed by thee; nor, were everything possible done, couldst thou be blessed; *not*, though Gods and men were to do their utmost. And now, too, no portion of my desires is baffled, and the compliant Deities have granted me whatever they were able, and what I *desire*, my father wishes, she herself wishes, and *so does* my destined father-in-law; but nature, more powerful than all these, wills it not; she alone is an obstacle to me. Lo, the longed-for time approaches, and the wedding-day is at hand, when Iänthe should be mine; and *yet* she will not fall to my lot. In the midst of water, I shall be athirst. Why, Juno, guardian of the marriage rites, and why, Hymenæus, do you come to this ceremonial, where there is not the person who should marry *the wife*, and where both *of us females*, we are coupled in wedlock?”

After *saying* these words, she closes her lips. And no less does the

other maid burn, and she prays thee, Hymenæus, to come quickly. Telethusa, dreading the same thing that she desires, at one time puts off the time *of the wedding*, and then raises delays, by feigning illness. Often, by way of excuse, she pretends omens and visions. But now she has exhausted all the resources of fiction; and the time for the marriage *so long* delayed is *now* at hand, and *only* one day remains; whereon she takes off the fillets for the hair from her own head and from that of her daughter, and embracing the altar with dishevelled locks, she says, “O Isis, thou who dost inhabit . Parætonium, and the Mareotic fields, and Pharos, and the Nile divided into its seven horns, give aid, Ibeseech thee, and ease me of my fears. Thee, Goddess, thee, I once beheld, and these thy symbols; and all *of them* I recognized; both thy attendants, and thy torches, and the sound of the sistra, and I noted thy commands with mindful care. That this *girl now* sees the light, that I, myself, am not punished, is *the result* of thy counsel, and thy admonition; pity us both, and aid us with thy assistance.”

Tears followed her words. The Goddess seemed to move, (and she *really* did move) her altars; and the doors of her temple shook. Her horns, too, shone, resembling *those of* the moon, and the tinkling sistrum sounded. The mother departs from the temple, not free from concern indeed, still pleased with this auspicious omen. Iphis follows her, her companion as she goes, with longer strides than she had been wont; her fairness does not continue on her face; both her strength is increased, and her features are more stern; and shorter is the length of her scattered locks. There is more vigour, also, than she had *as* a female. *And* now thou art a male, who so lately wast a female. Bring offerings to the temple, and rejoice with no hesitating confidence. They do bring their offerings to the temple. They add, too, an inscription; the inscription contains *one* short line: “Iphis, amale, offers the presents, which, as a female, he had vowed.”

The following morn has disclosed the wide world with the rays *of the Sun*; when Venus, and Juno, and Hymenæus, . repair to the social fires; and Iphis, *now* a youth, gains his *dear* Iänthe.

EXPLANATION.

The story of Iphis being changed from a young woman into a man, of which Ovid lays the scene in the isle of Crete, is one of those facts upon which ancient history is entirely silent. Perhaps, the origin of the story was a disguise of a damsel in male dress, carried on, for family reasons, even to the very point of marriage; or it may have been based upon an account of some remarkable instance of androgynous formation.

Ovid may possibly have invented the story himself, merely as a vehicle for showing how the Deities recompense piety and strict obedience to their injunctions.

BOOK THE TENTH.

FABLE I.

Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, while sporting in the fields, with other Nymphs, is bitten by a serpent, which causes her death. After having mourned for her, Orpheus resolves to go down to the Infernal Regions in quest of her. Pluto and the Fates consent to her return, on condition that Orpheus shall not look on her till he is out of their dominions. His curiosity prevailing, he neglects this injunction, on which she is immediately snatched away from him, beyond the possibility of recovery. Upon this occasion, the Poet relates the story of a shepherd, who was turned into a rock by a look of Cerberus; and that of Olenus and Lethæa, who were transformed into stones.

Thence Hymenæus, clad in a saffron-coloured robe, passed through the unmeasured tract of air, and directed his course to the regions of the Ciconians, and, in vain, was invoked by the voice of Orpheus. He presented himself indeed, but he brought with him neither auspicious words, nor joyful looks, nor *yet* a happy omen. The torch, too, which he held, was hissing with a smoke that brought tears to the eyes, and as it was, it found no flames amid its waving. The issue was more disastrous than the omens; for the newmade bride, while she was strolling along the grass, attended by a train of Naiads, was killed, having received the sting of a serpent on her ankle.

After the Rhodopeian bard had sufficiently bewailed her in the upper *realms of air*, that he might try the shades below as well, he dared to descend to Styx by the Tænarian gate, and amid the phantom inhabitants and ghosts that had enjoyed the tomb, he went to Persephone, and him that held these unpleasing realms, the Ruler of the shades; and touching his strings in concert with his words, he thus said, “Oye Deities of the world that lies beneath the earth, to which we *all* come *at last*, each that is born to mortality; if I may be allowed, and you suffer me to speak the truth, laying aside the artful expressions of a deceitful tongue; I have not descended hither *from curiosity* to see dark Tartarus, nor to bind the threefold throat of the

Medusæan monster, bristling with serpents. *But* my wife was the cause of my coming; into whom a serpent, trodden upon *by her*, diffused its poison, and cut short her growing years. I was wishful to be able to endure *this*, and I will not deny that I have endeavoured *to do so*. Love has proved the stronger. That God is well known in the regions above. Whether he be so here, too, I am uncertain; but yet I imagine that even here he is; and if the story of the rape of former days is not untrue, 'twas love that united you *two* together. By these places filled with horrors, by this vast Chaos, and by the silence of these boundless realms, I entreat you, weave over again the quick-spun thread *of the life* of Eurydice.

"To you we all belong; and having staid but a little while *above*, sooner or later we *all* hasten to one abode. Hither are we all hastening. This is our last home; and you possess the most lasting dominion over the human race. She, too, when, in due season she shall have completed her allotted *number of years*, will be under your sway. The enjoyment *of her* I beg as a favour. But if the Fates deny me this privilege in behalf of my wife, I have determined that I will not return. Triumph in the death of us both."

As he said such things, and touched the strings to his words, the bloodless spirits wept. Tantalus did not catch at the retreating water, and the wheel of Ixion stood still, *as though* in amazement; the birds did not tear the liver *of Tityus*; and the granddaughters of Belus paused at their urns; thou, too, Sisyphus, didst seat thyself on thy stone. The story is, that then, for the first time, the cheeks of the Eumenides, overcome by his music, were wet with tears; nor could the royal consort, nor he who rules the infernal regions, endure . to deny him his request; and they called for Eurydice. She was among the shades newly arrived, and she advanced with a slow pace, by reason of her wound.

The Rhodopeian hero receives her, and, at the same time, *this* condition, that he turn not back his eyes until he has passed the Avernian vallies, or else that the grant will be revoked. The ascending path is mounted in deep silence, steep, dark, and enveloped in deepening gloom. And *now* they were not far from the verge of the upper earth. He, enamoured, fearing lest she should flag, and impatient to behold her, turned his eyes; and immediately she

sank back again. She, hapless one! both stretching out her arms, and struggling to be grasped, and to grasp him, caught nothing but the fleeting air. And now, dying a second time, she did not at all complain of her husband; for why should she complain of being beloved? And now she pronounced the last farewell, which scarcely did he catch with his ears; and again was she hurried back to the same place.

No otherwise was Orpheus amazed at this twofold death of his wife, than he who, trembling, beheld the three necks of the dog, the middle one supporting chains; whom fear did not forsake, before his former nature *deserted him*, as stone gathered over his body: and *than* Olenus, who took on himself the crime *of another*, and was willing to appear guilty; and *than* thou, unhappy Lethæa, confiding in thy beauty; breasts, once most united, now rocks, which the watery Ida supports. The ferryman drove him away entreating, and, in vain, desiring again to cross *the stream*. Still, for seven days, in squalid guise did he sit on the banks without the gifts of Ceres. Vexation, . and sorrow of mind, and tears were his sustenance. Complaining that the Deities of Erebus were cruel, he betook himself to lofty Rhodope, and Hæmus, buffeted by the North winds. The third Titan had *now* ended the year bounded by the Fishes of the ocean; and Orpheus had avoided all intercourse with woman, either because it had ended in misfortune to him, or because he had given a promise *to that effect*. Yet a passion possessed many a female to unite herself to the bard, *and* many a one grieved when repulsed. He also was the *first* adviser of the people of Thrace to transfer their affections to tender youths; and, on this side of manhood, to enjoy the short spring of life, and its early flowers.

EXPLANATION.

Though Ovid has separated the adventures of Orpheus, whose death he does not relate till the beginning of the eleventh Book, we will here shortly enter upon an examination of some of the more important points of his history.

As, in his time, Poetry and Music were in a very low state of perfection, and as he excelled in both of those arts, it was said that he

was the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope; and it was added, that he charmed lions and tigers, and made even the trees sensible of the melodious tones of his lyre. These were mere hyperbolical expressions, which signified the wondrous charms of his eloquence and of his music combined, which he employed in cultivating the genius of a savage and uncouth people. Some conjecture that this personage originally came from Asia into Thrace, and suppose that he, together with Linus and Eumolpus, brought poetry and music into Greece, the use of which, till then, was unknown in that country; and that they introduced, at the same time, the worship of Ceres, Mars, and the orgies of Bacchus, which, from him who instituted them, received their name of 'Orphica.' Orpheus, too, is supposed to have united the office of high priest with that of king. Horace styles him the interpreter of the Gods; and he was said to have interposed with the Deities for the deliverance of the Argonauts from a dangerous tempest. It is thought that he passed some part of his life in Egypt, and became acquainted with many particulars of the ancient religion of the Egyptians, which he introduced into the theology of Greece. Some modern writers even go so far as to suggest that he learned from the 345 Hebrews, who were then sojourning in Egypt, the knowledge of the true God.

His wife, Eurydice, dying very young, he was inconsolable for her loss. To alleviate his grief, he went to Thesprotia, in Epirus, the natives of which region were said to possess incantations, for the purpose of raising the ghosts of the departed. Here, according to some accounts, being deceived by a phantom, which was made to appear before him, he died of sorrow; but, according to other writers, he renounced the society of mankind for ever and retired to the mountains of Thrace. His journey to that distant country gave occasion to say, that he descended to the Infernal Regions. This is the more likely, as he is supposed to have there promulgated his notions of the infernal world, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, he had learned among the Egyptians.

Tzetzes, however, assures us that this part of his history is founded on the circumstance, that Orpheus cured his wife of the bite of a serpent, which had till then been considered to be mortal; and that the poets gave an hyperbolical version of the story, in saying that

he had rescued her from Hell. He says, too, that he had learned in Egypt the art of magic, which was much cultivated there, and especially the method of charming serpents.

After the loss of his wife, he retired to mount Rhodope, to assuage the violence of his grief. There, according to Ovid and other poets, the Mænades, or Bacchanals, to be revenged for his contempt of them and their rites, tore him in pieces; which story is somewhat diversified by the writers who relate that Venus, exasperated against Calliope, the mother of Orpheus, for having adjudged to Proserpine the possession of Adonis, caused the women of Thrace to become enamoured of her son, and to tear him in pieces while disputing the possession of him. An ancient author, quoted by Hyginus, says that Orpheus was killed by the stroke of a thunderbolt, while he was accompanying the Argonauts; and Apollodorus says the same. Diodorus Siculus calls him one of the kings of Thrace; while other writers, among whom are Cicero and Aristotle, assert that there never was such a person as Orpheus. The learned Vossius says, that the Phœnician word ‘ariph,’ which signifies ‘learned,’ gave rise to the story of Orpheus. Le Clerc thinks that in consequence of the same Greek word signifying ‘an enchanter,’ and also meaning ‘a singer,’ he acquired the reputation of having been a most skilful magician.

We may, perhaps, safely conclude, that Orpheus really did introduce the worship of many Gods into Greece; and that, possibly, while he promulgated the necessity of expiating crimes, he introduced exorcism, and brought magic into fashion in Greece. Lucian affirms that he was also the first to teach the elements of astronomy. Several works were attributed to him, which are now no longer in existence; among which were a Poem on the Expedition of the Argonauts, one on the War of the Giants, another on the Rape of Proserpine, and a fourth upon the Labours of Hercules. The Poem on the Argonautic Expedition, which now exists, and is attributed to him, is supposed to have been really written by a poet named Onomacritus, who lived in the sixth century B.C., in the time of Pisistratus.

After his death, Orpheus was reckoned in the number of Heroes or Demigods; and we are informed by Philostratus that his head was

preserved at Lesbos, where it gave oracular responses. Orpheus is not mentioned by Homer or Hesiod. The learned scholar Lobeck, in his *Aglaophamus*, has entered very deeply into an investigation of the real nature of the discoveries and institutions ascribed to him.

FABLE II.

Orpheus, retiring to Mount Rhodope, by the charms of his music, attracts to himself all kinds of creatures, rocks, and trees; among the latter is the pine tree, only known since the transformation of Attis.

There was a hill, and upon the hill a most level space of a plain, which the blades of grass made green: *all* shade was wanting in the spot. After the bard, sprung from the Gods, had seated himself in this place, and touched his tuneful strings, ashade came over the spot. The tree of Chaonia was not absent, nor the grove of the Heliades, nor the mast-tree with its lofty branches, nor the tender lime-trees, nor yet the beech, and the virgin laurel, and the brittle hazels, and the oak, adapted for making spears, and the fir without knots, and the holm bending beneath its acorns, and the genial plane-tree, and the parti-coloured maple, and, together with them, the willows growing by the rivers, and the watery lotus, and the evergreen box, and the slender tamarisks, and the two-coloured myrtle, and the tine-tree, with its azure berries.

You, too, the ivy-trees, with your creeping tendrils, came, . and together, the branching vines, and the elms clothed with vines; the ashes, too, and the pitch-trees, and the arbute, laden with its blushing fruit, and the bending palm, the reward of the conqueror; the pine, too, with its tufted foliage, and bristling at the top, pleasing to the Mother of the Gods; since for this the Cybeleïan Attis put off the human form, and hardened into that trunk.

EXPLANATION.

The story of Attis, or Athis, here briefly referred to, is related by the ancient writers in many different ways; so much so, that it is not possible to reconcile the discrepancy that exists between them. From Diodorus Siculus we learn that Cybele, the daughter of Mæon, King

of Phrygia, falling in love with a young shepherd named Attis, her father ordered him to be put to death. In despair, at the loss of her lover, Cybele left her father's abode, and, accompanied by Marsyas, crossed the mountains of Phrygia. Apollo, (or, as Vossius supposes, some priest of that God,) touched with the misfortunes of the damsel, took her to the country of the Hyperboreans in Scythia, where she died. Some time after, the plague ravaging Phrygia, and the oracle being consulted, an answer was returned, that, to ensure the ceasing of the contagion, they must look for the body of Attis, and give it funeral rites, and render to Cybele the same honour which they were wont to pay to the Gods: all which was done with such scrupulous care, that in time she became one of the most esteemed Divinities.

Arnobius, says that Attis was a shepherd, with whom Cybele fell in love in her old age. Unmoved by her rank, and repelled by her faded charms, he despised her advances. Midas, King of Pessinus, on seeing this, destined his own daughter, Agdistis, for the young Attis. Fearing the resentment of Cybele, he caused the gates of the city to be shut on the day on which the marriage was to be solemnized. Cybele being informed of this, hastened to Pessinus, and, destroying the gates, met with Attis, who had concealed himself behind a pine tree, and caused him to be emasculated; on which Agdistis committed self-destruction in a fit of sorrow.

Servius, Lactantius, and St. Augustine, give another version of the story, which it is not necessary here to enlarge upon, any farther than to say, that it depicts the love of a powerful queen for a young man who repulsed her advances. Ovid, also, gives a similar account in the fourth Book of the *Fasti*, line 220. Other authors, quoted by Arnobius, have given some additional circumstances, the origin of which it is almost impossible to guess at. They say that a female called Nana, by touching a pomegranate or an almond tree, which grew from the blood of Agdistis whom Bacchus had slain, conceived Attis, who afterwards became very dear to Cybele.

All that we can conclude from these accounts, and more especially from that given by Ovid in the *Fasti*, is, that the worship of Cybele being established in Phrygia, Attis was one of her priests; and that, as he led the example of mutilating himself, all her other priests, who were called Galli, submitted to a similar operation, to the great

surprise of the uninitiated, who were not slow in inventing some wonderful story to account for an act so extraordinary.

FABLE III.

Cyparissus is about to kill himself for having slain, by accident, a favourite deer; but, before he is able to execute his design, Apollo transforms him into a Cypress.

Amid this throng was present the cypress, resembling the cone, now a tree, *but* once a youth, beloved by that God who fits the lyre with the strings, and the bow with strings. For there was a large stag, sacred to the Nymphs who inhabit the Carthæan fields; and, with his horns extending afar, he himself afforded an ample shade to his own head. His horns were shining with gold, and a necklace studded with gems, falling upon his shoulders, hung down from his smooth round neck; a silver ball, fastened with little straps, played upon his forehead; . and pendants of brass, of equal size, shone on either ear around his hollow temples. He, too, void of fear, and laying aside his natural timorousness, used to frequent the houses, and to offer his neck to be patted by any hands, even though unknown *to him*.

But yet, above all others, he was pleasing to thee, Cyparissus, most beautiful of the nation of Cea. Thou wast wont to lead the stag to new pastures, and to the streams of running waters; sometimes thou didst wreath flowers of various colours about his horns, and at other times, seated on his back, *like* a horseman, *first* in this direction and *then* in that, thou didst guide his easy mouth with the purple bridle. 'Twas summer and the middle of the day, and the bending arms of the Crab, that loves the sea-shore, were glowing with the heat of the sun; the stag, fatigued, was reclining his body on the grassy earth, and was enjoying the coolness from the shade of a tree. By inadvertence the boy Cyparissus pierced him with a sharp javelin; and, when he saw him dying from the cruel wound, he resolved to attempt to die *as well*. What consolations did not Phœbus apply? and he advised him to grieve with moderation, and . according to the occasion. Still did he lament, and as a last favour, he requested this of the Gods above, that he might mourn for ever. And now, his blood quite exhausted by incessant weeping, his limbs began to be changed

into a green colour, and the hair, which but lately hung from his snow-white forehead, to become a rough bush, and, astiffness being assumed, to point to the starry heavens with a tapering top. The God *Phæbus* lamented deeply, and in his sorrow he said, “Thou shalt be mourned by me, and shalt mourn for others, and shalt *ever* attend upon those who are sorrowing *for the dead*.”

EXPLANATION.

Cyparissus, who, according to Ovid was born at Carthæa, atown in the isle of Cea, was probably a youth of considerable poetical talent and proficiency in the polite arts, which caused him to be deemed the favourite of Apollo. His transformation into a Cypress is founded on the resemblance between their names, that tree being called by the Greeks κυπάρισσος. The conclusion of the story is that Apollo, to console himself, enjoined that the Cypress tree should be the symbol of sorrow, or in other words that it should be used at funerals and be planted near graves and sepulchres; which fiction was most likely founded on the fact, that the tree was employed for those purposes; perhaps because its branches, almost destitute of leaves, have a somewhat melancholy aspect.

Some ancient writers also tell us that Cyparissus was a youth beloved by the God Sylvanus, for which reason that God is often represented with branches of Cypress in his hand.

FABLE IV.

Jupiter, charmed with the beauty of the youth Ganymede, transforms himself into an Eagle, for the purpose of carrying him off. He is taken up into Heaven, and is made the Cup-bearer of the Divinities.

Such a grove *of trees* had the bard attracted *round him*, and he sat in the midst of an assembly of wild beasts, and of a multitude . of birds. When he had sufficiently tried the strings struck with his thumb, and perceived that the various tones, though they gave different sounds, *still* harmonize, in this song he raised his voice: “Begin, my parent Muse, my song from Jove, all things submit to the sway of Jove. By me, often before has the power of Jove been sung.

In loftier strains have I sung of the Giants, and the victorious thunderbolts scattered over the Phlegræan plains. Now is there occasion for a softer lyre; and let us sing of youths beloved by the Gods above, and of girls surprised by unlawful flames, who, by their wanton desires, have been deserving of punishment.

“The king of the Gods above was once inflamed with a passion for Ganymede, and something was found that Jupiter preferred to be, rather than what he was. Yet into no bird does he vouchsafe to be transformed, but that which can carry his bolts. And no delay *is there*. Striking the air with his fictitious wings, he carries off the youth of Ilium; who even now mingles his cups *for him*, and, much against the will of Juno, serves nectar to Jove.”

EXPLANATION.

The rape of Ganymede is probably based upon an actual occurrence, which may be thus explained. Tros, the king of Troy, having conquered several of his neighbours, as Eusebius, Cedrenus, and Suidas relate, sent his son Ganymede into Lydia, accompanied by several of the nobles of his court, to offer sacrifice in the temple dedicated to Jupiter; Tantalus, the king of that country, who was ignorant of the designs of the Trojan king, took his people for spies, and put Ganymede in prison. He having been arrested in a temple of Jupiter, by order of a prince, whose ensign was an eagle, it gave occasion for the report that he had been carried off by Jupiter in the shape of an eagle.

The reason why Jupiter is said to have made Ganymede his cup-bearer . is difficult to conjecture, unless we suppose that he had served his father, in that employment at the Trojan court. The poets say that he was placed by the Gods among the Constellations, where he shines as Aquarius, or the Water-bearer.

The capture of Ganymede occasioned a protracted and bloody war between Tros and Tantalus; and after their death, Ilus, the son of Tros, continued it against Pelops, the son of Tantalus, and obliged him to quit his kingdom and retire to the court of Œnomaüs, king of Pisa, whose daughter he married, and by her had a son named Atreus, who was the father of Agamemnon and Menelaüs. Thus we see that

probably Paris, the great grandson of Tros, carried off Helen, as a reprisal on Menelaüs, the great grandson of Tantalus, the persecutor of Ganymede. Agamemnon did not fail to turn this fact to his own advantage, by putting the Greeks in mind of the evils which his family had suffered from the kings of Troy.

FABLE V.

As Apollo is playing at quoits with the youth Hyacinthus, one of them, thrown by the Divinity, rebounds from the earth, and striking Hyacinthus on the head, kills him. From his blood springs up the flower which still bears his name.

“Phœbus would have placed thee too, descendant of Amycla, in the heavens, if the stern Fates had given him time to place thee there. Still, so far as is possible, thou art immortal; and as oft as the spring drives away the winter, and the Ram succeeds the watery Fish, so often dost thou spring up and blossom upon the green turf. Thee, beyond *all* others, did my father love, and Delphi, situate in the middle of the earth, was without its guardian *Deity*, while the God was frequenting the Eurotas, and the unfortified Sparta; and neither his lyre nor his arrows were *held* in esteem *by him*.

“Unmindful of his own dignity, he did not refuse to carry the nets, or to hold the dogs, or to go, as his companion, over the ridges of the rugged mountains; and by lengthened intimacy he augmented his flame. And now Titan was almost in his mid course between the approaching and the past night, and was at an equal distance from them both; *when* they stripped their bodies of their garments, and shone with the juice of the oily olive, and engaged in the game of the broad quoit. First, Phœbus tossed it, well poised, into the airy breeze, and clove the opposite clouds with its weight. After a long pause, the heavy mass fell on the hard ground, and showed skill united with strength. Immediately the Tænarian youth, in his thoughtlessness, and urged on by eagerness for the sport, hastened to take up the circlet; but the hard ground sent it back into the air with a rebound against thy face, Hyacinthus.

“Equally as pale as the youth does the Divinity himself turn; and he bears up thy sinking limbs; and at one moment he cherishes thee,

at another, he stanches thy sad wound; *and* now he stops the fleeting life by the application of herbs. His skill is of no avail. The wound is incurable. As if, in a well-watered garden, any one should break down violets, or poppies, and lilies, as they adhere to their yellow stalks; drooping, they would suddenly hang down their languid heads, and could not support themselves; and would look towards the ground with their tops. So sink his dying features; and, forsaken by its vigour, the neck is a burden to itself, and reclines upon the shoulder. ‘Son of Œbalus,’ says Phœbus, ‘thou fallest, deprived of thy early youth; and I look on thy wound as my own condemnation. Thou art *the object of my grief*, and *the cause of my crime*. With thy death is my right hand to be charged; I am the author of thy destruction. Yet what is my fault? unless to engage in sport can be termed a fault; unless it can be called a fault, too, to have loved thee. And oh! that I could give my life for thee, or together with thee; but since I am restrained by the decrees of destiny, thou shalt ever be with me, and shalt dwell on my mindful lips. The lyre struck with my hand, my songs, too, shall celebrate thee; and, *becoming* a new flower, by the inscription *on thee*, thou shalt imitate my lamentations. The time, too, shall come, at which a most valiant hero shall add his *name* to this flower, and it shall be read upon the same leaves.’

“While such things are being uttered by the prophetic lips of Apollo, behold! the blood which, poured on the ground, has stained the grass, ceases to be blood, and a flower springs up, more bright than the Tyrian purple, and it assumes the appearance which lilies *have*, were there not in this a purple hue, *and* in them that of silver. This was not enough for Phœbus, for ‘twas he that was the author of this honour. He himself inscribed his own lamentations on the leaves, and the flower has ‘ai, ai,’ inscribed *thereon*; and the mournful characters *there* are traced. Nor is Sparta ashamed to have given birth . to Hyacinthus; and his honours continue to the present time; the Hyacinthian festival returns, too, each year, to be celebrated with the prescribed ceremonials, after the manner of former *celebrations*.”

EXPLANATION.

Hyacinthus, as Pausanias relates, was a youth of Laconia. His father

educated him with so much care, that he was looked upon as the favourite of Apollo, and of the Muses. As he was one day playing with his companions, he unfortunately received a blow on the head from a quoit, from the effects of which he died soon after. Some funeral verses were probably composed on the occasion; in which it was said, with the view of comforting his relations, that Boreas, jealous of the affection which Apollo had evinced for the youth, had turned aside the quoit with which they played; and thus, by degrees, in length of time the name of Apollo became inseparably connected with the story.

The Lacedæmonians each year celebrated a solemn festival near his tomb, where they offered sacrifices to him; and we are told by Athenæus, that they instituted games in his honour, which were called after his name. Pausanias makes mention of his tomb, upon which he says was engraved the figure of Apollo. His alleged change into the flower of the same name is probably solely owing to the similarity of their names. It is not very clear what flower it is that was known to the ancients under the name of Hyacinthus. Dioscorides believes it to be that called ‘vaccinium’ by the Romans, which is . of a purple colour, and on which can be traced, though imperfectly, the letters αἶ (alas!) mentioned by Ovid. The lamentations of Apollo, on the death of Hyacinthus, formed the subject of bitter, and, indeed, deserved raillery, for several of the satirical writers among the ancients.

FABLE VI.

Venus, incensed at the Cerastæ for polluting the island of Cyprus, which is sacred to her, with the human sacrifices which they offer to their Gods, transforms them into bulls; and the Propœtides, as a punishment for their dissolute conduct, are transformed into rocks.

“But if, perchance, you were to ask of Amathus, abounding in metals, whether she would wish to have produced the Propœtides; she would deny it, as well as those whose foreheads were of old rugged with two horns, from which they also derived the name of Cerastæ. Before the doors of these was standing an altar of Jupiter Hospes, *ascene* of tragic horrors; if any stranger had seen it stained

with blood, he would have supposed that sucking calves had been killed there, and Amathusian sheep; strangers were slain there. Genial Venus, offended at the wicked sacrifices *there offered*, was preparing to abandon her own cities and the Ophiusion lands. 'But how,' said she, 'have these delightful spots, how have my cities offended? What criminality is there in them? Let the inhuman race rather suffer punishment by exile or by death, or if there is any middle course between death and exile; and what can that be, but the punishment of changing their shape?'

"While she is hesitating into what she shall change them, she turns her eyes towards their horns, and is put in mind that those may be left to them; and *then* she transforms their huge limbs into *those of* fierce bulls.

"And yet the obscene Propœtides presumed to deny that Venus is a Goddess; for which they are reported the first . *of all women* to have prostituted their bodies, with their beauty, through the anger of the Goddess. And when their shame was gone, and the blood of their face was hardened, they were, by a slight transition, changed into hard rocks."

EXPLANATION.

The Cerastæ, a people of the island of Cyprus, were, perhaps, said to have been changed into bulls, to show the barbarous nature and rustic manners of those islanders, who stained their altars with the blood of strangers, in sacrifice to the Gods.

An equivocation of names also, probably, aided in originating the story. The island of Cyprus is surrounded with promontories which rise out of the sea, and whose pointed rocks appear at a distance like horns, from which it had the name of Cerastis, the Greek word κέρα, signifying a 'horn.' Thus, the inhabitants having the name of Cerastæ, it was most easy to invent a fiction of their having been once turned into oxen, to account the more readily for their bearing that name.

The Propœtides, who inhabited the same island, were females of very dissolute character. Justin, and other writers, mention a singular and horrible custom in that island, of prostituting young girls in the

very temple of Venus. It was most probably the utter disregard of these women for common decency, that occasioned the poets to say that they were transformed into rocks.

FABLE VII.

Pygmalion, shocked by the dissolute lives of the Propœtides, throws off all fondness for the female sex, and resolves on leading a life of perpetual celibacy. Falling in love with a statue which he has made, Venus animates it; on which he marries this new object of his affections, and has a son by her, who gives his name to the island.

“When Pygmalion saw these women spending their lives in criminal pursuits, shocked at the vices which Nature had *so* plentifully imparted to the female disposition, he lived a single life without a wife, and for a long time was without a partner of his bed. In the meantime, he ingeniously carved *a statue of* snow-white ivory with wondrous skill; and gave it a beauty with which no woman can be born; and *then* conceived a passion for his own workmanship. The appearance was that of a real virgin, whom you might suppose to be alive, and if . modesty did not hinder her, to be desirous to move; so much did art lie concealed under his skill. Pygmalion admires it; and entertains, within his breast, aflame for this fictitious body.

“Often does he apply his hands to the work, to try whether it is a *human* body, or whether it is ivory; and yet he does not own it to be ivory. He gives it kisses, and fancies that they are returned, and speaks to it, and takes hold of it, and thinks that his fingers make an impression on the limbs which they touch, and is fearful lest a livid mark should come on her limbs *when* pressed. And one while he employs soft expressions, at another time he brings her presents that are agreeable to maidens, *such as* shells, and smooth pebbles, and little birds, and flowers of a thousand tints, and lilies, and painted balls, and tears of the Heliades, that have fallen from the trees. He decks her limbs, too, with clothing, and puts jewels on her fingers; he puts, *too*, along necklace on her neck. Smooth pendants hang from her ears, and bows from her breast. All things are becoming *to her*; and she does not seem less beautiful than when naked. He places her on coverings dyed with the Sidonian shell, and calls her the

companion of his bed, and lays down her reclining neck upon soft feathers, as though it were sensible.

“A festival of Venus, much celebrated throughout all Cyprus, had *now* come; and heifers, with snow-white necks, having their spreading horns tipped with gold, fell, struck *by the axe*. Frankincense, too, was smoking, when, having made his offering, Pygmalion stood before the altar, and timorously said, ‘If ye Gods can grant all things, let my wife be, I pray,’ *and* he did not dare to say ‘this ivory maid,’ *but* ‘like to this *statue* of ivory.’ The golden Venus, as she herself was present at her own festival, understood what that prayer meant; and as an omen of the Divinity being favourable, thrice was the flame kindled up, and it sent up a tapering flame into the air. Soon as he returned, he repaired to the image of his maiden, and, lying along the couch, he gave her kisses. She seems to grow warm. Again he applies his mouth; . with his hands, too, he feels her breast. The pressed ivory becomes soft, and losing its hardness, yields to the fingers, and gives way, just as Hymettian wax grows soft in the sun, and being worked with the fingers is turned into many shapes, and becomes pliable by the very handling. While he is amazed, and is rejoicing, *though* with apprehension, and is fearing that he is deceived; the lover again and again touches the object of his desires with his hand. It is a *real* body; the veins throb, when touched with the thumb.

“Then, indeed, the Paphian hero conceives *in his mind* the most lavish expressions, with which to give thanks to Venus, and at length presses lips, no *longer* fictitious, with his own lips. The maiden, too, feels the kisses given her, and blushes; and raising her timorous eyes towards the light *of day*, she sees at once her lover and the heavens. The Goddess was present at the marriage which she *thus* effected. And now, the horns of the moon having been nine times gathered into a full orb, she brought forth Paphos; from whom the island derived its name.”

EXPLANATION.

The Pygmalion here mentioned must not be mistaken for the person of the same name, who was the brother of Dido, and king of Tyre.

The story is most probably an allegory, which was based on the fact that Pygmalion being a man of virtuous principles, and disgusted with the vicious conduct of the women of Cyprus, took a great deal of care in training the mind and conduct of a young female, whom he kept at a distance from the contact of the prevailing vices; and whom, after having recovered her from the obdurate and rocky state to which the other females were reduced, he made his wife, and had a son by her named Paphos; who was said to have been the founder of the city of Cyprus, known by his name.

FABLE VIII.

Myrrha, the daughter of Cinyras and Cenchris, having conceived an incestuous passion for her own father, and despairing of satisfying it, attempts to hang herself. Her nurse surprises her in the act, and prevents her death. Myrrha, after repeated entreaties and assurances of assistance, discloses to her the cause of her despair. The nurse, by means of a stratagem, procures her the object of her desires, which being discovered by her father, he pursues his daughter with the intention of killing her. Myrrha flies from her father's dominions and being delivered of Adonis, is transformed into a tree.

“Of him was that Cinyras sprung, who, if he had been without . issue, might have been reckoned among the happy. Of horrible events shall I *now* sing. Daughters, be far hence; far hence be parents, *too*; or, if my verse shall charm your minds, let credit not be given to me in this part *of my song*, and do not believe that it happened; or, if you will believe, believe as well in the punishment of the deed.

“Yet, if Nature allows this crime to appear to have been committed, I congratulate the Ismarian matrons, and my own *division of the globe*. I congratulate this land, that it is afar from those regions which produced so great an abomination. Let the Panchæan land be rich in amomum, and let it produce cinnamon, and its zedoary, and frankincense distilling from its tree, and its other flowers, so long as it produces the myrrh-tree, as well. The new tree was not of so much worth *as to be a recompense for the crime to which it owed its origin*. Cupid himself denies, Myrrha, that it was his arrows that

injured thee; and he defends his torches from that imputation; one of the three Sisters kindled *this flame* within thee, with a Stygian firebrand and with swelling vipers. It is a crime to hate a parent; *but* this love is a greater degree of wickedness than hatred. On every side worthy nobles are desiring thee *in marriage*, and throughout the whole East the youths come to the contest for thy bed. Choose out of all these one for thyself, Myrrha, so that, in all that number, there be not one person, *namely, thy father*.

“She, indeed, is sensible *of her criminality*, and struggles hard against her infamous passion, and says to herself, ‘Whither am I being carried away by my feelings? What am I attempting? Ibeseech you, Oye Gods, and natural affection, and ye sacred ties of parents, forbid this guilt: defend me from a crime so great! if, indeed, this be a crime. But yet the ties of parent and child are said not to forbid this *kind of union*; and other animals couple with no distinction. It is not considered shameful for the heifer to mate with her sire; his own daughter becomes the mate of the horse; the he-goat, too, consorts . with the flocks of which he is the father; and the bird conceives by him, from whose seed she herself was conceived. Happy they, to whom these things are allowed! The care of man has provided harsh laws, and what Nature permits, malignant ordinances forbid. *And* yet there are said to be nations in which both the mother is united to the son, and the daughter to the father, and natural affection is increased by a twofold passion. Ah, wretched me! that it was not my chance to be born there, *and that* I am injured by my lot *being cast* in this place! *but* why do I ruminate on these things? Forbidden hopes, begone! He is deserving to be beloved, but as a father *only*. Were I not, therefore, the daughter of the great Cinyras, with Cinyras I might be united. Now, because he is so much mine, he is not mine, and his very nearness *of relationship* is my misfortune.

““A stranger, I were more likely to succeed. I could wish to go far away hence, and to leave my native country, so I might *but* escape this crime. A fatal delusion detains me *thus* in love; that being present, I may look at Cinyras, and touch him, and talk with him, and give him kisses, if nothing more is allowed me. But canst thou hope for anything more, impious maid? and dost thou not perceive both how many laws, and *how many* names thou art confounding? Wilt

thou be both the rival of thy mother, and the harlot of thy father? Wilt thou be called the sister of thy son, and the mother of thy brother? and wilt thou not dread the Sisters that have black snakes for their hair, whom guilty minds see threatening their eyes and their faces with their relentless torches? But do not thou conceive criminality in thy mind, so long as thou hast suffered none in body, and violate not the laws of all-powerful Nature by forbidden embraces. Suppose he were to be compliant, the action itself forbids *thee*; but he is virtuous, and regardful of what is right. And yet, O that there were a like infatuation in him!

“*Thus* she says; but Cinyras, whom an honourable crowd of suitors is causing to be in doubt what he is to do, inquires of herself, as he repeats their names, of which husband she would . wish *to be the wife*. At first she is silent; and, fixing her eyes upon her father’s countenance, she is in confusion, and fills her eyes with the warm tears. Cinyras, supposing this to be *the effect* of virgin bashfulness, bids her not weep, and dries her cheeks, and gives her kisses. On these being given, Myrrha is too much delighted; and, being questioned what sort of a husband she would have, she says, ‘One like thyself.’ But he praises the answer not *really* understood by him, and says, ‘Ever be thus affectionate.’ On mention being made of affection, the maiden, conscious of her guilt, fixed her eyes on the ground.

“It is *now* midnight, and sleep has dispelled the cares, and *has eased* the minds of mortals. But the virgin daughter of Cinyras, kept awake, is preyed upon by an unconquerable flame, and ruminates upon her wild desires. And one while she despairs, and at another she resolves to try; and is both ashamed, and *yet* is desirous, and is not certain what she is to do; and, just as a huge tree, wounded by the axe, when the last stroke *now* remains, is in doubt, *as it were*, on which side it is to fall, and is dreaded in each direction; so does her mind, shaken by varying passions, waver in uncertainty, this way and that, and receives an impulse in either direction; *and* no limit or repose is found for her love, but death: ‘tis death that pleases her. She raises herself upright, and determines to insert her neck in a halter; and tying her girdle to the top of the door-post, she says, ‘Farewell, dear Cinyras, and understand the cause of my death;’ and *then* fits the

noose to her pale neck.

“They say that the sound of her words reached the attentive ears of her nurse, as she was guarding the door of her foster-child. The old woman rises, and opens the door; and, seeing the instruments of the death she has contemplated, at the same moment she cries aloud, and smites herself, and rends her bosom, and snatching the girdle from her neck, tears it to pieces. *And* then, at last, she has time to weep, then to give her embraces, and to inquire into the occasion for the halter. The maid is silent, *as . though* dumb, and, without moving, looks upon the earth; and *thus* detected, is sorry for her attempt at death in this slow manner. The old woman *still* urges her; and laying bare her grey hair, and her withered breasts, begs her, by her cradle and by her first nourishment, to entrust her with that which is causing her grief. She, turning from her as she asks, heaves a sigh. The nurse is determined to find it out, and not to promise her fidelity only. ‘Tell me,’ says she, ‘and allow me to give thee assistance; my old age is not an inactive one. If it is a frantic passion, I have the means of curing it with charms and herbs; if any one has hurt thee by spells, by magic rites shalt thou be cured; or if it is the anger of the Gods, that anger can be appeased by sacrifice. What more *than these* can I think of? No doubt thy fortunes and thy family are prosperous, and in the way of continuing so; thy mother and thy father are *still* surviving.’ Myrrha, on hearing her father’s *name*, heaves a sigh from the bottom of her heart. Nor, even yet, does her nurse apprehend in her mind any unlawful passion; *and* still she has a presentiment that it is something *connected with* love. Persisting in her purpose, she entreats her, whatever it is, to disclose it to her, and takes her, as she weeps, in her aged lap; and so embracing her in her feeble arms, she says, ‘Daughter, I understand it; thou art in love, and in this case (lay aside thy fears) my assiduity will be of service to thee; nor shall thy father ever be aware of it.’

“Furious, she sprang away from her bosom; and pressing the bed with her face, she said, ‘Depart, I entreat thee, and spare my wretched shame.’ Upon the other insisting, she said, ‘Either depart, or cease to inquire why it is I grieve; that which thou art striving to know, is impious.’ The old woman is struck with horror, and stretches forth her hands palsied both with years and with fear, and suppliantly falls

before the feet of her foster-child. And one while she soothes her, sometimes she terrifies her *with the consequences*, if she is not made acquainted with it; and *then* she threatens her with the discovery of the halter, *and* of her attempted destruction, and promises her good offices, if the passion is confided to her. She lifts up her head, and fills the breast of her nurse with tears bursting forth; and often endeavouring to confess, as often does she check her voice; and she covers her blushing face with her garments, and says, ‘O, mother, happy in thy husband!’ . Thus much *she says*; and *then* she sighs. Atrembling shoots through the chilled limbs and the bones of her nurse, for she understands her; and her white hoariness stands bristling with stiff hair all over her head; and she adds many a word to drive away a passion so dreadful, if *only* she can. But the maiden is well aware that she is not advised to a false step; still she is resolved to die, if she does not enjoy him whom she loves. ‘Live *then*,’ says *the nurse*, ‘thou shalt enjoy thy — —’ and, not daring to say ‘parent,’ she is silent; and *then* she confirms her promise with an oath.

“The pious matrons were *now* celebrating the annual festival of Ceres, on which, having their bodies clothed with snow-white robes, they offer garlands made of ears of corn, as the first fruits of the harvest; and for nine nights . they reckon embraces, and the contact of a husband, among the things forbidden. Cenchreïs, the king’s wife, is absent in that company, and attends the mysterious rites. Therefore, while his bed is without his lawful wife, the nurse, wickedly industrious, having found Cinyras overcome with wine, discloses to him a real passion, *but* under a feigned name, and praises the beauty *of the damsel*. On his enquiring the age of the maiden, she says, ‘She is of the same age as Myrrha.’ After she is commanded to bring her, and as soon as she has returned home, she says, ‘Rejoice, my fosterling, we have prevailed.’ The unhappy maid does not feel joy throughout her entire body, and her boding breast is sad. And still she does rejoice: so great is the discord in her mind.

“‘Twas the time when all things are silent, and Boötes had turned his wain with the pole obliquely directed among the Triones. She approaches to *perpetrate* her enormity. The golden moon flies from the heavens; black clouds conceal the hiding stars; the night is

deprived of its fires. Thou, Icarus, dost conceal thy rising countenance; and *thou*, Erigone, raised to the heavens through thy affectionate love for thy father. Three times was she recalled by the presage of her foot stumbling; thrice did the funereal owl give an omen by its dismal cry. Yet *onward* she goes, and the gloom and the dark night lessen her shame. In her left hand she holds that of her nurse, the other, by groping, explores the secret road. *And* now she is arrived at the door of the chamber; and now she opens the door; now she is led in; but her knees tremble beneath her sinking hams, her colour and her blood vanish; and her courage deserts her as she moves along. The nearer she is to *the commission* of her crime, the more she dreads it, and she repents of her attempt, and could wish to be able to return unknown. The old woman leads her on by the hand as she lingers, and when she has delivered her up on her approach to the lofty bed, she says, 'Take her, Cinyras, she is thy . own,' and *so* unites their doomed bodies. The father receives his own bowels into the polluted bed, and allays her virgin fears, and encourages her as she trembles. Perhaps, too, he may have called her by a name *suited to* her age, and she may have called him 'father,' that the *appropriate* names might not be wanting in this deed of horror. Pregnant by her father, she departs from the chamber, and, in her impiety, bears his seed in her incestuous womb, and carries *with her*, criminality in her conception. The ensuing night repeats the guilty deed; nor on that *night* is there an end. At last, Cinyras, after so many embraces, longing to know who is his paramour, on lights being brought in, discovers both the crime and his own daughter.

"His words checked through grief, he draws his shining sword from the scabbard as it hangs. Myrrha flies, rescued from death by the gloom and the favour of a dark night; and wandering along the wide fields, she leaves the Arabians famed for their palms, and the Panchæan fields. And she wanders during nine horns of the returning moon; when, at length, being weary, she rests in the Sabæan country, and with difficulty she supports the burden of her womb. Then, uncertain what to wish, and between the fear of death and weariness of life, she uttered such a prayer *as this*: 'Oye Deities, if any of you favour those who are penitent; I have deserved severe punishment, and I do not shrink from it. But that, neither existing, I may pollute

the living, nor dead, those who are departed, expel me from both these realms; and transforming me, deny me both life and death.' *Some Divinity ever* regards the penitent; at least, the last of her prayers found its Gods *to execute it*. For the earth closes over her legs as she speaks, and a root shoots forth obliquely through her bursting nails, *as* a firm support to her tall trunk. Her bones, too, become hard wood, and her marrow continuing in the middle, her blood changes into sap, her arms into great branches, her fingers into smaller ones; her skin grows hard with bark. And now the growing tree has run over her heavy womb, and has covered her breast, and . is ready to enclose her neck. She cannot endure delay, and sinks down to meet the approaching wood, and hides her features within the bark. Though she has lost her former senses together with her *human* shape, she still weeps on, and warm drops distil from the tree. There is a value even in her tears, and the myrrh distilling from the bark, retains the name of its mistress, and will be unheard-of in no *future* age.

“But the infant conceived in guilt grows beneath the wood, and seeks out a passage, by which he may extricate himself, having left his mother. Her pregnant womb swells in the middle of the tree. The burden distends the mother, nor have her pangs words of their own *whereby to express themselves*; nor can Lucina be invoked by her voice *while* bringing forth. Yet she is like one struggling *to be delivered*; and the bending tree utters frequent groans, and is moistened with falling tears. Gentle Lucina stands by the moaning boughs, and applies her hands, and utters words that promote delivery. The tree gapes open, in chinks, and through the cleft bark it discharges the living burden. The child cries; the Naiads, laying him on the soft grass, anoint him with the tears of his mother.

“Even Envy *herself* would have commended his face; for just as the bodies of naked Cupids are painted in a picture, such was he. But that their dress may not make any difference, either give to him or take away from them, the polished quivers.”

EXPLANATION.

Le Clerc, forming his ideas on what Lucian, Phurnutus, and other

authors have said on the subject, explains the story of Cinyras and Myrrha in the following manner. Cynnor, or Cinyras, the grandfather of Adonis, having one day drank to excess, fell asleep in a posture which violated the rules of decency. Mor, or Myrrha, his daughter-in-law, the wife of Ammon, together with her son Adonis, seeing him in that condition, acquainted her husband with her father's lapse. On his repeating this to Cinyras, the latter was so full of indignation, that he loaded Myrrha and Adonis with imprecations.

Loaded with the execrations of her father, Myrrha retired into Arabia, where she remained some time; and because Adonis passed some portion . of his youth there, the poets feigned that Myrrha was delivered of him in that country. Her transformation into a tree was only invented on account of the equivocal character of her name, 'Mor,' which meant in the Arabic language 'Myrrh.' It is very probable that the story was founded on a tradition among the Phœnicians of the history of Noah, and of the malediction which Ham drew on himself by his undutiful conduct towards his father.

FABLE IX.

Adonis is educated by the Naiads. His beauty makes a strong impression on the Goddess Venus, and, in her passion, she traverses the same wilds in pursuit of the youth, which his mother did, when flying from the wrath of her father. After chasing the wild beasts, she invites Adonis to a poplar shade, where she warns him of his danger in hunting lions, wild boars, and such formidable animals. On this occasion, too, she relates the adventures of Hippomenes and Atalanta. The beauty of the latter was such, that her charms daily attracted crowds of suitors. Having consulted the oracle, whether she shall marry, she is answered that a husband will certainly prove her destruction. On this, to avoid marrying, she makes it a rule to offer to run with her suitors, promising that she herself will be the prize of the victor, but only on condition that immediate death shall be the fate of those who are vanquished by her. As she excels in running, her design succeeds, and several suitors die in the attempt to win her. Hippomenes, smitten with her charms, is not daunted at their ill success; but boldly enters the lists, after imploring the aid of Venus.

Atalanta is struck with his beauty, and is much embarrassed, whether she shall yield to the charms of the youth, or to the dissuasions of the oracle. Hippomenes attracts her attention in the race, by throwing down some golden apples which Venus has given him, and then, reaching the goal before her, he carries off the reward of victory. Venus, to punish his subsequent ingratitude towards her, raises his desires to such a pitch, that he incurs the resentment of Cybele, by defiling her shrine with the embraces of his mistress; on which they are both transformed into lions, and thenceforth draw the chariot of the Goddess.

“Winged time glides on insensibly and deceives us; and there is nothing more fleeting than years. He, born of his own sister and of his grandfather, who, so lately enclosed in a tree, was so lately born, and but just now a most beauteous infant, is now a youth, now a man, *and* now more beauteous than he *was before*. *And* now he pleases even Venus, and revenges the flames of his mother, *kindled by her*. For, while the boy that wears the quiver is giving kisses to his mother, he . unconsciously grazes her breast with a protruding arrow. The Goddess, wounded, pushed away her son with her hand. The wound was inflicted more deeply than it seemed to be, and at first had deceived *even* herself. Charmed with the beauty of the youth, she does not now care for the Cytherian shores, nor does she revisit Paphos, surrounded with the deep sea, and Cnidos, abounding in fish, or Amathus, rich in metals.

“She abandons even the skies; him she *ever* attends; and she who has been always accustomed to indulge in the shade, and to improve her beauty, by taking care of it, wanders over the tops of mountains, through the woods, and over bushy rocks, bare to the knee and with her robes tucked up after the manner of Diana, and she cheers on the dogs, and hunts animals that are harmless prey, either the fleet hares, or the stag with its lofty horns, or the hinds; she keeps afar from the fierce boars, and avoids the ravening wolves, and the bears armed with claws, and the lions glutted with the slaughter of the herds. Thee, too, Adonis, she counsels to fear them, if she can aught avail by advising thee. And she says, “Be brave against those *animals* that fly; boldness is not safe against those that are bold. Forbear, youth, to be rash at my hazard, and attack not the wild beasts to which nature

has granted arms, lest thy *thirst for* glory should cost me dear. Neither thy age, nor thy beauty, nor *other* things which have made an impression on Venus, make any impression on lions and bristly boars, and the eyes and the tempers of wild beasts. The fierce boars carry lightning in their curving tusks; there is rage and fury unlimited in the tawny lions; and the *whole* race is odious to me.”

“Upon his asking, what is the reason, she says, ‘I will tell thee, and thou wilt be surprised at the prodigious result of a fault long since committed. But *this* toil to which I am unaccustomed has now fatigued me, and see! a convenient poplar invites us, by its shade, and the turf furnishes a couch. Here I am desirous to repose myself, together with . thee;’ and *forthwith* she rests herself on the ground, and presses at once the grass and himself. And with her neck reclining on the bosom of the youth, smiling, she thus says, and she mingles kisses in the midst of her words: —

“Perhaps thou mayst have heard how a certain damsel excelled the swiftest men in the contest of speed. That report was no idle tale; for she did excel them. Nor couldst thou have said, whether she was more distinguished in the merit of her swiftness, or in the excellence of her beauty. Upon her consulting the oracle about a husband, the God said to her, ‘Thou hast no need, Atalanta, of a husband; avoid obtaining a husband. And yet thou wilt not avoid it, and, while *still* living, thou wilt lose thyself.’ Alarmed with the response of the God, she lives a single life in the shady woods, and determinedly repulses the pressing multitude of her suitors with these conditions. ‘I am not,’ says she, ‘to be gained, unless first surpassed in speed. Engage with me in running. Both a wife and a wedding shall be given as the reward of the swift; death *shall be* the recompense of the slow. Let that be the condition of the contest.’ She, indeed, was cruel *in this proposal*; but (so great is the power of beauty) a rash multitude of suitors agreed to these terms. Hippomenes had sat, as a spectator, of this unreasonable race, and said, ‘Is a wife sought by any one, amid dangers so great?’ And *thus* he condemned the excessive ardour of the youths. *But* when he beheld her face, and her body with her clothes laid aside, such as mine is, or such as thine would be, *Adonis*, if thou wast to become a woman, he was astonished, and raising his hands, he said, ‘Pardon me, ye whom I was just now censuring; the

reward which you contended for was not yet known to me.'

"In commending her, he kindles the flame, and wishes that none of the young men may run more swiftly than she, and, in his envy, is apprehensive of it. 'But why,' says he, 'is my chance in this contest left untried? The Divinity himself assists the daring.' While Hippomenes is pondering such things within himself, the virgin flies with winged pace. Although she appears to the Aonian youth to go no less swiftly than the Scythian arrow, he admires her still more in her beauty, and the very speed makes her beauteous. The breeze that meets her bears back her pinions on her swift feet, and . her hair is thrown over her ivory shoulders and the leggings which are below her knees with their variegated border, and upon her virgin whiteness her body has contracted a blush; no otherwise than as when purple hangings over a whitened hall tint it with a shade of a similar colour. While the stranger is observing these things, the last course is run, and the victorious Atalanta is adorned with a festive crown. The vanquished utter sighs, and pay the penalty, according to the stipulation. Still, not awed by the end of these young men, he stands up in the midst; and fixing his eyes on the maiden, he says, 'Why dost thou seek an easy victory by conquering the inactive? Contend *now* with me. If fortune shall render me victorious, thou wilt not take it ill to be conquered by one so illustrious. For my father was Megareus, Onchestius his; Neptune was his grandsire; I am . the great grandson of the king of the waves. Nor is my merit inferior to my extraction. Or if I shall be conquered, in the conquest of Hippomenes thou wilt have a great and honourable name.'

"As he utters such words as these, the daughter of Schœneus regards him with a benign countenance, and is in doubt whether she shall wish to be overcome or to conquer; and thus she says: 'What Deity, afoe to the beauteous, wishes to undo this *youth*? and commands him, at the risk of a life *so* dear, to seek this alliance? In my own opinion, I am not of so great value. Nor *yet* am I moved by his beauty. Still, by this, too, I could be moved. But, 'tis because he is still a boy; 'tis not himself that affects me, but his age. And is it not, too, because he has courage and a mind undismayed by death? And is it not, besides, because he is reckoned fourth in descent from the *monarch* of the sea? And is it not, because he loves me, and thinks a

marriage with me of so much worth as to perish *for it*, if cruel fortune should deny me to him? Stranger, while *still* thou mayst, begone, and abandon an alliance stained with blood. A match with me is cruelly hazardous. No woman will be unwilling to be married to thee; and thou mayst be desired *even* by a prudent maid. But why have I any concern for thee, when so many have already perished? Let him look to it; *and* let him die, since he is not warned by the fate of so many of my wooers, and is impelled onwards to weariness of life.

“‘Shall he then die because he was desirous with me to live? And shall he suffer an undeserved death, the reward of his love? My victory will not be able to support the odium *of the deed*. But it is no fault of mine. I wish thou wouldst desist! or since thou art *thus* mad, would that thou wast more fleet *than I!* But what a feminine look there is in his youthful face! Ah, wretched Hippomenes, I would that I had not been seen by thee! Thou wast worthy to have lived! And if I had been more fortunate; and if the vexatious Divinities had not denied me *the blessings of marriage*, thou wast one with whom I could have shared my bed.’ Thus she said; and as one inexperienced, and smitten by Cupid for the first . time, not knowing what she is doing, she is in love, and *yet* does not know that she is in love.

“*And* now, both the people and her father, demanded the usual race, when Hippomenes, the descendant of Neptune, invoked me with anxious voice; ‘I entreat that Cytherea may favour my undertaking, and aid the passion that she has inspired *in me*.’ The breeze, not envious, wafted to me this tender prayer; I was moved, I confess it; nor was any long delay made in *giving aid*. There is a field, the natives call it by name the Tamasenian *field*, the choicest spot in the Cyprian land; this the elders of former days consecrated to me, and ordered to be added as an endowment for my temple. In the middle of this field a tree flourishes, with yellow foliage, *and* with branches tinkling with yellow gold. Hence, by chance as I was coming, I carried three golden apples, that I had plucked, in my hand; and being visible to none but him, I approached Hippomenes, and I showed him what *was to be* the use of them. The trumpets have *now* given the signal, when each *of them* darts precipitately from the starting place, and skims the surface of the sand with nimble feet.

You might have thought them able to pace the sea with dry feet, and to run along the ears of white standing corn *while* erect. The shouts and the applause of the populace give courage to the youth, and the words of those who exclaim, ‘Now, now, Hippomenes, is the moment to speed onward! make haste. Now use all thy strength! Away with delay! thou shalt be conqueror.’ It is doubtful whether the Megarean hero, or the virgin daughter of Schœneus rejoiced the most at these sayings. Ohow often when she could have passed by him, did she slacken her speed, and *then* unwillingly left behind the features that long she had gazed upon.

“A parched panting is coming from his faint mouth, and the goal is *still* a great way off. Then, at length, the descendant of Neptune throws one of the three products of the tree. The virgin is amazed, and from a desire for the shining fruit, she turns from her course, and picks up the rolling gold. Hippomenes passes her. The theatres ring with applause. She . makes amends for her delay, and the time that she has lost, with a swift pace, and again she leaves the youth behind. And, retarded by the throwing of a second apple, again she overtakes the *young* man, and passes by him. The last part of the race *now* remained. ‘*And now,*’ said he, ‘O Goddess, giver of this present, aid me;’ and *then* with youthful might, he threw the shining gold, in an oblique direction, on one side of the plain, in order that she might return the more slowly. The maiden seemed to be in doubt, whether she should fetch it; Iforced her to take it up, and added weight to the apple, when she had taken it up, and I impeded her, both by the heaviness of the burden, and the delay in reaching it. And that my narrative may not be more tedious than that race, the virgin was outrun, and the conqueror obtained the prize.

“And was I not, Adonis, deserving that he should return thanks to me, and the tribute of frankincense? but, in his ingratitude, he gave me neither thanks nor frankincense. I was thrown into a sudden passion; and provoked at being slighted, I provided by *making* an example, that I should not be despised in future times, and I aroused myself against them both. They were passing by a temple, concealed within a shady wood, which the famous Echion had formerly built for the Mother of the Gods, according to his vow; and the length of their journey moved them to take rest *there*. There, an unseasonable

desire of caressing *his wife* seized Hippomenes, excited by my agency. Near the temple was a recess, with *but* little light, like a cave, covered with native pumice stone, *one* sacred from ancient religious observance; where the priest had conveyed many a wooden image of the ancient Gods. This he entered, and he defiled the sanctuary by a forbidden crime. The sacred images turned away their eyes, and the Mother *of the Gods*, crowned with turrets, was in doubt whether she should plunge these guilty ones in the Stygian stream. That seemed *too* light a punishment. Wherefore yellow manes cover their necks so lately smooth; their fingers are bent into claws, of their shoulders are made fore-legs; their whole weight passes . into their breasts. The surface of the sand is swept by their tails. Their look has anger *in it*; instead of words they utter growls; instead of chambers they haunt the woods; and dreadful to others, *as* lions, they champ the bits of Cybele with subdued jaws. Do thou, beloved by me, avoid these, and together with these, all kinds of wild beasts which turn not their backs in flight, but their breasts to the fight; lest thy courage should be fatal to us both."

EXPLANATION.

The Atalanta who is mentioned in this story was the daughter of Schœneus, and the granddaughter of Athamas, whose misfortunes obliged him to retire into Bœotia, where he built a little town, which was called after his name, as we learn from Pausanias and Eustathius. Ovid omits to say that it was one of the conditions of the agreement, that the lover was to have the start in the race. According to some writers, the golden apples were from the gardens of the Hesperides; while, according to others, they were plucked by Venus in the isle of Cyprus. The story seems to be founded merely on the fact, that Hippomenes contrived by means of bribes to find the way to the favour of his mistress.

Apollodorus, however, relates the story in a different manner; he says that the father of Atalanta desiring to have sons, but no daughters, exposed her, on her birth, in a desert, that she might perish. Ashe-bear found the infant, and nourished it, until it was discovered by some hunters. As the damsel grew up, she made

hunting her favourite pursuit, and slew two Centaurs, who offered her violence, with her arrows. On her parents pressing her to marry, she consented to be the wife of that man only who could outrun her, on condition that those who were conquered by her in the race should be put to death. Several of her suitors having failed in the attempt, one of the name of Melanion, by using a similar stratagem to that attributed by Ovid to Hippomenes, conquered her in the race, and became her husband. Having profaned the temple of Jupiter, they were transformed, Melanion into a lion, and Atalanta into a lioness. According to Apollodorus, her father's name was Iasius, though in his first book he says she was the daughter of Schœneus. He also says that she was the same person that was present at the hunt of the Calydonian boar, though other writers represent them to have been different personages. Euripides makes Mænalus to have been the name of her father.

Atalanta had by Melanion, or, as some authors say, by Mars, a son named Parthenopæus, who was present at the Theban war. Ælian gives a long account of her history, which does not very much differ from the narrative of Apollodorus.

FABLE X.

Adonis being too ardent in the pursuit of a wild boar, the beast kills him, on which Venus changes his blood into a flower of crimson colour.

“She, indeed, *thus* warned him; and, harnessing her swans, winged her way through the air; but his courage stood in opposition to her advice. By chance, his dogs having followed its sure track, roused a boar, and the son of Cinyras pierced him, endeavouring to escape from the wood, with a wound from the side. Immediately the fierce boar, with his crooked snout, struck out the hunting-spear, stained with his blood, and *then* pursued him, trembling and seeking a safe retreat, and lodged his entire tusks in his groin, and stretched him expiring on the yellow sand.

“Cytherea, borne in her light chariot through the middle of the air, had not yet arrived at Cyprus upon the wings of her swans. She

recognized afar his groans, as he was dying, and turned her white birds in that direction. And when, from the lofty sky, she beheld him half dead, and bathing his body in his own blood, she rapidly descended, and rent both her garments and her hair, and she smote her breast with her distracted hands. And complaining of the Fates, she says, ‘But, however, all things shall not be in your power; the memorials of my sorrow, Adonis, shall ever remain; and the representation of thy death, repeated yearly, shall exhibit an imitation of my mourning. But thy blood shall be changed into a flower. Was it formerly allowed thee, Persephone, to change the limbs of a female into fragrant mint; and shall the hero, the son of Cinyras, *if* changed, be a cause of displeasure against me?’ Having thus said, she sprinkles his blood with odoriferous nectar, which, touched by it, effervesces, just as the transparent bubbles are wont to rise in rainy weather. Nor was there a pause longer than a full hour, when a flower sprang up from the blood, of the same colour *with it*, such as . the pomegranates are wont to bear, which conceal their seeds beneath their tough rind. Yet the enjoyment of it is but short-lived; for the same winds which give it a name, beat it down, as it has but a slender hold, and is apt to fall by reason of its extreme slenderness.”

EXPLANATION.

Theocritus, Bion, Hyginus, and Antoninus Liberalis, beside several other authors, relate the history of the loves of Venus and Adonis. They inform us of many particulars which Ovid has here neglected to remark. They say that Mars, jealous of the passion which Venus had for Adonis, implored the aid of Diana, who, to gratify his revenge, sent the boar that destroyed the youth. According to some writers, it was Apollo himself that took the form of that animal; and they say that Adonis descending to the Infernal Regions, Proserpine fell in love with him, and refused to allow him to return, notwithstanding the orders of Jupiter. On this, the king of heaven fearing to displease both the Goddesses, referred the dispute to the Muse Calliope, who directed that Adonis should pass one half of his time with Venus on earth, and the other half in the Infernal Regions. They also tell us that it took up a year before the dispute could be determined, and that the

Hours brought Adonis at last to the upper world, on which, Venus being dissatisfied with the decision of Calliope, instigated the women of Thrace to kill her son Orpheus.

The mythologists have considered this story to be based on grounds either historical or physical. Cicero, in his Discourse on the Nature of the Gods, says, that there were several persons who had the name of Venus, and that the fourth, surnamed Astarte, was a Syrian, who married Adonis, the son of Cinyras, king of Cyprus. Hunting in the forests of Mount Libanus, or Lebanon, he was wounded in the groin by a wild boar, which accident ultimately caused his death. Astarte caused the city of Byblos and all Syria to mourn for his loss; and, to keep his name and his sad fate in remembrance, established feasts in his honour, to be celebrated each year. Going still further, if we suppose the story to have originated in historical facts, it seems not improbable that Adonis did not die of his wound, and that, contrary to all expectation, he was cured; as the Syrians, after having mourned for several days during his festival, rejoiced as though he had been raised from the dead, at a second festival called 'The Return.' The worship both of Venus and Adonis probably originated in Syria, and was spread through Asia Minor into Greece; while the Carthaginians, a Phœnician colony introduced it into Sicily. The festival of Adonis is most amusingly described by Theocritus the Sicilian poet, in his 'Adoniazusæ.' Some authors have suggested that Adonis was the same with the Egyptian God Osiris, and that the affliction 378 of Venus represented that of Isis at the death of her husband. According to Hesiod, Adonis was the son of Phœnix and Alpheisibœa, while Panyasis says that he was son of Theias, the king of the Assyrians.

In support of the view which some commentators take of the story of Adonis having been founded on physical circumstance, we cannot do better than quote the able remarks of Mr. Keightley on the subject. He says (*Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*, p. 109) —"The tale of Adonis is apparently an Eastern mythus. His very name is Semitic (Hebrew 'Adon,' 'Lord'), and those of his parents also refer to that part of the world. He appears to be the same with the Thammuz, mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel, and to be a Phœnician personification of the sun who, during a part of the year is

absent, or, as the legend expresses it, with the Goddess of the under world: during the remainder with Astarte, the regent of heaven. It is uncertain when the Adonia were first celebrated in Greece; but we find Plato alluding to the gardens of Adonis, as boxes of flowers used in them were called; and the ill fortune of the Athenian expedition to Sicily was in part ascribed to the circumstance of the fleet having sailed during that festival.”

This notion of the mourning for Adonis being a testimony of grief for the absence of the Sun during the winter, is not, however, to be too readily acquiesced in. Lobeck (*Aglaophamus*, p.691), for example, asks, with some appearance of reason, why those nations whose heaven was mildest, and their winter shortest, should so bitterly bewail the regular changes of the seasons, as to feign that the Gods themselves were carried off or slain; and he shrewdly observes, that, in that case, the mournful and the joyful parts of the festival should have been held at different times of the year, and not joined together, as they were. He further inquires, whether the ancient writers, who esteemed these Gods to be so little superior to men, may not have believed them to have been really and not metaphorically put to death? And, in truth, it is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to these questions.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

FABLE I.

While Orpheus is singing to his lyre on Mount Rhodope, the women of Thrace celebrate their orgies. During that ceremony they take advantage of the opportunity to punish Orpheus for his indifference towards their sex; and, in the fury inspired by their rites, they beat him to death. His head and lyre are carried by the stream of the river Hebrus into the sea, and are cast on shore on the isle of Lesbos. Aserpent, about to attack the head when thrown on shore, is changed into a stone, and the Bacchanals who have killed him are transformed into trees.

While with songs such as these, the Thracian poet is leading the woods and the natures of savage beasts, and the following rocks, lo! the matrons of the Ciconians, having their raving breasts covered with the skins of wild beasts, from the summit of a hill, espy Orpheus adapting his voice to the sounded strings *of his harp*. One of these, tossing her hair along the light breeze, says, “See! see! here is our contemner!” and hurls her spear at the melodious mouth of the bard of Apollo: *but*, being wreathed at the end with leaves, it makes a mark without any wound. The weapon of another is a stone, which, when thrown, is overpowered in the very air by the harmony of his voice and his lyre, and lies before his feet, asuppliant, as it were, for an attempt so daring.

But still this rash warfare increases, and *all* moderation departs, and direful fury reigns *triumphant*. And *yet* all their weapons would have been conquered by his music; but the vast clamour, and the Berecynthian pipe with the blown horns, and the tambourines, and the clapping of hands, and Bacchanalian yells, prevented the sound of the lyre from being heard. . Then, at last, the stones became red with the blood of the bard, *now* no longer heard. But first the Mænades lay hands on innumerable birds, even yet charmed with his voice as he sang, and serpents, and a throng of wild beasts, the glory of *this* audience of Orpheus; and after that, they turn upon Orpheus with blood-stained right hands; and they flock together, as the birds,

if at any time they see the bird of night strolling about by day; *and* as when the stag that is doomed to die in the morning sand in the raised amphitheatre is a prey to the dogs; they both attack the bard, and hurl the thyrsi, covered with . green leaves, not made for such purposes as these. Some throw clods, some branches torn from trees, others flint stones. And that weapons may not be wanting for their fury, by chance some oxen are turning up the earth with the depressed ploughshare; and not far from thence, some strong-armed peasants, providing the harvest with plenteous sweat, are digging the hard fields; they, seeing this *frantic* troop, run away, and leave the implements of their labour; and there lie, dispersed throughout the deserted fields, harrows and heavy rakes, and long spades.

After they, in their rage, have seized upon these, and have torn to pieces the oxen with their threatening horns, they return to the destruction of the bard; and they impiously murder him, extending his hands, and then for the first time uttering words in vain, and making no effect on them with his voice. And (Oh Jupiter!) through those lips listened to by rocks, and understood by the senses of wild beasts, his life breathed forth, departs into the breezes. The mournful birds, the crowd of wild beasts, the hard stones, the woods that oft had followed thy song bewailed thee. Trees, *too*, shedding their foliage, mourned thee, losing their leaves. They say, *too*, that rivers swelled with their own tears; and the Naiads and Dryads had mourning garments of dark colour, and dishevelled hair. The limbs lie scattered in various places. Thou, Hebrus, dost receive the head and the lyre; and (wondrous *to relate*!) while it rolls down the midst of the stream, the lyre complains in I know not what kind of mournful strain. His lifeless tongue, *too*, utters a mournful sound, *to which* the banks mournfully reply. And now, borne onward to the sea, they leave their native stream, and reach the shores of Methymnæan Lesbos. Here an infuriated serpent attacks the head thrown up on the foreign sands, and the hair besprinkled with the oozing blood. At last Phœbus comes to its aid, and drives it away as it tries to inflict its sting, and hardens the open jaws of the serpent . into stone, and makes solid its gaping mouth just as it is. His ghost descends under the earth, and he recognizes all the spots which he has formerly seen; and seeking Eurydice through the fields of the

blessed, he finds her, and enfolds her in his eager arms. Here, one while, they walk together side by side, and at another time he follows her as she goes before, and *again* at another time, walking in front, precedes her; and now, in safety, Orpheus looks back upon his own Eurydice.

Yet Lyæus did not suffer this wickedness to go unpunished; and grieving for the loss of the bard of his sacred rites, he immediately fastened down in the woods, by a twisting root, all the Edonian matrons who had committed this crime. For he drew out the toes of her feet, just as each one had pursued him, and thrust them by their sharp points into the solid earth. And, as when a bird has entangled its leg in a snare, which the cunning fowler has concealed, and perceives that it is held fast, it beats its wings, and, fluttering, tightens the noose with its struggles; so, as each one of these had stuck fast, fixed in the ground, in her alarm, she attempted flight in vain; but the pliant root held her fast, and confined her, springing forward *to escape*. And while she is looking where her toes are, where, *too*, are her feet and her nails, she sees wood growing up upon her well-turned legs. Endeavouring, too, to smite her thigh, with grieving right hand, she strikes solid oak; her breast, too, becomes oak; her shoulders are oak. You would suppose that her extended arms are real boughs, and you would not be deceived in *so* supposing.

EXPLANATION.

Some of the ancient mythologists say that the story of the serpent, changed into stone for insulting the head of Orpheus, was founded on the history of a certain inhabitant of the isle of Lesbos, who was punished for attacking the reputation of Orpheus. This critic excited contempt, as a malignant and ignorant person, who endeavoured, as it were, to sting the character of the deceased poet, and therefore, by way of exposing his spite and stupidity, he was said to have been changed from a serpent into a stone. According to Philostratus, the poet's head was preserved in the temple of Apollo at Lesbos; and he tells us that Diomedes, and . Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, brought Philoctetes to Troy, after having explained to him the

oracular response which the head of Orpheus had given to him from the bottom of a cave at Lesbos.

The harp of Orpheus was preserved in the same temple; and so many wonders were reported of it, that Neanthus, the son of the tyrant Pytharus, purchased it of the priests of Apollo, believing that its sound would be sufficient to put rocks and trees in motion; but, according to Lucian, he succeeded so ill, that on his trying the harp, the dogs of the neighbouring villages fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

The transformation of the women of Thrace into trees, for the murder of Orpheus, is probably an allegory intended to show that these furious and ill-conditioned females did not escape punishment for their misdeeds; and that they were driven by society to pass the rest of their lives in woods and caverns.

FABLE II.

Bacchus, having punished the Thracian women for the murder of Orpheus, leaves Thrace. His tutor, Silenus, having become intoxicated, loses his companions, and is brought by some Phrygian peasants to Midas. He sends him to Bacchus, on which the God, in acknowledgment of his kindness, promises him whatever favour he may desire. Midas asks to be able to turn everything that he touches into gold. This power is granted; but, soon convinced of his folly, Midas begs the God to deprive him of it, on which he is ordered to bathe in the river Pactolus. He obeys the God, and communicates the power which he possesses to the stream; from which time that river has golden sands.

And this is not enough for Bacchus. He resolves to forsake the country itself, and, with a superior train, he repairs to the vineyards of his own Tymolus, and Pactolus; although it was not golden at that time, nor to be coveted for its precious sands. The usual throng, *both* Satyrs and Bacchanals, surround him, but Silenus is away. The Phrygian rustics took him, as he was staggering with age and wine, and, bound with garlands, they led him to *their* king, Midas, to whom, together with the Cecropian Eumolpus, the Thracian Orpheus had intrusted the *mysterious* orgies of *Bacchus*. Soon as he

recognized this associate . and companion of these rites, he hospitably kept a festival on the coming of this guest, for twice five days, and *as many* nights joined in succession.

“And now the eleventh Lucifer had closed the lofty host of the stars, when the king came rejoicing to the Lydian lands, and restored Silenus to the youth, his foster-child. To him the God, being glad at the recovery of his foster-father, gave the choice of desiring a favour, pleasing, *indeed*, but useless, *as it turned out*. He, destined to make a foolish use of the favour, says, ‘Cause that whatever I shall touch with my body shall be turned into yellow gold.’ Liber assents to his wish, and grants him the hurtful favour, and is grieved that he has not asked for something better. The Berecynthian hero departs joyful, and rejoices in his own misfortune, and tries the truth of his promise by touching everything. And, hardly believing himself, he pulls down a twig from a holm-oak, growing on a bough not lofty; the twig becomes gold. He takes up a stone from the ground; the stone, too, turns pale with gold. He touches a clod, also; by his potent touch the clod becomes a mass *of gold*. He plucks some dry ears of corn, that wheat is golden. He holds an apple taken from a tree, you would suppose that the Hesperides had given it. If he places his fingers upon the lofty door-posts, *then* the posts are seen to glisten. When, too, he has washed his hands in the liquid stream, the water flowing from his hands might have deceived Danaë. He scarcely can contain his own hopes in his mind, imagining everything to be of gold. As he is *thus* rejoicing, his servants set before him a table supplied with dainties, and not deficient in parched corn. But then, whether he touches the gifts of Ceres with his right hand, the gifts of Ceres, *as gold*, become hard; or if he attempts to bite the dainties with hungry teeth, those dainties, upon the application of his teeth, shine as yellow plates of gold. *Bacchus*, the grantor of this favour, he mingles with pure water; you could see liquid gold flowing through his jaws.

“Astonished at the novelty of his misfortune, being both rich and wretched, he wishes to escape from his wealth, and *now* he hates what but so lately he has wished for; no plenty relieves his hunger, dry thirst parches his throat, and he is deservedly tormented . by the *now* hated gold; and raising his hands towards heaven, and his shining arms, he says, “Grant me pardon, father Lenæus; I have done

wrong, but have pity on me, I pray, and deliver me from this specious calamity!" Bacchus, the gentle Divinity among the Gods, restored him, as he confessed that he had done wrong, *to his former state*, and annulled his given promise, and the favour that was granted: "And that thou mayst not remain overlaid with thy gold, so unhappily desired, go," said he, "to the river adjoining to great Sardis, and trace thy way, meeting the waters as they fall from the height of the mountain, until thou comest to the rise of the stream. And plunge thy head beneath the bubbling spring, where it bursts forth most abundantly, and at once purge thy body, at once thy crime." The king placed himself beneath the waters prescribed; the golden virtue tinged the river, and departed from the human body into the stream. And even now, the fields, receiving the ore of this ancient vein *of gold*, are hard, growing of pallid colour, from their clods imbibing the gold.

EXPLANATION.

The ancients divided the Divinities into several classes, and in the last class, which Ovid calls the populace, or commonalty of the Gods, were the Satyrs and Sileni. The latter, according to Pausanias, were no other than Satyrs of advanced age. There seems, however, to have been one among them, to whom the name of Silenus was especially given, and to him the present story relates. According to Pindar and Pausanias he was born at Malea, in Laconia; while Theopompus, quoted by Ælian, represents him as being the son of a Nymph. He was inferior to the higher Divinities, but superior to man, in not being subject to mortality. He was represented as bald, flat-nosed, and red-faced, a perfect specimen of a drunken old man. He is often introduced either sitting on an ass, or reeling along on foot, with a thyrsus to support him.

He was said to have tended the education of the infant Bacchus, and indeed, according to the author whose works are quoted as those of Orpheus, he was an especial favourite of the Gods; while some writers represent him not as a drunken old man, but as a learned philosopher and a skilful commander. Lucian combines the two characters, and describes him as an aged man with large straight ears

and a huge belly, wearing yellow clothes, and generally mounted on an ass, or supported by a staff, but, nevertheless, as being a skilful general. Hyginus says, that the Phrygian peasants found Midas near a fountain, into which, 386 according to Xenophon, some one had put wine, which had made him drunk. In his interview with Midas, according to Theopompus, as quoted by Ælian, they had a conversation concerning that unknown region of the earth, to which Plato refers under the name of the New Atlantis, and which, after long employing the speculations of the ancient philosophers, was realized to the moderns in the discovery of America. The passage is sufficiently curious to deserve to be quoted. He says, “Asia, Europe, and Libya, are but three islands, surrounded by the ocean; but beyond that ocean there is a vast continent, whose bounds are entirely unknown to us. The men and the animals of that country are much larger, and live much longer than those of this part of the world. Their towns are fine and magnificent; their customs are different from ours; and they are governed by different laws. They have two cities, one of which is called ‘the Warlike,’ and the other ‘the Devout.’ The inhabitants of the first city are much given to warfare, and make continual attacks upon their neighbours, whom they bring under their subjection. Those who inhabit the other city are peaceable, and blessed with plenty; the earth without toil or tillage furnishing them with abundance of the necessaries of life. Except their sick, they all live in the midst of riches and continual festivity and pleasure; but they are so just and righteous that the Gods themselves delight to go frequently and pass their time among them.

“The warlike people of the first city having extended their conquests in their own vast continent, made an irruption into ours, with a million of men, as far as the country of the Hyperboreans; but when they saw their mode of living, they deemed them to be unworthy of their notice, and returned home. These warriors rarely die of sickness; they delight in warfare, and generally lose their lives in battle. There is also in this new world another numerous people called Meropes; and in their country is a place called ‘Anostus,’ that is to say, ‘not to be repassed,’ because no one ever comes back from thence. It is a dreadful abyss, having no other than a reddish sort of light. There are two rivers in that place; one called the River of

Sorrow, and the other the River of Mirth. Trees as large as planes grow about these rivers. Those who eat of the fruit of the trees growing near the River of Sorrow, pass their lives in affliction, weeping continually, even to their last breath; but such as eat of the fruit of the other trees, forget the past, and revert through the different stages of their life, and then die.”

Ælian regards the passage as a mere fable, and the latter part is clearly allegorical. The mention of the two cities, ‘the Warlike’ and ‘the Devout,’ can hardly fail to remind us of Japan, with its spiritual and temporal capitals.

Some writers say, that Silenus was the king of Caria, and was the contemporary and friend of Midas, to whom his counsel proved of considerable service, in governing his dominions. He was probably called the foster-father or tutor, of Bacchus, because he introduced his worship into Phrygia and the neighbouring countries.

FABLE III.

Pan is so elated with the praises of some Nymphs who hear the music of his pipe, that he presumes to challenge Apollo to play with him. The mountain God, Tmolus, who is chosen umpire of the contest, decides in favour of Apollo, and the whole company approve of his judgment except Midas, who, for his stupidity in preferring Pan, receives a pair of asses’ ears. He carefully conceals them till they are discovered by his barber, who publishes his deformity in a very singular manner.

He, abhorring riches, inhabited the woods and the fields, and *followed* Pan, who always dwells in caves of the mountains; but his obtuse understanding still remained, and the impulse of his foolish mind was fated again, as before, to be an injury to its owner. For the lofty Tmolus, looking far and wide over the sea, stands erect, steep with its lofty ascent; and extending in its descent on either side, is bounded on the one side by Sardis, on the other by the little Hypæpæ.

While Pan is there boasting of his strains to the charming Nymphs, and is warbling a little tune upon the reeds joined with wax,

daring to despise the playing of Apollo in comparison with his own, he comes to the unequal contest under the arbitration of Tmolus. The aged umpire seats himself upon his own mountain, and frees his ears of the *incumbering* trees. His azure-coloured hair is only covered with oak, and acorns hang around his hollow temples. And looking at the God of the flocks, he says, “there is no delay in *me*, your umpire.” He sounds his rustic reeds, and delights Midas with his uncouth music; for he, by chance, is present as he plays. After this the sacred Tmolus turns his face towards the countenance of Apollo; his words follow *the direction of* his face. He, having his yellow head wreathed with Parnassian laurel, sweeps the ground with his robe, soaked in Tyrian purple, and supports with his left hand his lyre, adorned with gems and Indian ivory; the other hand holds the plectrum. The very posture . is that of an artist. He then touches the strings with a skilful thumb; charmed by the sweetness of which, Tmolus bids Pan to hold his reeds in submission to the lyre; and the judgment and decision of the sacred mountain pleases them all. Yet it is blamed, and is called unjust by the voice of Midas alone. But the Delian *God* does not allow his stupid ears to retain their human shape: but draws them out to a *great* length, and he fills them with grey hairs, and makes them unsteady at the lower part, and gives them the power of moving. The rest *of his body* is that of a man; in one part alone is he condemned *to punishment*; and he assumes the ears of the slowly moving ass.

He, indeed, concealed them, and endeavoured to veil his temples, laden with this foul disgrace, with a purple turban. But a servant, who was wont to cut his hair, when long, with the steel *scissars*, saw it; who, when he did not dare disclose the disgraceful thing he had seen, though desirous to publish it, and yet could not keep it secret, retired, and dug up the ground, and disclosed, in a low voice, what kind of ears he had beheld on his master, and whispered it to the earth cast up. And *then* he buried this discovery of his voice with the earth thrown in again, and, having covered up the ditch, departed in silence.

There, a grove, thick set with quivering reeds, began to rise; and as soon as it came to maturity, after a complete year, it betrayed its planter. For, moved by the gentle South wind, it repeated the words

there buried, and disclosed the ears of his master.

EXPLANATION.

Midas, according to Pausanias, was the son of Gordius and Cybele, and reigned in the Greater Phrygia. Strabo says that he and his father kept their court near the river Sangar, in cities which, in the time of that author had become mean villages. As Midas was very rich, and at the same time very frugal, it was reported that whatever he touched was at once turned into gold; and Bacchus was probably introduced into his story, because Midas had favoured the introduction of his worship, and was consequently supposed to have owed his success to the good offices of that Divinity. He was probably the first who extracted gold from the sands of the river Pactolus, and in that circumstance the story may have originated. Strabo says that Midas found the treasures which he possessed in the mines of Mount Bermius. It was said that in his infancy some ants were seen to creep into his cradle, and to put grains of wheat in his mouth, which was supposed to portend that he would be rich and frugal.

As he was very stupid and ignorant, the fable of his preference of the music of Pan to that of Apollo was invented, to which was added, perhaps, as a mark of his stupidity, that the God gave him a pair of asses' ears. The scholiast of Aristophanes, to explain the story, says either it was intended to shew that Midas, like the ass, was very quick of hearing, or in other words, had numerous spies in all parts of his dominions; or, it was invented, because his usual place of residence was called Onouta, ὄνον ὦτα, 'the ears of an ass.' Strabo says that he took a draught of warm bullock's blood, from the effects of which he died; and, according to Plutarch, he did so to deliver himself from the frightful dreams with which he was tormented.

Tmolus, the king of Lydia, according to Clitophon, was the son of Mars and the Nymph Theogene, or, according to Eustathius, of Sipylus and Eptonia. Having violated Arriphe, a Nymph of Diana, he was, as a punishment, tossed by a bull, and falling on some sharp pointed stakes, he lost his life, and was buried on the mountain that

afterwards bore his name.

FABLE IV.

Apollo and Neptune build the walls of Troy for king Laomedon, who refuses to give the Gods the reward which he has promised: on which Neptune punishes his perjury by an inundation of his country. Laomedon is then obliged to expose his daughter to a sea monster, in order to appease the God. Hercules delivers her; and Laomedon defrauds him likewise of the horses which he has promised him. In revenge, Hercules plunders the city of Troy, and carries off Hesione, whom he gives in marriage to his companion Telamon.

The son of Latona, having *thus* revenged himself, departs from Tmolus, and, borne through the liquid air, rests on the plains of Laomedon, on this side of the narrow sea of Helle, the daughter of Nephele. On the right hand of Sigæum and on the left of the lofty Rhœtæum, there is an ancient altar dedicated to the Panomphæan Thunderer. Thence, he sees Laomedon *now* first building the walls of rising Troy, and that this great undertaking is growing up with difficult labour, and requires no small resources. And *then*, with the trident-bearing father of the raging deep, he assumes a mortal form, and for the Phrygian king they build the walls, asum of gold being agreed on for the defences.

The work is *now* finished; the king refuses the reward, and, as a completion of his perfidy, adds perjury to his false words. “Thou shalt not escape unpunished,” says the king of the sea; and he drives all his waters towards the shores of covetous Troy. He turns the land, too, into the form of the sea, and carries off the wealth of the husbandmen, and overwhelms the fields with waves. Nor is this punishment sufficient: the daughter of the king, is also demanded for a sea monster. Chained to the rugged rocks, Alcides delivers her, and demands the promised reward, the horses agreed upon; and the recompense of so great a service being denied him, he captures the twice-perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor does Telamon, asharer in the warfare, come off without honour; and he obtains Hesione, who is given to him.

But Peleus was distinguished by a Goddess for his wife; nor was he more proud of the name of his grandfather than that of his father-in-law. Since, not to his lot alone did it fall to be the grandson of Jove; to him alone, was a Goddess given for a wife.

EXPLANATION.

Laomedon, being King of Troy, and the city being open and defenceless, he undertook to enclose it with walls, and succeeded so well, that the work was attributed to Apollo. The strong banks which he was obliged to raise to keep out the sea and to prevent inundations, were regarded as the work of Neptune. In time, these banks being broken down by tempests, it was reported that the God of the sea had thus revenged himself on Laomedon, for refusing him the reward which had been agreed upon between them. This story received the more ready credit from the circumstance mentioned by Herodotus and Eustathius, that this king used the treasure belonging to the temple of Neptune, in raising these embankments, and building the walls of his city; having promised the priests to restore it when he should be in a condition to do so; which promise he never performed. Homer says that Neptune and Apollo tended the flocks while all the subjects of Laomedon were engaged in building the walls.

When these embankments were laid under water, and a plague began to rage within the city, the Trojans were told by an oracle that to appease the God of the sea, they must sacrifice a virgin of the royal blood. The lot fell upon Hesione, and she was exposed to the fury of a sea-monster. Hercules offered to deliver her for a reward of six horses, . and having succeeded, was refused his recompense by Laomedon; whom he slew, and then plundered his city. He then gave the kingdom to Podarces, the son of Laomedon, and Hesione to his companion Telamon, who had assisted him. This monster was probably an allegorical representation of the inundations of the sea; and Hesione having been made the price of him that could succeed in devising a remedy, she was said to have been exposed to the fury of a monster. The six horses promised by Laomedon were perhaps so many ships, which Hercules demanded for his recompense; and this is the more likely, as the ancients said that these horses were so light

and swift, that they ran upon the waves, which story seems to point at the qualities of a galley or ship under sail.

Lycophron gives a more wonderful version of the story. He says that the monster, to which Hesione was exposed, devoured Hercules, and that he was three days in its belly, and came out, having lost all his hair. This is, probably, away of telling us that Hercules and his assistants were obliged to work in the water, which incommoded them very much. Palæphatus gives another explanation: he says that Hesione was about to be delivered up to a pirate, and that Hercules, on boarding his ship, was wounded, although afterwards victorious.

FABLES V. AND VI.

Proteus foretells that Thetis shall have a son, who shall be more powerful than his father, and shall exceed him in valour. Jupiter, who is in love with Thetis, is alarmed at this prediction, and yields her to Peleus. The Goddess flies from his advances by assuming various shapes, till, by the advice of Proteus, he holds her fast, and then having married her, she bears Achilles. Peleus goes afterwards to Ceyx, king of Trachyn, to expiate the death of his brother Phocus, whom he has killed. Ceyx is in a profound melancholy, and tells him how his brother Dædalion, in the transports of his grief for his daughter Chione, who had been slain for vying with Diana, has been transformed into a hawk. During this relation, Peleus is informed that a wolf which Psamathe has sent to revenge the death of Phocus, is destroying his herds. He endeavours to avert the wrath of the Goddess, but she is deaf to his entreaties, till, by the intercession of Thetis, she is appeased, and she turns the wolf into stone.

For the aged Proteus had said to Thetis, “Goddess of the waves, conceive; thou shalt be the mother of a youth, who by his gallant actions shall surpass the deeds of his father, and shall be called greater than he.” Therefore, lest the world might contain something greater than Jove, although he had felt no gentle flame in his breast, Jupiter avoided the embraces of Thetis, *the Goddess* of the sea, and commanded his grandson, . the son of Æacus, to succeed to his own pretensions, and rush into the embraces of the ocean maid. There is a bay of Hæmonia, curved into a bending arch; its arms project out;

there, were the water *but* deeper, there would be a harbour, *but* the sea is *just* covering the surface of the sand. It has a firm shore, which retains not the impression of the foot, nor delays the step *of the traveller*, nor is covered with sea-weeds. There is a grove of myrtle at hand, planted with particoloured berries. In the middle there is a cave, whether formed by nature or art, it is doubtful; still, by art rather. To this, Thetis, thou wast wont often to come naked, seated on thy harnessed dolphin. There Peleus seized upon thee, as thou wast lying fast bound in sleep; and because, being tried by entreaties, thou didst resist, he resolved upon violence, clasping thy neck with both his arms. And, unless thou hadst had recourse to thy wonted arts, by frequently changing thy shape, he would have succeeded in his attempt. But, at one moment, thou wast a bird (still, as a bird he held thee fast); at another time a large tree: to *that* tree did Peleus cling. Thy third form was that of a spotted tiger; frightened by that, the son of Æacus loosened his arms from thy body.

Then pouring wine upon its waters, he worshipped the Gods of the sea, both with the entrails of sheep and with the smoke of frankincense; until the Carpathian prophet said, from the middle of the waves, “Son of Æacus, thou shalt gain the alliance desired by thee. Do thou only, when she shall be resting fast asleep in the cool cave, bind her unawares with cords and tenacious bonds. And let her not deceive thee, by imitating a hundred forms; but hold her fast, whatever she shall be, until she shall reassume the form which she had before.” Proteus said this, and hid his face in the sea, and received his own waves at his closing words. Titan was *now* descending, and, with the pole of his chariot bent downward, was taking possession of the Hesperian main; when the beautiful Nereid, leaving the deep, entered her wonted place of repose. Hardly had Peleus well seized the virgin’s limbs, *when* she changed her shape, until she perceived her limbs to be held fast, and her arms to be extended different ways. Then, at last, she sighed, and said, “Not without *the aid of* a Divinity, dost thou overcome me;” and then she appeared *as Thetis again*. The hero embraced her *thus* revealed, and enjoyed his wish, and by her was the father of great Achilles.

And happy was Peleus in his son, happy, too, in his wife, and one to whose lot all *blessings* had fallen, if you except the crime of his

killing Phocus. The Trachinian land received him guilty of his brother's blood, and banished from his native home. Here Ceyx, sprung from Lucifer for his father, and having the comeliness of his sire in his face, held the sway without violence and without bloodshed, who, being sad at that time and unlike his *former* self, lamented the loss of his brother. After the son of Æacus, wearied, both with troubles and the length of the journey, has arrived there, and has entered the city with a few attending him, and has left the flocks of sheep and the herds which he has brought with him, not far from the walls, in a shady valley; when an opportunity is first afforded him of approaching the prince, extending the symbols of peace with his suppliant hand, he tells him who he is, and from whom descended. He only conceals his crime, and, dissembling as to the *true* reason of his banishment, he entreats *him* to aid him *by a reception* either in his city or in his territory. On the other hand, the Trachinian *prince* addresses him with gentle lips, in words such as these: "Peleus, our bounties are open even to the lowest ranks, nor do I hold an inhospitable sway. To this my inclination, thou bringest in addition as powerful inducements, an illustrious name, and Jupiter as thy grandsire. And do not lose thy time in entreaty; all that thou askest thou shalt have. Look upon all these things, whatever thou seest, as in part thy own: would that thou couldst behold them in better condition!" and *then* . he weeps. Pelcus and his companions enquire what it is that occasions grief so great. To them he *thus* speaks: —

"Perhaps you may think that this bird, which lives upon prey, and affrights all the birds, always had wings. It was a man; and as great is the vigour of its courage, as he *who was* Dædalion by name was active, and bold in war, and ready for violence; *he was* sprung from him, for his father, who summons forth Aurora, and withdraws the last from the heavens. Peace was cherished by me; the care of maintaining peace and my marriage contract was mine; cruel warfare pleased my brother; that prowess of his subdued both kings and nations, which, changed, now chases the Thisbean doves. Chione was his daughter, who, highly endowed with beauty, was pleasing to a thousand suitors, when marriageable at the age of twice seven years. By chance Phœbus, and the son of Maia, returning, the one

from his own Delphi, the other from the heights of Cyllene, beheld her at the same moment, and at the same moment were inspired with passion. Apollo defers his hope of enjoyment until the hours of night; the other brooks no delay, and with his wand, that causes sleep, touches the maiden's face. At the potent touch she lies entranced, and suffers violence from the God. Night has *now* bespangled the heavens with stars; Phœbus personates an old woman, and takes those delights before enjoyed *in imagination*. When her mature womb had completed the *destined* time, Autolycus was born, acrafty offspring of the stock of the God with winged feet, ingenious at every kind of theft, *and* who used, not degenerating from his father's skill, to make white out of black, and black out of white. From Phœbus was born (for she brought forth twins) Philammon, famous for his tuneful song, and for his lyre.

“*But* what avails it for her to have brought forth two children, and to have been pleasing to two Gods, and to have sprung from a valiant father, and the Thunderer as her ancestor? . Is even glory *thus* prejudicial to many? To her, at least, it was a prejudice; who dared to prefer herself to Diana, and decried the charms of the Goddess. But violent wrath was excited in her, and she said, ‘We will please her by our deeds.’ And there was no delay: she bent her bow, and let fly an arrow from the string, and pierced with the reed the tongue that deserved it. The tongue was silent; nor did her voice, and the words which she attempted *to utter, now* follow; and life, with her blood, left her, as she endeavoured to speak. Oh hapless affection! What pain did I *then* endure in my heart, as her uncle, and what consolations did I give to my affectionate brother? These the father received no otherwise than rocks do the murmurs of the ocean, and he bitterly lamented his daughter *thus* snatched from him. But when he beheld her burning, four times had he an impulse to rush into the midst of the pile; thence repulsed, four times did he commit his swift limbs to flight, and, like an ox, bearing upon his galled neck the stings of hornets, he rushed where there was no path. Already did he seem to me to run faster than a human being, and you would have supposed that his feet had assumed wings. Therefore he outran all; and, made swift by the desire for death, he gained the heights of Parnassus.

“Apollo pitying him, when Dædalion would have thrown himself from the top of the rock, made him into a bird, and supported him, hovering *in the air* upon *these* sudden wings; and he gave him a curved beak, and crooked claws on his talons, his former courage, and strength greater *in proportion* than his body; and, now *become* a hawk, sufficiently benignant to none, he rages *equally* against all birds; and grieving *himself*, becomes the cause of grief to others.”

While the son of Lucifer is relating these wonders about his brother, hastening with panting speed, Phocæan Antenor, the keeper of his herds, runs up to him. “Alas, Peleus! Peleus!” says he, “I am the messenger to thee of a great calamity;” and *then* Peleus bids him declare whatever news it is that he has brought; and the Trachinian hero himself is in suspense, and trembles through apprehension. The other tells *his story*: “I had driven the weary bullocks to the winding shore, when . the Sun at his height, in the midst of his course, could look back on as much of it as he could see to be *now* remaining; and a part of the oxen had bent their knees on the yellow sands, and, as they lay, viewed the expanse of the wide waters; some, with slow steps, were wandering here and there; others were swimming, and appearing with their lofty necks above the waves. A temple is hard by the sea, adorned neither with marble nor with gold, but *made* of solid beams, and shaded with an ancient grove; the Nereids and Nereus possess it. Asailor, while he was drying his nets upon the shore, told us that these were the Gods of the temple. Adjacent to this is a marsh, planted thickly with numerous willows, which the water of the stagnating waves of the sea has made into a swamp. From that spot, a huge monster, a wolf, roaring with a loud bellowing, alarms the neighbouring places, and comes forth from the thicket of the marsh, *both* having his thundering jaws covered with foam and with clotted blood, *and* his eyes suffused with red flame. Though he was raging both with fury and with hunger, still was he more excited by fury; for he did not care to satisfy his hunger by the slaughter of the oxen, and to satiate his dreadful appetite, but he mangled the whole herd, and, like a true foe, pulled each *to the ground*. Some, too, of ourselves, while we were defending them, wounded with his fatal bite, were killed. The shore and the nearest waves were red with blood, and the fens were filled with the lowings *of the herd*. But delay is dangerous,

and the case does not allow us to hesitate: while anything is *still* left, let us all unite, and let us take up arms, arms, *Isay*, and in a body let us bear weapons.”

Thus speaks the countryman. And the loss does not affect Peleus; but, remembering his crime, he considers that the bereaved Nereid has sent these misfortunes of his, as an offering to the departed Phocus. The Cætæan king commands his men to put on their armour, and to take up stout weapons; together with whom, he himself is preparing to go. But Halcyone, his wife, alarmed at the tumult, runs out, and not yet having arranged all her hair, even that which is *arranged* she throws in disorder; and clinging to the neck of her husband, she entreats him, both with words and tears, to send assistance without himself, and *so* to save two lives in one. . The son of Æacus says to her, “Oqueen, lay aside thy commendable and affectionate fears; the kindness of thy proposal is *too great for me*. It does not please me, that arms should be employed against this new monster. The Divinity of the sea must be adored.” There is a lofty tower; afire *is* upon the extreme summit, aplace grateful to wearied ships. They go up there, and with sighs they behold the bulls lying scattered upon the sea shore, and the cruel ravager with blood-stained mouth, having his long hair stained with gore. Peleus, thence extending his hands towards the open sea, entreats the azure Psamathe to lay aside her wrath, and to give him her aid. But she is not moved by the words of the son of Æacus, thus entreating. Thetis, interceding on behalf of her husband, obtains that favour *for him*.

But still the wolf persists, not recalled from the furious slaughter, *and* keenly urged by the sweetness of the blood; until she changes him into marble, as he is fastening on the neck of a mangled heifer. His body preserves every thing except its colour. The colour of the stone shows that he is not now a wolf, and ought not now to be feared. Still, the Fates do not permit the banished Peleus to settle in this land: the wandering exile goes to the Magnetes, and there receives from the Hæmonian Acastus an expiation of the murder.

Thetis being a woman of extraordinary beauty, it is not improbable, that in the Epithalamia that were composed on her marriage, it was asserted, that the Gods had contended for her hand, and had been forced to give way, in obedience to the superior power of destiny. Hyginus says that Prometheus was the only person that was acquainted with the oracle; and that he imparted it to Jupiter, on condition that he would deliver him from the eagle that tormented him: whereupon the God sent Hercules to Mount Caucasus, to perform his promise. It was on the occasion of this marriage that the Goddess Discord presented the golden apple, the dispute for which occasioned the Trojan war. The part of the story which relates how she assumed various forms, to avoid the advances of Peleus, is perhaps an ingenious method of stating, that having several suitors, she was originally disinclined to Peleus, and used every pretext to avoid him, until, by the advice of a wise friend, he found means to remove all the difficulties which opposed his alliance with her.

Some writers state that Thetis was the daughter of Chiron; but Euripides, in a fragment of his *Iphigenia*, tells us that Achilles, who was the son of this marriage, took a pride in carrying the figure of a Nereid on his shield. The three sons of Æacus were Peleus, Telamon, and Phocus; while they were playing at quoits, the latter accidentally received a blow from Peleus, which killed him. Ovid, however, seems here to imply that Peleus killed his brother purposely.

The story of Chione most probably took its rise from the difference between the inclinations of the two children that she bore. Autolycus, being cunning, and addicted to theft, he was styled the son of Mercury; while Philammon being a lover of music, Apollo was said to be his father. According to Pausanias, Autolycus was the son of Dædalion, and not of Chione. The story of the wolf, the minister of the vengeance of Psamathe, for the death of Phocus, is probably built on historical grounds. Æacus had two wives, Ægina and Psamathe, the sister of Thetis; by the first he had Peleus and Telamon; by the second, Phocus. Lycomedes, the king of Scyros, the brother of Psamathe, resolved to revenge the death of his nephew, whom Peleus had killed: and declared war against Ceyx, for receiving him into his dominions. The troops of Lycomedes ravaged the country, and carried away the flocks of Peleus: on which prayers

and entreaties were resorted to, with the view of pacifying him; which object having been effected, he withdrew his troops. On this, it was rumoured that he was changed into a rock, after having ravaged the country like a wild beast, which comparison was perhaps suggested by the fact of his name being partly compounded of the word *λυκός*, ‘a wolf.’

FABLE VII.

Ceyx, going to Claros, to consult the oracle about his brother’s fate, is shipwrecked on the voyage. Juno sends Iris to the God of Sleep, who, at her request, dispatches Morpheus to Halcyone, in a dream, to inform her of the death of her husband. She awakes in the morning, full of solicitude, and goes to the shore where she finds the body of Ceyx thrown up by the waves. She is about to cast herself into the sea in despair, when the Gods transform them both into king-fishers.

In the mean time, Ceyx being disturbed in mind, both on account of the strange fate of his brother, and *the wonders* that had succeeded his brother, prepares to go to the Clarian God, that he may consult the sacred oracle, the consolation of mortals: for the profane Phorbas, with his Phlegyans, renders the *oracle* of Delphi inaccessible. Yet he first makes thee acquainted with his design, most faithful Halcyone, whose bones receive a chill, and a paleness, much resembling boxwood, comes over her face, and her cheeks are wet with tears gushing forth. Three times attempting to speak, three times she moistens her face with tears, and, sobs interrupting her affectionate complaints, she says: —

“What fault of mine, my dearest, has changed thy mind? Where is that care of me, which once used to exist? Canst thou now be absent without anxiety, thy Halcyone being left behind? Now, is a long journey pleasing to thee? Now, am I dearer to thee when at a distance? But I suppose thy journey is by land, and I shall only grieve, and shall not fear as well, and my anxiety will be free from apprehension. The seas and the aspect of the stormy ocean affright me. And lately I beheld broken planks on the sea shore; and often have I read the names upon tombs, without bodies *there buried*. .

And let not any deceitful assurance influence thy mind, that the grandson of Hippotas is thy father-in-law; who confines the strong winds in prison, and assuages the seas when he pleases. When, once let loose, the winds have taken possession of the deep, nothing is forbidden to them; every land and every sea is disregarded by them. Even the clouds of heaven do they insult, and by their bold onsets strike forth the brilliant fires. The more I know them, (for I do know them, and, when little, have often seen them in my father's abode,) the more I think they are to be dreaded. But if thy resolution, my dear husband, cannot be altered by my entreaties, and if thou art *but* too determined to go; take me, too, as well. At least, we shall be tossed together; nor shall I fear anything, but what I shall be *then* suffering; and together we shall endure whatever shall happen; together we shall be carried over the wide seas."

By such words and the tears of the daughter of Æolus, is her husband, son of the *Morning Star*, *much* affected; for the flame of *love* exists no less in him. But he neither wishes to abandon his proposed voyage, nor to admit Halcyone to a share in the danger; and he says, in answer, many things to console her timorous breast. And yet she does not, on that account, approve of his reasons. To them he adds this alleviation, with which alone he influences his affectionate *wife*: "All delay will, indeed, be tedious to me; but I swear to thee by the fire of my sire, (if only the fates allow me to return,) that I will come back before the moon has twice completed her orb." When, by these promises, *ahope* has been given her of his *speedy* return, he forthwith orders a ship, drawn out of the dock, to be launched in the sea, and to be supplied with its *proper* equipments. On seeing this, Halcyone again shuddered, as though presaging the future, and shed her flowing tears, and gave him embraces; and at last, in extreme misery, she said, with a sad voice, "Farewell!" and then she sank with all her body *to the ground*.

But the youths, while Ceyx is *still* seeking pretexts for delay, in double rows, draw the oars towards their hardy breasts, and cleave the main with equal strokes. She raises her weeping eyes, and sees her husband standing on the crooked stern, and by waving his hand making the first signs to her; and she returns the signals. When the

land has receded further, and her eyes are unable to distinguish his countenance: *still*, while she can, she follows the retreating ship with her sight. When this too, borne onward, cannot be distinguished from the distance; still she looks at the sails waving from the top of the mast. When she no *longer* sees the sails; she anxiously seeks her deserted bed, and lays herself on the couch. The bed, and the spot, renew the tears of Halcyone, and remind her what part *of herself* is wanting.

They have *now* gone out of harbour, and the breeze shakes the rigging; the sailor urges the pendent oars towards their sides; and fixes the sailyards on the top of the mast, and spreads the canvass full from the mast, and catches the coming breezes. Either the smaller part, or, at least, not more than half her course, had *now* been cut by the ship, and both lands were at a . great distance, when, towards night, the sea began to grow white with swelling waves, and the boisterous East wind to blow with greater violence. Presently the master cries, “At once, lower the top sails, and furl the whole of the sail to the yards!” He orders, *but* the adverse storm impedes the execution; and the roaring of the sea does not allow any voice to be heard.

Yet, of their own accord, some hasten to draw in the oars, some to secure the sides, some to withdraw the sails from the winds. This one pumps up the waves, and pours back the sea into the sea; another takes off the yards. While these things are being done without any order, the raging storm is increasing, and the fierce winds wage war on every side, and stir up the furious main. The master of the ship is himself alarmed, and himself confesses that he does not know what is their *present* condition, nor what to order or forbid; so great is the amount of their misfortunes, and more powerful than all his skill. For the men are making a noise with their shouts, the cordage with its rattling, the heavy waves with the dashing of *other* waves, the skies with the thunder. The sea is upturned with billows, and appears to reach the heavens, and to sprinkle the surrounding clouds with its foam. And one while, when it turns up the yellow sands from the bottom, it is of the same colour with them; at another time *it is* blacker than the Stygian waves. Sometimes it is level, and is white with resounding foam. The Trachinian ship too, is influenced by

these vicissitudes; and now aloft, as though from the summit of a mountain, it seems to look down upon the vallies and the depths of Acheron; at another moment, when the engulfing sea has surrounded it, sunk below, it seems to be looking at heaven above from the infernal waters. Struck on its side by the waves, it often sends forth a low crashing sound, and beaten against, it sounds with no less noise, than on an occasion when the iron battering ram, or the balista, is shaking the shattered towers. And as fierce lions are wont, gaining strength in their career, to rush with their breasts upon the weapons, and arms extended *against them*; so the water, when upon the rising of the winds it had rushed onwards, advanced against the rigging of the ship, and was much higher than it.

And now the bolts shrink, and despoiled of their covering of wax, the seams open wide, and afford a passage to the . fatal waves. Behold! vast showers fall from the dissolving clouds, and you would believe that the whole of the heavens is descending into the deep, and that the swelling sea is ascending to the tracts of heaven. The sails are wet with the rain, and the waves of the ocean are mingled with the waters of the skies. The firmament is without its fires; *and* the gloomy night is oppressed both with its own darkness and that of the storm. Yet the lightnings disperse these, and give light as they flash; the waters are on fire with the flames of the thunder-bolts. And now, too, the waves make an inroad into the hollow texture of the ship; and as a soldier, superior to all the rest of the number, after he has often sprung forward against the fortifications of a defended city, at length gains his desires; and, inflamed with the desire of glory, *though but* one among a thousand more, he still mounts the wall, so, when the violent waves have beaten against the lofty sides, the fury of the tenth wave, rising more impetuously *than the rest*, rushes onward; and it ceases not to attack the wearied ship, before it descends within the walls, as it were, of the captured bark. Part, then, of the sea is still attempting to get into the ship, part is within it. All are now in alarm, with no less intensity than a city is wont to be alarmed, while some are undermining the walls without, and others within have possession of the walls. *All* art fails them, and their courage sinks; and as many *shapes of* death seem to rush and to break in *upon them*, as the waves that approach. One does not refrain

from tears; another is stupefied; another calls those happy whom funeral rites . await; another, in his prayers, addresses the Gods, and lifting up his hands in vain to that heaven which he sees not, implores their aid. His brothers and his parent recur to the mind of another; to another, his home, with his pledges *of affection*, and so what has been left behind by each.

The remembrance of Halcyone affects Ceyx; on the lips of Ceyx there is nothing but Halcyone; and though her alone he regrets, still he rejoices that she is absent. *Gladly*, too, would he look back to the shore of his native land, and turn his last glance towards his home; but he knows not where it is. The sea is raging in a hurricane so vast, and all the sky is concealed beneath the shade brought on by the clouds of pitchy darkness, and the face of the night is redoubled *in gloom*. The mast is broken by the violence of the drenching tempest; the helm, too, is broken; and the undaunted wave, standing over its spoil, looks down like a conqueror, upon the waves as they encircle *below*. Nor, when precipitated, does it rush down less violently, than if any *God* were to hurl Athos or Pindus, torn up from its foundations, into the open sea; and with its weight and its violence together, it sinks the ship to the bottom. With her, a great part of the crew overwhelmed in the deep water, and not rising again to the air, meet their fate. Some seize hold of portions and broken pieces of the ship. Ceyx himself seizes a fragment of the wreck, with that hand with which he was wont *to wield* the sceptre, and in vain, alas! he invokes his father, and his father-in-law. But chiefly on his lips, as he swims, is his wife Halcyone. Her he thinks of, and *her name* he repeats: he prays the waves to impel his body before her eyes; and that when dead he may be entombed by the hands of his friends. While he *still* swims, he calls upon Halcyone far away, as often as the billows allow him to open his mouth, and in the very waves he murmurs *her name*. *When*, lo! adarkening arch of waters breaks over the middle of the waves, and buries his head sinking beneath the bursting billow. . Lucifer was obscured that night, and such that you could not have recognized him; and since he was not allowed to depart from the heavens, he concealed his face beneath thick clouds.

In the meantime, the daughter of Æolus, ignorant of so great misfortunes, reckons the nights; and now she hastens *to prepare* the

garments for him to put on, and now, those which, when he comes, she herself may wear, and vainly promises herself his return. She, indeed, piously offers frankincense to all the Gods above; but, before all, she pays her adorations at the temple of Juno, and comes to the altars on behalf of her husband, who is not in existence. And she prays that her husband may be safe, and that he may return, and may prefer no woman before her. But this *last* alone can be her lot, out of so many of her wishes. But the Goddess endures not any longer to be supplicated on behalf of one who is dead; and, that she may repel her polluted hands from the altars, — she says, “Iris, most faithful messenger of my words, hasten quickly to the soporiferous court of Sleep, and command him, under the form of Ceyx who is dead, to send a vision to Halcyone, to relate her real misfortune.” *Thus* she says. Iris assumes garment of a thousand colours, and, marking the heavens . with her curving arch, she repairs to the abode of the king, *Sleep*, as bidden, concealed beneath a rock.

There is near the Cimmerians a cave with a long recess, ahollowed mountain, the home and the habitation of slothful Sleep, into which the Sun, *whether* rising, or in his mid course, or setting, can never come. Fogs mingled with darkness are exhaled from the ground, and *it is* a twilight with a dubious light. No wakeful bird, with the notes of his crested features, there calls forth the morn; nor do the watchful dogs, or the geese more sagacious than the dogs, break the silence with their voices. No wild beasts, no cattle, no boughs waving with the breeze, no *loud* outbursts of the human voice, *there* make any sound; mute Rest has there her abode. But from the bottom of the rock runs a stream, the waters of Lethe, through which the rivulet, trickling with a murmuring noise amid the sounding pebbles, invites sleep. Before the doors of the cavern, poppies bloom in abundance, and innumerable herbs, from the juice of which the humid night gathers sleep, and spreads it over the darkened Earth. There is no door in the whole dwelling, to make a noise by the turning of the hinges; no porter at the entrance. But in the middle is a couch, raised high upon black ebony, stuffed with feathers, of a dark colour, concealed by a dark coverlet; on which the God himself lies, his limbs dissolved in sloth. Around him lie, in every direction, imitating divers shapes, unsubstantial dreams as

many as the harvest bears ears of corn, the wood green leaves, the shore the sands thrown up. Into this, soon as the maiden had entered, and had put aside with her hands the visions that were . in her way, the sacred house shone with the splendour of her garment, and the God, with difficulty lifting up his eyes sunk in languid sloth, again and again relapsing, and striking the upper part of his breast with his nodding chin, at last aroused himself from his *dozing*; and, raised on his elbow, he inquired why she had come; for he knew *who she was*.

But she *replied*, "Sleep, thou repose of all things; Sleep, thou gentlest of the Deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies, who dost soothe the hearts *of men*, wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them for labour, command a vision, that resembles in similitude the real shape, to go to Halcyone, in Herculean Trachyn, in the form of the king, and to assume the form of one that has suffered shipwreck. Juno commands this." After Iris had executed her commission, she departed; for she could no longer endure the effects of the vapour; and, as soon as she perceived sleep creeping over her limbs, she took to flight, and departed along the bow by which she had come just before.

But Father *Sleep*, out of the multitude of his thousand sons, raises Morpheus, *askilful* artist, and an imitator of *any human* shape. No one more dexterously than he mimics the gait, and the countenance, and the mode of speaking; he adds the dress, too, and the words most commonly used by any one. But he imitates men only; for another one becomes a wild beast, becomes a bird, *or* becomes a serpent, with its lengthened body: this one, the Gods above call Icelos; the tribe of mortals, Phobetor. There is likewise a third, *master* of a different art, *called* Phantasos: he cleverly changes *himself* into earth, and stone, and water, and a tree, and all those things which are destitute of life. These are wont, by night, to show their features to kings and to generals, *while* others wander amid the people and the commonalty. These, Sleep, the aged *God*, passes by, and selects Morpheus alone from all his brothers, to execute the commands of the daughter of Thaumas; and again he . both drops his head, sunk in languid drowsiness, and shrinks back within the lofty couch.

Morpheus flies through the dark with wings that make no noise, and in a short space of intervening time arrives at the Hæmonian

city; and, laying aside his wings from off his body, he assumes the form of Ceyx; and in that form, wan, and like one without blood, without garments, he stands before the bed of his wretched wife. The beard of the hero appears to be dripping, and the water to be falling thickly from his soaking hair. Then leaning on the bed, with tears running down his face, he says these words: “My most wretched wife, dost thou recognise *thy* Ceyx, or are my looks *so* changed with death? Observe me; thou wilt *surely* know me: and, instead of thy husband, thou wilt find the ghost of thy husband. Thy prayers, Halcyone, have availed me nothing; I have perished. Do not promise thyself, *thus* deceived, my *return*. The cloudy South wind caught my ship in the Ægean Sea, and dashed it to pieces, tossed by the mighty blasts; and the waves choked my utterance, in vain calling upon thy name. It is no untruthful messenger that tells thee this: thou dost not hear these things through vague rumours. I, myself, shipwrecked, in person, am telling thee my fate. Come, arise then, shed tears, and put on mourning; and do not send me unlamented to the phantom *realms of Tartarus*.”

To these words Morpheus adds a voice, which she may believe to be that of her husband. He seems, too, to be shedding real tears, and his hands have the gesture of Ceyx. As she weeps, Halcyone groans aloud, and moves her arms in her sleep, and catching at his body, grasps the air; and she cries aloud, “Stay, whither dost thou hurry? We will go together.” Disturbed by her own voice, and by the appearance of her husband, she shakes off sleep; and first she looks about there, to see if he, who has been so lately seen, is there; for the servants, roused by her voice, have brought in lights. After she has found him nowhere, she smites her face with her hands, and tears her garments from off her breast, and beats her breast itself. Nor cares she to loosen her hair; she tears it, and says to her nurse, as she inquires what is the occasion . of her sorrow: “Halcyone is no more! no more! with her own Ceyx is she dead. Away with words of comfort. He has perished by shipwreck. I have seen him, and I knew him; and as he departed, desirous to detain him, I extended my hands towards him. The ghost fled: but, yet it was the undoubted and the real ghost of my husband. It had not, indeed, if thou askest me *that*, his wonted features; nor was he looking cheerful with his former

countenance. Hapless, I beheld him, pale, and naked, and with his hair still dripping. Lo! ill-fated *man*, he stood on this very spot;" and she seeks the prints of his footsteps, if any are left. "This it was, this is what I dreaded in my ill-boding mind, and I entreated that thou wouldst not, deserting me, follow the winds. But, I could have wished, since thou didst depart to perish, that, at least, thou hadst taken me as well. To have gone with thee, *yes*, with thee, would have been an advantage to me; for then neither should I have spent any part of my life otherwise than together with thee, nor would my death have been divided *from thee*. Now, absent *from thee*, I perish; now, absent, I am tossed on the waves; and the sea has thee without me.

"My heart were more cruel than the sea itself, were I to strive to protract my life any further; and, were I to struggle to survive so great a misfortune. But I will not struggle, nor, hapless one, will I abandon thee; and, at least, I will *now* come to be thy companion. And, in the tomb, if the urn *does* not, yet the inscription shall unite us: if *I touch* not thy bones with my bones, still will I unite thy name with my name." Grief forbids her saying more, and wailings come between each word, and groans are heaved from her sorrow-stricken breast.

It is *now* morning: she goes forth from her abode to the sea-shore, and, wretched, repairs to that place from which she had seen him go, and says, "While he lingered, and while he was loosening the cables, at his departure, he gave me kisses upon this sea-shore;" and while she calls to recollection the incidents which she had observed with her eyes, and looks . out upon the sea, she observes on the flowing wave, I know not what *object*, like a body, within a distant space: and at first she is doubtful what it is. After the water has brought it a little nearer, and, although it is *still* distant, it is plain that it is a corpse. Ignorant who it may be, because it is ship-wrecked, she is moved at the omen, and, though unknown, would fain give it a tear. "Alas! thou wretched one!" she says, "whoever thou art; and if thou hast any wife!" Driven by the waves, the body approaches nearer. The more she looks at it, the less and the less is she mistress of her senses. And now she sees it brought close to the land, that now she can well distinguish it: it is her husband. "'Tis he!" she exclaims, and, on the

instant, she tears her face, her hair, *and* her garments; and, extending her trembling hands towards Ceyx, she says, “And is it thus, Oh dearest husband! is it thus, Oh ill-fated one! that thou dost return to me?”

A mole, made by the hand of man, adjoins the waves, which breaks the first fury of the ocean, and weakens the first shock of its waters. Upon that she leaped, and ‘tis wondrous that she could. She flew, and beating the light air with her wings newly formed, she, awretched bird, skimmed the surface of the water. And, while she flew, her croaking mouth, with its slender bill, uttered a sound like that of one in sadness, and full of complaining. But when she touched the body, dumb, and without blood, embracing the beloved limbs with her new-made wings, in vain she gave him cold kisses with her hardened bill. The people were in doubt whether Ceyx was sensible of this, or whether, by the motion of the wave, he seemed to raise his countenance; but *really* he was sensible of it; and, at length, through the pity of the Gods above, both were changed into birds. Meeting with the same fate, even then their love remained. Nor, when *now* birds, is the conjugal tie dissolved: they couple, and they become parents; and for seven calm days, in the winter-time, does Halcyone brood upon her nest floating on the sea. Then the passage of the deep is safe; . Æolus keeps the winds in, and restrains them from sallying forth, and secures a *smooth* sea for his descendants.

EXPLANATION.

According to the testimony of several of the ancient writers, Ceyx was the king of Trachyn, and was a prince of great knowledge and experience; and many had recourse to him to atone for the murders which they had committed, whether through imprudence or otherwise. Pausanias says that Eurystheus having summoned Ceyx to deliver up to him the children of Hercules, that prince, who was not able to maintain a war against so powerful a king, sent the youths to Theseus, who took them into his protection.

To recover from the melancholy consequent upon the death of his brother Dædalion and his niece Chione, he went to Claros to consult the oracle of Apollo, and was shipwrecked on his return; on which,

his wife, Halcyone, was so afflicted, that she died of grief, or else threw herself into the sea, as Hyginus informs us. It was said that they were changed into the birds which we call kingfishers, a story which, probably, has no other foundation than the name of Halcyone, which signifies that bird; which by the ancients was considered to be the symbol of conjugal affection.

Apollodorus, however, does not give us so favourable an idea of the virtue of these persons as Ovid has done. According to him, it was their pride which proved the cause of their destruction. Jupiter enraged at Ceyx, because he had assumed his name as Halcyone had done that of Juno, changed them both into birds, he becoming a cormorant, and she a kingfisher. This story is remarkable for the beautiful and affecting manner in which it is told.

FABLE VIII.

The Nymph Hesperia flying from Æsacus, who is enamoured of her, is bitten by a serpent, and instantly dies from the effects of the wound. He is so afflicted at her death, that he throws himself into the sea, and is transformed into a didapper.

Some old man observes them as they fly over the widely extended seas, and commends their love, preserved to the end *of their existence*. One, close by, or the same, if chance so orders it, says, "This one, too, which you see, as it cuts through the sea, and having its legs drawn up," pointing at a didapper, with its wide throat, "was the son of a king. . And, if you want to come down to him in one lengthened series, his ancestors are Ilus, and Assaracus, and Ganymede, snatched away by Jupiter, and the aged Laomedon, and Priam, to whom were allotted the last days of Troy. He himself was the brother of Hector, and had he not experienced a strange fate in his early youth, perhaps he would have had a name not inferior to *that* of Hector; although the daughter of Dymas bore this *last*. Alexirhoë, the daughter of the two-horned Granicus, is said secretly to have brought forth Æsacus, under shady Ida.

"He loathed the cities, and distant from the splendid court, frequented the lonely mountains, and the unambitious fields; nor went but rarely among the throngs of Ilium. Yet, not having a breast

either churlish, or impregnable to love, he espies Hesperie, the daughter of Cebrenus, on the banks of her sire, who has been often sought by him throughout all the woods, drying her locks, thrown over her shoulders, in the sun. The Nymph, *thus* seen, takes to flight, just as the frightened hind from the tawny wolf; and *as* the water-duck, surprised at a distance, having left her *wonted* stream, from the hawk. Her the Trojan hero pursues, and, swift with love, closely follows her, made swift by fear. Behold! a snake, lurking in the grass, with its barbed sting, wounds her foot as she flies, and leaves its venom in her body. With her flight is her life cut short. Frantic, he embraces her breathless, and cries aloud,—“I grieve, I grieve that *ever* I pursued *thee*. But I did not apprehend this; nor was it of so much value to me to conquer. We two have proved the destruction of wretched thee. The wound was given by the serpent; by me was the occasion given. I should be more guilty than he, did I not give the consolation for thy fate by my own death.” *Thus* he said; and from a rock which the hoarse waves had undermined, he hurled himself into the sea. Tethys, pitying him as he fell, received him softly, and covered him with feathers as he swam through the sea; and the power of obtaining . the death he sought was not granted to him. The lover is vexed that, against his will, he is obliged to live on, and that opposition is made to his spirit, desirous to depart from its wretched abode. And, as he has assumed newformed wings on his shoulders, he flies aloft, and again he throws his body in the waves: his feathers break the fall. Æsacus is enraged; and headlong he plunges into the deep, and incessantly tries the way of destruction. Love caused his leanness; the spaces between the joints of his legs are long; his neck remains long, *and* his head is far away from his body. He loves the sea, and has his name because he plunges in it.

EXPLANATION.

Ovid and Apollodorus agree that Æsacus was the son of Priam, and that he was changed into a didapper, or diver, but they differ in the other circumstances of his life. Instead of being the son of Alexirhoë, Apollodorus says that he was the son of Priam and Arisbe the daughter of Merope, his first wife; that his father made him marry

Sterope, who dying very young, he was so afflicted at her death, that he threw himself into the sea. He also says that Priam having repudiated Arisbe to marry Hecuba, the daughter of Cisseus, Æsacus seeing his mother-in-law pregnant of her second son, foretold his father that her progeny would be the cause of a bloody war, which would end in the destruction of the kingdom of Troy; and that upon this prediction, the infant, when born, was exposed on Mount Ida.

Tzetzes adds, that Æsacus told his father that it was absolutely necessary to put to death both the mother and the infant which was born on that same day; on which Priam being informed that Cilla, the wife of Thymætēs, being delivered on that day of a son, he ordered them both to be killed; thinking thereby to escape the realization of the prediction. Servius, on the authority of Euphorion, relates the story in much the same manner; but a poet quoted by Cicero in his first book on Divination, says that it was the oracle of Zelia, a little town at the foot of Mount Ida, which gave that answer as an interpretation of the dream of Hecuba. Pausanias says it was the sibyl Herophila who interpreted the dream, while other ancient writers state that it was Cassandra. Apollodorus says that Æsacus learned from his grandfather Merops the art of foretelling things to come.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

FABLES I. AND II.

The Greeks assemble their troops at Aulis, to proceed against the city of Troy, and revenge the rape of Helen; but the fleet is detained in port by contrary winds. Calchas, the priest, after a prediction concerning the success of the expedition, declares that the weather will never be favourable till Agamemnon shall have sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia. She is immediately led to the altar for that purpose; but Diana, appeased by this act of obedience, carries away the maiden, and substitutes a hind in her place, on which a fair wind arises. Upon the Greeks landing at Troy, a battle is fought, in which Protesilaüs is killed by Hector, and Achilles kills Cygnus, a Trojan, on which his father Neptune transforms him into a swan.

His father Priam mourned him, not knowing that Æsacus, having assumed wings, was *still* living; Hector, too, with his brothers, made unavailing offerings at a tomb, that bore his name *on it*. The presence of Paris was wanting, at this mournful office: who, soon after, brought into his country a lengthened war, together with a ravished wife; and a thousand ships uniting together, followed him, and, together *with them*, the whole body of the Pelasgian nation. Nor would vengeance have been delayed, had not the raging winds made the seas impassable, and the Bœotian land detained in fishy Aulis the ships ready to depart. Here, when they had prepared a 415 xii. 11-44. sacrifice to Jupiter, after the manner of their country, as the ancient altar was heated with kindled fires, the Greeks beheld an azure-coloured serpent creep into a plane tree, which was standing near the sacrifice they had begun. There was on the top of the tree a nest of twice four birds, which the serpent seized together, and the dam as she fluttered around *the scene of* her loss, and he buried them in his greedy maw. All stood amazed. But *Calchas*, the son of Thestor, a soothsayer, foreseeing the truth, says, “Rejoice, Pelasgians, we shall conquer. Troy will fall, but the continuance of our toil will be long;” and he allots the nine birds to the years of the war. *The serpent*, just as he is, coiling around the green branches in the tree,

becomes a stone, and, under the form of a serpent, retains that stone *form*.

Nereus continued boisterous in the Ionian waves, and did not impel the sails onwards; and there are some who think that Neptune favoured Troy, because he made the walls of the city. But not *so* the son of Thestor. For neither was he ignorant, nor did he conceal, that the wrath of the virgin Goddess must be appeased by the blood of a virgin. After the public good had prevailed over affection, and the king over the father, and Iphigenia, ready to offer her chaste blood, stood before the altar, while the priests were weeping; the Goddess was appeased, and cast a mist before their eyes, and, amid the service and the hurry of the rites, and the voices of the suppliants, is said to have changed Iphigenia, the Mycenian maiden, for a substituted hind. Wherefore, when the Goddess was appeased by a death which was *more* fitting, and at the same moment the wrath of Phœbe, and of the sea was past, the thousand ships received the winds astern, and having suffered much, they gained the Phrygian shore.

There is a spot in the middle of the world, between the land and the sea, and the regions of heaven, the confines of the threefold universe, whence is beheld whatever anywhere exists, although it may be in far *distant* regions, and every sound pierces the hollow ears. *Of this place* Fame is possessed, and chooses for herself a habitation on the top of a tower, and 416 xii. 45-78. has added innumerable avenues, and a thousand openings to her house, and has closed the entrances with no gates. Night and day are they open. It is all of sounding brass; it is all resounding, and it reechoes the voice, and repeats what it hears. Within there is no rest, and silence in no part. Nor yet is there a clamour, but the murmur of a low voice, such as is wont to arise from the waves of the sea, if one listens at a distance, or like the sound which the end of the thundering *makes* when Jupiter has clashed the black clouds together. A crowd occupies the hall; the fickle vulgar come and go; and a thousand rumours, false mixed with true, wander up and down, and circulate confused words. Of these, some fill the empty ears with conversation; some are carrying elsewhere what is told them; the measure of the fiction is ever on the increase, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard. There, is Credulity, there, rash

Mistake, and empty Joy, and alarmed Fears, and sudden Sedition, and Whispers of doubtful origin. She sees what things are done in heaven and on the sea, and on the earth; and she pries into the whole universe.

She has made it known that Grecian ships are on their way, with valiant troops: nor does the enemy appear in arms unlooked for. The Trojans oppose their landing, and defend the shore, and thou, Protesilaüs, art, by the decrees of fate, the first to fall by the spear of Hector; and the battles *now* commenced, and the courageous spirits of *the Trojans*, and Hector, *till then* unknown, cost the Greeks dear. Nor do the Phrygians experience at small expense of blood what the Grecian right hand can do. And now the Sigæan shores are red *with blood*: now Cygnus, the son of Neptune, has slain a thousand men. Now is Achilles pressing on in his chariot, and levelling the Trojan ranks, with the blow of his Peleian spear; and seeking through the lines either Cygnus or Hector, he engages with Cygnus: Hector is reserved for the tenth year. Then animating the horses, having their 417 xii. 78-105. white necks pressed with the yoke, he directed his chariot against the enemy, and brandishing his quivering spear with his arm, he said, "O youth, whoever thou art, take this consolation in thy death, that thou art slain by the Hæmonian Achilles."

Thus far the grandson of Æacus. His heavy lance followed his words. But, although there was no missing in the unerring lance, yet it availed nothing, by the sharpness of its point, *thus* discharged; and as it only bruised his breast with a blunt stroke, *the other* said, "Thou son of a Goddess, (for by report have we known of thee beforehand) why art thou surprised that wounds are warded off from me? (for *Achilles* was surprised); not this helmet that thou seest tawny with the horse's mane, nor the hollowed shield, the burden of my left arm, are assistant to me; from them ornament *alone* is sought; for this cause, too, Mars is wont to take up arms. All the assistance of defensive armour shall be removed, *and* yet I shall come off unhurt. It is something to be born, not of a Nereid, but *of one* who rules both Nereus and his daughter, and the whole ocean."

Thus he spoke; and he hurled against the descendant of Æacus his dart, destined to stick in the rim of his shield; it broke through both the brass and the next nine folds of bull's hide; but stopping in the

tenth circle *of the hide*, the hero wrenched it out, and again hurled the quivering weapon with a strong hand; again his body was without a wound, and unharmed, nor was a third spear able *even* to graze Cygnus, unprotected, and exposing himself. Achilles raged no otherwise than as a bull, in the open Circus, when with his dreadful horns he butts against the purple-coloured garments, used as the means of provoking him, and perceives that his wounds are evaded. Still, he examines whether the point has chanced to fall 418 xii. 105-132. from off the spear. It is *still* adhering to the shaft. "My hand then is weak," says he, "and it has spent *all* the strength it had before, upon one man. For decidedly it was strong enough, both when at first I overthrew the walls of Lyrnessus, or when I filled both Tenedos and Eëtionian Thebes with their own blood. Or when Caÿcus flowed empurpled with the slaughter of its people: and Telephus was twice sensible of the virtue of my spear. Here, too, where so many have been slain, heaps of whom I both have made along this shore, and I *now* behold, my right hand has proved mighty, and is mighty."

Thus he spoke; and as if he distrusted what he had done before, he hurled his spear against Menœtes, one of the Lycian multitude, who *was* standing opposite, and he tore asunder both his coat of mail, and his breast beneath it. He beating the solid earth with his dying head, he drew the same weapon from out of the reeking wound, and said, "This is the hand, this the lance, with which I conquered but now. The same will I use against him; in his *case*, I pray that the event may prove the same." Thus he said, and he hurled it at Cygnus, nor did the ashen lance miss him; and, not escaped *by him*, it resounded on his left shoulder: thence it was repelled, as though by a wall, or a solid rock. Yet Achilles saw Cygnus marked with blood, where he had been struck, and he rejoiced, *but in vain*. There was no wound; that was the blood of Menœtes.

Then indeed, raging, he leaps headlong from his lofty chariot, and hand to hand, with his gleaming sword striking at his fearless foe, he perceives that the shield and the helmet are pierced with his sword, and that his weapon, too, is blunted upon his hard body. He endures it no longer; and drawing back his 419 xii. 133-145. shield, he three or four times strikes the face of the hero, and his hollow temples, with the hilt of the sword; and following, he presses onward as the

other gives ground, and confounds him, and drives him on, and gives him no respite in his confusion. Horror seizes on him, and darkness swims before his eyes; and as he moves backwards his retreating steps, a stone in the middle of the field stands in his way. Impelled over this, with his breast upwards, Achilles throws Cygnus with great violence, and dashes him to the earth. Then, pressing down his breast with his shield and his hard knees, he draws tight the straps of his helmet; which, fastened beneath his pressed chin, squeeze close his throat, and take away his respiration and the passage of his breath.

He is preparing to strip his vanquished *foe*; he sees *nothing but* his armour, left behind. The God of the Ocean changed his body into a white bird, of which he *so* lately bore the name.

EXPLANATION.

It is not improbable that the prediction of Calchas, at Aulis, that the war against Troy would endure nine years, had no other foundation than his desire to check an enterprise which must be attended with much bloodshed, and difficulties of the most formidable nature. It is not unlikely, too, that this interpretation of the story of the serpent devouring the birds may have been planned by some of the Grecian generals, who did not dare openly to refuse their assistance to Agamemnon. The story of Iphigenia was, perhaps, founded on a similar policy. The ancient poets and historians are by no means agreed as to the fate of Iphigenia, as some say that she really was sacrificed, while others state that she was transformed into a she-bear, others into an old woman, and Nicander affirms that she was changed into a heifer.

There is no story more celebrated among the ancients than that of the intended immolation of Iphigenia. Euripides wrote two tragedies on the subject. Homer, however, makes no allusion to the story of Iphigenia; but he mentions Iphianassa, the daughter of Agamemnon, who was sent for, to be a hostage on his reconciliation with Achilles; she is probably the same person that is meant by the later poets, under the name of Iphigenia.

It has been suggested by some modern commentators, that the story of Iphigenia was founded on the sacrifice of his own daughter,

by Jephtha, the judge of Israel, which circumstance happened much about the same time. The story of the substitution of the hind for the damsel, when about to be slain, was possibly founded on the substituted offering for Isaac when about to be offered by his father; for it is not probable that the people 420 xii. 146. of Greece were entirely ignorant of the existence of the books of Moses, and that wonderful narrative would be not unlikely to make an impression on minds ever ready to be attracted by the marvellous. Some writers have taken pains to show that Agamemnon did not sacrifice, or contemplate sacrificing, his own daughter, by asserting that the Iphigenia here mentioned was the daughter of Helen, who was educated by Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon, and the sister of Helen. Pausanias also adopts this view, and gives for his authorities Euphorion of Chalcis, Alexander, Stesichorus, and the people of Argos, who preserved a tradition to the same effect.

Lucretius, Virgil, and Diodorus Siculus are in the number of those who assert that Iphigenia actually was immolated. According to Dictys the Cretan, and several of the ancient scholiasts, Ulysses having left the Grecian camp without the knowledge of Agamemnon, went to Argos, and returned with Iphigenia, under the pretext that her father intended to marry her to Achilles. Some writers state that Achilles was in love with Iphigenia; and that he was greatly enraged at Ulysses for bringing her to the camp, and opposed her sacrifice to the utmost of his power.

Ovid then proceeds to recount the adventures of the Greeks, after their arrival at Troy. An oracle had warned the Greeks, that he who should be the first to land on the Trojan shores, would inevitably be slain. Protesilaüs seeing that this prediction damped the courage of his companions, led the way, and sacrificed his life for the safety of his friends, being slain by Hector immediately on his landing. Cygnus, signalizing himself by his bravery, attracted the attention of Achilles, who singled him out as a worthy antagonist. It was said that this hero was the son of Neptune; perhaps because he was powerful by sea, and the prince of some island in the Archipelago. He was said to be invulnerable, most probably because his shield was arrow-proof. The story of his transformation into a swan, has evidently no other foundation than the resemblance between his name and that of

that bird.

FABLES III. AND IV.

A truce ensuing, the Grecian chiefs having assembled at a feast, express their surprise at the fact of Cygnus being invulnerable. Nestor, by way of showing a still more surprising instance, relates how the Nymph Cænis, the daughter of Elatus, having yielded to the caresses of Neptune, was transformed by him into a man, and made invulnerable. Cæneus being present at the wedding feast of Pirithoüs, the son of Ixion, where Eurytus was a guest, the latter, being elevated with wine, made an attempt upon Hippodamia, the bride; on which a quarrel arose between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. After many on both sides had been slain, Cæneus still remained unhurt; on which, the Centaurs having heaped up trunks of trees upon him, he was pressed to death; Neptune then changed his body into a bird.

This toil *and* this combat brought on a cessation for many 421 xii. 146-174. days; and both sides rested, laying aside their arms. And while a watchful guard was keeping the Phrygian walls, and a watchful guard was keeping the Argive trenches, a festive day had arrived, on which Achilles, the conqueror of Cygnus, appeased Pallas with the blood of a heifer, adorned with fillets. As soon as he had placed its entrails upon the glowing altars, and the smell, acceptable to the Deities, mounted up to the skies, the sacred rites had their share, the other part was served up at the table. The chiefs reclined on couches, and sated their bodies with roasted flesh, and banished both their cares and their thirst with wine. No harps, no melody of voices, no long pipe of boxwood pierced with many a hole, delights them; but in discourse they pass the night, and valour is the subject-matter of their conversation. They relate the combats of the enemy and their own; and often do they delight to recount, in turn, both the dangers that they have encountered and that they have surmounted. For of what *else* should Achilles speak? or of what, in preference, should they speak before the great Achilles? *But* especially the recent victory over the conquered Cygnus was the subject of discourse. It seemed wonderful to them all, that the body of the youth was penetrable by no weapon, and was susceptible of no wounds, and that

it blunted the steel itself. This same thing, the grandson of Æacus, this, the Greeks wondered at.

When thus Nestor says *to them*: “Cygnus has been the only despiser of weapons in your time, and penetrable by no blows. But I myself formerly saw the Perrhæbean Cæneus bear a thousand blows with his body unhurt; Cæneus the Perrhæbean, *I say*, who, famous for his achievements, inhabited Othrys. And that this, too, might be the more wondrous in 422 xii. 174-205. him, he was born a woman.” They are surprised, whoever are present, at the singular nature of this prodigy, and they beg him to tell the story. Among them, Achilles says, “Pray tell us, (for we all have the same desire to hear it,) O eloquent old man, the wisdom of our age; who was *this* Cæneus, *and* why changed to the opposite sex? in what war, and in the engagements of what contest was he known to thee? by whom was he conquered, if he was conquered by any one?”

Then the aged man *replied*: “Although tardy old age is a disadvantage to me, and many things which I saw in my early years escape me *now*, yet I remember most *of them*; and there is nothing, amid so many transactions of war and peace, that is more firmly fixed in my mind than that circumstance. And if extended age could make any one a witness of many deeds, I have lived two hundred years, *and* now my third century is being passed *by me*. Cænis, the daughter of Elatus, was remarkable for her charms; the most beauteous virgin among the Thessalian maids, and one sighed for in vain by the wishes of many wooers through the neighbouring *cities*, and through thy cities, Achilles, for she was thy countrywoman. Perhaps, too, Peleus would have attempted that alliance; but at that time the marriage of thy mother had either befallen him, or had been promised him. Cænis did not enter into any nuptial ties; and as she was walking along the lonely shore, she suffered violence from the God of the ocean. ‘Twas thus that report stated; and when Neptune had experienced the pleasures of this new amour, he said, ‘Be thy wishes secure from all repulse; choose whatever thou mayst desire.’ The same report has related this too; Cænis replied, ‘This mishap makes my desire extreme, that I may not be in a condition to suffer any such thing *in future*. Grant that I be no *longer* a woman, *and* thou wilt have granted me all.’ She spoke these last words with a hoarser

tone, and the voice might seem to be that of a man, as *indeed* it was.

“For now the God of the deep ocean had consented to her 423 xii. 206-238. wish; and had granted moreover that he should not be able to be pierced by any wounds, or to fall by *any* steel. Exulting in his privilege, the Atracian departed; and *now* spent his time in manly exercises, and roamed over the Peneïan plains. *Pirithoüs*, the son of the bold Ixion, had married Hippodame, and had bidden the cloud-born monsters to sit down at the tables ranged in order, in a cave shaded with trees. The Hæmonian nobles were there; I, too, was there, and the festive palace resounded with the confused rout. Lo! they sing the marriage song, and the halls smoke with the fires; the maiden, too, is there, remarkable for her beauty, surrounded by a crowd of matrons and newly married women. We *all* pronounce *Pirithoüs* fortunate in her for a wife; an omen which we had well nigh falsified. For thy breast, Eurytus, most savage of the savage Centaurs, is inflamed as much with wine as with seeing the maiden; and drunkenness, redoubled by lust, holds sway *over thee*. On the sudden the tables being overset, disturb the feast, and the bride is violently dragged away by her seized hair. Eurytus snatches up Hippodame, *and* the others such as each one fancies, or is able *to seize*; and there is *all* the appearance of a captured city. The house rings with the cries of women. Quickly we all rise; and first, Theseus says, ‘What madness, Eurytus, is impelling thee, who, while I *still* live, dost provoke *Pirithoüs*, and, in thy ignorance, in one dost injure two?’ And that the valiant hero may not say these things in vain, he pushes them off as they are pressing on, and takes her whom they have seized away from them as they grow furious.

“He says nothing in answer, nor, indeed, can he defend such actions by words; but he attacks the face of her protector with insolent hands, and strikes his generous breast. By chance, there is near at hand an ancient bowl, rough with projecting figures, which, huge as it is, the son of *Ægeus*, himself huger *still*, takes up and hurls full in his face. He, vomiting 424 xii. 239-266. both from his wounds and his mouth clots of blood, and brains and wine together, lying on his back, kicks on the soaking sand. *The* double-limbed *Centaurs* are inflamed at the death of their brother; and all vying, with one voice exclaim, ‘To arms! to arms!’ Wine gives them courage, and, in the

first onset, cups hurled are flying about, and shattered casks and hollow cauldrons; things before adapted for a banquet, now for war and slaughter. First, the son of Ophion, Amycus, did not hesitate to spoil the interior of the house of its ornaments; and first, from the shrine he tore up a chandelier, thick set with blazing lamps; and lifting it on high, like him who attempts to break the white neck of the bull with sacrificial axe, he dashed it against the forehead of Celadon the Lapithean, and left his skull mashed into his face, no *longer* to be recognized. His eyes started out, and the bones of his face being dashed to pieces, his nose was driven back, and was fixed in the middle of his palate. Him, Belates the Pellæan, having torn away the foot of a maple table, laid flat on the ground, with his chin sunk upon his breast, and vomiting forth his teeth mixed with blood; and sent him, by a twofold wound, to the shades of Tartarus.

“As Gryneus stood next, looking at the smoking altar with a grim look, he said, ‘*And* why do we not make use of this?’ and *then* he raised an immense altar, together with its fire; and hurled it into the midst of the throng of the Lapithæ, and struck down two *of them*, Broteus and Orius. The mother of Orius was Mycale, who was known by her incantations to have often drawn down the horns of the struggling moon. *On this* Exadius says, ‘Thou shalt not go unpunished, if only the opportunity of getting a weapon is given me;’ and, as his weapon, 425 xii. 266-299. he wields the antlers of a votive stag, which were upon a lofty pine-tree. With the double branches of these, Gryneus is pierced through the eyes, and has those eyes scooped out. A part of them adheres to the antlers, a part runs down his beard, and hangs down clotted with gore. Lo! Rhœtus snatches up an immense flaming brand, from the middle of the altar, and on the right side breaks through the temples of Charaxus, covered with yellow hair. His locks, seized by the violent flames, burn like dry corn, and the blood seared in the wound emits a terrific noise in its hissing, such as the iron glowing in the flames is often wont to emit, which, when the smith has drawn it out with the crooked pincers, he plunges into the trough; whereon it whizzes, and, sinking in the bubbling water, hisses. Wounded, he shakes the devouring fire from his locks, and takes upon his shoulders the threshold, torn up out of the ground, a *whole* waggon-load, which its

very weight hinders him from throwing full against the foe. The stony mass, too, bears down Cometes, a friend, who is standing at a short distance; nor does Rhœtus *then* restrain his joy, *and* he says, 'In such manner do I pray that the rest of the throng of thy party may be brave;' and *then* he increases the wound, redoubled with the half-burnt stake, and three or four times he breaks the sutures of his head with heavy blows, and its bones sink within the oozing brains.

"Victorious, he passes on to Evagrus, and Corythus, and Dryas; of which *number*, when Corythus, having his cheeks covered with their first down, has fallen, Evagrus says, 'What glory has been acquired by thee, in killing a boy?' Rhœtus permits him to say no more, and fiercely thrusts the glowing flames into the open mouth of the hero, as he is speaking, and through the mouth into the breast. Thee, too, cruel Dryas, he pursues, whirling the fire around his head, but the same issue does not await thee as well. Thou piercest him with a stake burnt at the end, while triumphing in the success of an 426 xii. 299-328. uninterrupted slaughter, in the spot where the neck is united to the shoulder. Rhœtus groans aloud, and with difficulty wrenches the stake out of the hard bone, and, drenched in his own blood, he flies. Orneus flies, too, and Lycabas, and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder-blade, and Thaumias with Pisenor; Mermerus, too, who lately excelled all in speed of foot, *but* now goes more slowly from the wound he has received; Pholus, too, and Melaneus, and Abas a hunter of boars, and Astylos the augur, who has in vain dissuaded his own party from this warfare. He also says to Nessus, as he dreads the wounds, 'Fly not! *for* thou shalt be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycidas, and Areos, and Imbreus did not escape death, all of whom the right hand of Dryas pierced right through. Thou, too, Crenæus, didst receive a wound in front, although thou didst turn thy back in flight; for looking back, thou didst receive the fatal steel between thy two eyes, where the nose is joined to the lower part of the forehead. In the midst of so much noise, Aphidas was lying fast asleep from the wine which he had drunk incessantly, and was not aroused, and in his languid hand was grasping the mixed bowl, stretched at full length upon the shaggy skin of a bear of Ossa. Soon as Phorbas beheld him from afar, wielding no arms, he inserted his fingers in the strap of his lance, and

said, 'Drink thy wine mingled with *the water of Styx*;' and, delaying no longer, he hurled his javelin against the youth, and the ash pointed with steel was driven into his neck, as, by chance, he lay *there* on his back. His death happened without his being sensible of it; and the blood flowed from his full throat, both upon the couch and into the bowl itself.

"I saw Petræus endeavouring to tear up an acorn-bearing oak from the earth; *and*, as he was grasping it in his embrace, 427 xii. 328-364. and was shaking it on this side and that, and was moving about the loosened tree, the lance of Pirithoüs hurled at the ribs of Petræus, transfixing his struggling breast together with the tough oak. They said, *too*, that Lycus fell by the valour of Pirithoüs, *and* that Chromis fell *by the hand* of Pirithoüs. But each of them *gave* less glory to the conqueror, than Dictys and Helops gave. Helops was transfixed by the javelin, which passed right through his temples, and, hurled from the right side, penetrated to his left ear. Dictys, slipping from the steep point of a rock, while, in his fear, he is flying from the pursuing son of Ixion, falls down headlong, and, by the weight of his body, breaks a huge ash tree, and spits his own entrails upon it, *thus* broken. Aphareus advances *as* his avenger, and endeavours to hurl a stone torn away from the mountain. As he is endeavouring *to do so*, the son of Ægeus attacks him with an oaken club, and breaks the huge bones of his arm, and has neither leisure, nor, *indeed*, does he care to put his useless body to death; and he leaps upon the back of the tall Bianor, not used to bear any other than himself; and he fixes his knees in his ribs, and holding his long hair, seized with his left hand, shatters his face, and his threatening features, and his very hard temples, with the knotty oak. With his oak, *too*, he levels Nedymnus, and Lycotas the darter, and Hippasus having his breast covered with his flowing beard, and Ripheus, who towered above the topmost woods, and Tereus, who used to carry home the bears, caught in the Hæmonian mountains, alive and raging.

"Demoleon could not any longer endure Theseus enjoying this success in the combat, and he tried with vast efforts to tear up from the thick-set wood an aged pine; because he could not effect this, he hurled it, broken short, against his foe. But Theseus withdrew afar from the approaching missile, through the warning of Pallas; so *at*

least he himself wished it to be thought. Yet the tree did not fall without effect: for it struck off from the throat of the tall Crantor, both his breast and his left shoulder. He, Achilles, had been the armour-bearer of thy father: him Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, 428 xii. 364-397. when conquered in war, had given to the son of Æacus, as a pledge and confirmation of peace. When Peleus saw him at a distance, mangled with a foul wound, he said, 'Accept however, Crantor, most beloved of youths, this sacrifice;' and, with a strong arm, and energy of intention, he hurled his ashen lance against Demoleon, which broke through the enclosures of his ribs, and quivered, sticking amid the bones. He draws out with his hand the shaft without the point; even that follows, with much difficulty; the point is retained within his lungs. The very pain gives vigour to his resolution; *though* wounded, he rears against the enemy, and tramples upon the hero with his horse's feet. The other receives the re-echoing strokes upon his helmet and his shield, and defends his shoulders, and holds his arms extended before him, and through the shoulder-blades he pierces two breasts at one stroke. But first, from afar, he had consigned to death Phlegræus, and Hyles; in closer combat, Hiphinoüs and Clanis. To these is added Dorylas, who had his temples covered with a wolf's skin, and the real horns of oxen reddened with much blood, that performed the duty of a cruel weapon.

"To him I said, for courage gave me strength, 'Behold, how much thy horns are inferior to my steel;' and *then* I threw my javelin. When he could not avoid this, he held up his right hand before his forehead, about to receive the blow; *and* to his forehead his hand was pinned. A shout arose; but Peleus struck him delaying, and overpowered by the painful wound, (for he was standing next to him) with his sword beneath the middle of his belly. He leaped forth, and fiercely dragged his own bowels on the ground, and trod on them *thus* dragged, and burst them *thus* trodden; and he entangled his legs, as well in them, and fell down, with his belly emptied *of its inner parts*. Nor did thy beauty, Cyllarus, save thee while fighting, if only we allow beauty to that *monstrous* nature *of thine*. His beard was beginning *to grow*; the colour of his beard was that of gold; and golden-coloured hair was hanging from his shoulders to the middle

of his shoulder-blades. In his face there was a pleasing briskness; his neck, and his 429 xii. 397-435. shoulders, and his hands, and his breast *were* resembling the applauded statues of the artists, and *so* in those parts in which he was a man; nor was the shape of the horse beneath that *shape*, faulty and inferior to *that of* the man. Give him *but* the neck and the head *of a horse*, and he would be worthy of Castor. So fit is his back to be sat upon, so stands his breast erect with muscle; *he is* all over blacker than black pitch; yet his tail is white; the colour, too, of his legs is white. Many a female of his own kind longed for him; but Hylonome alone gained him, than whom no female more handsome lived in the lofty woods, among the half beasts. She alone attaches Cyllarus, both by her blandishments, and by loving, and by confessing that she loves him. Her care, too, of her person is as great as can be in those limbs: so that her hair is smoothed with a comb; so that she now decks herself with rosemary, now with violets or roses, *and* sometimes she wears white lilies; and twice a day she washes her face with streams that fall from the height of the Pagasæan wood; *and* twice she dips her body in the stream: and she throws over her shoulder or her left side no skins but what are becoming, and are those of choice beasts.

“Their love was equal: together they wandered upon the mountains; together they entered the caves; and then, too, together had they entered the Lapithæan house; together were they waging the fierce warfare. The author *of the deed* is unknown: *but* a javelin came from the left side, and pierced thee, Cyllarus, below *the spot* where the breast is joined to the neck. The heart, being pierced with a small wound, grew cold, together with the whole body, after the weapon was drawn out. Immediately, Hylonome receives his dying limbs, and cherishes the wound, by laying her hand on it, and places her mouth on his, and strives to stop the fleeting life. When she sees him dead, having uttered what the clamour hinders from reaching my ears, she falls upon the weapon that has pierced him, and as she dies, embraces her husband. He, too, *now* stands before my eyes, Phæocomes, *namely*, who had bound six lions’ skins together with connecting knots; covered all over, both horse and man. He, having discharged the trunk of a tree, which two yokes of oxen joined together could hardly have moved, battered the son of Phonolenus on

the top of his head. The very broad round form of his skull was broken; and through his mouth, and 430 xii. 435-464. through his hollow nostrils, and his eyes, and his ears, his softened brains poured down; just as curdled milk is wont through the oaken twigs, or as *any* liquor flows under the weight of a well-pierced sieve, and is squeezed out thick through the numerous holes. But I, while he was preparing to strip him of his arms as he lay, (this thy sire knows,) plunged my sword into the lower part of his belly, as he was spoiling him. Chthonius, too, and Teleboas, lay *pierced* by my sword. The former was bearing a two-forked bough *as his weapon*, the latter a javelin; with his javelin he gave me a wound. You see the marks; look! the old scar is still visible.

“Then ought I to have been sent to the taking of Troy; then I might, if not have overcome, *still* have stayed the arms of the mighty Hector. But at that time Hector was not existing, or *but* a boy; *and* now my age is failing. Why tell thee of Periphas, the conqueror of the two-formed Pyretus? Why of Ampyx, who fixed his cornel-wood spear, without a point, full in the face of the four-footed Oëclus? Macareus, struck down the Pelethronian Erigdupus, by driving a crowbar into his breast. I remember, too, that a hunting spear, hurled by the hand of Nessus, was buried in the groin of Cymelus. And do not believe that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, only foretold things to come; a two-formed *monster* was slain by Mopsus, darting *at him*, and Odites in vain attempted to speak, his tongue being nailed to his chin, and his chin to his throat. Cæneus had put five to death, Stiphelus, and Bromus, and Antimachus, and Helimus, and Pyracmos, wielding the axe. I do not remember *their respective* wounds, *but* I marked their numbers, and their names. Latreus, most huge both in his limbs and his body, sallied forth, armed with the spoils of Emathian Halesus, whom he had consigned to death. His age was between that of a youth, and an old man; 431 xii. 465-494. his vigour that of a youth; grey hairs variegated his temples. Conspicuous by his buckler, and his helmet, and his Macedonian pike; and turning his face towards both sides, he brandished his arms, and rode in one same round, and vaunting, poured forth thus many words into the yielding air: —

““And shall I put up with thee, too, Cænis? for to me thou shalt

ever be a woman, to me always Cænis. Does not thy natal origin lower thy *spirit*? And does it not occur to thy mind for what *foul* deed thou didst get thy reward, and at what price the false resemblance to a man? Consider both what thou wast born, as well as what thou hast submitted to: go, and take up a distaff together with thy baskets, and twist the threads with thy thumb; leave warfare to men.’ As he is vaunting in such terms, Cæneus pierces his side, stretched in running, with a lance hurled at him, just where the man is joined to the horse. He raves with pain, and strikes at the exposed face of the Phylleian youth with his pike. It bounds back no otherwise than hail from the roof of a house; or than if any one were to beat a hollow drum with a little pebble. Hand to hand he encounters him, and strives to plunge his sword into his tough side; *but* the parts are impervious to his sword. ‘Yet,’ says he, ‘thou shalt not escape me; with the middle of the sword shalt thou be slain, since the point is blunt;’ and *then* he slants the sword against his side, and grasps his stomach with his long right arm. The blow produces an echo, as on a body of marble when struck; and the shivered blade flies different ways, upon striking his neck.

“After Cæneus had enough exposed his unhurt limbs to him in his amazement, ‘Come now,’ said he, ‘let us try thy body with my steel;’ and up to the hilt he plunged his fatal sword into his shoulder-blade, and extended his hand unseen into his entrails, and worked it about, and in the wound made a *fresh* wound. Lo! the double-limbed *monsters*, enraged, rush on 432 xii. 494-533. in an impetuous manner, and all of them hurl and thrust their weapons at him alone. Their weapons fall blunted. Unstabbed and bloodless the Elateian Cæneus remains from each blow. This strange thing makes them astonished. ‘Oh great disgrace!’ cries Monychus; ‘a *whole* people, we are overcome by one, and that hardly a man; although, *indeed*, he is a man; and we by our dastardly actions, are what he *once* was. What signify our huge limbs? What our twofold strength? What that our twofold nature has united in us the stoutest animals in existence? I neither believe that we are born of a Goddess for our mother, nor of Ixion, who was so great a person, that he conceived hopes of *even* the supreme Juno. By a half male foe are we baffled. Heap upon him stones and beams, and entire mountains, and dash out his long-lived

breath, by throwing *whole* woods *upon him*. Let a *whole* wood press on his jaws; and weight shall be in the place of wounds.'

"*Thus* he said; and by chance having got a tree, thrown down by the power of the boisterous South wind, he threw it against the powerful foe: and he was an example *to the rest*; and in a short time, Othrys, thou wast bare of trees, and Pelion had no shades. Overwhelmed by this huge heap, Cæneus swelters beneath the weight of the trees, and bears on his brawny shoulders the piled-up oaks. But after the load has increased upon his face and his head, and his breath has no air to draw; at one moment he faints, at another he endeavours, in vain, to raise himself into the *open* air, and to throw off the wood cast *upon him*: and sometimes he moves it. Just as lo! we see, if lofty Ida is convulsed with earthquakes. The event is doubtful. Some gave out that his body was hurled to roomy Tartarus by the weight of the wood. The son of Ampycus denied this, and saw go forth into the liquid air, from amid the pile, a bird with tawny wings; which then was beheld by me for the first time, then, *too*, for the last. When Mopsus saw it with gentle flight surveying his camp, and making a noise around it with a vast clamour, following him both with his eyes and his feelings, he said, 'Hail! thou glory of the Lapithæan race, once the greatest of men, but now the only bird *of thy kind*, Cæneus.' This thing was credited from its assertor. Grief added resentment, and we bore it with disgust, that one was overpowered by foes so 433 xii. 533-535. many. Nor did we cease to exercise our weapons, in *shedding their* blood, before a part of them was put to death, and flight and the night dispersed the rest."

EXPLANATION.

We learn from Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient authors, that the people of Thessaly, and those especially who lived near Mount Pelion, were the first who trained horses for riding, and used them as a substitute for chariots. Pliny the Elder says that they excelled all the other people of Greece in horsemanship, and that they carried it to such perfection, that the name of ἵππεύς, 'a horseman,' and that of 'Thessalian,' became synonymous. Again, the Thessalians, from their dexterity in killing the wild bulls that infested the neighbouring

mountains, sometimes with darts or spears, and at other times in close engagement, acquired the name of Hippocentaurs, that is, 'horsemen that hunted bulls,' or simply κένταυροι, 'Centaurs.'

It is not improbable that, because the Thessalians began to practise riding in the reign of Ixion, the poets made the Centaurs his sons; and they were said to have a cloud for their mother, which Jupiter put in the place of Juno, to baulk the attempt of Ixion on her virtue, because, according to Palæphatus, many of them lived in a city called Nephele, which, in Greek, signifies a cloud. As another method of accounting for their alleged descent from a cloud, it has been suggested that the Centaurs were a rapacious race of men, who ravaged the neighbouring country: that those who wrote the first accounts of them, in the ancient dialect of Greece, gave them the name of Nephelim, (the epithet of the giants of Scripture,) many Phœnician words having been imported in the early language of that country; and that in later times, finding them called by this name, the Greek word Nephelè, signifying 'a cloud,' persons readily adopted the fable that they were born of one.

The Centaurs being the descendants of Centaurus, the son of Ixion, and Pirithoüs being also the son of Ixion, by Dia, the former, declared war against Pirithoüs, asserting, that, as the descendants of Ixion, they had a right to share in the succession to his dominions. This quarrel, however, was made up, and they continued on friendly terms, until the attempt of Eurytus, or Eurytion, on Hippodamia, the bride of Pirithoüs, which was followed by the consequences here described by Ovid. The Centaurs are twice mentioned in the Iliad as φῆρες, or 'wild beasts,' and once under the name of 'Centaurs.' Pindar is the first writer that mentions them as being of a twofold form, partly man, and partly horse. In the twenty-first Book of the Odyssey, line 295, Eurytion is said to have had his ears and nose cut off by way of punishment, and that, from that period, 'discord arose between the Centaurs and men.'

Buttman, (Mythologus, ii. p. 22, as quoted by Mr. Keightley), says that the names of Centaurs and Lapithæ are two purely poetic names, used to designate two opposite races of men, — the former, the rude horse-riding tribes, which tradition records to have been spread over the north of Greece: the latter, the more civilized race,

which founded towns, and gradually drove their wild neighbours back into the mountains. He thinks 434 xii. 536-541. that the explanation of the word 'Centaurs,' as 'Air-piercers,' (from κεντεῖν τὴν αὔραν) not an improbable one, for the idea is suggested by the figure of a Cossack leaning forward with his protruded lance as he gallops along. But he regards the idea of κένταυρος, having been in its origin simply κέντωρ, as much more probable, [it meaning simply 'the spurrier-on.'] Lapithæ may, he thinks, have signified 'Stone persuaders,' from λῆας πείθειν, a poetic appellation for the builders of towns. He supposes Hippodamia to have been a Centauress, married to the prince of the Lapithæ, and thus accounts for the Centaurs having been at the wedding. Mr. Keightley, in his 'Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy,' remarks that 'it is certainly not a little strange that a rude mountain race like the Centaurs should be viewed as horsemen; and the legend which ascribes the perfecting of the art of horsemanship to the Lapithæ, is unquestionably the more probable one. The name Centaur, which so much resembles the Greek verb κεντέω, 'to spur,' we fancy gave origin to the fiction. This derivation of it is, however, rather dubious.'

After the battle here described, the Centaurs retreated to the mountains of Arcadia. The Lapithæ pursuing them, drove them to the Promontory of Malea in Laconia, where, according to Apollodorus, Neptune took them into his protection. Servius and Antimachus, as quoted by Comes Natalis, say that some of them fled to the Isle of the Sirens (or rather to that side of Italy which those Nymphs had made their abode); and that there they were destroyed by the voluptuous and debauched lives they led.

The fable of Cæneus, which Ovid has introduced, is perhaps simply founded on the prodigious strength and the goodness of the armour of a person of that name. The story of Halyonome killing herself on the body of Cyllarus, may possibly have been handed down by tradition. It is not unlikely that, if the Centaurs were horsemen, their women were not unacquainted with horsemanship; indeed, representations of female Centaurs are given, on ancient monuments, as drawing the chariot of Bacchus.

FABLES V. AND VI.

Periclymenus, the brother of Nestor, who has received from Neptune the power of transforming himself, is changed into an eagle, in a combat with Hercules; and in his flight is shot by him with an arrow. Neptune prays Apollo to avenge the death of Cygnus: because the Destinies will not permit him to do so himself. Apollo enters the Trojan camp in disguise, and directs the arrow which Paris aims at Achilles; who is mortally wounded in the heel, the only vulnerable part of his body.

As the Pylian related this fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, *but* half human, Tlepolemus could not endure his sorrow for Alcides being passed by with silent lips, and said, "It is strange, old man, that thou shouldst have a forgetfulness of the exploits of Hercules; at least, my father himself used often 435 xii. 541-576. to relate to me, that these cloud-begotten *monsters* were conquered by him." The Pylian, sad at this, said, "Why dost thou force me to call to mind my misfortunes, and to rip up my sorrows, concealed beneath years, and to confess my hatred of, and disgust at, thy father? He, indeed, ye Gods! performed things beyond all belief, and filled the world with his services; which I could rather wish could be denied; but we are in the habit of praising neither Deiphobus nor Polydamas, nor Hector himself: for who would commend an enemy? That father of thine once overthrew the walls of Messene, and demolished guiltless cities, Elis and Pylos, and carried the sword and flames into my abode. And, that I may say nothing of others whom he slew, we were twice six sons of Neleus, goodly youths; the twice six fell by the might of Hercules, myself alone excepted. And that the others were vanquished might have been endured; *but* the death of Periclymenus is wonderful; to whom Neptune, the founder of the Neleian family, had granted to be able to assume whatever shapes he might choose, and again, when assumed, to lay them aside. He, after he had in vain been turned into all other shapes, was turned into the form of the bird that is wont to carry the lightnings in his crooked talons, the most acceptable to the king of the Gods. Using the strength of *that* bird, his wings, and his crooked bill, together with his hooked talons, he tore the face of the hero. The Tirynthian hero aims at him his bow, too unerring, and hits him, as he moves his limbs aloft amid the clouds, and hovering *in the air*, just where the

wing is joined to the side.

“Nor is the wound a great one, but his sinews, cut by the wound, fail him, and deny him motion and strength for flying. He fell down to the earth, his weakened pinions not catching the air; and where the smooth arrow had stuck in his wing, it was pressed *still further* by the weight of his pierced body, and it was driven, through the upper side, into the left part of the neck. Do I seem to be owing encomiums to the exploits of thy *father* Hercules, most graceful leader of the Rhodian fleet? Yet I will no further avenge my brothers, 436 xii. 576-602. than by being silent on his brave deeds: with thyself I have a firm friendship.” After the son of Neleus had said these things with his honied tongue, the gifts of Bacchus being resumed after the discourse of the aged man, they arose from their couches: the rest of the night was given to sleep.

But the God who commands the waters of the sea with his trident, laments, with the affection of a father, the body of his son, changed into the bird of the son of Sthenelus; and abhorring the ruthless Achilles, pursues his resentful wrath in more than an ordinary manner. And now, the war having been protracted for almost twice five years, with such words as these he addresses the unshorn Smintheus: “O thou, most acceptable to me, by far, of the sons of my brother, who, together with me, didst build the walls of Troy in vain; and dost thou not grieve when thou lookest upon these towers so soon to fall? or dost thou not lament that so many thousands are slain in defending these walls? and (not to recount them all) does not the ghost of Hector, dragged around his Pergamus, recur to thee? Though still the fierce Achilles, more blood-stained than war itself, lives on, the destroyer of our toil, let him but put himself in my power, I will make him feel what I can do with my triple spear. But since it is not allowed us to encounter the enemy in close fight, destroy him, when off his guard, with a secret shaft.”

He nodded his assent; and the Delian *God*, indulging together both his own resentment and that of his uncle, veiled in a cloud, comes to the Trojan army, and in the midst of the slaughter of the men, he sees Paris, at intervals, scattering his darts among the ignoble Greeks; and, discovering himself to be a Divinity, he says, “Why dost thou waste thy arrows upon 437 xii. 602-628. the blood of

the vulgar? If thou hast any concern for thy friends, turn upon the grandson of Æacus, and avenge thy slaughtered brothers.” *Thus* he said; and pointing at the son of Peleus, mowing down the bodies of the Trojans with the sword, he turned his bow towards him, and directed his unerring arrow with a fatal right hand. This was *the only thing* at which, after *the death of Hector*, the aged Priam could rejoice. And art thou then, Achilles, the conqueror of men so great, conquered by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian wife? But if it had been fated for thee to fall by the hand of a woman, thou wouldst rather have fallen by the Thermodontean battle-axe.

Now that dread of the Phrygians, the glory and defence of the Pelasgian name, the grandson of Æacus, a head invincible in war, had been burnt: the same Divinity had armed him, and had burned him. He is now *but* ashes; and there remains of Achilles, so renowned, I know not what; that which will not well fill a little urn. But his glory lives, which can fill the whole world: this allowance is befitting that hero, and in this the son of Peleus is equal to himself, and knows not the empty Tartarus. Even his very shield gives occasion for war, that you may know to whom it belongs; and arms are wielded for arms. The son of Tydeus does not dare to claim them, nor Ajax, the son of Oïleus, nor the younger son of Atreus, nor he who is his superior both in war and age, nor *any* others; the hope of so much glory exists only in him begotten by Telamon and *the son* of Laërtes. The descendant of Tantalus removes from himself the burden and the odium *of a decision*, and orders the Argive leaders to sit in the midst of the camp, and transfers the judgment of the dispute to them all.

EXPLANATION.

Periclymenus was the son of Neleus and Chloris, as we are told by 438 Homer, Apollodorus, and other authors. According to these authors, Neleus, king of Orchomenus, was the son of Neptune, who assumed the form of the river Enipeus, the more easily to deceive Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus. Neleus married Chloris, the daughter of Amphion, king of Thebes, who bore him eleven sons and one daughter, of which number, Homer names but three.

Periclymenus, the youngest of the family, was a warlike prince, and, according to Apollodorus, accompanied Jason in the expedition of the Argonauts. Hercules, after having instituted the Olympic games, marched into Messenia, and declared war with Neleus. The ancient writers differ as to the cause of this expedition; but they agree in stating, that Hercules made himself master of Pylos, a town which Neleus had built, as a refuge from the capricious humours of his brother Pelias; and that Neleus and all his children were killed, except Nestor, who had been brought up among the Geranians, and who afterwards reigned in Pylos. The story which here relates how Periclymenus transformed himself into an eagle, and was then killed by Hercules, may possibly mean, that having long resisted the attacks of his formidable enemy, he was at length put to flight, and slain by an arrow. It is said that Neptune had given him the power to metamorphose himself into different figures, very probably because his grandfather, who was a maritime prince, had taught him the art of war and various stratagems, which he industriously made use of, to avert the ruin of his family.

In relation to the story of the death of Achilles, Dictys the Cretan tells us, that Achilles having seen Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, along with Cassandra, as she was sacrificing to Apollo, fell in love with her, and demanded her in marriage and that Hector would not consent to it, except on condition of his betraying the Greeks. This demand, so injurious to his honour, provoked Achilles so much, that he forthwith slew Hector, and dragged his body round the walls of the city. He further says that when Priam went to demand the body of Hector, he took Polyxena with him, in order to soften Achilles. His design succeeded, and Priam then agreed to give her to him in marriage. On the day appointed for the solemnity in the temple of Apollo, Paris, concealing himself behind the altar, while Deiphobus pretended to embrace Achilles, wounded him in the heel, and killed him on the spot, either because the arrow was poisoned, or because he was wounded on the great tendon, which has since been called 'tendon Achillis,' a spot where a wound might very easily be mortal.

This story of the death of Achilles does not seem to have been known to Homer; for he appears, in the twenty-fourth book of the Odyssey, to insinuate that that hero died in battle, fighting for the

Grecian cause.

After his death Achilles was honoured as a Demigod, and Strabo says that he had a temple near the promontory of Sigæum. Pausanias and Pliny the Elder make mention of an island in the Euxine Sea, where the memory of Achilles was expressly honoured, from which circumstances it had the name of Achillea.

BOOK THE THIRTEENTH.

FABLE I.

After the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses contend for his armour; the Greek chiefs having adjudged it to the last, Ajax kills himself in despair, and his blood is changed into a flower. When Ulysses has brought Philoctetes, who is possessed of the arrows of Hercules, to the siege, and the destinies of Troy are thereby accomplished, the city is taken and sacked, and Hecuba becomes the slave of Ulysses.

The chiefs were seated; and a ring of the common people standing *around*, Ajax, the lord of the seven-fold shield, arose before them. And as he was impatient in his wrath, with stern features he looked back upon the Sigæan shores, and the fleet upon the shore, and, stretching out his hands, he said, “We are pleading, O Jupiter, our cause before the ships, and Ulysses vies with me! But he did not hesitate to yield to the flames of Hector, which I withstood, *and* which I drove from this fleet. It is safer, therefore, for him to contend with artful words than with his *right* hand. But neither does my talent lie in speaking, nor his in acting; and as great ability as I have in fierce warfare, so much has he in talking. Nor do I think, O Pelasgians, that my deeds need be related to you; for you have been eye-witnesses of them. Let Ulysses recount his, which he has performed without any witness, *and* of which night alone is conscious. I own that the prize that is sought is great; but the rival of Ajax lessens its value. It is no proud thing, great though it may be, to possess any thing 440 xiii. 18-38. which Ulysses has hoped for. Already has he obtained the reward of this contest, in which, when he shall have been worsted, he will be said to have contended with me. And I, if my prowess were to be questioned, should prevail by the nobleness of my birth, being the son of Telamon, who took the city of Troy under the valiant Hercules, and entered the Colchian shores in the Pagasæan ship. Æacus was his father, who there gives laws to the silent *shades*, where the heavy stone urges *downward* Sisyphus, the son of Æolus.

“The supreme Jupiter owns Æacus, and confesses that he is his

offspring. Thus Ajax is the third from Jupiter. And yet, O Greeks, let not this line of descent avail me in this cause, if it be not common to me with the great Achilles. He was my cousin; I ask for what belonged to my cousin? Why does one descended from the blood of Sisyphus, and very like him in thefts and fraud, intrude the name of a strange family among the descendants of Æacus? Are the arms to be denied me, because I took up arms before *him*, and through the means of no informer? and shall one seem preferable who was the last to take them up, and who, by feigning madness, declined war, until the son of Nauplius, more cunning than he, but more unhappy for himself, discovered the contrivance of his 441 xiii. 38-61. cowardly mind, and dragged him forth to the arms which he had avoided. Now let him take the best arms who would have taken none. Let me be dishonoured, and stripped of the gifts that belonged to my cousin, who presented myself in the front of danger. And I could wish that that madness had been either real or believed *so to be*, and that he had never attended us as a companion to the Phrygian towers, this counsellor of evil! Then, son of Pœas, Lemnos would not have had thee exposed *there* through our guilt; who now, as they say, concealed in sylvan caves, art moving the *very* rocks with thy groans, and art wishing for the son of Laërtes what he has deserved; which, may the Gods, the Gods, *I say*, grant thee not to pray in vain.

“And now, he that was sworn upon the same arms with ourselves, one of our leaders, alas! by whom, as his successor, the arrows of Hercules are used, broken by disease and famine, is being clothed and fed by birds; and in shooting fowls, he is employing the shafts destined for the destruction of Troy. Still, he lives, because he did not accompany Ulysses. And the unhappy Palamedes would have preferred that he had been left behind; *then* he would have been living, or, at least, he would have had a death without any criminality. Him, *Ulysses* remembering too well the unlucky discovery of his madness, pretended to be betraying the Grecian interests, and proved his feigned charge, and shewed *the Greeks* the gold, which he had previously hidden in the ground. By exile then, or by death, has he withdrawn from the Greeks their 442 xiii. 61-89. *best* strength. Thus Ulysses fights, thus is he to be dreaded. Though he were to excel even the faithful Nestor in eloquence, yet he would

never cause me to believe that the forsaking of Nestor was not a crime; who, when he implored *the aid of* Ulysses, retarded by the wound of his steed, and wearied with the years of old age, was deserted by his companion. The son of Tydeus knows full well that these charges are not invented by me, who calling on him often by name, rebuked him, and upbraided his trembling friend with his flight. The Gods above behold the affairs of men with just eyes. Lo! he wants help, himself, who gave it not; and as he left *another*, so was he doomed to be left: *such* law had he made for himself.

“He called aloud to his companions. I came, and I saw him trembling, and pale with fear, and shuddering at the impending death. I opposed the mass of my shield *to the enemy*, and covered him as he lay; and I preserved (and that is the least part of my praise) his dastardly life. If thou dost persist in vying, let us return to that place; restore the enemy, and thy wound, and thy wonted fear; and hide behind my shield, and under that contend with me. But, after I delivered him, he to whom his wounds *before* gave no strength for standing, fled, retarded by no wound *whatever*. Hector approaches, and brings the Gods along with him to battle, and where he rushes on, not only art thou alarmed, Ulysses, but even the valiant *are*; so great terror does he bring. Him, as he exulted in the successes of his bloodstained slaughter, in close conflict, I laid flat with a huge stone. Him demanding one with whom he might engage, did I alone withstand; and you, Greeks, prayed *it might fall* to my lot; and your prayers prevailed. 443 xiii. 89-116. If you inquire into the issue of this fight, I was not beaten by him.

“Lo! the Trojans bring fire and sword, and Jove, *as well*, against the Grecian fleet. Where is now the eloquent Ulysses? I, forsooth, protected a thousand ships, the hopes of your return, with my breast. Grant me the arms, in return for so many ships. But, if I may be allowed to speak the truth, a greater honour is sought for them than is for me, and our glory is united; and Ajax is sought for the arms, and not the arms by Ajax. Let the Ithacan *Ulysses* compare with these things Rhesus, and the unwarlike Dolon, and Helenus, the son of Priam, made captive with the ravished Pallas. By daylight nothing was done; nothing when Diomedes was afar. If once you give these arms for services so mean, divide them, and that of Diomedes would

be the greater share of them. But, why these for the Ithacan? who, by stealth and unarmed, ever does his work, and deceives the unwary enemy by stratagem? The very brilliancy of his helmet, as it sparkles with bright gold, will betray his plans, and discover him as he lies hid. But neither will the Dulichian head, beneath the helm of Achilles, sustain a weight so great; and the spear from Pelion must be heavy and burdensome for unwarlike arms. Nor will the shield, embossed with the form of the great globe, beseem a dastard left hand, and one formed for theft. Why *then*, caitiff, dost thou ask for a gift that will *but* weaken thee? should the mistake of the Grecian people bestow it on thee, there would be a cause for thee to be stripped, not for thee to be dreaded by the enemy. Thy flight, too, (in which, alone, most dastardly *wretch!* thou dost excel all *others*,) will be retarded, when dragging a load so 444 xiii. 116-146. great. Besides, that shield of thine, which has so rarely experienced the conflict, is unhurt; for mine, which is gaping in a thousand wounds from bearing the darts, a new successor must be obtained. In fine, what need is there for words? Let us be tried in action. Let the arms of that brave hero be thrown in the midst of the enemy: order them to be fetched thence, and adorn him that brings them back, with them so brought off.”

The son of Telamon had *now* ended, and a murmur among the multitude ensued upon his closing words, until the Laërtian hero stood up, and fixing his eyes, for a short time, on the ground, raised them towards the chiefs, and opened his mouth in the accents that were looked for; nor was gracefulness wanting to his eloquent words.

“If my prayers had been of any avail together with yours, Pelasgians, the successor to a prize so great would not *now* be in question, and thou wouldst now be enjoying thine arms, and we thee, O Achilles. But since the unjust Fates have denied him to me and to yourselves, (and here he wiped his eyes with his hands as though shedding tears,) who could better succeed the great Achilles than he through whom the great Achilles joined the Greeks? Only let it not avail him that he seems to be as stupid as he *really* is; and let not my talents, which ever served you, O Greeks, be a prejudice to me: and let this eloquence of mine, if there is any, which now pleads for its possessor, and has often *done so* for yourselves, stand clear of envy,

and let each man not disown his own advantages. For *as to* descent and ancestors, and the things which we have not made ourselves, I scarce call these our own. But, indeed, since Ajax boasts that he is the great grandson of Jove, Jupiter, too, is the founder of my family, and by just as many degrees am I distant from him. For Laërtes is my father, Arcesius his, Jupiter his; nor was any one of these *ever* condemned and banished. Through the mother, too, 445 xiii. 146-167. Cyllenian *Mercury*, another noble stock, is added to myself. On the side of either parent there was a God. But neither because I am more nobly born on my mother's side, nor because my father is innocent of his brother's blood, do I claim the arms *now* in question. By *personal* merit weigh the cause. So that it be no merit in Ajax that Telamon and Peleus were brothers; and *so that* not consanguinity, but the honour of merit, be regarded in *the disposal* of these spoils. Or if nearness of relationship and the next heir is sought, Peleus is his sire, and Pyrrhus is his son. What room, *then*, is there for Ajax? Let them be taken to Phthia or to Scyros. Nor is Teucer any less a cousin of Achilles than he; and yet does he sue for, does he expect to bear away the arms?

“Since then the contest is simply one of deeds; I, in truth, have done more than what it is easy for me to comprise in words. Yet I shall proceed in the order of events. *Thetis*, the Nereid mother, prescient of coming death, conceals her son by his dress. The disguise of the assumed dress deceived all, among whom was Ajax. Amid woman's trinkets I mixed arms such as would affect the mind of a man. And not yet had the hero thrown aside the dress of a maiden, when, as he was brandishing a shield and a spear, I said, ‘O son of a Goddess, Pergamus reserves itself to fall through thee. Why, *then*, dost thou delay to overthrow the mighty Troy?’ And *then* I laid my hands on him, and to brave deeds I sent forth the brave. His deeds then are my own. ‘Twas I that subdued Telephus, as he fought with his lance; ‘twas I that recovered him, vanquished, and begging *for his life*. That Thebes has fallen, is my doing. Believe me, that I took Lesbos, that I *took* Tenedos, Chrysa and Cylla, cities of Apollo, and Scyros *too*. Consider too, that the Lyrnessian 446 xiii. 176-208. walls were levelled with the ground, shaken by my right hand. And, not to mention other things, ‘twas I, in fact, that found one who

might slay the fierce Hector; through me the renowned Hector lies prostrate. By those arms through which Achilles was found out, I demand these arms. To him when living I gave them; after his death I ask them back again.

“After the grief of one had reached all the Greeks, and a thousand ships had filled the Eubœan Aulis, the breezes long expected were either not existing or adverse to the fleet; and the ruthless oracles commanded Agamemnon to slay his innocent daughter for the cruel Diana. This the father refuses, and is enraged against the Gods themselves, and, a king, he is still a father. By my words I swayed the gentle disposition of the parent to the public advantage. Now, indeed, I make this confession, and let the son of Atreus forgive me as I confess it; before a partial judge I upheld a difficult cause. Yet the good of the people and his brother, and the supreme power of the sceptre granted to him, influence him to balance praise against blood. I was sent, too, to the mother, who was not to be persuaded, but to be deceived with craft; to whom, if the son of Telamon had gone, until even now would our sails have been without wind. A bold envoy, too, I was sent to the towers of Ilium, and the senate-house of lofty Troy was seen and entered by me; and still was it filled with their heroes. Undaunted, I pleaded the cause which all Greece had entrusted to me; and I accused Paris, and I demanded back the plunder, and Helen *as well*; and I moved Priam and Antenor, related to Priam. But Paris and his brothers, and those who, under him, had been ravishers, scarce withheld their wicked hands; *and* this thou knowest, Menelaüs, and that was the first day of my danger in company with thee. It were a tedious matter to relate the things which, by my counsel and my valour, I have successfully executed in the duration of this tedious warfare.

“After the first encounter, the enemy for a long time kept themselves within the walls of the city, and there was 447 xiii. 209-237. no opportunity for open fight. At length, in the tenth year we fought. *And* what wast thou doing in the mean time, thou, who knowest of nothing but battles? what was the use of thee? But if thou inquirest into my actions: I lay ambuscades for the enemy; I surround the trenches with redoubts; I cheer our allies that they may bear with patient minds the tediousness of a protracted war; I show, *too*, how

we are to be supported, and how to be armed; I am sent whither necessity requires. Lo! by the advice of Jove, the king, deceived by a form in his sleep, commands him to dismiss all care of the war *thus* begun. He is enabled, through the author of it, to defend his own cause. Ajax should not have allowed this, and should have demanded that Troy be razed. And he should have fought, the *only* thing he could do. Why, does he not stop them when about to depart? Why does he not take up arms, and *why not* suggest some course for the fickle multitude to pursue? This was not too much for him, who never says any thing but what is grand. Well, and didst thou take to flight? I was witness of it, and ashamed I was to see, when thou wast turning thy back, and wast preparing the sails of disgrace. Without delay, I exclaimed, ‘What are you doing? What madness made you, O my friends, quit Troy, *well nigh* taken? And what, in this tenth year, are you carrying home but disgrace?’

“With these and other *words*, for which grief itself had made me eloquent, I brought back the resisting *Greeks* from the flying fleet. The son of Atreus calls together his allies, struck with terror; nor, even yet, does the son of Telamon dare to utter a word; yet Thersites dares to launch out against the kings with impudent remarks, although not unpunished by myself. I am aroused, and I incite the trembling citizens against the foe, and by my voice I reclaim their lost courage. From that time, whatever that man, whom I drew away as he 448 xiii. 237-266. was turning his back, may seem to have done bravely, is *all* my own. In fine, who of the Greeks is either praising thee, or resorts to thee; but with me the son of Tydeus shares his exploits; he praises me, and is ever confident while Ulysses is his companion. It is something, out of so many thousands of the Greeks, to be singled out alone by Diomedes. Nor was it lot that ordered me to go forth; and yet, despising the dangers of the night and of the enemy, I slew Dolon, *one* of the Phrygian race, who dared the same things that we *dared*; though not before I had compelled him to disclose everything, and had learned what perfidious Troy designed. Everything had I *now* discovered, and I had nothing *further* to find out, and I might now have returned, with my praises going before me. Not content with that, I sought the tent of Rhesus, and in his own camp slew himself and his attendants. And thus, as a conqueror, and

having gained my own desires, I returned in the captured chariot, resembling a joyous triumph. Deny me the arms of him whose horses the enemy had demanded as the price for *one* night's service; and let Ajax be *esteemed* your greater benefactor.

“Why should I make reference to the troops of Lycian Sarpedon, mowed down by my sword? With much bloodshed I slew Cœranos, the son of Iphitus, and Alastor, and Chromius, and Alcander, and Halius, and Noëmon, and Prytanis, and I put to death Thoön, with Chersidamas, and Charops, and Ennomos, impelled by his relentless fate; five of less renown fell by my hand beneath the city walls. I, too, fellow-citizens, have wounds, honourable in their place. Believe not *his* crafty words; here! behold them.” And *then*, with his hand, he pulls aside his garment, and, “this is the breast,” says he, “that has been ever employed in your service.”

“But the son of Telamon has spent none of his blood on his friends for so many years, and he has a body without a 449 xiii. 266-299. *single* wound. But what signifies that, if he says that he bore arms for the Pelasgian fleet against both the Trojans and Jupiter himself? I confess it, he did bear them; nor is it any part of mine with malice to detract from the good deeds *of others*; but let him not alone lay claim to what belongs to all, and let him give to yourselves, as well, some of the honour. The descendant of Actor, safe under the appearance of Achilles, repelled the Trojans, with their defender, from the ships on the point of being burnt. He, too, unmindful of the king, and of the chiefs, and of myself, fancies that he alone dared to engage with Hector in combat, being the ninth in that duty, and preferred by favour of the lot. But yet, most brave *chief*, what was the issue of thy combat? Hector came off, injured by no wound. Ah, wretched me! with how much grief am I compelled to recollect that time at which Achilles, the bulwark of the Greeks, was slain: nor tears, nor grief, nor fear, hindered me from carrying his body aloft from the ground; on these shoulders, I say, on these shoulders I bore the body of Achilles, and his arms together *with him*, which now, too, I am endeavouring to bear off. I have strength to suffice for such a weight, *and*, assuredly, I have a soul that will be sensible of your honours.

“Was then, forsooth! his azure mother *so* anxious in her son's

behalf that the heavenly gifts, a work of so great ingenuity, a rough soldier, and one without any genius, should put on? For he will not understand the engravings on the shield; the ocean, and the earth, and the stars with the lofty heavens and the Pleiades, and the Hyades, and the Bear that avoids the sea, and the different cities, and the blazing sword of Orion; arms he insists on receiving, which he does not understand. What! and does he charge that I, avoiding the duties of this laborious war, came but late to the toil begun? and does he not perceive that *in this* he is defaming the brave Achilles? If he calls dissembling a crime, we have both of us dissembled. 450 xiii. 299-336. If delay *stands* for a fault, I was earlier than he. A fond wife detained me, a fond mother Achilles. The first part of our time was given to them, the rest to yourselves. I am not alarmed, if now I am unable to defend myself against this accusation, in common with so great a man. Yet he was found out by the dexterity of Ulysses, but not Ulysses *by that* of Ajax.

“And that we may not be surprised at his pouring out on me the reproaches of his silly tongue, against you, too, does he make objections worthy of shame. Is it base for me, with a false crime to have charged Palamedes, *and* honourable for you to have condemned him? But neither could *Palamedes*, the son of Nauplius, defend a crime so great, and so manifest; nor did you *only* hear the charges against him, *but* you witnessed them, and in the bribe *itself* the charge was established. Nor have I deserved to be accused, because Lemnos, *the isle* of Vulcan, *still* receives *Philoctetes*, the son of Pœas. *Greeks*, defend your own acts! for you consented to it. Nor yet shall I deny that I advised him to withdraw himself from the toils of the warfare and the voyage, and to try by rest to assuage his cruel pains. He consented, and *still* he lives. This advice was not only well-meant, but *it was* fortunate as well, when ‘twas enough to be well-meant. Since our prophets demand him for the purpose of destroying Troy, entrust not that to me. The son of Telamon will be better to go, and by his eloquence will soften the hero, maddened by diseases and anger, or by some wile will skilfully bring him thence. Sooner will Simoïs flow backward, and Ida stand without foliage, and Achaia promise aid to Troy, than, my breast being inactive in your interest, the skill of stupid Ajax shall avail the Greeks.

“Though thou be, relentless Philoctetes, enraged against thy friends and the king, and myself, though thou curse and devote my head, everlastingly, and though thou wish to have me in thy anguish thrown in thy way perchance, and to shed my blood; and though if I meet thee, so thou wilt have the opportunity of meeting me, still will I attempt *thee*, and will endeavour to bring thee back with me. And, if Fortune favours me, I will as surely be the possessor of thy arrows, as I was the possessor of the Dardanian prophet whom I took *prisoner*; and so I revealed the answers of the Deities and the fates of Troy; 451 xiii. 337-362. and as I carried off the hidden statue of the Phrygian Minerva from the midst of the enemy. And does Ajax, *then*, compare himself with me? The Fates, in fact, would not allow Troy to be captured without that *statue*. Where is the valiant Ajax? where are the boastful words of that mighty man? Why art thou trembling here? Why dares Ulysses to go through the guards, and to entrust himself to the night, and, through fell swords, to enter not only the walls of Troy, but even its highest towers, and to tear the Goddess from her shrine, and, *thus* torn, to bear her off amid the enemy?

“Had I not done these things, in vain would the son of Telamon been bearing the seven hides of the bulls on his left arm. On that night was the victory over Troy gained by me; then did I conquer Pergamus, when I rendered it capable of being conquered. Forbear by thy looks, and thy muttering, to show me the son of Tydeus; a part of the glory in these things is his own. Neither wast thou alone, when for the allied fleet thou didst grasp thy shield: a multitude was attending thee, *while* but one fell to me: who, did he not know that a fighting man is of less value than a wise one, and that the reward is not the due of the invincible right hand, would himself, too, have been suing for these *arms*; the more discreet Ajax would have been suing, and the fierce Eurypilus, and the son of the famous Andremon; no less, *too* would Idomeneus, and Meriones sprung from the same land, and the brother of the greater son of Atreus have sought them. But these, brave in action, (nor are they second to thee in war,) have *all* yielded to my wisdom. Thy right hand is of value in war, 452 xiii. 362-397. *but* thy temper is one that stands in need of my direction. Thou hast strength without intelligence; I have a care for the future. Thou art able to fight; with me, the son of Atreus chooses the *proper*

time for fighting. Thou only art of service with thy body; I with my mind: and as much as he who guides the bark, is superior to the capacity of the rower, as much as the general is greater than the soldier, so much do I excel thee; and in my body there is an intellect that is superior to hands: in that *lies* all my vigour.

“But you, ye chieftains, give the reward to your watchful *servant*; and for the cares of so many years which I have passed in anxiety, grant this honour as a compensation for my services. Our toil is now at its close; I have removed the opposing Fates, and by rendering it capable of being taken, *in effect* I have taken the lofty Pergamus. Now, by our common hopes, and the walls of the Trojans doomed to fall, and by those Gods whom lately I took from the enemy, by anything that remains, through wisdom to be done; if, too, anything *remains* of bold enterprize, and to be recovered from a dangerous spot; if you think that anything is still wanting for the downfall of Troy; *then* remember me; or if you give not me the arms, concede them to this;” and *then* he discovers the fatal statue of Minerva.

The body of the chiefs is moved, and *then*, in fact appears what eloquence can do; and the fluent man receives the arms of a brave one. He, who so often has alone withstood both Hector, and the sword, and flames, and Jove *himself*, cannot *now* withstand his wrath alone, and grief conquers the man that is invincible. He seizes his sword, and he says:—”This, at least, is my own; or will Ulysses claim this, too, for himself. This must I use against myself; and *the blade*, which has often been wet with the blood of the Phrygians, will now be wet with the slaughter of its owner: that no one but Ajax *himself*, may be enabled to conquer Ajax.”

Thus he said; and he plunged the fatal sword into his breast, then for the first time suffering a wound, where it lay exposed to the steel. Nor were his hands able to draw out the weapon there fixed: the blood itself forced it out. And the earth, made red by the blood, produced a purple flower from the green turf, *the same* which had formerly been produced from the Œbalian wound. Letters common to *that* youth 453 xiii. 397-426. and to the hero, were inscribed in the middle of the leaves; the latter *belonging to* the name, the former to the lamentation.

The conqueror, Ulysses, set sail for the country of Hypsipyle, and

of the illustrious Thoas, and the regions infamous for the slaughter *there* of the husbands of old; that he might bring back the arrows, the weapons of the Tirynthian *hero*. After he had carried them back to the Greeks, their owner attending too, the concluding hand was put, at length, to this protracted war. Troy and Priam fell together; the wretched wife of Priam lost after every thing *else* her human form, and alarmed a foreign air with her barkings. Where the long Hellespont is reduced into a narrow compass, Ilion was in flames; nor had the flames yet ceased; and the altar of Jove had drank up the scanty blood of the aged Priam. The priestess of Apollo dragged by the hair, extends her unavailing hands towards the heavens. The victorious Greeks drag along the Dardanian matrons, embracing, while they may, the statues of their country's Gods, and clinging to the burning temples, an envied spoil. Astyanax is hurled from those towers from which he was often wont, when shown by his mother, to behold his father, fighting for himself, and defending the kingdom of his ancestors.

And now Boreas bids them depart, and with a favourable breeze, the sails, as they wave, resound, *and* the sailors bid them take advantage of the winds. "Troy, farewell!" the Trojan women cry;—"We are torn away!" and they give kisses to the soil, and leave the smoking roofs of their country. The last that goes on board the fleet, a dreadful sight, is Hecuba, found amid the sepulchres of her children. Dulichian hands have dragged her away, while clinging to their tombs and giving kisses to their bones; yet the ashes of one has she taken out, 454 xiii. 426-438. and, *so* taken out, has carried with her in her bosom the ashes of Hector. On the tomb of Hector she leaves the grey hair of her head, an humble offering, her hair and her tears. There is opposite to Phrygia, where Troy stood, a land inhabited by the men of Bistonia. There, was the rich palace of Polymnestor, to whom thy father, Polydorus, entrusted thee, to be brought up privately, and removed thee *afar* from the Phrygian arms. A wise resolution; had he not added, *as well*, great riches, the reward of crime, the incentive of an avaricious disposition. When the fortunes of the Phrygians were ruined, the wicked king of the Phrygians took a sword, and plunged it in the throat of his fosterchild; and, as though the crime could be removed with the

body, he hurled him lifeless from a rock into the waters below.

EXPLANATION.

It may with justice be said, that in the speeches of Ajax Telamon, and Ulysses, here given, the Poet has presented us with a masterpiece of genius; both in the lively colours in which he has described the two rivals, and the ingenious manner in which he has throughout sustained the contrast between their respective characters.

The ancient writers are not agreed upon the question, who was the mother of Ajax Telamon; Dares says that it was Hesione; while Apollodorus, Plutarch, Tzetzes and others, allege that it was Peribœa, the daughter of Alcathoüs, the son of Pelops. Pindar and Apollodorus say, that Hercules, on going to visit his friend Telamon, prayed to Jupiter that Telamon might have a son, whose skin should be as impenetrable as that of the Nemæan lion, which he then wore. As he prayed, he espied an eagle; upon which, he informed his friend that a favourable event awaited his prayer, and desired him to call his son after the name of an eagle, which in the Greek is αἰετὸς. The Scholiast on Sophocles, Suidas and Tzetzes, say further, that when Hercules returned to see Telamon, after the birth of Ajax, he covered him with the lion's skin, and that by this means Ajax became invulnerable except in that spot of his body, which was beneath the hole which the arrow of Hercules had made in the skin of the beast.

Dictys, Suidas, and Cedrenus affirm, that the dispute of Ulysses and Ajax Telamon was about the Palladium, to which each of them laid claim. They add, that the Grecian nobles, having adjudged it to Ulysses, Ajax threatened to slay them, and was found dead in his tent the next morning; but it is more generally stated to the effect here related by Ovid, that he killed himself, because he could not obtain the armour of Achilles. Filled with grief and anger combined, he became distracted; and after falling on some flocks, which in his madness he took for enemies, he at last stabbed himself with the sword which he had received from Hector. This account has been followed by Euripides, in his tragedy on the subject of the death of Ajax; and Homer seems to allude to this story, when he makes Ulysses say, that on his descent to the Infernal Regions, the shades of

all 455 the Grecian heroes immediately met him, except that of Ajax, whose resentment at their former dispute about the armour of Achilles was still so warm, that he would not come near him. The Scholiast on Homer, and Eustathius, say that Agamemnon being much embarrassed how to behave in a dispute which might have proved fatal to the Grecian cause, ordered the Trojan prisoners to come before the council to give their opinion, as to which of them had done the most mischief; and that they answered in favour of Ulysses. The Scholiast on Aristophanes also adds, that Agamemnon, not satisfied with this enquiry, sent out spies to know what was the opinion of the Trojans on the relative merits of Ulysses and Ajax; and that upon their report, he decided in favour of Ulysses.

According to Pliny and Pausanias, Ajax was buried near the promontory of Sigæum, where a tomb was erected for him; though other writers, on the authority of Dictys, place his tomb on the promontory of Rhætæum. Horace speaks of him as being denied the honour of a funeral; but he evidently alludes to a passage in the tragedy of Sophocles, where the poet introduces Agamemnon as obstinately refusing to allow him burial, till he is softened by the entreaties of Teucer.

It is probable that Homer knew nothing of the story here mentioned relative to the concealment of Achilles, disguised in female apparel, by Thetis, in the court of Lycomedes, her brother; for speaking of the manner in which Achilles engaged in the war, he says that Nestor and Ulysses went to visit Peleus and Menœtius, and easily prevailed with them that Achilles and Patroclus should accompany them to the war. It was, however, at the court of Lycomedes that Achilles fell in love with and married Deidamia, by whom he had Pyrrhus, or Neoptolemus, who was present at the taking of Troy, at a very early age.

The story of Polydorus is related in the third Book of the *Æneid*, and is also told by Hyginus, with some variations. He says that Polydorus was sent by Priam to Polymnestor, king of Thrace, while he was yet in his cradle; and that Ilione, the daughter of Priam, distrusting the cruelty and avarice of Polymnestor, who was her husband, educated the child as her own son, and made their own son Deiphylus pass for Polydorus, the two infants being of the same age.

He also says that the Greeks, after the taking of Troy, offered Electra to Polymnestor in marriage, on condition that he should divorce Ilione, and slay Polydorus, and that Polymnestor, having acceded to their proposal, unconsciously killed his own son Deiphylus. Polydorus going to consult the oracle concerning his future fortune, was told, that his father was dead, and his native city reduced to ashes; on which he imagined that the oracle had deceived him; but returning to Thrace, his sister informed him of the secret, on which he deprived Polymnestor of his sight.

FABLES III. AND IV.

In returning from Troy, the Greeks are stopped in Thrace by the shade of Achilles, who requests that Polyxena shall be sacrificed to his manes. While Hecuba is fetching water with which to bathe the body of her daughter, she espies the corpse of her son Polydorus. In her exasperations 456 xiii. 439-472. she repairs to the court of Polymnestor; and having torn out his eyes, is transformed into a bitch. Memnon, who has been slain by Achilles, is honoured with a magnificent funeral, and, at the prayer of Aurora, his ashes are transformed by Jupiter into birds, since called Memnonides.

On the Thracian shore the son of Atreus had moored his fleet, until the sea was calm, *and* until the wind was more propitious. Here, on a sudden, Achilles, as great as he was wont to be when alive, rises from the ground, bursting far and wide, and, like to one threatening, revives the countenance of that time when he fiercely attacked Agamemnon with his lawless sword. “And are you departing, unmindful of me, ye Greeks?” he says; “and is all grateful remembrance of my valour buried together with me? Do not so. And that my sepulchre may not be without honour, let Polyxena slain appease the ghost of Achilles.” *Thus* he said; and his companions obeying the implacable shade, the noble and unfortunate maid, and more than *an ordinary* woman, torn from the bosom of her mother, which she now cherished almost alone, was led to the tomb, and became a sacrifice at his ruthless pile.

She, mindful of herself, after she was brought to the cruel altar, and had perceived that the savage rites were preparing for her; and

when she saw Neoptolemus standing *by*, and wielding his sword, and fixing his eyes upon her countenance, said—"Quickly make use of this noble blood: *in me* there is no resistance: and do thou bury thy weapons either in my throat or in my breast!" and, at the same time she laid bare her throat and her breast; "should I, Polyxena, forsooth, either endure to be the slave of any person, or will any sacred Deity be appeased by such a sacrifice. I only wish that my death could be concealed from my mother. My mother is the impediment; and she lessens my joys at death. Yet it is not my death, but her own life, that should be lamented by her. Only, stand ye off, lest I should go to the Stygian shades not a free woman: if *in this* I demand what is just; and withhold the hands of males from the contact of a virgin. My blood will be the more acceptable to him, whoever it is that you are preparing to appease by my slaughter. Yet, if the last prayers of my lips move any of you,—'tis the daughter of king Priam, *and* not a captive that entreats — return 457 xiii. 472-505. my body unconsumed to my mother, and let her not purchase for me with gold, but with tears, the sad privilege of a sepulchre. When *in former times* she could, then used she to purchase with gold."

Thus she said; but the people did not restrain those tears which she restrained. Even the priest himself, weeping and reluctant, divided her presented breast with the piercing steel. She, sinking to the earth on her failing knees, maintained an undaunted countenance to the last moment of her life. Even then was it her care, when she fell, to cover the features that ought to be concealed, and to preserve the honour of her chaste modesty. The Trojan matrons received her, and reckoned the children of Priam whom they had had to deplore; and how much blood one house had expended. And they lament thee, Oh virgin! and thee, Oh thou! so lately called a royal wife *and* a royal mother, *once* the resemblance of flourishing Asia, but now a worthless prey amid the plunder *of Troy*; which the conquering Ulysses would have declined as his, but that thou hadst brought Hector forth. *And* scarce did Hector find an owner for his mother. She, embracing the body bereft of a soul so brave, gave to that as well, those tears which so oft she had given for her country, her children, and her husband; *and* her tears she poured in his wounds. And she impressed kisses with her lips, and beat her breast *now*

accustomed to it; and trailing her grey hairs in the clotted blood, many things indeed did she say, but these as well, as she tore her breast:

“My daughter, the last affliction (for what now remains?) to thy mother: my daughter, thou liest prostrate, and I behold thy wound *as* my own wounds. Lo! lest I should have lost any one of my children without bloodshed, thou, too, dost receive thy wound. Still, because *thou wast* a woman, I supposed thee safe from the sword; and *yet*, a woman, thou hast fallen by the sword. The same Achilles, the ruin of Troy, and the bereaver of myself, the same has destroyed thus many of thy brothers, *and* thyself. But, after he had fallen by the arrows of Paris and of Phœbus, ‘Now, at least,’ I said, ‘Achilles is no *longer* to be dreaded;’ and yet even now, was he to be dreaded by me. The very ashes of him, as he lies buried, rage against this family; and *even* in the tomb have we found him an enemy. For the descendant of Æacus have I been *thus* prolific. 458 xiii. 505-536. Great Ilion lies prostrate, and the public calamity is completed by a dreadful catastrophe; if indeed, it is completed. Pergamus alone remains for me: and my sorrow is still in its career. So lately the greatest woman in the world, powerful in so many sons-in-law, and children, and daughters-in-law, and in my husband, now I am dragged into exile, destitute, *and* torn away from the tombs of my kindred, as a present to Penelope. She, pointing me out to the matrons of Ithaca, as I tease my allotted task, will say, ‘This is that famous mother of Hector; this is the wife of Priam.’ And, now thou, who after the loss of so many *children*, alone didst alleviate the sorrows of thy mother, hast made the atonement at the tomb of the enemy. Atoning sacrifices for an enemy have I brought forth. For what purpose, lasting like iron, am I reserved? and why do I linger *here*? To what end dost thou, pernicious age, detain me? Why, ye cruel Deities, unless to the end that I may see fresh deaths, do ye relieve an aged woman of years so prolonged? Who could have supposed, that after the fall of Troy, Priam could have been pronounced happy? Blessed in his death, he has not beheld thee, my daughter, *thus* cut off; and at the same moment, he lost his life and his kingdom.

“But, I suppose, thou, a maiden of royal birth, wilt be honoured

with funeral rites, and thy body will be deposited in the tombs of thy ancestors. This is not the fortune of thy house; tears and a handful of foreign sand will be thy lot, the *only* gifts of a mother. We have lost all; a child most dear to his mother, now alone remains as a reason for me to endure to live yet for a short time, once the youngest of *all* my male issue, Polydorus, entrusted on these coasts to the Ismarian king. Why, in the mean time, am I delaying to bathe her cruel wounds with the stream, her features, too, besmeared with dreadful blood?"

Thus she spoke; and with aged step she proceeded towards the shore, tearing her grey locks. "Give me an urn, ye Trojan women," the unhappy *mother* had just said, in order that she might take up the flowing waters, *when* she beheld 459 xiii. 536-571. the body of Polydorus thrown up on the shore, and the great wounds made by the Thracian weapons. The Trojan women cried out aloud; with grief she was struck dumb; and very grief consumed both her voice and the tears that arose within; and much resembling a hard rock she became benumbed. And at one moment she fixed her eyes on the ground before her; *and* sometimes she raised her haggard features towards the skies; *and* now she viewed the features, now the wounds of her son, as he lay; the wounds especially; and she armed and prepared herself for vengeance by rage. Soon as she was inflamed by it, as though she *still* remained a queen, she determined to be revenged, and was wholly *employed* in *devising* a *fitting* form of punishment. And as the lioness rages when bereft of her sucking whelp, and having found the tracks of his feet, follows the enemy that she sees not; so Hecuba, after she had mingled rage with mourning, not forgetful of her spirit, *but* forgetful of her years, went to Polymnestor, the contriver of this dreadful murder, and demanded an interview; for that it was her wish to show him a concealed treasure left for him to give to her son.

The Odrysian *king* believes her, and, inured to the love of gain, comes to a secret spot. Then with soothing lips, he craftily says, "Away with delays, Hecuba, *and* give the present to thy son; all that thou givest, and what thou hast already given, I swear by the Gods above, shall be his." Sternly she eyes him as he speaks, and falsely swears; and she boils with heaving rage; and so flies on him, seized

by a throng of the captive matrons, and thrusts her fingers into his perfidious eyes; and of their sight she despoils his cheeks, and plunges her hands *into the sockets*, ('tis rage that makes her strong); and, defiled with his guilty blood, she tears not his eyes, for they are not left, *but* the places for his eyes.

Provoked by the death of their king, the Thracian people begin to attack the Trojan *matron* with the hurling of darts and of stones. But she attacks the stones thrown at her with a hoarse noise, and with bites; and attempting to speak, her mouth just ready for the words, she barks aloud. The place *still* exists, and derives its name from the circumstance; and long remembering her ancient misfortunes, even then did 460 xiii. 571-612. she howl dismally through the Sithonian plains. Her *sad* fortune moved both her own Trojans, and her Pelasgian foes, and all the Gods as well; so much so, that even the wife and sister of Jove herself denied that Hecuba had deserved that fate.

Although she has favoured those same arms, there is not leisure for Aurora to be moved by the calamities and the fall of Troy. A nearer care and grief at home for her lost Memnon is afflicting her. Him his rosy-coloured mother saw perish by the spear of Achilles on the Phrygian plains. *This* she saw; and that colour with which the hours of the morning grow ruddy, turned pale, and the æther lay hid in clouds. But the parent could not endure to behold his limbs laid on the closing flames. But with loose hair, just as she was, she disdained not to fall down at the knees of great Jove, and to add these words to her tears: "Inferior to all *the Goddesses* which the golden æther does sustain, (for throughout all the world are my temples the fewest), still, a Goddess, I am come; not that thou shouldst grant me temples and days of sacrifice, and altars to be heated with fires. But if thou considerest how much I, a female, perform for thee, at the time when, with the early dawn, I keep the confines of the night, thou wouldst think that some reward ought to be given to me. But that is not my care, nor is such now the condition of Aurora such that she should demand the honours deserved by her. Bereft of my Memnon am I come; *of him* who, in vain, wielded valiant arms for his uncle, and who in his early years ('twas thus ye willed it,) was slain by the brave Achilles. Give him, I pray, supreme ruler of the Gods, some

honour, as a solace for his death, and ease the wounds of a mother.”

Jove nods his assent; when *suddenly* the lofty pile of Memnon sinks with its towering fires, and volumes of black smoke darken the *light of day*. Just as when the rivers exhale the rising fogs, and the sun is not admitted below them. The black embers fly, and rolling into one body, they thicken, and take a form, and assume heat and life from the flames. Their own lightness gives them wings; and first, like birds, *and* then real birds, they flutter with their wings. At once innumerable sisters are fluttering, whose natal origin is the same. And thrice do they go around the pile, and thrice does their clamour rise in concert into the air. In the fourth flight they separate their company. Then two fierce tribes 461 xiii. 612-622. wage war from opposite sides, and with their beaks and crooked claws expend their rage, and weary their wings and opposing breasts; and down their kindred bodies fall, a sacrifice to the entombed ashes, and they remember that from a great man they have received their birth. Their progenitor gives a name to these birds so suddenly formed, called Memnonides after him; when the Sun has run through the twelve signs *of the Zodiac*, they fight, doomed to perish in battle, in honour of their parent.

To others, therefore, it seemed a sad thing, that the daughter of Dymas was *now* barking; *but* Aurora was intent on her own sorrows; and even now she sheds the tears of affection, and sprinkles them in dew over all the world.

EXPLANATION.

The particulars which Ovid here gives of the misfortunes that befell the family of Priam, with the exception of a few circumstances, agree perfectly with the narratives of the ancient historians.

According to Dictys, Philostratus, and Hyginus, after Achilles was slain by the treachery of Paris, on the eve of his marriage with Polyxena, she became inconsolable at his death, and returning to the Grecian camp, she was kindly received by Agamemnon; but being unable to get the better of her despair, she stole out of the camp at night, and stabbed herself at the tomb of Achilles. Philostratus adds, that the ghost of Achilles appeared to Apollonius Tyanæus, the hero

of his story, and gave him permission to ask him any questions he pleased, assuring him, that he would give him full information on the subject of them. Among other things, Apollonius desired to know if it was the truth that the Greeks had sacrificed Polyxena on his tomb; to which the ghost replied, that her grief made her take the resolution not to survive her intended husband, and that she had killed herself.

Other writers, agreeing with Ovid as to the manner of her death, tell us that it was Pyrrhus who sacrificed Polyxena to his father's shade, to revenge his death, of which, though innocently, she had been the cause. Pausanias, who says that this was the general opinion, avers, on what ground it is difficult to conceive, that Homer designedly omitted this fact, because it was so dishonourable to the Greeks; and in his description of the paintings at Delphi, by Polygnotus, of the destruction of Troy, he says that Polyxena was there represented as being led out to the tomb of Achilles, where she was sacrificed by the Greeks. He also says, that he had seen her story painted in the same manner at Pergamus, Athens, and other places. Many of the poets, and Virgil in the number, affirm 462 that Polyxena was sacrificed in Phrygia, near Troy, on the tomb of Achilles, he having desired it at his death; while Euripides says that it was in the Thracian Chersonesus, on a cenotaph, which was erected there in honour of Achilles: and that his ghost appearing, Calchas was consulted, who answered, that it was necessary to sacrifice Polyxena, which was accordingly done by Pyrrhus.

The ancient writers are divided as to the descent of Hecuba. Homer, who has been followed by his Scholiast, and by Ovid and Suidas, says that she was the daughter of Dymas, King of Phrygia. Euripides says that she was the daughter of Cissus, and with him Virgil and Servius agree. Apollodorus, again, makes her to be descended from Sangar and Merope. In the distribution of spoil after the siege of Troy, Hecuba fell to the share of Ulysses, and became his slave; but died soon after, in Thrace. Plautus and Servius allege that the Greeks themselves circulated the story of her transformation into a bitch, because she was perpetually railing at them, to provoke them to put her to death, rather than condemn her to pass her life as a slave. According to Strabo and Pomponius Mela, in their time, the place of her burial was still to be seen in Thrace. Euripides, in his

Hecuba, has not followed this tradition, but represents her as complaining that the Greeks had chained her to the door of Agamemnon like a dog. Perhaps she became the slave of Agamemnon after Ulysses had left the army, on his return to Ithaca; and it is possible that the story of her transformation may have been solely founded on this tradition. She bore to Priam ten sons and seven daughters, and survived them all except Helenus; most of her sons having fallen by the hand of Achilles.

Many ancient writers, with whom Ovid here agrees, affirm that Memnon was the son of Tithonus, the brother of Priam, and Aurora, or Eos, the Goddess of the morn. They also say that he came to assist the Trojans with ten thousand Persians, and as many Æthiopians. Diodorus Siculus asserts that Memnon was said to have been the son of Aurora, because he left Phrygia, and went to settle in the East. It is not clear in what country he fixed his residence. Some say that it was at Susa, in Persia; others that it was in Egypt, or in Æthiopia, which perhaps amounts to the same, as Æthiopia was not in general distinguished from the Higher or Upper Egypt. Marsham is of opinion that Memnon was the same with Amenophis, one of the kings of Egypt: while Le Clerc considers him to have been the same person as Ham, the son of Noah; and Vossius identifies him with Boalcis, a God of the Syrians. It seems probable that he was an Egyptian, who had perhaps formed an alliance with the reigning family of Troy.

463 xiii. 623-646.

FABLES V. AND VI.

After the taking of Troy, Æneas escapes with his father and his son, and goes to Delos. Anius, the priest of Apollo, recounts to him how his daughters have been transformed into doves, and at parting they exchange presents. The Poet here introduces the story of the daughters of Orion, who, having sacrificed their lives for the safety of Thebes, when ravaged by a plague, two young men arise out of their ashes.

But yet the Fates do not allow the hope of Troy to be ruined even with its walls. The Cytherean hero bears on his shoulders the sacred

relics and his father, another sacred relic, a venerable burden. In his affection, out of wealth so great, he selects that prize, and his own Ascanius, and with his flying fleet is borne through the seas from Antandros, and leaves the accursed thresholds of the Thracians, and the earth streaming with the blood of Polydorus; and, with good winds and favouring tide, he enters the city of Apollo, his companions attending him.

Anius, by whom, as king, men were, *and* by whom, as priest, Phœbus was duly provided for, received him both into his temple and his house, and showed him the city and the dedicated temples, and the two trunks of trees once grasped by Latona in her labour. Frankincense being given to the flames, and wine poured forth on the frankincense, and the entrails of slain oxen being duly burnt, they repair to the royal palace, and reclining on lofty couches, with flowing wine, they take the gifts of Ceres. Then the pious Anchises *says*, “O chosen priest of Phœbus, am I deceived? or didst thou not have a son, also, when first I beheld these walls, and twice two daughters, so far as I remember?” To him Anius replies, shaking his temples wreathed with snow-white fillets, and says, “Thou art not mistaken, greatest hero; thou didst see me the parent of five children, whom now (so great a vicissitude of fortune 464 xiii. 646-683. affects mankind) thou seest almost bereft *of all*. For what assistance is my absent son to me, whom Andros, a land *so* called after his name, possesses, holding that place and kingdom on behalf of his father?

“The Delian *God* granted him *the art of* augury; to my female progeny Liber gave other gifts, exceeding *both* wishes and belief. For, at the touch of my daughters, all things were transformed into corn, and the stream of wine, and the berry of Minerva; and in these were there rich advantages. When the son of Atreus, the destroyer of Troy, learned this (that thou mayst not suppose that we, too, did not in some degree feel your storms) using the force of arms, he dragged them reluctantly from the bosom of their father, and commanded them to feed, with their heavenly gifts, the Argive fleet. Whither each of them could, they made their escape. Eubœa was sought by two; and by as many of my daughters, was Andros, their brother’s *island*, sought. The forces came, and threatened war if they were not given

up. Natural affection, subdued by fear, surrendered to punishment those kindred breasts; and, that thou mayst be able to forgive a timid brother, there was no Æneas, no Hector to defend Andros, through whom you *Trojans* held out to the tenth year. And now chains were being provided for their captive arms. Lifting up towards heaven their arms still free, they said, 'Father Bacchus, give us thy aid!' and the author of their gift did give them aid; if destroying them, in a wondrous manner, be called giving aid. By what means they lost their shape, neither could I learn, nor can I now tell. The sum of their calamity is known *to me*: they assumed wings, and were changed into birds of thy consort, the snow-white doves."

With such and other discourse, after they have passed the *time of* feasting, the table being removed, they seek sleep. And they rise with the day, and repair to the oracle of Phœbus, who bids them seek the ancient mother and the kindred shores. The king attends, and presents them with gifts when about to depart; a sceptre to Anchises, a scarf and a quiver to his grandson, *and* a goblet to Æneas, which formerly Therses, his Ismenian guest, had sent him from the Aonian shores; this 465 xiii. 683-712. Therses had sent to him, *but* the Mylean Alcon had made it, and had carved it with this long device:

There was a city, and you might point out *its* seven gates: these were in place of a name, and showed what *city* it was. Before the city was a funeral, and tombs, and fires, and funeral piles; and matrons, with hair dishevelled and naked breasts, expressed their grief; the Nymphs, too, seem to be weeping, and to mourn their springs dried up. Without foliage the bared tree runs straight up; the goats are gnawing the dried stones. Lo! he represents the daughters of Orion in the middle of Thebes; the one, as presenting her breast, more than woman's, with her bared throat; the other, thrusting a sword in her valorous wounds, as dying for her people, and as being borne, with an honoured funeral, through the city, and as being burnt in a conspicuous part *of it*; *and* then from the virgin embers, lest the race should fail, twin youths arising, whom Fame calls 'Coronæ,' and for their mothers' ashes leading the *funeral* procession.

Thus far for the figures that shine on the ancient brass; the summit of the goblet is rough with gilded acanthus. Nor do the Trojans return gifts of less value than those given; and to the priest they give an

incense-box, to keep the frankincense; they give a bowl, *too*, and a crown, brilliant with gold and gems. Then recollecting that the *Trojans*, as Teucrians, derived their origin from the blood of Teucer, they make for Crete, and cannot long endure the air of that place; and, having left behind the hundred cities, they desire to reach the Ausonian harbours. A storm rages, and tosses the men to and fro; and winged Aëolus frightens them, when received in the unsafe harbours of the Strophades. And now, borne along, 466 xiii. 712-718. they have passed the Dulichian harbours, and Ithaca, and Same, and the Neritian abodes, the kingdom of the deceitful Ulysses; and they behold Ambracia, contended for in a dispute of the Deities, which now is renowned for the Actian Apollo, and the stone in the shape of the transformed judge, and the land of Dodona, vocal with its oaks; and the Chaonian bays, where the sons of the Molossian king escaped the unavailing flames, with wings attached *to them*.

EXPLANATION.

Virgil describes Anius as the king of Delos, and the priest of Apollo at the same time. 'Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phœbique sacerdos.' Æneid, Book III. He was descended from Cadmus, through his mother Rhea, the daughter of Staphilus. Having engaged in some intrigue, as Diodorus Siculus conjectures, her father exposed her on the sea in an open boat, which drove to Delos, and she was there delivered of Anius, who afterwards became the king of the island. By his wife Dorippe he had three daughters, who were extremely frugal, and by means of the offerings and presents that were brought to the temple of Apollo, amassed a large store of provisions. During the siege of Troy, the Greeks sent Palamedes to Delos, to demand food for the army; and, as a security for his compliance with these demands, they exacted the daughters of Anius as hostages. The damsels soon afterwards finding means to escape, it was said that Bacchus, who was their kinsman through Cadmus, had transformed them into doves. Probably the story of their transforming every thing they touched, into wine, corn, and oil, was founded solely on their thriftiness and parsimony. Bochart, however, explains the story from the circumstance of their names being, as he

conjectures, Oëno, Spermo, and Elaï, which, in the old Phœnician dialect, signified wine, corn, and oil; and he thinks that the story was confirmed in general belief by the fact that large quantities of corn, wine, and oil were supplied from Delos to the Grecian army when before Troy.

In the reign of Orion, Thebes being devastated by a plague, the oracles were consulted, and the Thebans were told that the contagion would cease as soon as the daughters of the king should be sacrificed to the wrath of heaven. The two maidens immediately presented themselves at the altar; and on their immolation, the Gods were appeased, and the plague ceased. 467 This example of patriotism and fortitude filled the more youthful Thebans with so much emulation, that they shook off their former inactivity, and soon became conspicuous for their bravery: which sudden change gave occasion to the saying, that the ashes of these maidens had been transformed into men.

The Poet follows Æneas on his voyage, to gain an opportunity of referring to several other current stories. Among other places, he passes the city of Ambracia, about which the Gods had contended, and sees the rock into which the umpire of their dispute, who had decided in favour of Hercules, was changed. Ambracia was on the coast of Epirus, and gave its name to an adjacent inlet of the sea, called the Ambracian Gulf. Antoninus Liberalis tells us, on the authority of Nicander, that Apollo, Diana, and Hercules disputed about this city, and left the decision to Cragaleus, who gave it in favour of Hercules; on which, Apollo transformed him into a rock. Very possibly the meaning of this may be, that when the people of Ambracia were considering to which of these Deities they should dedicate their city, Cragaleus preferred Hercules to the other two, or, in other words, the feats of war to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Apollo was said to have turned him into a stone, either because he met with his death near the promontory where a temple of Apollo stood, or to show the stupidity of his decision. Antoninus Liberalis is the only writer besides Ovid that makes mention of the adventure of the sons of the Molossian king; he tells us that Munychus, king of the Molossi, had three sons, Alcander, Megaletor, and Philæus, and a daughter named Hyperippe. Some robbers setting

fire to their father's house, they were transformed by Jupiter into birds. This, in all probability, is a poetical way of saying that the youths escaped from the flames, contrary to universal expectation.

The opinions of writers have been very conflicting as to the origin of the oracle of Dodona. Silius Italicus says that two pigeons flew from Thebes in Egypt, one of which went to Libya, and occasioned the founding of the oracle of Jupiter Ammon; while the other settled upon an oak in Chaonia, and signified thereby to the inhabitants, that it was the will of heaven that there should be an oracle in that place. Herodotus says that two priestesses of Egyptian Thebes being carried off by some Phœnician merchants, one of them was sold to the Greeks, after which she settled in the forest of Dodona, where a little chapel was founded by her in honour of Jupiter, in which she gave responses. He adds, that they called her 'the dove,' because being a foreigner they did not understand her language. At length, having learned the language of the Pelasgians, it was said that the dove had spoken. On that foundation grew the tradition that the oaks themselves uttered oracular responses.

Notwithstanding this plausible account of Herodotus, it is not impossible that some equivocal expressions in the Hebrew and Arabian languages may have given rise to the story. 'Himan,' in the one language, signified 'a priest;' and 'Heman,' in the other, was the name for 'a pigeon.' Possibly those who found the former word in the history of ancient Greece, written in the dialect of the original Phœnician settlers, did not understand it, and by their mistake, caused it to be asserted that a dove had founded the 468 oracle of Dodona. Bochart tells us that the same word, in the Phœnician tongue, signifies either 'pigeons,' or 'women;' but the Abbè Sallier has gone still further, and has shown that, in the language of the ancient inhabitants of Epirus, the same word had the two significations mentioned by Bochart.

This oracle afterwards grew famous for its responses, and the priests used considerable ingenuity in the delivery of their answers. They cautiously kept all who came to consult them at a distance from the dark recess where the shrine was situated; and took care to deliver their responses in a manner so ambiguous, as to make people believe whatever they pleased. In this circumstance originates the

variation in the descriptions of the oracle which the ancients have left us. According to some, it was the oaks that spoke; according to others, the beeches; while a third account was that pigeons gave the answers; and, lastly, it was said that the ringing of certain cauldrons there suspended, divulged the will of heaven. Stephanus Byzantinus has left a curious account of this contrivance of the cauldrons; he says that in that part of the forest of Dodona, where the oracle stood, there were two pillars erected, at a small distance from each other. On one there was placed a brazen vessel, about the size of an ordinary cauldron: and on the other a little boy, which was most probably a piece of mechanism, who held a brazen whip with several thongs which hung loose, and were easily moved. When the wind blew, the lashes struck against the vessel, and occasioned a noise while the wind continued. It was from them, he says, that the forest took the name of Dodona; ‘dodo,’ in the ancient language, signifying ‘a cauldron.’

Strabo says that the responses were originally given by three priestesses: and he gives the reason why two priests were afterwards added to them. The Bœotians having been treacherously attacked by the people of Thrace during a truce which they had made, went to consult the oracle of Dodona; and the priestess answering them that if they would act impiously their design would succeed to their wish, the envoys suspected that this response had been suggested by the enemy, and burned her in revenge; after which they vindicated their cruelty by saying that if the priestess designed to deceive them, she well deserved her punishment; and that if she spoke with truthfulness, they had only followed the advice of the oracle. This argument not satisfying the people of the district, the Bœotian envoys were seized; but as they pleaded that it was unjust that two women already prejudiced against them should be their judges, two priests were added to decide the matter. These, in return for their being the occasion of putting them in an office so honourable and lucrative, acquitted the Bœotians; whose fellow countrymen were always in the habit from that time of addressing the priests when they consulted the oracle. These priests were called by the name of ‘Selli.’

FABLE VII.

Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, jealous of Acis, who is in love with Galatea, kills the youth with a rock which he hurls at him; on which, his blood is changed into a river which bears his name.

They make for the neighbouring land of the Phæacians, planted with beauteous fruit. After this, Epirus and Buthrotos, ruled over by the Phrygian prophet, and a fictitious Troy, are reached. Thence, acquainted with the future, all which, Helenus, the son of Priam, in his faithful instructions has forewarned them of, they enter Sicania. With three points this projects into the sea. Of these, Pachynos is turned towards the showery South: Lilybæum is exposed to the soft Zephyrs: but Peloros looks towards the Bear, free from the sea, and towards Boreas. By this *part* the Trojans enter; and with oars and favouring tide, at nightfall the fleet makes the Zancleæan sands. Scylla infests the right hand side, the restless Charybdis the left. This swallows and vomits forth again ships taken down; the other, having the face of a maiden, has her swarthy stomach surrounded with fierce dogs; and (if the poets have not left the whole a fiction) once on a time, too, *she was* a maiden. Many suitors courted her; who being repulsed, she, most beloved by the Nymphs of the ocean, went to the ocean Nymphs, and used to relate the eluded loves of the youths.

While Galatea was giving her hair be to combed, heaving sighs, she addressed her in such words as these: “*And yet, O maiden, no ungentle race of men does woo thee; and as thou dost, thou art able to deny them with impunity. But I, whose sire is Nereus, whom the azure Doris bore, who am guarded, too, by a crowd of sisters, was not able, but through the waves, to escape the passion of the Cyclop;*” and as she spoke, the tears choked her utterance. When, with her fingers like marble, the maiden had wiped these away, and had comforted 470 xiii. 747-782. the Goddess, “Tell me, dearest,” said she, “and conceal not *from me (for I am true to thee)* the cause of thy grief.” In these words did the Nereid reply to the daughter of Cratæis: “Acis was the son of Faunus and of the Nymph Symæthis, a great delight, indeed, to his father and his mother, yet a still greater to me. For the charming *youth* had attached me to himself alone, and eight birth-days having a second time been passed, he had *now*

marked his tender cheeks with the dubious down. Him I *pursued*; incessantly did the Cyclop me pursue. Nor can I, shouldst thou enquire, declare whether the hatred of the Cyclop, or the love of Acis, was the stronger in me. They were equal. O genial Venus! how great is the power of thy sway. For that savage, and one to be dreaded by the very woods, and beheld with impunity by no stranger, the contemner of great Olympus with the Gods *themselves*, *now* feels what love is; and, captivated with passion for me, he burns, forgetting his cattle and his caves.

“And now, Polyphemus, thou hast a care for thy looks, and now for *the art of* pleasing; now thou combest out thy stiffened hair with rakes, *and* now it pleases thee to cut thy shaggy beard with the sickle, and to look at thy fierce features in the water, and *so* to compose them. Thy love for carnage, and thy fierceness, and thy insatiate thirst for blood, *now* cease; and the ships both come and go in safety. Telemus, in the mean time arriving at the Sicilian Ætna, Telemus, the son of Eurymus, whom no omen had *ever* deceived, accosts the dreadful Polyphemus, and says, ‘The single eye that thou dost carry in the midst of thy forehead, Ulysses shall take away from thee.’ He laughed, and said, ‘O most silly of the prophets, thou art mistaken, *for* another has already taken it away.’ Thus does he slight him, in vain warning him of the truth; and he either burdens the shore, stalking along with huge strides, or, wearied, he returns to his shaded cave.

“A hill, in form of a wedge, runs out with a long projection into the sea: *and* the waves of the ocean flow round either side. Hither the fierce Cyclop ascended, and sat down in the middle. His woolly flocks followed, there being no one to guide them. After the pine tree, which afforded him the 471 xiii. 782-816. service of a staff, *but more* fitted for sail-yards, was laid before his feet, and his pipe was taken up, formed of a hundred reeds; all the mountains were sensible of the piping of the shepherd: the waves, *too*, were sensible. I, lying hid within a rock, and reclining on the bosom of my own Acis, from afar caught such words as these with my ears, and marked them *so* heard in my mind: ‘O Galatea, fairer than the leaf of the snow-white privet, more blooming than the meadows, more slender than the tall alder, brighter than glass, more wanton than the tender kid, smoother

than the shells worn by continual floods, more pleasing than the winter's sun, *or* than the summer's shade, more beauteous than the apples, more sightly than the lofty plane tree, clearer than ice, sweeter than the ripened grape, softer than both the down of the swan, and than curdled milk, and, didst thou not fly me, more beauteous than a watered garden. *And yet* thou, the same Galatea, *art* wilder than the untamed bullocks, harder than the aged oak, more unstable than the waters, tougher than both the twigs of osier and than the white vines, more immoveable than these rocks, more violent than the torrent, prouder than the bepraised peacock, fiercer than the fire, rougher than the thistles, more cruel than the pregnant she-bear, more deaf than the ocean waves, more savage than the trodden water-snake: and, what I could especially wish to deprive thee of, fleeter not only than the deer when pursued by the loud barkings, but even than the winds and the fleeting air.

““But didst thou *but* know me well, thou wouldst repine at having fled, and thou thyself wouldst blame thy own hesitation, and wouldst strive to retain me. I have a part of the mountain for my cave, pendent with the native rock; in which the sun is not felt in the middle of the heat, nor is the winter felt: there are apples that load the boughs; there are grapes on the lengthening vines, resembling gold; and there are purple ones *as well*; both the one and the other do I reserve for thee. With thine own hands thou shalt thyself gather the soft strawberries growing beneath the woodland 472 xiii. 816-851. shade; thou thyself *shalt pluck* the cornels of autumn, and plums not only darkened with their black juice, but even of the choicest kinds, and resembling new wax. Nor, I being thy husband, will there be wanting to thee chesnuts, nor the fruit of the arbutue tree: every tree shall be at thy service. All this cattle is my own: many, too, are wandering in the valleys: many the wood conceals: many *more* are penned in my caves. Nor, shouldst thou ask me perchance, could I tell thee, how many there are; ‘tis for the poor man to count his cattle. For the praises of these trust not me at all; in person thou thyself mayst see how they can hardly support with their legs their distended udders. Lambs, too, a smaller breed, are in the warm folds: there are kids, too, of equal age *to them* in other folds. Snow-white milk I always have: a part of it is kept for drinking, *another* part the

liquified rennet hardens. Nor will common delights, and ordinary enjoyments alone fall to thy lot, *such as* does, and hares, and she-goats, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from the tree top. I have found on the mountain summit the twin cubs of a shaggy she-bear, which can play with thee, so like each other that thou couldst scarce distinguish them. *These* I found, and I said, 'These for my mistress will I keep.'

“‘Do now but raise thy beauteous head from out of the azure sea; now, Galatea, come, and do not scorn my presents. Surely I know myself, and myself but lately I beheld in the reflection of the limpid water; and my figure pleased me as I saw it. See how huge I am. Not Jove, in heaven, is greater than this body; for thou art wont to tell how one Jupiter reigns, who he is I know not. Plenty of hair hangs over my grisly features, and, like a grove, overshadows my shoulders; nor think it uncomely that my body is rough, thick set with stiff bristles. A tree without leaves is unseemly; a horse is unseemly, unless a mane covers his tawny neck. Feathers cover the birds; their wool is an ornament to the sheep; a beard and rough hair upon their body is becoming to men. I have but one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is like 473 xiii. 852-890. a large buckler. Well! and does not the Sun from the heavens behold all these things? and yet the Sun has but one eye. And, besides, in your seas does my father reign. Him do I offer thee for a father-in-law; only do take pity on a suppliant, and hear his prayer, for to thee alone do I give way. And I, who despise Jove, and the heavens, and the piercing lightnings, dread thee, daughter of Nereus; than the lightnings is thy wrath more dreadful to me. But I should be more patient under these slights, if thou didst avoid all men. For why, rejecting the Cyclop, dost thou love Acis? And why prefer Acis to my embraces? Yet, let him please himself, and let him please thee, too, Galatea, *though* I wish he could not; if only the opportunity is given, he shall find that I have strength proportioned to a body so vast. I will pull out his palpitating entrails; and I will scatter his torn limbs about the fields, and throughout thy waves, *and* thus let him be united to thee. For I burn: and my passion, *thus* slighted, rages with the greater fury; and I seem to be carrying in my breast Ætna, transferred there with *all* its flames; and yet, Galatea, thou art unmoved.’

“Having in vain uttered such complaints (for all this I saw), he rises; and like an enraged bull, when the heifer is taken away from him, he could not stand still, and he wandered in the wood, and the well known forests. When the savage *monster* espied me, and Acis unsuspecting and apprehensive of no such thing; and he exclaimed:—‘I see you, and I shall cause this to be the last union for your affection.’ And that voice was as loud as an enraged Cyclop ought, *for his size*, to have. Ætna trembled at the noise; but I, struck with horror, plunged into the adjoining sea. The hero, son of Symæthis, turned his back and fled, and cried,—‘Help me, Galatea, I entreat thee; help me, ye parents *of hers*; and admit me, *now* on the point of destruction, within your realms.’ The Cyclop pursued, and hurled a fragment, torn from the mountain; and though the extreme angle only of the rock reached him, yet it entirely crushed Acis. But I did the only thing that was allowed by the Fates to be done, that Acis might assume the properties of his grandsire. The purple blood flowed from beneath the rock, and in a little time the redness began to vanish; and at first it became the colour of a stream muddied by a shower; and, in time, it became clear. Then the rock, that had been thrown, opened, 474 xiii. 890-897. and through the chinks, a reed vigorous and stately arose, and the hollow mouth of the rock resounded with the waters gushing forth. And, wondrous event! a youth suddenly emerged, as far as the midriff, having his new-made horns encircled with twining reeds. And he, but that he was of larger stature, and azure in all his features, was Acis *still*. But, even then, still it was Acis, changed into a river; and the stream has since retained that ancient name.”

EXPLANATION.

Homer, who, in the ninth Book of the Odyssey, has entered fully into the subject of Polyphemus and the other Cyclops, does not recount this adventure, which Ovid has borrowed from Theocritus, the Sicilian poet. Some writers have suggested that Acis was a Sicilian youth, who, having met with a repulse from Galatea, threw himself into the river, which was afterwards called by his name. It is, however, more probable that this river was so called from the rapidity of its course. Indeed, the scholiast on Theocritus and

Eustathius distinctly say that the stream was called Acis, because the swiftness of its course resembled that of an arrow, which was called ἄκλις, in the Greek language.

Homer, in describing the Cyclops, informs us that they were a lawless race, who, neglecting husbandry, lived on the spontaneous produce of a rich soil, and dwelling in mountain caves, devoted themselves entirely to the pleasures of a pastoral life. He says that they were men of monstrous stature, and had but one eye, in the middle of their forehead. Thucydides supposes them to have been the original inhabitants of Sicily. As their origin was unknown, it was said that they were the offspring of Neptune, or, in other words, that they had come by sea, to settle in Sicily. According to Justin, they retained possession of the island till the time of Cocalus; but in that point he disagrees with Homer, who represents them as being in the island after the time of Cocalus, who was a contemporary of Minos, and lived long before the Trojan war.

They inhabited the western parts of Sicily, near the promontories of Lilybæum and Drepanum; and from that circumstance, according to Bochart, they received their name. He supposes that the Cyclopes were so called from the Phœnician compound word Chek-lub, contracted for Chek-le-lub, which, according to him, was the name of the Gulf of Lilybæum. Because, in the Greek language κυκλὸς signified ‘a circle,’ and ὤψ, ‘an eye,’ it was given out that the name of Cyclops was given to them, because they had but one round eye in the middle of the forehead. It is possible that they may have acquired their character of being cannibals on true grounds, or, perhaps, only because they were noted for their extreme cruelty. Living near the volcanic mountain of Ætna, they were called the workmen of Vulcan; and Virgil describes them as forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Some writers represent them as having armed the three Deities, who divided the empire of the world: Jupiter with thunder; Pluto with his helmet; and Neptune with his trident. Statius represents them as the builders of the walls of Argos and Virgil as the founders of the gates of the Elysian fields. Aristotle supposes that they were the first builders of towers.

Diodorus Siculus and Tzetzes say that Polyphemus was king of a part of Sicily, when Ulysses landed there; who, falling in love with

Elpe, the daughter of the king, carried her off. The Læstrygons, the neighbours of Polyphemus, pursued him, and obliged him to give up the damsel, who was brought back to her father. Ulysses, in relating the story to the Phæacians, artfully concealed circumstances so little to his credit, and with impunity invented the absurdities which he related concerning a country to which his audience were utter strangers.

FABLE VIII.

Glaucus having observed some fishes which he has laid upon the grass revive and leap again into the water, is desirous to try the influence of the grass on himself. Putting some of it into his mouth, he immediately becomes mad, and leaping into the sea, is transformed into a sea God.

Galatea ceases speaking, and the company breaking up, they depart; and the Nereids swim in the becalmed waves. Scylla returns, (for, in truth, she does not trust herself in the midst of the ocean) and either wanders about without garments on the thirsty sand, or, when she is tired, having lighted upon some lonely recess of the sea, cools her limbs in the enclosed waves. *When*, lo! cleaving the deep, Glaucus comes, a new-made inhabitant of the deep sea, his limbs having been lately transformed at Anthedon, near Eubœa; and he lingers from passion for the maiden *now* seen, and utters whatever words he thinks may detain her as she flies. Yet still she flies, and, swift through fear, she arrives at the top of a mountain, situate near the shore.

In front of the sea, there is a huge ridge, terminating in one summit, bending for a long distance over the waves, *and* without trees. Here she stands, and secured by the place, ignorant whether he is a monster or a God, she both admires his colour, and his flowing hair that covers his shoulders and his back, and how a wreathed fish closes the extremity of his groin. *This* he perceives; and leaning upon a rock that stands hard by, he says, “Maiden, I am no monster, no savage 476 xiii. 917-956. beast; I am a God of the waters: nor have Proteus, and Triton, and Palæmon, the son of Athamas, a more uncontrolled reign over the deep. Yet formerly I was a mortal; but,

still, devoted to the deep sea, even then was I employed in it. For, at one time, I used to drag the nets that swept up the fish; at another time, seated on a rock, I managed the line with the rod. The shore was adjacent to a verdant meadow, one part of which was surrounded with water, the other with grass, which, neither the horned heifers had hurt with their browsing, nor had you, ye harmless sheep, nor *you*, ye shaggy goats, *ever* cropped it. No industrious bee took *thence* the collected blossoms, no festive garlands were gathered thence for the head; and no mower's hands had ever cut it. I was the first to be seated on that turf, while I was drying the dripping nets. And that I might count in their order the fish that I had taken; I laid out those upon it which either chance had driven to my nets, or their own credulity to my barbed hooks.

“The thing is like a fiction (but of what use is it to me to coin fictions?); on touching the grass my prey began to move, and to shift their sides, and to skip about on the land, as though in the sea. And while I both paused and wondered, the whole batch flew off to the waves, and left behind their new master and the shore. I was amazed, and, in doubt for a long time, I considered what could be the cause; whether some Divinity had done this, or whether the juice of *some* herb. ‘And yet,’ said I, ‘what herb has these properties?’ and with my hand I plucked the grass, and I chewed it, *so* plucked, with my teeth. Hardly had my throat well swallowed the unknown juices, when I suddenly felt my entrails inwardly throb, and my mind taken possession of by the passions of another nature. Nor could I stay in *that* place; and I exclaimed, ‘Farewell, land, never more to be revisited;’ and plunged my body beneath the deep. The Gods of the sea vouchsafed me, on being received by them, kindred honours, and they entreated Oceanus and Tethys to take away from me whatever mortality I bore. By them was I purified; and a charm being repeated over me nine times, that washes away *all* guilt, I was commanded to put my breast beneath a hundred streams.

“There was no delay; rivers issuing from different springs, and whole seas, were poured over my head. Thus far I can 477 xiii. 956-968. relate to thee what happened worthy to be related, and thus far do I remember; but my understanding was not conscious of the rest. When it returned *to me*, I found myself different throughout all

my body from what I was before, and not the same in mind. Then, for the first time, did I behold this beard, green with its deep colour, and my flowing hair, which I sweep along the spacious seas, and my huge shoulders, and my azurecoloured arms, and the extremities of my legs tapering in *the form of* a finny fish. But still, what does this form avail me, what to have pleased the ocean Deities, *and* what to be a God, if thou art not moved by these things?"

As he was saying such things as these, and about to say still more, Scylla left the God. He was enraged, and, provoked at the repulse, he repaired to the marvellous court of Circe, the daughter of Titan.

EXPLANATION.

The ancient writers mention three persons of the name of Glaucus: one was the son of Minos, the second of Hippolochus, and the third is the one here mentioned. Strabo calls him the son of Polybus, while other writers make him to have been the son of Phorbas, and others of Neptune. Being drowned, perhaps by accident, to do honour to his memory, it was promulgated that he had become a sea God, and the city of Anthedon, of which he was a native, worshipped him as such.

Athenæus says that he carried off Ariadne from the isle of Naxos, where Theseus had left her; on which Bacchus punished him by binding him to a vine. According to Diodorus Siculus, he appeared to the Argonauts, when overtaken by a storm. From Apollonius Rhodius we learn that he foretold to them that Hercules, and Castor and Pollux, would be received into the number of the Gods. It was also said, that in the battle which took place between Jason and the Tyrrhenians, he was the only person that escaped unwounded. Euripides, who is followed by Pausanias, says that he was the interpreter of Nereus, and was skilled in prophecy; and Nicander even says that it was from him that Apollo learned the art of prediction. Strabo and Philostratus say that he was metamorphosed into a Triton, which is a-kin to the description of his appearance here given by Ovid.

The place where he leaped into the sea was long remembered; and in the days of Pausanias 'Glaucus' Leap' was still pointed out by the people of Anthedon. It is not improbable that he drowned himself for

some reason which tradition failed to hand down to posterity.

BOOK THE FOURTEENTH.

FABLE I.

Circe becomes enamoured of Glaucus, who complains to her of his repulse by Scylla. She endeavours, without success, to make him desert Scylla for herself. In revenge, she poisons the fountain where the Nymph is wont to bathe, and communicates to her a hideous form; which is so insupportable to Scylla, that she throws herself into the sea, and is transformed into a rock.

And now *Glaucus*, the Eubœan plougher of the swelling waves, had left behind *Ætna*, placed upon the jaws of the Giant, and the fields of the Cyclops, that had never experienced the harrow or the use of the plough, and that were never indebted to the yoked oxen; he had left *Zancle*, too, behind, and the opposite walls of *Rhegium*, and the sea, abundant cause of shipwreck, which, confined by the two shores, bounds the *Ausonian* and the *Sicilian* lands. Thence, swimming with his huge hands through the *Etrurian* seas, *Glaucus* arrived at the grass-clad hills, and the halls of *Circe*, the daughter of the *Sun*, filled with various wild beasts. Soon as he beheld her, after salutations were given and received, he said, “Do thou, a Goddess, have compassion on me a God; for thou alone (should I only seem deserving of it,) art able to relieve this passion *of mine*. Daughter of *Titan*, by none is it better known how great is the power of herbs, than by me, who have been transformed by their agency; and, that the cause of my passion may not be unknown to thee, *Scylla* has been beheld by me on the *Italian* shores, opposite the *Messenian* walls. I am ashamed to recount my promises, my entreaties, my caresses, and my rejected suit. But, do thou, if there is any power in incantations, utter the incantation with thy holy lips; 479 xiv. 21-50. or, if *any* herb is more efficacious, make use of the proved virtues of powerful herbs. But I do not request thee to cure me, and to heal these wounds; and there is no necessity for an end *to them*; but let her share in the flame.” But *Circe*, (for no one has a temper more susceptible of such a passion, whether it is that the cause of it originates in herself, or whether it is that *Venus*, offended by her

father's discovery, causes this,) utters such words as these: —

“Thou wilt more successfully court her who is willing, and who entertains similar desires, and who is captivated with an equal passion. Thou art worthy of it, and assuredly thou oughtst to be courted spontaneously; and, if thou givest any hopes, believe me, thou shalt be courted spontaneously. That thou mayst entertain no doubts, or lest confidence in thy own beauty may not exist, behold! I who am both a Goddess, and the daughter of the radiant Sun, and am so potent with my charms, and so potent with my herbs, wish to be thine. Despise her who despises thee; her, who is attached to thee, repay by like attachment, and, by one act, take vengeance on two individuals.”

Glaucus answered her, making such attempts as these,—”Sooner shall foliage grow in the ocean, and *sooner* shall sea-weed spring up on the tops of the mountains, than my affections shall change, while Scylla is alive.” The Goddess is indignant; and since she is not able to injure him, and as she loves him she does not wish *to do so*, she is enraged against her, who has been preferred to herself; and, offended with these crosses in love, she immediately bruises herbs, infamous for their horrid juices, and, when bruised, she mingles with them the incantations of Hecate. She puts on azure vestments too, and through the troop of fawning wild beasts she issues from the midst of her hall; and making for Rhegium, opposite to the rocks of Zancle, she enters the waves boiling with the tides; on these, as though on the firm shore, she impresses her footsteps, and with dry feet she skims along the surface of the waves.

480 xiv. 51-74.

There was a little bay, curving in *the shape of* a bent bow, a favourite retreat of Scylla, whither she used to retire from the influence both of the sea and of the weather, when the sun was at its height in his mid career, and made the smallest shadow from the head *downwards*. This the Goddess infects beforehand, and pollutes it with monster-breeding drugs; on it she sprinkles the juices distilled from the noxious root, and thrice nine times, with her magic lips, she mutters over the mysterious charm, *enwra*pt in the dubious language of strange words. Scylla comes; and she has *now* gone in up to the middle of her stomach, when she beholds her loins grow hideous

with barking monsters; and, at first believing that they are no part of her own body, she flies from them and drives them off, and is in dread of the annoying mouths of the dogs; but those that she flies from, she carries along with *herself*; and as she examines the substance of her thighs, her legs, and her feet, she meets with Cerberean jaws in place of those parts. The fury of the dogs *still* continues, and the backs of savage *monsters* lying beneath her groin, cut short, and her prominent stomach, *still* adhere to them.

Glaucus, *still* in love, bewailed *her*, and fled from an alliance with Circe, who had *thus* too hostilely employed the potency of herbs. Scylla remained on that spot; and, at the first moment that an opportunity was given, in her hatred of Circe, she deprived Ulysses of his companions. Soon after, the same *Scylla* would have overwhelmed the Trojan ships, had she not been first transformed into a rock, which even now is prominent with its crags; *this* rock the sailor, too, avoids.

EXPLANATION.

According to Hesiod, Circe was the daughter of the Sun and of the Nymph Perse, and the sister of Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos. Homer makes her the sister of Æetes, the king of Colchis, while other authors represent her as the daughter of that monarch, and the sister of Medea. Being acquainted with the properties of simples, and having used her art in mixing poisonous draughts, she was generally looked upon as a sorceress. Apollonius Rhodius says that she poisoned her husband, the king of the Sarmatians, and that her father Apollo rescued her from the rage of her subjects, by transporting her in his chariot into Italy. Virgil and Ovid say that she inhabited one of the promontories of Italy, which afterwards bore her name, and which at the present day is known by the name of Monte Circello.

481 xiv. 75-76.

It is not improbable that the person who went by the name of Circe was never in Colchis or Thrace, and that she was styled the sister of Medea, merely on account of the similarity of their characters; that they both were called daughters of the Sun, because they understood the properties of simples; and that their pretended

enchantments were only a poetical mode of describing the effect of their beauty, which drew many suitors after them, who lost themselves in the dissipation of a voluptuous life. Indeed, Strabo says, and very judiciously, as it would seem, that Homer having heard persons mention the expedition of Jason to Colchis, and hearing the stories of Medea and Circe, he took occasion to say, from the resemblance of their characters, that they were sisters.

According to some authors, Scylla was the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate; but as other writers say, of Typhon. Homer describes her in the following terms:—‘She had a voice like that of a young whelp; no man, not even a God, could behold her without horror. She had twelve feet, six long necks, and at the end of each a monstrous head, whose mouth was provided with a triple row of teeth.’ Another ancient writer says, that these heads were those of an insect, a dog, a lion, a whale, a Gorgon, and a human being. Virgil has in a great measure followed the description given by Homer. Between Messina and Reggio there is a narrow strait, where high crags project into the sea on each side. The part on the Sicilian side was called Charybdis, and that on the Italian shore was named Scylla. This spot has ever been famous for its dangerous whirlpools, and the extreme difficulty of its navigation. Several rapid currents meeting there, and the tide running through the strait with great impetuosity, the sea sends forth a dismal noise, not unlike that of the howling or barking of dogs, as Virgil has expressed it, in the words, ‘Multis circum latrantibus undis.’

Palæphatus and Fuscus, not satisfied with the story being based on such simple facts, assert that Scylla was a ship that belonged to certain Etrurian pirates, who used to infest the coasts of Sicily, and that it had the figure of a woman carved on its head, whose lower parts were surrounded with dogs. According to these writers, Ulysses escaped them; and then, using the privileges of a traveller, told the story to the credulous Phæacians in the marvellous terms in which Homer has related it. Bochart, however, says that the two names were derived from the Phœnician language, in which ‘Scol,’ the root of Scylla, signified ‘a ruin,’ and Charybdis, ‘a gulf.’

FABLE II.

Dido entertains Æneas in her palace, and falls in love with him. He afterwards abandons her, on which she stabs herself in despair. Jupiter transforms the Cercopes into apes; and the islands which they inhabit are afterwards called 'Pithecusæ,' from the Greek word signifying 'an ape.'

After the Trojan ships, with their oars, had passed by her and the ravening Charybdis; when now they had approached 482 xiv. 76-93. near the Ausonian shores, they were carried back by the winds to the Libyan coasts. The Sidonian *Dido*, she who was doomed not easily to endure the loss of her Phrygian husband, received Æneas, both in her home and her affection; on the pile, too, erected under the pretext of sacred rites, she fell upon the sword; and, *herself* deceived, she deceived all. Again, flying from the newly erected walls of the sandy regions, and being carried back to the seat of Eryx and the attached Acestes, he performs sacrifice, and pays honour to the tomb of his father. He now loosens *from shore* the ships which Iris, the minister of Juno, has almost burned; and passes by the realms of the son of Hippotas, and the regions that smoke with the heated sulphur, and leaves behind him the rocks of the Sirens, daughters of Acheloüs; and the ship, deprived of its pilot, coasts along Inarime and Prochyta, and Pithecusæ, situate on a barren hill, so called from the name of its inhabitants.

For the father of the Gods, once abhorring the frauds and perjuries of the Cercopians, and the crimes of the fraudulent race, changed these men into ugly animals; that these same 483 xiv. 93-100. beings might be able to appear unlike men, and yet like them. He both contracted their limbs, and flattened their noses; bent back from their foreheads; and he furrowed their faces with the wrinkles of old age. And he sent them into this spot, with the whole of their bodies covered with long yellow hair. Moreover, he first took away from them the use of language, and of their tongues, made for dreadful perjury; he only allowed them to be able to complain with a harsh jabbering.

EXPLANATION.

Although Ovid passes over the particulars of the visit of Æneas to

Dido, and only mentions her death incidentally, we may give a few words to a story which has been rendered memorable by the beautiful poem of Virgil. Elisa, or Dido, was the daughter of Belus, king of Tyre. According to Justin, at his death he left his crown to his son Pygmalion jointly with Dido, who was a woman of extraordinary beauty. She was afterwards married to her uncle Sicharbas, who is called Sichæus by Virgil. Being priest of Hercules, an office next in rank to that of king, he was possessed of immense treasures, which the known avarice of Pygmalion caused him to conceal in the earth. Pygmalion having caused him to be assassinated, at which Dido first expressed great resentment, she afterwards pretended a reconciliation, the better to cover the design which she had formed to escape from the kingdom.

Having secured the cooperation of several of the discontented Tyrians, she requested permission to visit Tyre, and to leave her melancholy retreat, where every thing contributed to increase her misery by recalling the remembrance of her deceased husband. Hoping to seize her treasures, Pygmalion granted her request. Putting her wealth on board ship, she mixed some bags filled with sand among those that contained gold, for the purpose of deceiving those whom the king had sent to observe her and to escort her to Tyre. When out at sea, she threw the bags overboard, to appease the spirit of her husband, as she pretended, by sacrificing those treasures that had cost him his life. Then addressing the officers that accompanied her, she assured them that they would meet with but a bad reception from the king for having permitted so much wealth to be wasted, and that it would be more advantageous for them to fly from his resentment. The officers embarking in her design, after they had taken on board some Tyrian nobles, who were privy to the plan, she offered sacrifice to Hercules, and again set sail. Landing in Cyprus, they carried off eighty young women, who were married to her companions. On discovering her flight, Pygmalion at first intended to pursue her; but the intreaties of his mother, and the remonstrances of the priests, caused him to abandon his design.

Having arrived on the coast of Africa, Dido bargained with the inhabitants of the coast for as much ground as she could encompass with a bull's hide. This being granted, she cut the hide into as many

things as enclosed ground sufficient to build a fort upon; which was in consequence called 'Byrsa.' In making the foundation, an ox's head was dug up, 484 xiv. 101-102. which being supposed to portend slavery to the city, if built there, they removed to another spot, where, in digging, they found a horse's head, which was considered to be a more favourable omen. The story of the citadel being named from the bull's hide was very probably invented by the Greeks; who, finding in the Phœnician narrative of the foundation of Carthage, the citadel mentioned by the Tyrian name of 'Bostra,' which had that signification, and fancying, from its resemblance to their word βυρσᾶ, that it was derived from it, invented the fable of the hide.

Being pressed by Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to marry him, she asked for three months to come to a determination. The time expiring, she ordered a sacrifice to be made as an expiation to her husband's shade, and caused a pile to be erected, avowedly for the purpose of burning all that belonged to him. Ascending it, she pretended to expedite the sacrifice, and then despatched herself with a poniard. Virgil, wishing to deduce the hatred of the Romans and Carthaginians from the very time of Æneas, invented the story of the visit of Æneas to Dido; though he was perhaps guilty of a great anachronism in so doing, as the taking of Troy most probably preceded the foundation of Carthage by at least two centuries. Ovid has also related her story at length in the third book of the *Fasti*, and has followed Virgil's account of the treacherous conduct of Æneas, while he represents Iarbas as capturing her city after her death, and driving her sister Anna into exile. In the Phœnician language the word 'Dido' signified 'the bold woman,' and it is probable that Elisa only received that name after her death. Bochart has taken considerable pains to prove that she was the aunt of Jezebel, the famous, or rather infamous, wife of King Ahab.

The Poet then proceeds to say that Æneas saw the islands of the Cercopians on his way, whom Jupiter had transformed into apes. Æschines and Suidas say that there were two notorious robbers, inhabitants of an island adjacent to Sicily, named Candulus and Atlas, who committed outrages on all who approached the island. Being about to insult Jupiter himself, he transformed them into apes, from which circumstance the island received its name of Pithecusa.

Sabinus says that they were called Cercopes, because in their treachery they were like monkeys, who fawn with their tails, when they design nothing but mischief. Zenobius places the Cercopes in Libya; and says that they were changed into rocks, for having offered to fight with Hercules.

FABLE III.

Apollo is enamoured of the Sibyl, and, to engage her affection, offers her as many years as she can grasp grains of sand. She forgets to ask that she may always continue in the bloom of youth, and consequently becomes gray and decrepit.

After he has passed by these, and has left the walls of Parthenope on the right hand, on the left side he *approaches* 485 xiv. 102-128. the tomb of the tuneful son of Æolus; and he enters the shores of Cumæ, regions abounding in the sedge of the swamp, and the cavern of the long-lived Sibyl, and entreats *her*, that through Avernus, he may visit the shade of his father. But she raises her countenance, a long time fixed on the ground; and at length, inspired by the influence of the God, she says, “Thou dost request a great thing, O hero, most renowned by thy achievements, whose right hand has been proved by the sword, whose affection *has been proved* by the flames. Yet, Trojan, lay aside *all* apprehension, thou shalt obtain thy request; and under my guidance thou shalt visit the abodes of Elysium, the most distant realms of the universe, and the beloved shade of thy parent. To virtue, no path is inaccessible.”

Thus she spoke, and she pointed out a branch refulgent with gold, in the woods of the Juno of Avernus, and commanded him to pluck it from its stem. Æneas obeyed; and he beheld the power of the dread Orcus, and his own ancestors, and the aged ghost of the magnanimous Anchises; he learned, too, the ordinances of *those* regions, and what dangers would have to be undergone by him in his future wars. Tracing back thence his weary steps along the path, he beguiled his labour in discourse with his Cumæan guide. And while he was pursuing his frightful journey along darkening shades, he said, “Whether thou art a Goddess personally, or whether *thou art but a woman* most favoured by the Deities, to me shalt thou always

be equal to a Divinity; I will confess, too, that I exist through thy kindness, who hast willed that I should visit the abodes of death, and that I should escape those abodes of death *when beheld by me*. For this kindness, when I have emerged into the breezes of the air, I will erect a temple to thee, *and* I will give thee the honours of frankincense.”

486 xiv 129-153.

The prophetess looks upon him, and, with heaving sighs, she says, “Neither am I a Goddess, nor do thou honour a human being with the tribute of the holy frankincense. And, that thou mayst not err in ignorance, life eternal and without end was offered me, had my virginity but yielded to Phœbus, in love *with me*. But while he was hoping for this, while he was desiring to bribe me beforehand with gifts, he said: ‘Maiden of Cumæ, choose whatever thou mayst wish, thou shalt gain thy wish.’ I, pointing to a heap of collected dust, inconsiderately asked that as many birth-days might be my lot, as the dust contained particles. It escaped me to desire as well, at the same time, years vigorous with youth. But yet he offered me these, and eternal youth, had I submitted to his desires. Having rejected the offers of Phœbus, I remain unmarried. But now my more vigorous years have passed by, and crazy old age approaches with its trembling step, and this must I long endure.

“For thou beholdest me, having now lived seven ages; it remains for me to equal the number of particles of the dust; *yet* to behold three hundred harvests, *and* three hundred vintages. The time will come, when length of days will make me diminutive from a person so large; and when my limbs, wasted by old age, will be reduced to the most trifling weight. *Then* I shall not seem to have *once* been beloved, nor *once* to have pleased a God. Even Phœbus himself will, perhaps, not recognize me; or, *perhaps*, he will deny that he loved me. To that degree shall I be said to be changed; and though perceived by none, I shall still be recognized by my voice. My voice the Destinies will leave me.”

EXPLANATION.

The early fathers of the church, and particularly Justin, in their works

in defence of Christianity, made use of the Sibylline verses of the ancients. The Emperor Constantine, too, in his harangue before the Nicene Council, quoted them, as redounding to the advantage of Christianity; although he then stated that many persons did not believe that the Sibyls were the authors of them. St. Augustin, too, employs several of their alleged predictions to enforce the truths of the Christian religion.

Sebastian Castalio has warmly maintained the truth of the oracles contained in these verses, though he admits that they have been very much interpolated. Other writers, however, having carefully examined them, have pronounced them to be spurious, and so many pious frauds; which, perhaps, may be pronounced to be the general opinion at the present day. We will, however, shortly enquire how many Sibyls of 487 antiquity there were, and when they lived; whether any of their works were ever promulgated for the perusal of the public, and whether the verses which still exist under their name have any ground to be considered genuine.

There is no doubt but that in ancient times there existed certain women, who, led by a frenzied enthusiasm, uttered obscure sentences, which passed for predictions with the credulous people who went to consult them. Virgil and Ovid represent Æneas as going to the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl, to learn from her the success of the wars he should be engaged in. Plato, Strabo, Plutarch, Pliny, Solinus, and Pausanias, with many other writers, have mentioned the Sibyls; and it would be absurd, with Faustus Socinus, to affirm that no Sibyls ever existed. Indeed, Plato and other authors of antiquity go so far as to say, that by their productions they were essentially the benefactors of mankind. Some mention but one Sibyl, who was born either at Babylon or at Erythræ, in Phrygia. Diodorus Siculus mentions one only, and assigns Delphi as her locality, calling her by the name of Daphne. Strabo and Stephanus Byzantinus mention two, the one of Gergæ, a little town near Troy, and the other of Mermessus, in the same country. Solinus reckons three; the Delphian, named Herophile, the Erythræan, and the Cumæan. According to Varro, their number amounted to ten, whose names, in the order of time which Pausanias assigns them, were as follows:

The first and the most ancient was the Delphian, who lived before

the Trojan war. The second was the Erythræan, who was said to have been the first composer of acrostic verses, and who also lived before the Trojan war. The third was the Cumæan, who was mentioned by Nævius in his book on the first Punic war, and by Piso in his annals. She is the Sibyl spoken of in the *Æneid*, and her name was Deïphobe. The fourth was the Samian, called Pitho, though Eusebius calls her Herophile, and he makes her to have lived about the time of Numa Pompilius. The fifth, whose name was Amalthea, or Demophile, lived at Cumæ, in Asia Minor. The sixth was the Hellespontine Sibyl, born at Mermessus, near Troy. The seventh was the Libyan, mentioned by Euripides. Some suppose that she was the first who had the name of Sibyl, which was given to her by the people of Africa. The eighth was the Persian or Babylonian Sibyl, whom Suidas names Sambetha. The ninth was the Phrygian, who delivered her oracles at Ancyra, in Phrygia. The tenth was the Tiburtine, who was called Albunea, and prophesied near Tibur, or Tivoli, on the banks of the Anio. In the present story Ovid evidently intends to represent these various Sibyls as being the same person; and to account for her prolonged existence, by representing that Apollo had granted her a life to last for many ages.

Several ages before the Christian era, the Romans had a collection of verses, which were commonly attributed to the Sibyls. These they often consulted; and in the time of Tarquinius Superbus, two officers were appointed for the purpose of keeping the Sibylline books, whose business it was to look in them on the occasion of any public calamity, in order to see whether it had been foretold and to make their report to the Senate. The books were kept in a stone chest, beneath the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. These Duumvirs continued until the year of Rome 388, when eight others being added, they formed the College of the Decemvirs. 488 About eighty-three years before the Christian era five other keepers of these books were added, who thus formed the body called the Quindecimvirs.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Aulus Gellius, Servius, and many other writers, state the following as the origin of the Sibylline books. An aged woman presented to Tarquinius Superbus three books that contained the oracles of the Sibyls, and demanded a large sum for them. The king refusing to buy them, she went and burned them; and

returning, asked the same price for the remaining six, as she had done for the original number. Being again repulsed, she burnt three more, and coming back again, demanded the original price for the three that remained. Astonished at the circumstance, the king bought the books. Pliny and Solinus vary the story a little, in saying that the woman at first presented but three books, and that she destroyed two of them.

It is generally supposed, that on the burning of the Capitol, about eighty-three years before the Christian era, the Sibylline books of Tarquinius Superbus were destroyed in the flames. To repair the loss, the Romans despatched officers to various cities of Italy, and even to Asia and Africa, to collect whatever they could find, under the name of Sibylline oracles. P. Gabinus, M. Ottacilius, and L. Valerius brought back a large collection, of which the greater part was rejected, and the rest committed to the care of the Quindecimvirs. Augustus ordered a second revision of them; and, after a severe scrutiny, those which were deemed to be genuine, were deposited in a box, under a statue of Apollo Palatinus. Tiberius again had them examined, and some portion of them was then rejected. Finally, about the year A.D. 399, Stilicho, according to Rutilius Numatianus, or rather, the Emperor Honorius himself, ordered them to be burnt.

The so-called collection of Sibylline verses which now exists is generally looked upon as spurious; or if any part is genuine, it bears so small a proportion to the fictitious portion, that it has shared in the condemnation. Indeed, their very distinctness stamps them as forgeries; for they speak of the mysteries of Christianity in undisguised language, and the names of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary occur as openly as they do in the Holy Scriptures.

It is a singular assertion of St. Jerome, that the gift of prophecy was a reward to the Sibyls for their chastity. If such was the condition, we have a right to consider that the Deities were very partial in the distribution of their rewards, and in withholding them from the multitudes who, we are bound in charity to believe, were as deserving as the Sibyls themselves of the gift of vaticination.

FABLE IV.

Æneas arrives at Caieta, in Italy. Achæmenides, an Ithacan, who is on board his ship, meets his former companion Macareus there; and relates to him his escape from being devoured by Polyphemus. Macareus afterwards tells him how Ulysses had received winds from Æolus in a hide, and by that means had a prosperous voyage; till, on the 489 xiv. 154-181. bag being opened by the sailors in their curiosity, the winds rushed out, and raised a storm that drove them back to Æolia, and afterwards upon the coast of the Læstrygons.

While the Sibyl was relating such things as these, during the steep ascent, the Trojan Æneas emerged from the Stygian abodes to the Eubœan city, and the sacrifice being performed, after the usual manner, he approached the shores that not yet bore the name of his nurse; here, too, Macareus of Neritos, the companion of the experienced Ulysses, had rested, after the prolonged weariness of his toils. He recognized Achæmenides, once deserted in the midst of the crags of Ætna; and astonished that, thus unexpectedly found again, he was yet alive, he said, "What chance, or what God, Achæmenides, preserves thee? why is a barbarian vessel carrying *thee*, a Greek? What land is sought by thy bark?"

No longer ragged in his clothing, *but* now his own *master*, and wearing clothes tacked together with no thorns, Achæmenides says, "Again may I behold Polyphemus, and those jaws streaming with human blood, if my home and Ithaca be more delightful to me than this bark; if I venerate Æneas any less than my own father. And, though I were to do everything *possible*, I could never be sufficiently grateful. 'Tis he that has caused that I speak, and breathe, and behold the heavens and the luminary of the sun; and can I be ungrateful, and forgetful of this? 'Tis *through him* that this life of mine did not fall into the jaws of the Cyclop; and though I were, even now, to leave the light of life, I should either be buried in a tomb, or, at least, not in that paunch *of his*. What were my feelings at that moment (unless, indeed, terror deprived me of all sense and feeling), when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I wished to shout aloud, but I was fearful of betraying myself to the enemy; the shouts of Ulysses were very nearly causing the destruction of even your ship. I beheld 490 xiv. 181-211. him when, having torn up a mountain, he hurled the immense rock in the midst of the waves; again I beheld

him hurling huge stones, with his giant arms, just as though impelled by the powers of the engine of war. And, forgetful that I was not in it, I was now struck with horror lest the waves or the stones might overwhelm the ship.

“But when your flight had saved you from a cruel death, he, indeed, roaring with rage, paced about all Ætna, and groped out the woods with his hands, and, deprived of his eye, stumbled against the rocks; and stretching out his arms, stained with gore, into the sea, he cursed the Grecian race, and he said, ‘Oh! that any accident would bring back Ulysses to me, or any one of his companions, against whom my anger might find vent, whose entrails I might devour, whose living limbs I might mangle with my right hand, whose blood might drench my throat, whose crushed members might quiver beneath my teeth: how insignificant, or how trifling, *then*, would be the loss of my sight, that has been taken from me!’ This, and more, he said in his rage. Ghastly horror took possession of me, as I beheld his features, streaming even yet with blood, and the ruthless hands, and the round space deprived of the eye, and his limbs, and his beard matted with human blood. Death was before my eyes, *and* yet that was the least of my woes. I imagined that now he was about to seize hold of me, and that now he was on the very point of swallowing my vitals within his own; in my mind was fixed the impress of that time when I beheld two bodies of my companions three or four times dashed against the ground. Throwing himself on the top of them, just like a shaggy lion, he stowed away their entrails, their flesh, their bones with the white marrow, and their quivering limbs, in his ravenous paunch. A trembling seized me; in my alarm I stood without blood *in my features*, as I beheld him both chewing and belching out his bloody . banquet from his mouth, and vomiting pieces mingled with wine; *and* I fancied that such a doom was in readiness for wretched me.

“Concealing myself for many a day, and trembling at every sound, and both fearing death and *yet* desirous to die, satisfying hunger with acorns, and with grass mixed with leaves, alone, destitute, desponding, abandoned to death and destruction, after a length of time, I beheld a ship not far off; by signs I prayed for deliverance, and I ran down to the shore; I prevailed; and a Trojan

ship received me, a Greek. Do thou too, dearest of my companions, relate thy adventures, and those of thy chief, and of the company, which, together with thee, entrusted *themselves* to the ocean.”

The other relates how that Æolus rules over the Etrurian seas; Æolus, the grandson of Hippotas, who confines the winds in their prison, which the Dulichean chief had received, shut up in a leather *bag*, a wondrous gift; how, with a favouring breeze, he had proceeded for nine days, and had beheld the land he was bound for; *and how*, when the first morning after the ninth had arrived, his companions, influenced by envy and a desire for booty, supposing it to be gold, had cut the fastenings of the winds; *and how*, through these, the ship had gone back along the waves through which it had just come, and had returned to the harbour of the Æolian king.

“Thence,” said he, “we came to the ancient city of Lamus, the Læstrygon. Antiphates was reigning in that land. I was sent to him, two in number accompanying me; and with difficulty was safety procured by me and one companion, by flight; the third of us stained the accursed jaws of the Læstrygon with his blood. Antiphates pursued us as we fled, and called together his followers; they flocked together, and, without intermission, they showered both stones and beams, and they overwhelmed men, and ships, too, did they overwhelm; yet one, which carried us and Ulysses himself, escaped. A part of our companions *thus* lost, grieving and lamenting much we arrived at those regions which thou perceivest afar hence. Look! afar hence thou mayst perceive an island, that has been seen by me; and do thou, most righteous of the Trojans, thou son of a Goddess, 492 xiv. 247-253. (for, since the war is ended, thou art not, Æneas, to be called an enemy) I warn thee — avoid the shores of Circe.”

EXPLANATION.

Æolus, according to Servius and Varro, was the son of Hippotas, and about the time of the Trojan war reigned in those islands, which were formerly called ‘Vulcaniæ,’ but were afterwards entitled ‘Æoliæ,’ and are now known as the Lipari Islands. Homer mentions only one of these islands, which were seven in number. He calls it by the name of Æolia, and probably means the one which was called

Lipara, and gave its name to the group, and which is now known as Strombolo. Æolus seems to have been a humane prince, who received with hospitality those who had the misfortune to be cast on his island. Diodorus Siculus says that he was especially careful to warn strangers of the shoals and dangerous places in the neighbouring seas. Pliny adds, that he applied himself to the study of the winds, by observing the direction of the smoke of the volcanos, with which the isles abounded.

Being considered as an authority on that subject, at a time when navigation was so little reduced to an art, the poets readily feigned that he was the master of the winds, and kept them pent up in caverns, under his control. The story of the winds being entrusted to Ulysses, which Ovid here copies from Homer, is merely a poetical method of saying, that Ulysses disregarded the advice of Æolus, and staying out at sea beyond the time he had been recommended, was caught in a violent tempest. It is possible that Homer may allude to some custom which prevailed among the ancients, similar to that of the Lapland witches in modern times, who pretend to sell a favourable wind, enclosed in a bag, to mariners. Homer speaks of the six sons and six daughters of Æolus; perhaps they were the twelve principal winds, upon which he had expended much pains in making accurate observations.

Bochart suggests that the isle of Lipara was called by the Phœnicians ‘Nibara,’ on account of its volcano, (that word signifying ‘a torch,’) which name was afterwards corrupted to Lipara.

FABLE V.

Achæmenides lands in the isle of Circe, and is sent to her palace with some of his companions. Giving them a favourable reception, she makes them drink of a certain liquor; and, on her touching them with a wand, they are immediately transformed into swine. Eurylochus, who has refused to drink, informs Ulysses, who immediately repairs to the palace, and obliges Circe to restore to his companions their former shape.

“We, too, having fastened our ships to the shores of Circe, remembering Antipates and the cruel Cyclop, refused to go and

enter her unknown abode. By lot were we chosen; that lot sent both me and the faithful Polytes, and Eurylochus, and 493 xiv. 253-283. Elpenor, too much addicted to wine, and twice nine companions, to the walls of Circe. Soon as we reached them, and stood at the threshold of her abode; a thousand wolves, and bears and lionesses mixed with the wolves, created fear through meeting them; but not one *of them* needed to be feared, and not one was there to make a wound on our bodies. They wagged their caressing tails in the air, and fawning, they attended our footsteps, until the female servants received us, and led us, through halls roofed with marble, to their mistress.

“She is sitting in a beautiful alcove, on her wonted throne, and clad in a splendid robe; over it she is arrayed in a garment of gold tissue. The Nereids and the Nymphs, together, who tease no fleeces with the motion of their fingers nor draw out the ductile threads, are placing the plants in due order, and arranging in baskets the flowers confusedly scattered, and the shrubs variegated in their hues. She herself prescribes the tasks that they perform; she herself is aware what is the use of every leaf; what combined virtue there is in them when mixed; and giving attention, she examines *each* herb as weighed. When she beheld us, having given and received a salutation, she gladdened her countenance, and granted every thing to our wishes. And without delay, she ordered the grains of parched barley to be mingled, and honey, and the strength of wine, and curds with pressed milk. Secretly, she added drugs to be concealed beneath this sweetness. We received the cups presented by her sacred right hand. Soon as, in our thirst, we quaffed them with parching mouth, and the ruthless Goddess, with her wand, touched the extremity of our hair (I am both ashamed, and *yet* I will tell of it), I began to grow rough with bristles, and no longer to be able to speak; and, instead of words, to utter a harsh noise, and to grovel on the ground with all my face. I felt, too, my mouth receive a hard skin, with its crooked snout, and my neck swell with muscles; and with the member with which, the moment before, 494 xiv. 283-314. I had received the cup, with the same did I impress my footsteps.

“With the rest who had suffered the same treatment (so powerful are enchanted potions) I was shut up in a pig-sty; and we perceived

that Eurylochus, alone, had not the form of a swine; he, alone, escaped the proffered draught. And had he not escaped it, I should even, at this moment, have still been one of the bristle-clad animals; nor would Ulysses, having been informed by him of so direful a disaster, have come to Circe as *our* avenger. The Cyllenian peace-bearer had given him a white flower; the Gods above call it ‘Moly;’ it is supported by a black root. Protected by that, and at the same time by the instruction of the inhabitants of heaven, he entered the dwelling of Circe, and being invited to the treacherous draughts, he repelled her, while endeavouring to stroke his hair with her wand, and prevented her, in her terror, with his drawn sword. Upon that, her promise *was given*, and right hands were exchanged; and, being received into her couch, he required the bodies of his companions as his marriage gift.

“We are *then* sprinkled with the more favouring juices of harmless plants, and are smitten on the head with a blow from her inverted wand; and charms are repeated, the converse of the charms that had been uttered. The longer she chaunts them, the more erect are we raised from the ground; and the bristles fall off, and the fissure leaves our cloven feet; our shoulders return; our arms become attached to their upper parts. In tears, we embrace him *also* in tears; and we cling to the neck of our chief; nor do we utter any words before those that testify that we are grateful.

“The space of a year detained us there; and, as *I was* present for such a length of time, I saw many things; and many things I heard with my ears. This, too, among many other things *I heard*, which one of the four handmaids appointed for such rites, privately informed me of. For while Circe was passing her time apart with my chief, she pointed out 495 xiv. 314-328. to me a youthful statue made of snow-white marble, carrying a woodpecker on its head, erected in the hallowed temple, and bedecked with many a chaplet. When I asked, and desired to know who he was, and why he was venerated in the sacred temple, and why he carried that bird; she said:—‘Listen, Macareus, learn hence, too, what is the power of my mistress, and give attention to what I say.’”

EXPLANATION.

Ulysses having stayed some time at the court of Circe, where all were immersed in luxury and indolence, begins to reflect on the degraded state to which he is reduced, and resolutely abandons so unworthy a mode of life. This resolution is here typified by the herb moly, the symbol of wisdom. His companions, changed into swine, are emblems of the condition to which a life of sensuality reduces its votaries; while the wolves, lions, and horses show that man in such a condition fails not to exhibit the various bad propensities of the brute creation. Thus was the prodigal son, mentioned in the New Testament, reduced to a level with the brutes, ‘and fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.’

It is not improbable that Circe was the original from which the Eastern romancer depicted the enchantress queen Labè in the story of Beder and Giauhare in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments. They were both ladies of light reputation, both fond of exercising their magical power on strangers, and in exactly the same manner: and as Ulysses successfully resisted the charms of Circe, so Beder thwarted the designs of Labè; but here the parallel ends.

FABLE VI.

Circe, being enamoured of Picus, and being unable to shake his constancy to his wife Canens, transforms him into a woodpecker, and his retinue into various kinds of animals. Canens pines away with grief at the loss of her husband, and the place where she disappears afterwards bears her name.

“‘Picus, the son of Saturn, was a king in the regions of Ausonia, an admirer of horses useful in warfare. The form of this person was such as thou beholdest. Thou thyself *here* mayst view his comeliness, and thou mayst approve of his real form from this feigned resemblance of it. His disposition was equal to his beauty; and not yet, in his age, could he have beheld four times the *Olympic* contest celebrated each fifth year in the Grecian Elis. He had attracted, by his *good* looks, the Dryads, born in the hills of Latium; the Naiads, the fountain Deities, wooed him; *Nymphs*, which Albula, and which the 496 xiv. 328-354. waters of Numicus, and which those of Anio, and Almo but very short in its course, and the rapid Nar, and Farfarus,

with its delightful shades, produced, and those which haunt the forest realms of the Scythian Diana, and the neighbouring streams.

“‘Yet, slighting all these, he was attached to one Nymph, whom, on the Palatine hill, Venilia is said once to have borne to the Ionian Janus. Soon as she was ripe with marriageable years, she was presented to Laurentine Picus, preferred *by her* before all others; wondrous, indeed, was she in her beauty, but more wondrous still, through her skill in singing; thence she was called Canens. She was wont, with her voice, to move the woods and the rocks, and to tame the wild beasts, and to stop *the course of* the long rivers, and to detain the fleeting birds. While she was singing her songs with her feminine voice, Picus had gone from his dwelling into the Laurentine fields, to pierce the wild boars there bred; and he was pressing the back of his spirited horse, and was carrying two javelins in his left hand, having a purple cloak fastened with yellow gold. The daughter of the Sun, too, had come into the same wood; and that she might pluck fresh plants on the fruitful hills, she had left behind the Circæan fields, *so* called after her own name.

“‘Hidden by the shrubs, soon as she beheld the youth, she was astounded; the plants which she had gathered fell from her bosom, and a flame seemed to pervade her entire marrow. As soon as she regained her presence of mind from *so* powerful a shock, she was about to confess what she desired; the speed of his horse, and the surrounding guards, caused that she 497 xiv. 354-389. could not approach. ‘And yet thou shalt not escape me,’ she said, ‘even shouldst thou be borne on the winds, if I only know myself, if all potency in herbs has not vanished, and if my charms do not deceive me.’ *Thus* she said; and she formed the phantom of a fictitious wild boar, with no substance, and commanded it to run past the eyes of the king, and to seem to go into a forest, thick set with trees, where the wood is most dense, and where the spot is inaccessible to a horse. There is no delay; Picus, forthwith, unconsciously follows the phantom of the prey; hastily too, he leaves the reeking back of his steed, and, in pursuit of a vain hope, wanders on foot in the lofty forest. She repeats prayers to herself, and utters magical incantations, and adores strange Gods in strange verses, with which she is wont both to darken the disk of the snow-white moon, and to draw the

clouds that suck up the moisture, over the head of her father. Then does the sky become lowering at the repeating of the incantation, and the ground exhales its vapours; and his companions wander along the darkened paths, and his guards are separated from the king.

“‘She, having now gained a *favourable* place and opportunity, says, ‘O, most beauteous *youth!* by thy eyes, which have captivated mine, and by this graceful person, which makes me, though a Goddess, to be thy suppliant, favour my passion, and receive the Sun, that beholds all things, as thy father-in-law, and do not in thy cruelty despise Circe, the daughter of Titan.’ *Thus* she says. He roughly repels her and her entreaties: and he says, ‘Whoever thou art, I am not for thee; another female holds me enthralled, and for a long space of time, I pray, may she so hold me. I will not pollute the conjugal ties with the love of a stranger, while the Fates shall preserve for me Canens, the daughter of Janus.’ The daughter of Titan, having often repeated her entreaties in vain, says, ‘Thou shalt not depart with impunity, nor shalt thou return to Canens; and by experience shalt thou learn what one slighted, what one in love, what a woman, can do; but that one in love, and slighted, and a woman, is Circe.’

“‘Then twice did she turn herself to the West, and twice to the East; thrice did she touch the youth with her wand; three charms did she repeat. He fled; wondering that he sped more swiftly than usual, he beheld wings on his body; 498 xiv. 390-419. and indignant that he was added suddenly as a strange bird to the Latian woods, he struck the wild oaks with his hard beak, and, in his anger, inflicted wounds on the long branches. His wings took the purple colour of his robe. The piece of gold that had formed a buckle, and had fastened his garment, became feathers, and his neck was encompassed with *the colour of yellow gold*; and nothing *now* remained to Picus of his former *self*, beyond the name.

“‘In the meantime his attendants, having, often in vain, called on Picus throughout the fields, and, having found him in no direction, meet with Circe, (for now she has cleared the air, and has allowed the clouds to be dispersed by the woods and the sun); and they charge her with just accusations, and demand back their king, and are using violence, and are preparing to attack her with ruthless weapons. She

scatters noxious venom and poisonous extracts; and she summons together Night, and the Gods of Night, from Erebus and from Chaos, and she invokes Hecate in magic howlings. Wondrous to tell, the woods leap from their spot; the ground utters groans, the neighbouring trees become pallid, the grass becomes moist, besprinkled with drops of blood; the stones seem to send forth harsh lowings, the dogs *seem* to bark, and the ground to grow loathsome with black serpents, and unsubstantial ghosts of the departed *appear* to flit about. The multitude trembles, astonished at these prodigies; she touches their astonished faces, as they tremble, with her enchanted wand. From the touch of this, the monstrous forms of various wild beasts come upon the young men; his own form remains to no one of them.

““The setting Sun has *now* borne down upon the Tartessian shores; and in vain is her husband expected, both by the eyes and the longings of Canens. Her servants and the people run about through all the woods, and carry lights to 499 xiv. 419-440. meet him. Nor is it enough for the Nymph to weep, and to tear her hair, and to beat her breast; though all this she does, she rushes forth, and, in her distraction, she wanders through the Latian fields. Six nights, and as many returning lights of the Sun, beheld her, destitute of sleep and of food, going over hills and valleys, wherever chance led her. Tiber, last *of all*, beheld her, worn out with weeping and wandering, and reposing her body on his cold banks. There, with tears, she poured forth words attuned, lamenting, in a low voice, her very woes, as when the swan, now about to die, sings his own funereal dirge.

““At last, melting with grief, *even* to her thin marrow, she pined away, and by degrees vanished into light air. Yet the Fame of it became attached to the spot, which the ancient Muses have properly called Canens, after the name of the Nymph.’ During that long year, many such things as these were told me and were seen *by me*. Sluggish and inactive through idleness, we were ordered again to embark on the deep, again to set our sails. The daughter of Titan had said that dangerous paths, and a protracted voyage, and the perils of the raging sea were awaiting us. I was alarmed, I confess; and having reached these shores, *here* I remained.”

EXPLANATION.

When names occur in the ancient Mythology, of Oriental origin, we may conclude that they were imported into Greece and Italy from Egypt or Phœnicia; and that their stories were derived from the same sources; such as those of Adonis, Arethusa, Arachne, and Isis. Those that are derived from the Greek languages are attached to fictions of purely Greek origin, such as the fables of Daphne, Galantis, Cygnus, and the Myrmidons; and where the names are of Latin original, we may conclude that their stories originated in Italy: such, for instance, as those of Canens, Picus, Anna Perenna, Flora, Quirinus, and others.

To this rule there are certain exceptions; for both Greece and Italy occasionally appropriated each other's traditions, by substituting the names of one language for those of the other. Thus it would not be safe to affirm positively that the story of Portumnus and Matuta is of Latin origin, since Greece lays an equal claim to it under the names of Leucothoë and Palæmon, while, probably, Cadmus originally introduced it from Phœnicia, under the names of Ino and Melicerta.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, on the authority of Cato the Censor and Asellius Sempronius, says that the original inhabitants of Italy were a Greek colony. Cato and Sempronius state that they were from Achaia, while Dionysius says that they came from Arcadia, under the command 500 xiv. 441-456. of Ænotrius. Picus is generally supposed to have been one of the aboriginal kings of Italy, who was afterwards Deified. Servius, in his Commentary on the seventh Book of the *Æneid*, informs us that Picus pretended to know future events, and made use of a woodpecker, which he had tamed, for the purpose of his auguries. On this ground, after his death, it was generally reported that he had been transformed into that bird, and he was ranked among the Dii Indigetes of Latium. Dying in his youth, his wife Canens retired to a solitary spot, where she ended her life, and the intensity of her grief gave rise to the fable that she had pined away into a sound.

It has been suggested that the story took its rise from the oracles of Mars among the Sabines, when a woodpecker was said to give the responses. According to Bochart, it arose from the confusion of the meaning of the Phœnician word 'picea,' which signified a 'diviner.'

It is the exuberant fancy of Ovid alone which connects Picus with the story of Circe.

FABLES VII. AND VIII.

Turnus having demanded succour from Diomedes against Æneas, the Grecian prince, fearing the resentment of Venus, refuses to send him assistance; and relates how some of his followers have been transformed by Venus into birds. An Apulian shepherd surprising some Nymphs, insults them, on which he is changed into a wild olive tree.

Macareus had concluded. And the nurse of Æneas, *now* buried in a marble urn, had *this* short inscription on her tomb:—"My foster-child, of proved piety, here burned me, Caieta, preserved from the Argive flames, with that fire which was my due." The fastened cable is loosened from the grassy bank, and they leave far behind the wiles and the dwelling of the Goddess, of whom so ill a report has been given, and seek the groves where the Tiber, darkened with the shade *of trees*, breaks into the sea with his yellow sands. Æneas, too, gains the house and the daughter of Latinus, the *son of* Faunus; but not without warfare. A war is waged with a fierce nation, and Turnus is indignant on account of the wife that had been betrothed to him. All Etruria meets *in battle* with Latium, and long is doubtful victory struggled for with ardent arms. Each side increases his strength with foreign forces, and many take the part of the Rutulians, many that of the Trojan side. 501 xiv. 456-485. Nor *had* Æneas *arrived* in vain at the thresholds of Evander, but Venulus came *in vain* to the great city, of the exiled Diomedes. He, indeed, had founded a very great city under the Iapygian Daunus, and held the lands given to him in dower.

But after Venulus had executed the commands of Turnus, and had asked for aid, the Ætolian hero pleaded his resources as an excuse: that he was not wishful to commit the subjects of his father-in-law to a war, and that he had no men to arm of the nation of his own countrymen; "And that ye may not think this a pretext, although my grief be renewed at the bitter recollection, yet I will endure the recital *of it*. After lofty Ilion was burnt, and Pergamus had fed the Grecian

flames, and the Narycian hero, having ravished the virgin, distributed that vengeance upon all, which he alone merited, on account of the virgin; we were dispersed and driven by the winds over the hostile seas; we Greeks had to endure lightning, darkness, rain, and the wrath both of the heavens and of the sea, and Caphareus, the completion of our misery. And not to detain you by relating these sad events in their order, Greece might then have appeared even to Priam, worthy of a tear. Yet the care of the armed universe preserved me, rescued from the waves.

“But again was I driven from Argos, *the land* of my fathers; and genial Venus exacted satisfaction in vengeance for her former wound: and so great hardships did I endure on the deep ocean, so great amid arms on shore, that many a time were they pronounced *happy* by me, whom the storm, common *to all*, and Caphareus, swallowed up in the threatening waves; and I wished that I had been one of them. My companions having now endured the utmost extremities, both in war and on the ocean, lost courage, and demanded an end of their wanderings. But Agmon, of impetuous temper, and 502 xiv. 485-513. then embittered as well by misfortunes, said, ‘What does there remain now, ye men, for your patience to refuse to endure? What has Cytherea, (supposing her to desire it), that she can do beyond this? For so long as greater evils are dreaded, there is room for prayers; but where one’s lot is the most wretched possible, fear is *trampled* under foot, and the extremity *of misfortune* is free from apprehensions. Let *Venus* herself hear it, if she likes; let her hate, as she does *hate*, all the men under the rule of Diomedes. Yet all of us despise her hate, and this our great power is bought by us at great price.’

“With such expressions does the Pleuronian Agmon provoke Venus against her will, and revive her former anger. His words are approved of by a few. We, the greater number of his friends, rebuke Agmon: and as he is preparing to answer, his voice and the passage of his voice together become diminished; his hair changes into feathers; his neck newly formed, his breast and his back are covered with down; his arms assume longer feathers; and his elbows curve out into light wings. A great part of his foot receives toes; his mouth becomes stiff and hardened with horn, and has its end in a point.

Lycus and Idas, and Nycteus, together with Rhetenor, and Abas, are *all* astounded at him; and while they are astounded, they assume a similar form; and the greater portion of my company fly off, and resound around the oars with the flapping of their wings. Shouldst thou inquire what was the form of these birds so suddenly made; although it was not that of swans, yet it was approaching to that of white swans. With difficulty, for my part, do I, the son-in-law of the Iapygian Daunus, possess these abodes and the parched fields with a very small remnant of my companions.”

Thus far the grandson of Æneus. Venulus leaves the Calydonian realms and the Peucetian bays, and the 503 xiv. 513-526. Messapian fields. In these he beholds a cavern, which, overshadowed by a dense grove, and trickling with a smooth stream, the God Pan, the half goat, occupies; but once on a time the Nymphs possessed it. An Apulian shepherd alarmed them, scared away from that spot; and, at first, he terrified them with a sudden fear; afterwards, when their presence of mind returned, and they despised him as he followed, they formed dances, moving their feet to time. The shepherd abused them; and imitating them with grotesque capers, he added rustic abuse in filthy language. Nor was he silent, before the *growing* tree closed his throat. But from this tree and its sap you may understand *what* were his manners. For the wild olive, by its bitter berries, indicates the infamy of his tongue; the coarseness of his words passed into them.

EXPLANATION.

Latinus having been told by an oracle that a foreign prince should come into his country and marry his daughter Lavinia, received Æneas hospitably, and formed an alliance with him, promising him his daughter in marriage; on which Turnus, who was the nephew of Amata, his wife, and to whom Lavinia was betrothed, declared war against Æneas.

The ancient historians tell us, that, on returning from the siege of Troy, Diomedes found that his throne had been usurped by Cyllabarus, who had married his wife Ægiale. Not having sufficient forces to dispossess the intruder, he sought a retreat in Italy, where

he built the city of Argyripa, or Argos Hippium. Diomedes having married the daughter of Daunus, quarrelled with his father-in-law, and was killed in fight; on which his companions fled to an adjacent island, which, from his name, was called Diomedea. It was afterwards reported, that on their flight they were changed into birds, and that Venus inflicted this punishment, in consequence of Diomedes having wounded her at the siege of Troy. Of this story a confused version is here presented by Ovid, who makes the transformation to take place in the lifetime of Diomedes. It is supposed that the fact of the island being the favourite resort of swans and herons, facilitated this story of their transformation. Pliny and Solinus add to this marvellous account by stating, that these birds fawned upon all Greeks who entered the island, and fled from the people of all other nations. Ovid says that the birds resembled swans, while other writers thought them to be herons, storks, or falcons.

The ancient authors are utterly silent as to the rude shepherd who was changed into a wild olive, but the story was probably derived by Ovid from some local tradition.

504 xiv. 527-558.

FABLES IX. AND X.

Turnus sets fire to the fleet of Æneas: but Cybele transforms the ships into sea Nymphs. After the death of Turnus, his capital, Ardea, is burnt, and a bird arises out of the flames. Venus obtains of Jupiter that her son, after so many heroic deeds, shall be received into the number of the Gods.

When the ambassador had returned thence, bringing word that the Ætolian arms had been refused them, the Rutulians carried on the warfare prepared for, without their forces; and much blood was shed on either side. Lo! Turnus bears the devouring torches against the *ships*, fabrics of pine; and those, whom the waves have spared, are *now* in dread of fire. And now the flames were burning the pitch and the wax, and the other elements of flame, and were mounting the lofty mast to the sails, and the benches of the curved ships were smoking; when the holy Mother of the Gods, remembering that these

pinces were cut down on the heights of Ida, filled the air with the tinkling of the clashing cymbal, and with the noise of the blown boxwood *pipe*. Borne through the yielding air by her harnessed lions, she said: "Turnus, in vain dost thou hurl the flames with thy sacrilegious right hand; I will save *the ships*, and the devouring flames shall not, with my permission, burn a portion, and the *very* limbs of my groves."

As the Goddess speaks, it thunders; and following the thunder, heavy showers fall, together with bounding hailstones; the brothers, sons of Astræus, arouse both the air and the swelling waves with sudden conflicts, and rush to the battle. The genial Mother, using the strength of one of these, first bursts the hempen cables of the Phrygian fleet, and carries the ships headlong, and buries them beneath the ocean. Their hardness being now softened, and their wood being changed into flesh, the crooked sterns are changed into the features of the head; the oars taper off in fingers and swimming feet; that which has been so before, is *still* the side; and the keel, laid below in the middle of the ship, is changed, for the purposes of the back bone. The cordage becomes soft hair, the yards *become* arms. Their colour is azure, as it was before. As Naiads of the ocean, with their virgin sports they agitate those waves, which before they dreaded; and, born on the rugged mountains, they inhabit the flowing sea; their origin 505 xiv. 558-589. influences them not. And yet, not forgetting how many dangers they endured on the boisterous ocean, often do they give a helping hand to the tossed ships; unless any one is carrying men of the Grecian race.

Still keeping in mind the Phrygian catastrophe, they hated the Pelasgians; and, with joyful countenances, they looked upon the fragments of the ship of him of Neritos; and with pleasure did they see the ship of Alcinoüs become hard upon the breakers, and stone growing over the wood.

There is a hope that, the fleet having received life in the form of sea Nymphs, the Rutulian may desist from the war through fear, on account of this prodigy. He persists, *however*, and each side has *its own* Deities; and they have courage, equal to the Gods. And now they do not seek kingdoms as a dower, nor the sceptre of a father-in-law, nor thee, virgin Lavinia, but *only* to conquer; and they wage the

war through shame at desisting. At length, Venus sees the arms of her son victorious, and Turnus falls; Ardea falls, which, while Turnus lived, was called 'the mighty.' After ruthless flames consumed it, and its houses sank down amid the heated embers, a bird, then known for the first time, flew aloft from the midst of the heap, and beat the ashes with the flapping of its wings. The voice, the leanness, the paleness, and every thing that befits a captured city, and the very name of the city, remain in that *bird*; and Ardea itself is bewailed by *the beating of its wings*.

And now the merit of Æneas had obliged all the Deities, and Juno herself, to put an end to their former resentment; when, the power of the rising Iulus being now well established, the hero, the son of Cytherea, was ripe for heaven, Venus, too, had solicited the Gods above; and hanging round the neck of her parent had said: "My father, *who hast never proved* unkind to me at any time, I beseech thee now to be most indulgent *to me*; and to grant, dearest *father*, to my Æneas, who, *born* of my blood, has made thee a grandsire, 506 xiv. 589-608. a godhead, *even* though of the lowest class; so that thou only grant him one. It is enough to have once beheld the unsightly realms, *enough* to have once passed over the Stygian streams." The Gods assented; nor did his royal wife keep her countenance unmoved; *but*, with pleased countenance, she nodded assent. Then her father said; "You are worthy of the gift of heaven; both thou who askest, and he, for whom thou askest: receive, my daughter, what thou dost desire." *Thus* he decrees. She rejoices, and gives thanks to her parent; and, borne by her harnessed doves through the light air, she arrives at the Laurentine shores; where Numicius, covered with reeds, winds to the neighbouring sea with the waters of his stream. Him she bids to wash off from Æneas whatever is subject to death, and to bear it beneath the ocean in his silent course.

The horned *river* performed the commands of Venus; and with his waters washed away from Æneas whatever was mortal, and sprinkled him. His superior essence remained. His mother anointed his body *thus* purified with divine odours, and touched his face with ambrosia, mingled with sweet nectar, and made him a God. Him the people of Quirinus, called Indiges, and endowed with a temple and with altars.

EXPLANATION.

It is asserted by some writers, that when the ships of Æneas were set on fire by Turnus, a tempest arose, which extinguished the flames; on which circumstance the story here related by Ovid was founded. Perhaps Virgil was the author of the fiction, as he is the first known to have related it, and is closely followed by Ovid in the account of the delivery of the ships.

The story of the heron arising out of the flames of Ardea seems to be 507 xiv. 609-624. founded on a very simple fact. It is merely a poetical method of accounting for the Latin name of that bird, which was very plentiful in the vicinity of the city of Ardea, and, perhaps, thence derived its name of 'ardea.' The story may have been the more readily suggested to the punning mind of Ovid, from the resemblance of the Latin verb 'ardeo,' signifying 'to burn,' to that name.

Some of the ancient authors say, that after killing Turnus and marrying Lavinia, Æneas was killed in battle with Mezentius, after a reign of three years, leaving his wife pregnant with a son, afterwards known by the name of Sylvius. His body not being found after the battle, it was given out that his Goddess mother had translated him to heaven, and he was thenceforth honoured by the name of Jupiter Indiges.

FABLE XI.

Vertumnus, enamoured of Pomona, assumes several shapes for the purpose of gaining her favour; and having transformed himself into an old woman, succeeds in effecting his object.

From that time Alba and the Latin state were under the sway of Ascanius with the two names; Sylvius succeeded him; sprung of whom, Latinus had a renewed name, together with the ancient sceptre. Alba succeeded the illustrious Latinus; Epitos *sprang* from him; *and* next to him *were* Capetus, and Capys; but Capys was the first *of these*. Tiberinus received the sovereignty after them; and, drowned in the waves of the Etrurian river, he gave his name to the stream. By him Remulus and the fierce Acrota were begotten;

Remulus, *who was* the elder, an imitator of the lightnings, perished by the stroke of a thunder-bolt. Acrota, more moderate than his brother *in his views*, handed down the sceptre to the valiant Aventinus, who lies buried on the same mount over which he had reigned; and to that mountain he gave his name. And now Proca held sway over the Palatine nation.

Under this king Pomona lived; than her, no one among 508 xiv. 624-656. the Hamadryads of Latium more skilfully tended her gardens, and no one was more attentive to the produce of the trees; thence she derives her name. She *cares not for* woods, or streams; *but* she loves the country, and the boughs that bear the thriving fruit. Her right hand is not weighed down with a javelin, but with a curved pruning-knife, with which, at one time she crops the *too* luxuriant shoots, and reduces the branches that straggle without order; at another time, she is engrafting the sucker in the divided bark, and is *so* finding nourishment for a stranger nursling. Nor does she suffer them to endure thirst; she waters, too, the winding fibres of the twisting root with the flowing waters. This is her delight, this her pursuit; and no desire has she for love. But fearing the violence of the rustics, she closes her orchard within *a wall*, and both forbids and flies from the approach of males.

What did not the Satyrs do, a youthful crew expert at the dance, and the Pans with their brows wreathed with pine, and Sylvanus, ever more youthful than his years, and the God who scares the thieves either with his pruning-hook or with his groin, in order that they might gain her? But yet Vertumnus exceeded even these in his love, nor was he more fortunate than the rest. O! how often did he carry the ears of corn in a basket, under the guise of a hardy reaper; and he was the very picture of a reaper! Many a time, having his temples bound with fresh bay, he would appear to have been turning over the mowed grass. He often bore a whip in his sturdy hand, so that you would have sworn that he had that instant been unyoking the wearied oxen. A pruning-knife being given him, he was a woodman, and the pruner of the vine. *Now* he was carrying a ladder, *and* you would suppose he was going to gather fruit. *Sometimes* he was a soldier, with a sword, *and sometimes* a fisherman, taking up the rod; in fact, by means of many a shape, he often obtained access for

himself, that he might enjoy the pleasure of gazing on her beauty.

He, too, having bound his brows with a coloured cap, leaning on a stick, with white hair placed around his temples, assumed the shape of an old woman, and entered the well-cultivated 509 xiv. 656-687. gardens, and admired the fruit; and he said, “So much better off *art thou!*” and *then* he gave her, thus commended, a few kisses, such as no real old woman *ever* could have given; and stooping, seated himself upon the grass, looking up at the branches bending under the load of autumn. There was an elm opposite, widely spread with swelling grapes; after he had praised it, together with the vine united *to it*, he said, “Aye, but if this trunk stood unwedded, without the vine, it would have nothing to attract beyond its leaves; this vine, too, while it finds rest against the elm, joined to it, if it were not united to it, would lie prostrate on the ground; *and* yet thou art not influenced by the example of this tree, and thou dost avoid marriage, and dost not care to be united. *I only* wish that thou wouldst desire it: Helen would not *then* be wooed by more suitors, nor she who caused the battles of the Lapithæ, nor the wife of Ulysses, *so* bold against the cowards. Even now, while thou dost avoid them courting thee, and dost turn away in disgust, a thousand suitors desire thee; both Demigod and Gods, and the Deities which inhabit the mountains of Alba.

“But thou, if thou art wise, *and* if thou dost wish to make a good match, and to listen to an old woman, (who loves thee more than them all, and more than thou dost believe) despise a common alliance, and choose for thyself Vertumnus, as the partner of thy couch; and take me as a surety *for him*. He is not better known, even to himself, than he is to me. He is not wandering about, straying here and there, throughout all the world; these spots only does he frequent; and he does not, like a great part of thy wooers, fall in love with her whom he sees last. Thou wilt be his first and his last love, and to thee alone does he devote his life. Besides, he is young, he has naturally the gift of gracefulness, he can readily change himself into every shape, and he will become whatever he shall be bidden, even shouldst thou bid him be everything. *And* 510 xiv. 687-698. besides, have you *not both* the same tastes? Is *not* he the first to have the fruits which are thy delight? and does he *not* hold thy gifts in his

joyous right hand? But now he neither longs for the fruit plucked from the tree, nor the herbs that the garden produces, with their pleasant juices, nor anything else, but thyself. Have pity on his passion! and fancy that he who woos thee is here present, pleading with my lips; fear, too, the avenging Deities, and the Idalian *Goddess*, who abhors cruel hearts, and the vengeful anger of her of Rhamnus.

“And that thou mayst the more stand in awe of them, (for old age has given me the opportunity of knowing many things) I will relate some facts very well known throughout all Cyprus, by which thou mayst the more easily be persuaded and relent.”

EXPLANATION.

Among the Deities borrowed by the Romans from the people of Etruria, were Vertumnus and Pomona, who presided over gardens and fruits. Propertius represents Vertumnus as rejoicing at having left Tusculum for the Roman Forum. According to Varro and Festus, the Romans offered sacrifices to these Deities, and they had their respective temples and altars at Rome, the priest of Pomona being called ‘Flamen Pomonalis.’ It is probable that this story originated in the fancy of the Poet.

The name of Vertumnus, from ‘verto,’ ‘to change,’ perhaps relates to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and if this story refers to any tradition, its meaning may have been, that in his taking various forms, to please Pomona, the change of seasons requisite for bringing the fruits to ripeness was symbolized. It is possible that in the disguises of a labourer, a reaper, and an old woman, the Poet may intend to pourtray the spring, the harvest, and the winter.

There was a market at Rome, near the temple of this God, who was regarded as one of the tutelary Deities of the traders. Horace alludes to his temple which was in the Vicus Tuscus, or Etrurian Street, which led to the Circus Maximus. According to some authors, he was an ancient king of Etruria, who paid great attention to his gardens, and, after his death, was considered to have the tutelage of them.

FABLES XII. AND XIII.

Vertumnus relates to Pomona how Anaxarete was changed into a rock after her disdain of his advances had forced her lover Iphis to hang himself. After the death of Amulius and Numitor, Romulus builds Rome, and becomes the first king of it. Tatius declares war against him, and is favoured by Juno, while Venus protects the Romans. 511 xiv. 698-726. Romulus and Hersilia are added to the number of the Deities, under the names of Quirinus and Ora.

Iphis, born of an humble family, had beheld the noble Anaxarete, sprung from the race of the ancient Teucer; he had seen her, and had felt the flame in all his bones; and struggling a long time, when he could not subdue his passion by reason, he came suppliantly to her doors. And now having confessed to her nurse his unfortunate passion, he besought her, by the hopes *she reposed* in her nursling, not to be hard-hearted to him; and at another time, complimenting each of the numerous servants, he besought their kind interest with an anxious voice. He often gave his words to be borne on the flattering tablets; sometimes he fastened garlands, wet with the dew of his tears, upon the door-posts, and laid his tender side upon the hard threshold, and uttered reproaches against the obdurate bolt.

She, more deaf than the sea, swelling when *the Constellation of the Kids* is setting, and harder than the iron which the Norican fire refines, and than the rock which in its native state is yet held fast by the firm roots, despises, and laughs at him; and to her cruel deeds, in her pride, she adds boastful words, and deprives her lover of even hope. Iphis, unable to endure this prolonged pain, endured his torments no *longer*; and before her doors he spoke these words as his last: "Thou art the conquerer, Anaxarete; and no more annoyances wilt thou have to bear from me. Prepare the joyous triumph, invoke the God Pæan, and crown thyself with the shining laurel. For thou art the conqueror, and of my own will I die; do thou, *woman* of iron, rejoice. At least, thou wilt be obliged to commend something in me, and there will be one point in which I shall be pleasing to thee, and thou wilt confess my merits. Yet remember that my affection for thee has not ended sooner than my life; and that at the same moment I am about to be deprived of a twofold light. And report shall not come to

thee as the 512 xiv. 726-753. messenger of my death; I myself will come, doubt it not; and I myself will be seen in person, that thou mayst satiate thy cruel eyes with my lifeless body. But if, ye Gods above, you take cognizance of the fortunes of mortals, be mindful of me; beyond this, my tongue is unable to pray; and cause me to be remembered in times far distant; and give those hours to Fame which you have taken away from my existence.”

Thus he said; and raising his swimming eyes and his pallid arms to the door-posts, so often adorned by him with wreaths, when he had fastened a noose at the end of a halter upon the door; he said,—“Are these the garlands that delight thee, cruel and unnatural woman?” And he placed his head within it; but even then he was turned towards her; and he hung a hapless burden, by his strangled throat. The door, struck by the motion of his feet as they quivered, seemed to utter a sound, as *of one* groaning much, and flying open, it discovered the deed; the servants cried aloud, and after lifting him up in vain, they carried him to the house of his mother (for his father was dead). She received him into her bosom; and embracing the cold limbs of her child, after she had uttered the words that are *natural* to wretched mothers, and had performed the *usual* actions of wretched mothers, she was preceding the tearful funeral through the midst of the city, and was carrying his ghastly corpse on the bier, to be committed to the flames.

By chance, her house was near the road where the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of lamentation came to the ears of the hardhearted Anaxarete, whom now an avenging Deity pursued. Moved, however, she said:—“Let us behold these sad obsequies;” and she ascended to an upper room with wide windows. And scarce had she well 513 xiv. 753-785. seen Iphis laid out on the bier, *when* her eyes became stiffened, and a paleness coming on, the warm blood fled from her body. And as she endeavoured to turn her steps back again, she stood fixed *there*; and as she endeavoured to turn away her face, this too she was unable to do; and by degrees the stone, which already existed in her cruel breast, took possession of her limbs.

“And, that thou mayst not think this a fiction, Salamis still keeps the statue under the form of the maiden; it has also a temple under

the name of 'Venus, the looker-out.' Remembering these things, O Nymph, lay aside this prolonged disdain, and unite thyself to one who loves thee. Then, may neither cold in the spring nip thy fruit in the bud, nor may the rude winds strike them off in blossom." When the God, fitted for every shape, had in vain uttered these words, he returned to his youthful form, and took off from himself the garb of the old woman. And such did he appear to her, as, when the form of the sun, in all his brilliancy, has dispelled the opposing clouds, and has shone forth, no cloud intercepting *his rays*. And he *now* purposed violence, but there was no need for force, and the Nymph was captivated by the form of the God, and was sensible of a reciprocal wound.

Next, the soldiery of the wicked Amulius held sway over the realms of Ausonia; and by the aid of his grandsons, the aged Numitor gained the kingdom that he had lost; and on the festival of Pales, the walls of the City were founded. Tatius and the Sabine fathers waged war; and *then*, the way to the citadel being laid open, by a just retribution, Tarpeia lost her life, the arms being heaped *upon her*. On this, they, sprung from *the town of Cures*, just like silent wolves, suppressed their voices with their lips, and fell upon the bodies *now* overpowered by sleep, and rushed to the gates, which the son of Ilia had shut with a strong bolt. But *Juno*, the daughter of Saturn, herself opened one, and made not a sound at the turning of the hinge. Venus alone perceived that the bars of the gate had fallen down; and she would have shut it, were it not, that it is 514 xiv. 785-820. never allowed for a Deity to annul the acts of the *other* Gods. The Naiads of Ausonia occupied a spot near *the temple of Janus*, a place besprinkled by a cold fountain; of these she implored aid. Nor did the Nymphs resist, the Goddess making so fair a request; and they gave vent to the springs and the streams of the fountain. But not yet were the paths closed to the open *temple of Janus*, and the water had not stopped the way. They placed sulphur, with its faint blue light, beneath the plenteous fountain, and they applied fire to the hollowed channels, with smoking pitch.

By these and other violent means, the vapour penetrated to the very sources of the fountain; and *you*, ye waters, which, so lately, were able to rival the coldness of the Alps, yielded not *in heat* to the

flames themselves. The two door-posts smoked with the flaming spray; and the gate, which was in vain left open for the fierce Sabines, was rendered impassable by this new-made fountain, until the warlike soldiers had assumed their arms. After Romulus had readily led them onward, and the Roman ground was covered with Sabine bodies, and was covered with its own *people*, and the accursed sword had mingled the blood of the son-in-law with the gore of the father-in-law; they determined that the war should end in peace, and that they would not contend with weapons to the last extremity, and that Tatius should share in the sovereignty.

Tatius was *now* dead, and thou, Romulus, wast giving laws in common to both peoples; when Mavors, his helmet laid aside, in such words as these addressed the Parent of both Gods and men: "The time is *now* come, O father, (since the Roman state is established on a strong foundation, and is no longer dependent on the guardianship of but one), for thee to give the reward which was promised to me, and to thy grandson *so* deserving of it, and, removed from earth, to admit him to heaven. Thou saidst to me once, a council of the Gods being present, (for I remember it, and with grateful mind I remarked the affectionate speech), he shall be one, whom thou shalt raise to the azure heaven. Let the tenor of thy words be *now* performed."

The all-powerful *God* nodded in assent, and he obscured the air with thick clouds, and alarmed the City with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew that this was a signal given to 515 xiv. 820-848. him for the promised removal; and, leaning on his lance, he boldly mounted *behind* his steeds, laden with the blood-stained pole *of the chariot*, and urged them on with the lash of the whip; and descending along the steep air, he stood on the summit of the hill of the woody Palatium; and he took away the son of Ilia, that moment giving out his royal ordinances to his own Quirites. His mortal body glided through the yielding air; just as the leaden plummet, discharged from the broad sling, is wont to dissolve itself in mid air. A beauteous appearance succeeded, one more suitable to the lofty couches of heaven, and a form, such as that of Quirinus arrayed in his regal robe. His wife was lamenting him as lost; when the royal Juno commanded Iris to descend to Hersilia, along her bending path; and

thus to convey to the bereft *wife* her commands: —

“O matron, the especial glory of the Latian and of the Sabine race; thou woman, most worthy to have been before the wife of a hero so great, *and* now of Quirinus; cease thy weeping, and if thou hast a wish to see thy husband, under my guidance repair to the grove which flourishes on the hill of Quirinus, and overshadows the temple of the Roman king.” Iris obeys, and gliding down to earth along her tinted bow, she addressed Hersilia in the words enjoined. She, with a modest countenance, hardly raising her eyes, replies, “O Goddess, (for *though* it is not in my power to say who thou art, *yet*, still it is clear that thou art a Goddess), lead me, O lead me on, and present to me the features of my husband. If the Fates should but allow me to be enabled once to behold these, I will confess that I have beheld Heaven.”

There was no delay; with the virgin daughter of Thaumás she ascended the hill of Romulus. There, a star falling from the skies, fell upon the earth; the hair of Hersilia set on fire from the blaze of this, ascended with the star to the skies. 516 xiv. 849-851. The founder of the Roman city received her with his well-known hands; and, together with her body, he changed her former name; and he called her Ora; which Goddess is still united to Quirinus.

EXPLANATION.

We are not informed that the story of Iphis, hanging himself for love of Anaxarete, is based upon any actual occurrence, though probably it was, as Salamis is mentioned as the scene of it. The transformation of Anaxarete into a stone, seems only to be the usual metaphor employed by the poets to denote extreme insensibility.

Following the example of Homer, who represents the Gods as divided into the favourers of the Greeks and of the Trojans, he represents the Sabines as entering Rome, while Juno opens the gates for them; on which the Nymphs of the spot pour forth streams of flame, which oblige them to return. He tells the same story in the first Book of the *Fasti*, where Janus is introduced as taking credit to himself for doing what the Nymphs are here said to have effected.

As Dionysius of Halicarnassus gives some account of these

transactions, on the authority of the ancient Roman historians, it will be sufficient here to give the substance thereof. Jealous of the increasing power of Romulus, the Sabines collected an army, and marched to attack his city. A virgin named Tarpeia, whose father commanded the guard, perceiving the golden bracelets which the Sabines wore on their arms, offered Tatius to open the gate to him, if he would give her these jewels. This condition being assented to, the enemy was admitted into the town; and Tarpeia, who is said by some writers only to have intended to disarm the Sabines, by demanding their bucklers, which she pretended were included in the original agreement, was killed on the spot, by the violence of the blows; Tatius having ordered that they should be thrown on her head.

The same historian says, that opinions were divided as to the death of Romulus, and that many writers had written, that as he was haranguing his army, the sky became overcast, and a thick darkness coming on, it was followed by a violent tempest, in which he disappeared; on which it was believed that Mars had taken him up to heaven. Others assert that he was killed by the citizens, for having sent back the hostages of the Veientes without their consent, and for assuming an air of superiority, which their lawless spirits could ill brook. For these reasons, his officers assassinated him, and cut his body in pieces; each of them carrying off some portion, that it might be privately interred. According to Livy, great consternation was the consequence of his death; and the people beginning to suspect that the senators had committed the crime, Julius Proculus asserted that Romulus had appeared to him, and assured him of the fact of his having been Deified. His speech on the occasion is given by Livy, and Ovid relates the same story in the second Book of the *Fasti*. On this, the Roman people paid him divine honours as a God, under the name of Quirinus, one of the epithets of Mars. He had a chief priest, who was called 'Flamen Quirinalis.'

His wife, Hersilia, also had divine honours paid to her, jointly with him, under the name of Ora, or 'Horta.' According to Plutarch, she had the latter name from the exhortation which she had given to the youths to distinguish themselves by courage.

BOOK THE FIFTEENTH.

FABLE I.

Myscelos is warned, in a dream, to leave Argos, and to settle in Italy. When on the point of departing, he is seized under a law which forbids the Argives to leave the city without the permission of the magistrates. Being brought up for judgment, through a miracle he is acquitted. He retires to Italy, where he builds the city of Crotona.

Meanwhile, one is being sought who can bear a weight of such magnitude, and can succeed a king so great. Fame, the harbinger of truth, destines the illustrious Numa for the sovereign power. He does not deem it sufficient to be acquainted with the ceremonials of the Sabine nation; in his expansive mind he conceives greater views, and inquires into the nature of things. 'Twas love of this pursuit, his country and cares left behind, that caused him to penetrate to the city of the stranger Hercules. To him, making the inquiry what founder it was that had erected a Grecian city on the Italian shores, one of the more aged natives, who was not unacquainted with *the history* of the past, thus replied:

“The son of Jove, enriched with the oxen of Iberia, is said to have reached the Lacinian shores, from the ocean, after a prosperous voyage, and, while his herd was straying along the soft pastures, himself to have entered the abode of the great Croton, no inhospitable dwelling, and to have rested in repose after his prolonged labours, and to have said thus at departing: ‘In the time of thy grandsons this shall be the site of a city;’ and his promise was fulfilled. For there was a certain Myscelos, the son of Alemon, an Argive, most favoured by the Gods in those times. Lying upon him, as he is overwhelmed with the drowsiness of sleep, the club-bearer, *Hercules*, addresses him: ‘Come, *now*, desert thy native abodes; go, *and* repair to the pebbly streams of the distant Æsar.’ And he utters . threats, many and fearful, if he does not obey: after that, at once both sleep and the God depart. The son of Alemon arises, and ponders his recent vision in his thoughtful mind; and for a long time his opinions are divided among themselves. The Deity orders him to depart; the

laws forbid his going; and death has been awarded as the punishment of him who attempts to leave his country.

“The brilliant Sun had *now* hidden his shining head in the ocean, and darkest Night had put forth her starry face, *when* the same God seemed to be present, and to give the same commands, and to utter threats, more numerous and more severe, if he does not obey. He was alarmed; and *now* he was also preparing to transfer his country’s home to a new settlement, *when* a rumour arose in the city, and he was accused of holding the laws in contempt. And, when the accusation had first been made, and his crime was evident, proved without a witness, the accused, in neglected garb, raising his face and his hands towards the Gods above, says, ‘Oh thou! for whom the twice six labours have created the privilege of the heavens, aid me, I pray; for thou wast the cause of my offence.’ It was the ancient custom, by means of white and black pebbles, with the one to condemn the accused, with the other to acquit them of the charge; and on this occasion thus was the sad sentence passed, and every black pebble was cast into the ruthless urn. Soon as it, being inverted, poured forth the pebbles to be counted, the colour of them all was changed from black to white, and the sentence, changed to a favourable one by the aid of Hercules, acquitted the son of Alemon.

“He gives thanks to the parent, the son of Amphitryon, and with favouring gales sails over the Ionian sea, and passes by the Lacedæmonian Tarentum, and Sybaris, and the Salentine Neæthus, and the bay of Thurium, and Temesa, and the . fields of Iapyx; and having with difficulty coasted along the spots which skirt these shores, he finds the destined mouth of the river Æsar; and, not far thence, a mound, beneath which the ground was covering the sacred bones of Croton. And there, on the appointed land, did he found his walls, and he transferred the name of him that was *there* entombed to his city. By established tradition, it was known that such was the original of that place, and of the city built on the Italian coasts.”

EXPLANATION.

To the story here told of Micylus, or Myscelus, as most of the ancient writers call him, another one was superadded. Suidas, on the

authority of the Scholiast of Aristophanes, says that Myscelus, having consulted the oracle, concerning the colony which he was about to lead into a foreign country, was told that he must settle at the place where he should meet with rain in a clear sky, ἔξ αἰθρίας. His faith surmounting the apparent impossibility of having both fair and foul weather at the same moment, he obeyed the oracle, and put to sea; and, after experiencing many dangers, he landed in Italy. Being full of uncertainty where to fix his colony, he was reduced to great distress; on which his wife, whose name was Aithrias, with the view of comforting him, embraced him, and bedewed his face with her tears. He immediately adopted the presage, and understood the spot where he then was to be the site of his intended city.

Strabo says that Myscelus, who was so called from the smallness of his legs, designing to found a colony in a foreign land, arrived on the coast of Italy. Observing that the spot which the oracle had pointed out enjoyed a healthy climate, though the soil was not so fertile as in the adjacent plains, he went once more to consult the oracle; but was answered that he must not refuse what was offered him; an answer which was afterwards turned into a proverb. On this, he founded the city of Crotona, and another colony founded the city of Sybaris on the spot which he had preferred; a place which afterwards became infamous for its voluptuousness and profligacy.

FABLES II. AND III.

Pythagoras comes to the city of Crotona, and teaches the principles of his philosophy. His reputation draws Numa Pompilius to hear his discourses; on which he expounds his principles, and, more especially, enlarges on the transmigration of the soul, and the practice of eating animal food.

There was a man, a Samian by birth; but he had fled from both Samos and its rulers, and, through hatred of tyranny, . he was a voluntary exile. He too, mentally, held converse with the Gods, although far distant in the region of the heavens; and what nature refused to human vision, he viewed with the eyes of his mind. And when he had examined all things with his mind, and with watchful study, he gave them to be learned by the public; and he sought the

crowds of people *as they sat* in silence, and wondered at the revealed origin of the vast universe, and the cause of things, and what nature *meant*, and what was God; whence *came* the snow, what was the cause of lightning; *whether it was* Jupiter, or whether the winds that thundered when the cloud was rent asunder; what it was that shook the earth; by what laws the stars took their course; and whatever *besides* lay concealed *from mortals*.

He, too, was the first to forbid animals to be served up at table, and he was the first that opened his lips, learned indeed, but still not obtaining credit, in such words as these: “Forbear, mortals, to pollute your bodies with *such* abominable food. There is the corn; there are the apples that bear down the branches by their weight, and *there are* the grapes swelling upon the vines; there are the herbs that are pleasant; there are some that can become tender, and be softened by *the action of* fire. The flowing milk, too, is not denied you, nor honey redolent of the bloom of the thyme. The lavish Earth yields her riches, and her agreeable food, and affords dainties without slaughter and bloodshed. The beasts satisfy their hunger with flesh; and yet not all of them; for the horse, and the sheep, and the herds subsist on grass. But those whose disposition is cruel and fierce, the Armenian tigers, and the raging lions, and the bears together with the wolves, revel in their diet with blood. Alas! what a crime is it, for entrails to be buried in entrails, and for one ravening body to grow fat on *other* carcasses crammed *into* it; and for one living creature to exist through the death of another living creature! And does, forsooth! amid so great an abundance, which the earth, that best of mothers, produces, nothing delight you but to gnaw with savage teeth the sad *produce of* your wounds, and to revive the habits of the Cyclops? And can you not appease the hunger of a voracious and ill-regulated stomach unless you first destroy another? But that age of old, to which we have given the name of ‘Golden,’ was blest in the . produce of the trees, and in the herbs which the earth produces, and it did not pollute the mouth with blood.

“Then, both did the birds move their wings in safety in the air, and the hare without fear wander in the midst of the fields; then its own credulity had not suspended the fish from the hook; every place was without treachery, and in dread of no injury, and was full of peace.

Afterwards, *some one*, no good adviser (whoever among mortals he might have been), envied this simple food, and engulfed in his greedy paunch victuals made from a carcase; 'twas he that opened the path to wickedness; and I can believe that the steel, *since* stained with blood, first grew warm from the slaughter of wild beasts. And that had been sufficient. I confess that the bodies *of animals* that seek our destruction are put to death with no breach of the sacred laws; but, although they might be put to death, yet they were not to be eaten as well. Then this wickedness proceeded still further; and the swine is believed to have deserved death as the first victim, because it grubbed up the seeds with its turned-up snout, and cut short the hopes of the year. Having gnawed the vine, the goat was led for slaughter to the altars of the avenging Bacchus. Their own faults were the ruin of the two. But why have you deserved this, ye sheep? a harmless breed, and born for the service of man; who carry the nectar in your full udders; who afford your wool as soft coverings for us, and who assist us more by your life than by your death. Why have the oxen deserved this, an animal without guile and deceit, innocent, harmless, born to endure labour? In fact, the man is ungrateful, and not worthy of the gifts of the harvest, who could, just after taking off the weight of the curving plough, slaughter the tiller of his fields; who could strike, with the axe, that neck worn bare with labour, through which he had so oft turned up the hard ground, *and* had afforded so many a harvest.

“And it is not enough for such wickedness to be committed; they have imputed to the Gods themselves this abomination; and they believe that a Deity in the heavens can rejoice in the slaughter of the laborious ox. A victim free from a blemish, and most beauteous in form (for 'tis being sightly that . brings destruction), adorned with garlands and gold, is placed upon the altars, and, in its ignorance, it hears one praying, and sees the corn, which it has helped to produce, placed on its forehead between its horns; and, felled, it stains with its blood the knives perhaps before seen by it in the limpid water. Immediately, they examine the entrails snatched from its throbbing breast, and in them they seek out the intentions of the Deities. Whence comes it that men have so great a hankering for forbidden food? Do you presume to feed *on flesh*, O race of mortals? Do it not,

I beseech you; and give attention to my exhortations. And when you shall be presenting the limbs of slaughtered oxen to your palates, know and consider that you are devouring your *tillers of the ground*. And since a God impels me to speak, I will duly obey the God that *so* prompts me to speak; and I will pronounce my own Delphic *warnings*, and disclose the heavens themselves; and I will reveal the oracles of the Divine will. I will sing of wondrous things, never investigated by the intellects of the ancients, and *things* which have long lain concealed. It delights me to range among the lofty stars; it delights me, having left the earth and this sluggish spot *far behind*, to be borne amid the clouds, and to be supported on the shoulders of the mighty Atlas; and to look down from afar on minds wandering *in uncertainty*, and devoid of reason; and so to advise them alarmed and dreading extinction, and to unfold the range of things ordained by fate.

“O race! stricken by the alarms of icy death, why do you dread Styx? why the shades, why empty names, the stock subjects of the poets, and the atonements of an imaginary world? Whether the funeral pile consumes your bodies with flames, or old age with gradual dissolution, believe that they cannot suffer any injury. Souls are not subject to death; and having left their former abode, they ever inhabit new dwellings, and, *there* received, live on.

“I, myself, for I remember it, in the days of the Trojan war, was Euphorbus, the son of Panthoüs, in whose opposing breast once was planted the heavy spear of the younger son of Atreus. I lately recognised the shield, *once* the burden of my left arm, in the temple of Juno, at Argos, the realm of Abas. All things are *ever* changing; nothing perishes. The soul wanders about and comes from that spot to this, from this to that, and takes possession of any limbs whatever; it both passes from the beasts to human bodies, and *so does* our *soul* into the beasts; and in no *lapse* of time does it perish. And as the pliable wax is moulded into new forms, and no *longer* abides as it was *before*, nor preserves the same shape, but yet is still the same *wax*, so I tell you that the soul is ever the same, but passes into different forms. Therefore, that natural affection may not be vanquished by the craving of the appetite, cease, I warn you, to expel the souls of your kindred *from their bodies* by this dreadful

slaughter; and let not blood be nourished with blood.

“And, since I am *now* borne over the wide ocean, and I have given my full sails to the winds, there is nothing in all the world that continues in the same state. All things are flowing *onward*, and every shape is assumed in a fleeting course. Even time itself glides on with a constant progress, no otherwise than a river. For neither can the river, nor the fleeting hour stop in its course; but, as wave is impelled by wave, and the one before is pressed on by that which follows, and *itself* presses on that before it; so do the moments similarly fly on, and similarly do they follow, and they are ever renewed. For the moment which was before, is past; and that which was not, *now* exists; and every minute is replaced. You see, too, the night emerge and proceed onward to the dawn, and this brilliant light of the day succeed the dark night. Nor is there the same appearance in the heavens, when all things in their weariness lie in the midst of repose, and when Lucifer is coming forth on his white steed; and, again, there is another appearance, when *Aurora*, the daughter of Pallas, preceding the day, tints the world about to be delivered to Phœbus. The disk itself of *that* God, when it is rising from beneath the earth, is of ruddy colour in the morning, and when it is hiding beneath the earth it is of a ruddy colour. At its height it is of brilliant whiteness, because there the nature of the æther . is purer, and far away, he avoids *all* infection from the earth. Nor can there ever be the same or a similar appearance of the nocturnal Diana; and always that of the present day is less than on the morrow, if she is on the increase; *but* greater if she is contracting her orb.

“And further. Do you not see the year, affording a resemblance of our life, assume four *different* appearances? for, in early Spring, it is mild, and *like* a nursling, and greatly resembling the age of youth. Then, the blade is shooting, and void of strength, it swells, and is flaccid, and delights the husbandman in his expectations. Then, all things are in blossom, and the genial meadow smiles with the tints of its flowers; and not as yet is there any vigour in the leaves. The year *now* waxing stronger, after the Spring, passes into the Summer; and in its youth it becomes robust. And indeed no season is there more vigorous, or more fruitful, or which glows with greater warmth. Autumn follows, the ardour of youth *now* removed, ripe, and placed

between youth and old age, moderate in his temperature, with a *few* white hairs sprinkled over his temples. Then comes aged Winter, repulsive with his tremulous steps, either stript of his locks, or white with those which he has.

“Our own bodies too are changing always and without any intermission, and to-morrow we shall not be what we were or what we *now* are. The time was, when only as embryos, and the earliest hope of human beings, we lived in the womb of the mother. Nature applied her skilful hands, and willed not that our bodies should be tortured *by* being shut up within the entrails of the distended parent, and brought us forth from our dwelling into the vacant air. Brought to light, the infant lies without *any* strength; soon, *like* a quadruped, it uses its limbs after the manner of the brutes; and by degrees it stands upright, shaking, and with knees still unsteady, the sinews being supported by some assistance. Then he becomes strong and swift, and passes over the hours of youth; and the years of middle age, too, now past, he glides adown the steep path of declining age. This undermines and destroys the robustness of former years; and Milo, *now* grown old, weeps . when he sees the arms, which equalled those of Hercules in the massiveness of the solid muscles, hang weak and exhausted. The daughter of Tyndarus weeps, too, as she beholds in her mirror the wrinkles of old age, and enquires of herself why it is that she was twice ravished. Thou, Time, the consumer of *all* things, and thou, hateful Old Age, *together* destroy all things; and, by degrees ye consume each thing, decayed by the teeth of age, with a slow death.

“These things too, which we call elements, are not of unchanging duration; pay attention, and I will teach you what changes they undergo.

“The everlasting universe contains four elementary bodies. Two of these, *namely*, earth and water, are heavy, and are borne downwards by their weight; and as many are devoid of weight, and air, and fire still purer than air, nothing pressing them, seek the higher regions. Although these are separated in space, yet all things are made from them, and are resolved into them. Both the earth dissolving distils into flowing water; the water, too, evaporating, departs in the breezes and the air; its weight being removed again,

the most subtle air shoots upwards into the fires of *the æther* on high. Thence do they return back again, and the same order is unravelled; for fire becoming gross, passes into dense air; this *changes* into water, and earth is formed of the water made dense. Nor does its own form remain to each; and nature, the renewer of *all* things, re-forms one shape from another. And, believe me, in this universe so vast, nothing perishes; but it varies and changes its appearance; and to begin to be something different from what it was before, is called being born; and to cease to be the same thing, *is to be said* to die. Whereas, perhaps, those things are transferred hither, and these things thither; yet, in the whole, all things *ever* exist.

“For my part, I cannot believe that anything lasts long under the same form. ‘Twas thus, ye ages, that ye came down to the iron from the gold; ‘tis thus, that thou hast so often changed the lot of *various* places. I have beheld that *as* sea, which once had been the most solid earth. I have seen land made from the sea; and far away from the ocean the sea-shells lay, . and old anchors were found *there* on the tops of the mountains. That which was a plain, a current of water has made into a valley, and by a flood the mountain has been levelled into a plain; the ground that was swampy is parched with dry sand; and places which have endured drought, are wet with standing pools. Here nature has opened fresh springs, but there she has shut them up; and rivers have burst forth, aroused by ancient earthquakes; or, vanishing, they have subsided.

“Thus, after the Lycus has been swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, it burst forth far thence, and springs up afresh at another mouth. Thus the great Erasinus is at one time swallowed up, and then flowing with its stream concealed, is cast up again on the Argive plains. They say, too, that the Mysus, tired of its spring and of its former banks, now flows in another direction, *as* the Caicus. The Amenanus, too, at one time flows, rolling along the Sicilian sands, *and* at another is dry, its springs being stopped up. Formerly, *the water of* the Anigros was used for drinking; it now pours out water which you would decline to touch; since, (unless all credit must be denied to the poets), the *Centaurs*, the double-limbed mortals, there washed the wounds which the bow of the club-bearing Hercules had made. And what besides? Does not the Hypanis too, which before

was sweet, rising from the Scythian mountains, become impregnated . with bitter salts? Antissa, Pharos, and Phœnician Tyre, were once surrounded by waves; no one of these is now an island. The ancient inhabitants had Leucas annexed to the continent; now the sea surrounds it. Zancle, too, is said to have been united to Italy, until the sea cut off the neighbouring region, and repelled the land with its waves *flowing* between.

“Should you seek Helice and Buris, cities of Achaia, you will find them beneath the waves, and the sailors are still wont to point out *these* levelled towns, with their walls buried under water.

“There is a high hill near Trœzen of Pitheus, without any trees, once a very level surface of a plain, *but* now a hill; for (frightful to tell) the raging power of the winds, pent up in dark caverns, desiring to find some vent and having long struggled in vain to enjoy a freer air, as there was no opening in all their prison and it was not pervious to their blasts, swelled out the . extended earth, just as the breath of the mouth is wont to inflate a bladder, or the hide stripped from the two-horned goat. That swelling remained on the spot, and *still* preserves the appearance of a high hill, and has grown hard in length of time. Though many other *instances* may occur, either heard of by, or known to, yourselves, *yet* I will mention a few more. And besides, does not water, as well, both produce and receive new forms? In the middle of the day, thy waters, horned Ammon, are frozen, at the rising and at the setting *of the sun* they are warm. On applying its waters, Athamanis is said to kindle wood when the waning moon has shrunk into her smallest orb. The Ciconians have a river, which when drunk of, turns the entrails into stone, and lays *a covering of* marble on things that are touched by it. The Crathis and the Sybaris adjacent to it, in our own country, make the hair similar *in hue* to amber and gold.

“And, what is still more wonderful, there are some streams which are able to change, not only bodies, but even the mind. By whom has not Salmacis, with its obscene waters, been . heard of? *Who has not heard*, too, of that lake of Æthiopia, of which, if any body drinks with his mouth, he either becomes mad, or falls into a sleep wondrous for its heaviness? Whoever quenches his thirst from the Clitorian spring hates wine, and in his sobriety takes pleasure in pure

water. Whether it is that there is a virtue in the water, the opposite of heating wine, or whether, as the natives tell us, after the son of Amithaon, by his charms and his herbs, had delivered the raving daughters of Prætus from the Furies, he threw the medicines for the mind in that stream; and a hatred of wine remained in those waters.

“The river Lyncestis flows unlike that *stream* in its effect; for as soon as any one has drunk of it with immoderate throat, he reels, just as if he had been drinking unmixed wine. There is a place in Arcadia, (the ancients called it Pheneos,) suspicious for the twofold nature of its water. Stand in dread of it at night; if drunk of in the night time, it is injurious; in the daytime, it is drunk of without any ill effects. So lakes and rivers have, some, one property, and some another. There was a time when Ortygia was floating on the waves, . now it is fixed. The Argo dreaded the Symplegades tossed by the assaults of the waves dashing against them; they now stand immoveable, and resist *the attacks* of the winds.

“Nor will Ætna, which burns with its sulphureous furnaces, always be a fiery *mountain*; nor yet was it always fiery. For, if the earth is an animal, and is alive, and has lungs that breathe forth flames in many a place, it may change the passages for its breathing, and oft as it is moved, may close these caverns *and* open others; or if the light winds are shut up in its lowermost caverns, and strike rocks against rocks, and matter that contains the elements of flame, *and* it takes fire at the concussion, the winds *once* calmed, the caverns will become cool; or, if the bituminous qualities take fire, or yellow sulphur is being dried up with a smouldering smoke, still, when the earth shall no longer give food and unctuous fuel to the flame, its energies being exhausted in length of time, and when nutriment shall be wanting to its devouring nature, it will not *be able to* endure hunger, and left destitute, it will desert its flames.

“The story is, that in the far Northern Pallene there are persons, who are wont to have their bodies covered with light feathers, when they have nine times entered the Tritonian lake. For my part I do not believe it; *but* the Scythian women, as well, having their limbs sprinkled with poison, are said to employ the same arts. But if we are to give any credit to things proved *by experience*, do you not see that whatever bodies are consumed by length of time, or by dissolving

heat, are changed into small animals? Come too, bury some choice bullocks *just* slain, it is a thing well ascertained by experience, *that* flower-gathering bees are produced . promiscuously from the putrefying entrails. These, after the manner of their producers, inhabit the fields, delight in toil, and labour in hope. The warlike steed, buried in the ground, is the source of the hornet. If you take off the bending claws from the crab of the sea-shore, *and* bury the rest in the earth, a scorpion will come forth from the part *so* buried, and will threaten with its crooked tail.

“The silkworms, too, that are wont to cover the leaves with their white threads, a thing observable by husbandmen, change their forms into that of the deadly moth. Mud contains seed that generate green frogs; and it produces them deprived of feet; soon it gives them legs adapted for swimming; and that the same may be fitted for long leaps, the length of the hinder ones exceeds *that of* the fore legs. And it is not a cub which the bear produces at the moment of birth, but a mass of flesh hardly alive. By licking, the mother forms it into limbs, and brings it into a shape, such as she herself has. Do you not see, that the offspring of the honey bees, which the hexagonal cell conceals, are produced without limbs, and that they assume both feet and wings *only* after a time. Unless he knew it was the case, could any one suppose it possible that the bird of Juno, which carries stars on its tail, and the *eagle*, the armour-bearer of Jove, and the doves of Cytherea, and all the race of birds, are produced from the middle portion of an egg? There are . some who believe that human marrow changes into a serpent, when the spine has putrefied in the enclosed sepulchre.

“But these *which I have named* derive their origin from other particulars; there is one bird which renews and reproduces itself. The Assyrians call it the Phœnix. It lives not on corn or grass, but on drops of frankincense, and the juices of the amomum. This *bird*, when it has completed the five ages of its life, with its talons and its crooked beak constructs for itself a nest in the branches of a holm-oak, or on the top of a quivering palm. As soon as it has strewed in this cassia and ears of sweet spikenard and bruised cinnamon with yellow myrrh, it lays itself down on it, and finishes its life in the midst of odours. They say that thence, from the body of its parent, is

reproduced a little Phœnix, which is destined to live as many years. When time has given it strength, and it is able to bear the weight, it lightens the branches of the lofty tree of the burden of the nest, and dutifully carries both its own cradle and the sepulchre of its parent; and, having reached the city of Hyperion through the yielding air, it lays it down before the sacred doors in the temple of Hyperion.

“And if there is any wondrous novelty in these things, *still more* may we be surprised that the hyæna changes its sex, and that the one which has just now, as a female, submitted to the embrace of the male, is now become a male itself. That animal, too, which feeds upon the winds and the air, immediately assumes, from its contact, any colour whatever. Conquered India presented her lynxes to Bacchus crowned with clusters; *and*, as they tell, whatever the bladder of these discharges . is changed into stone, and hardens by contact with the air. So coral, too, as soon as it has come up to the air becomes hard; beneath the waves it was a soft plant. “The day will fail me, and Phœbus will bathe his panting steeds in the deep sea, before I can embrace in my discourse all things that are changed into new forms. So in lapse of time, we see nations change, and these gaining strength, *while* those are falling. So Troy was great, both in her riches and her men, and for ten years could afford so much blood; *whereas*, now laid low, she only shows her ancient ruins, and, instead of her wealth, *she points at* the tombs of her ancestors. Sparta was famed; great Mycenæ flourished; so, too, the citadel of Cecrops, and that of Amphion. *Now* Sparta is a contemptible spot; lofty Mycenæ is laid low. What now is Thebes, the city of Œdipus, but a *mere* story? What remains of Athens, the city of Pandion, but its name?

“Now, too, there is a report that Dardanian Rome is rising; which, close to the waters of Tiber that rises in the Apennines, is laying the foundations of her greatness beneath a vast structure. She then, in her growth, is changing her form, and will one day be the mistress of the boundless earth. So they say that the soothsayers, and the oracles, revealers of destiny, declare; and, so far as I recollect, Helenus, the son of Priam, said to Æneas, as he was lamenting, and in doubt as to his safety, when *now* the Trojan state was sinking, ‘Son of a Goddess, if thou dost thyself well understand the presentiment of my

mind, Troy shall not, thou being preserved, entirely fall. The flames and the sword shall afford thee a passage. Thou shalt go, and, together with thee, thou shalt bear ruined Pergamus; until a foreign soil, more friendly than thy native land, shall be the lot of Troy and thyself. Even now do I see that our Phrygian . posterity are destined *to build* a city, so great as neither now exists, nor will exist, nor has been seen in former times. Through a long lapse of ages, other distinguished men shall make it powerful, but one born of the blood of Iulus shall make it the mistress of the world. After the earth shall have enjoyed his presence, the æthereal abodes shall gain him, and heaven shall be his destination.’ Remembering it, I call to mind that Helenus prophesied this to Æneas, who bore the Penates *from Troy*; and I rejoice that my kindred walls are rising apace, and that to such good purpose for the Phrygians the Pelasgians conquered.

“But that we may not range afar with steeds that forget to hasten to the goal; the heavens, and whatever there is beneath them, and the earth, and whatever is upon it, change their form. We too, *who are* a portion of the universe, (since we are not only bodies, but are fleeting souls as well, and can enter into beasts *as our* abode, and be hidden within the breasts of the cattle), should allow those bodies which may contain the souls of our parents, or of our brothers, or of those allied with us by some tie, or of men at all events, to be safe and unmolested; and we ought not to fill our entrails with victuals fit for Thyestes. How greatly he disgraces himself, how in his impiety does he prepare himself for shedding human blood, who cuts the throat of the calf with the knife, and gives a deaf ear to its lowings! or who can kill the kid as it sends forth cries like those of a child; or who can feed upon the bird to which he himself has given food. How much is there wanting in these instances for downright criminality? A *short step only* is there thence *to it*!

“Let the bull plough, or let it owe its death to aged years; let the sheep furnish us a defence against the shivering Boreas; let the well-fed she-goats afford their udders to be pressed by the hand. Away with your nets, and your springes and snares and treacherous contrivances; deceive not the bird with the bird-limed twig; deceive not the deer with the dreaded feather . foils; and do not conceal the barbed hooks in the deceitful bait. If any thing is noxious, destroy it,

but even then only destroy it. Let your appetites abstain from it for food, and let them consume *a more* befitting sustenance.”

EXPLANATION.

The Poet having now exhausted nearly all the transformations which ancient history afforded him, proceeds to enlist in the number some of the real phenomena of nature, together with some imaginary ones. As Pythagoras was considered to have pursued metaphysical studies more deeply, perhaps, than any other of the ancient philosophers, Ovid could not have introduced a personage more fitted to discuss these subjects. Having travelled through Asia, it is supposed that Pythagoras passed into Italy, and settled at Crotona, to promulgate there the philosophical principles which he had acquired in his travels through Egypt and Asia Minor.

The Pythagorean philosophy was well-suited for the purpose of mingling its doctrines with the fabulous narratives of the Poet, as it consisted, in great part, of the doctrine of an endless series of transformations. Its main features may be reduced to two general heads; the first of which was the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or continual transmigration of souls from one body into another. Pythagoras is supposed not to have originated this doctrine, but to have received it from the Egyptians, by whose priesthood there is little doubt that it was generally promulgated. Some writers have suggested that this transmigration was only taught by Pythagoras in a metaphorical sense; as, for instance, when he said that the souls of men were transferred to beasts, it was only to teach us that irregular passions render us brutes; on examination, however, we shall find that there is no ground to doubt that he intended his doctrines to be understood according to the literal meaning of his words; indeed, the more strongly to enforce his doctrine by a personal illustration, he was in the habit of promulgating that he remembered to have been Euphorbus, at the time of the siege of Troy, and that his soul, after several other transmigrations, had at last entered the body which it then inhabited, under the name of Pythagoras. In consequence of this doctrine, it was a favourite tenet of his followers to abstain from eating the flesh of animals, for fear of unconsciously devouring some

friend or kinsman.

The second feature of this philosophy consisted in the elucidation of the changes that happen in the physical world, a long series of which is here set forth by the Poet; truth being mingled at random with fiction. While some of his facts are based upon truth, others seem to have only emanated from the fertile invention of the travellers of those days; of the latter kind are the stories of the river of Thrace, whose waters petrified those who drank of it; the fountains that kindled wood, that caused a change of sex, that created an aversion to wine, that transformed men into birds, and fables of a similar nature; such, too, are those stories which were generally believed by even the educated men of antiquity, . but which the wisdom of modern times has long since shown to be utterly baseless, as, for instance, that bees grew from the entrails of the ox, and hornets from those of the horse. The principle of Pythagoras, that everything is continually changing and that nothing perishes, is true to a certain extent; but in his times, and even in those of Ovid, philosophy was not sufficiently advanced to speak with precision on the subject, and to discover the true boundary between truth and fiction.

FABLES IV. V. AND VI.

Egeria, the wife of Numa, is inconsolable after his death, and is changed into a fountain. The horses of Hippolytus being frightened by a sea-monster, he is killed by being thrown from his chariot, and becomes a God, under the name of Virbius. Tages, the Diviner, arises out of a clod of earth. The lance of Romulus is changed into a cornel-tree. Cippus becomes horned, and goes into voluntary banishment, rather than his country should be deprived of its liberty by his means.

With his mind cultivated with precepts such as these and others, they say that Numa returned to his country, and, being voluntarily invited, received the sovereignty of the Roman people. Blest with a Nymph for his wife, and the Muses for his guides, he taught the rites of sacrifice, and brought over to the arts of peace a race inured to savage warfare. After, full of years, he had finished his reign and his life, the Latian matrons and the people and the Senators lamented

Numa at his death. But his wife, leaving the city, lay hid, concealed in the thick groves of the valley of Aricia, and by her groans and lamentations disturbed the sacred rites of Diana, brought thither by Orestes. Ah! how oft did the Nymphs of the grove and of the lake entreat her not to do so, and utter soothing words. Ah! how often did the hero, the son of Theseus, say to her as she wept, “Put an end to it; for thy lot is not the only one to be lamented. Consider the like calamities of others, thou wilt *then* bear thine own better. And would that an example, not my own, could lighten thy grief! yet even my own can do so.”

“I suppose, in discourse it has reached thy ears that a certain Hippolytus met with his death through the credulity of his father, by the deceit of his wicked step-mother. Thou wilt . wonder, and I shall hardly be able to prove it; but yet I am he. In former times, the daughter of Pasiphaë, having tempted me in vain, pretended that I wished to defile the couch of my father, a thing that she herself wished to do; and having turned the accusation *against me*, (whether it was more through dread of discovery, or through mortification at her repulse) she charged me. And my father expelled me, *thus* innocent, from the city, and as I went he uttered imprecations against my head, with ruthless prayers. I was going to Trœzen, *the city* of Pitheus, in my flying chariot, and I was now proceeding along the shores of the Corinthian gulf, when the sea was aroused, and an enormous mass of waters seemed to bend and to grow in the form of a mountain, and to send forth a roaring noise, and to burst asunder at its very summit. Thence, the waves being divided, a horned bull was sent forth, and erect in the light air as far as his breast, he vomited forth a quantity of sea-water from his nostrils and his open mouth. The hearts of my attendants quailed; my mind remained without fear, intent *only* on my exile, when the fierce horses turned their necks towards the sea, and were terrified, with ears erect; and they were alarmed with dread of the monster, and precipitated the chariot over the lofty rocks. I struggled, with unavailing hand, to guide the bridle covered with white foam, and, throwing myself backwards, I pulled back the loosened reins. And, indeed, the madness of my steeds would not have exceeded that strength *of mine*, had not the wheel, by running against a stump, been broken and disjoined just where it

turns round on the long axle-tree.

“I was hurled from my chariot; and, the reins entwined around my limbs, you might have seen my palpitating entrails dragged, my sinews fasten upon the stump, my limbs partly torn to pieces and partly left behind, being caught by *various obstacles*, my bones in their breaking emit a loud noise, and my exhausted breath become exhaled, and not a part in my body which you could recognize; and the whole of *me* formed *but one continued* wound. And canst thou, Nymph, or dost thou venture to compare thy misfortune to mine? I have visited, too, the realms deprived of light, and I have bathed my lacerated body in . the waves of Phlegethon. Nor could life have been restored me, but through the powerful remedies of the son of Apollo. After I had received it, through potent herbs and the Pæonian aid, much against the will of Pluto, then Cynthia threw around me thick clouds, that I might not, by my presence, increase his anger at this favour; and that I might be safe, and be seen in security, she gave me a *more* aged appearance, and left me no features that could be recognized. For a long time she was doubtful whether she should give me Crete or Delos for me to possess. Delos and Crete being abandoned, she placed me here, and, at the same time, she ordered me to lay aside my name, which might have reminded me of my steeds, and she said, ‘Thou, the same who wast Hippolytus, be thou now Virbius.’ From that time I have inhabited this grove; and, as one of the lower Gods, I lie concealed under the protection of my mistress, and to her am I devoted.”

But yet the misfortunes of others were not able to alleviate the grief of Egeria; and, throwing herself down at the base of the hill, she dissolved into tears; until, moved by her affection as she grieved, the sister of Phœbus formed a cool fountain from her body, and dissolved her limbs in ever-flowing waters.

But this new circumstance surprised the Nymphs; and the son of the Amazon was astonished, in no other manner than as when the Etrurian ploughman beheld the fate-revealing clod in the midst of the fields move at first of its own accord and no one touching it, and afterwards assume a human form, and lose *that* of earth, and open its new-made mouth with *the decrees of* future destiny. The natives called him Tages. He was the first to teach the Etrurian nation to

foretell future events.

Or, as when Romulus once saw his lance, fixed in the . Palatine hill, suddenly shoot forth; which *now* stood there with a root newly-formed, *and* not with the iron *point* driven in; and, now no longer as a dart, but as a tree with limber twigs, it sent forth, for the admiring *spectators*, a shade that was not looked for.

Or, *as* when Cippus beheld his horns in the water of the stream, (for he did see them) and, believing that there was a false representation in the reflection, often returning his fingers to his forehead, he touched what he saw. And now, no *longer* condemning his own eyesight, he stood still, as he was returning victorious from the conquest of the enemy; and raising his eyes towards heaven, and his hands in the same direction, he exclaimed, “Ye Gods above! whatever is portended by this prodigy, if it is auspicious, then be it auspicious to my country and to the people of Quirinus; but if unfortunate, be it *so* for myself.” And *then* he made atonement at the grassy altars built of green turf, with odoriferous fires, and presented wine in bowls, and consulted the panting entrails of slaughtered sheep what the meaning of it was. Soon as the soothsayer of the Etrurian nation had inspected them, he beheld in them the great beginnings of *future* events, but still not clearly. But when he raised his searching eyes from the entrails of the sheep, to the horns of Cippus, he said, “Hail, O king! for thee, Cippus, thee and thy horns shall this place and the Latian towers obey. Only do thou lay aside all delay; hasten to enter the gates wide open; thus the fates command thee. For, *once* received within the City, thou shalt be king, and thou shalt safely enjoy a lasting sceptre.” He retreated backwards, and turning his stern visage away from the walls of the City, he exclaimed, “Far, O far away may the Gods drive such omens! Much more righteously shall I pass my life in exile, than if the Capitol were to see me a king.”

Thus he says; and forthwith he convokes the people and the dignified Senate; but first, he veils his horns with laurel that betokens peace, and he stands upon a mound raised by his brave soldiers; and praying to the Gods after the ancient manner, “Behold!” says he, “one is here who will be king, if you do not expel him from the City. I will tell you who he is by a sign, *and* not by name. He wears horns

on his forehead; the augur predicts to you, that if he enters the City, he shall give you laws as his slaves. He, indeed, was able to . enter the open gates, but I have opposed him; although no one is more nearly allied with him than myself. Forbid your City to this man, ye Romans, or, if he shall deserve it, bind him with heavy fetters; or else end your fears by the death of the destined tyrant.”

As the murmur which arises among the groves of the slender pine, when the furious East wind whistles among them, or as that which the waves of the ocean produce, if any one hears them from afar, such is the noise of the crowd. But yet amid the confused words of the shouting multitude, one cry is distinguished, “Which is he?” And then they examine the foreheads, and seek the predicted horns. Cippus again addresses them: “Him whom you require, ye *now* have;” and, despite of the people, throwing the chaplet from his head, he exhibits his temples, remarkable for two horns. All cast down their eyes, and utter groans, and (who would have supposed it?) they unwillingly look upon that head famed for its merits. And no longer suffering it to be deprived of its honours, they place upon it the festive chaplet. But the nobles, Cippus, since thou art forbidden to enter the city, give thee as much land, as a mark of honour, as thou canst, with the oxen yoked to the pressed plough, make the circuit of from the rising of the sun to its setting. They carve, too, the horns, imitating their wondrous form, on the door-posts adorned with brass, *there* to remain for long ages.

EXPLANATION.

Ovid, following the notion that was generally entertained of the wisdom of Numa, pretends that before he was elected to the sovereignty he went to Crotona, for the purpose of studying under Pythagoras; but he is guilty of a considerable anachronism in this instance, as Pythagoras was not born till very many years after the time of Numa. According to Livy, Pythagoras flourished in the time of Servius Tullius, the sixth Roman king, about one hundred and fifty years after Numa. Modern authors are of opinion that upwards of two hundred years intervened between the days of Numa and Pythagoras. Besides, Dionysius of Halicarnassus distinctly asserts that the city of

Crotona was only built in the fourth year of the reign of Numa Pompilius.

Numa is said to have been in the habit of retiring to the Arician grove, to consult the Nymph Egeria upon the laws which he was about to promulgate for the benefit of his subjects. It is probable, that to ensure their observance the more effectually, he wished the people to believe that his enactments were compiled under the inspection of one who partook of the immortal nature, and that in so doing he followed the example of previous lawgivers. Zamolxis pretended that the laws which he gave to the Scythians were dictated to him by his attendant genius or spirit. The first Minos affirmed that Jupiter was the author of the ordinances which he gave to the people of Crete, while Lycurgus attributed his to Apollo. It is not improbable that in this they imitated the example of Moses, a tradition of whose reception of the laws on Mount Sinai they may have received from the people of Phœnicia.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has an interesting passage relative to Numa, which throws some light upon his alleged intercourse with the Nymph Egeria. His words are—'The Romans affirm that Numa was never engaged in any warlike expedition; but that he passed his whole reign in profound peace: that his first care was to encourage piety and justice in his dominions, and to civilize his people by good and wholesome laws. His profound skill in governing made him pass for being inspired, and gave rise to many fabulous stories. Some have said that he had secret interviews with the Nymph Egeria; others, that he frequently consulted one of the Muses, and was instructed by her in the art of government. Numa was desirous to confirm the people in this opinion; but because some hesitated to believe his bare affirmation, and others went so far as to call his alleged converse with the Deities a fiction, he took an opportunity to give them such proofs of it, that the most sceptical among them should have no room left for suspicion. This he effected in the following manner. He one day invited several of the nobles to his palace, and showed them the plainness of the apartments, where no rich furniture was to be seen, nor any thing like an attempt at splendour; and how even the most ordinary necessities were wanting for anything like a great entertainment; after which, he dismissed

them with an invitation to come to sup with him on the same night. At the appointed hour his guests arrived; they were received on stately couches; the tables were decked with a variety of plate, and were loaded with the most exquisite dainties. The guests were struck with the sumptuousness and profusion of the entertainment, and considering how impossible it was for any man to have made such preparations in so short a time, were persuaded that his communication with heaven was not a fiction, and that he must have had the aid of the celestial powers to do things of a nature so extraordinary. 'But,' as the same author says, 'those who were not so ready at adopting fabulous narratives as a part of history, say that it was the policy of Numa which led him to feign a conversation with the Nymph Egeria, to make his laws respected by his people, and that he thence followed the example of the Greek sages, who adopted the same method of enforcing the authority of their laws with the people.'

The Romans were so persuaded of the fact of Numa's conferences with the Nymph Egeria, that they went into the grove of Aricia to seek her; but finding nothing but a fountain in the spot which he used to frequent, they promulgated the story of the transformation of the Nymph. St. Augustin, speaking on this subject, says that Numa made use 542 of the waters of that fountain in the divination which was performed by the aid of water, and was called Hydromancy.

Theseus having left Ariadne in the isle of Naxos, flattered himself with the hopes of marrying her sister Phædra. Deucalion, succeeding Minos in Crete immediately after his death, sent Phædra to Athens. On arriving there, she fell in love with Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who had been brought up at Trœzen by Pittheus. As she did not dare to request of Theseus that his son might be brought from the court of Pittheus, she built a temple to Venus near Trœzen, that she might the more frequently have the opportunity of seeing Hippolytus, and called it by the name of Hippolyteum. According to Euripides, this youth was wise, chaste, and an enemy to all voluptuousness. He spent his time in hunting and chariot racing, with other exercises which formed the pursuits of youths of high station. According to Plutarch, it was at the time when Theseus was a prisoner in Epirus, that Phædra took the opportunity of disclosing to Hippolytus the

violence of her passion for him. Her declaration being but ill received, she grew desperate on his refusal to comply with her desires, and was about to commit self-destruction, when her nurse suggested the necessity of revenging the virtuous disdain of the youth.

Theseus having been liberated by Hercules, Phædra, being fearful lest the intrigue should come to his knowledge, hanged herself, having first written a letter to inform him that she could not survive an attempt which Hippolytus had made on her virtue. Plutarch, Servius and Hyginus, following Euripides, give this account of her death. But Seneca, in his Hippolytus, says that she only appeared before her husband in extreme grief, holding a sword in her hand to signify the violence which Hippolytus had offered her. On this, Theseus implored the assistance of Neptune, who sent a monster out of the sea, to frighten his horses, as he was driving along the sea-shore: on which, they took fright, and throwing him from his chariot, he was killed. It has been suggested that the true meaning of this is, that Theseus having ordered his son to come and justify himself, he made so much haste that his horses ran away with him; and his chariot being dashed over the rocks, he was killed.

Seneca also differs from the other writers, in saying that Phædra did not put herself to death till she had heard of the catastrophe of Hippolytus, on which she stabbed herself. The people of Trœzen, regretting his loss, decreed him divine honours, built a temple, and appointed a priest to offer yearly sacrifices to him. Euripides says, that the young women of Trœzen, when about to be married, cut off their hair and carried it to the temple of Hippolytus. It was also promulgated that the Gods had translated him to the heavens, where he was changed into the Constellation, called by the Latins ‘Auriga,’ or ‘the Charioteer.’ Later authors, whom Ovid here follows, added, that Æsculapius restored him to life, and that he afterwards appeared in Italy under the name of Virbius. This story was probably invented as a source of profit by the priesthood, who were desirous to find some good reason for introducing his worship into the Arician grove near Rome. This story is mentioned by Apollodorus, who quotes the author of the Naupactan verses in favour of it, and by the Scholiasts of Euripides and Pindar.

The ancient Etrurians were great adepts in the art of divination; their favourite method of exercising which was by the inspection of the entrails of beasts, and the observation of the flight of birds; and from them, as we learn from Cicero in his book on Divination, the system spread over the whole of Italy. Tages is supposed to have been the first who taught this art, and he wrote treatises upon it, which, according to Plutarch, were quoted by ancient authors. It not being known whence he came, or who were his parents, he was called, in the language of the poets, a son of the earth. Ammianus Marcellinus speaks of him as being said to have sprung out of the earth in Etruria.

Ovid next makes a passing allusion to the spear of Romulus, which, when thrown by him from the Mount Aventine towards the Capitol, sticking in the ground was converted into a tree, which immediately put forth leaves. This prodigy was taken for a presage of the future greatness of Rome: and Plutarch, in his life of Romulus, says that so long as this tree stood, the Republic flourished. It began to wither in the time of the first civil war; and Julius Cæsar having afterwards ordered a building to be erected near where it stood, the workmen cutting some of its roots in sinking the foundations, it soon after died. It is hardly probable that a cornel tree would stand in a thronged city for nearly seven hundred years; and it is, therefore, most likely, that care was taken to renovate it from time to time, by planting slips from the former tree.

The story of Genucius Cippus is one of those strange fables with which the Roman history is diversified. Valerius Maximus gives the following account of it. He says that Cippus, going one day out of Rome, suddenly found that something which resembled horns was growing out of his forehead. Surprised at an event so extraordinary, he consulted the augurs, who said that he would be chosen king, if he ever entered the city again. As the royal power was abhorred in Rome, he preferred a voluntary banishment to revisiting Rome on those terms. Struck with this heroism, the Romans erected a brazen statue with horns over the gate by which he departed, and it was afterwards called 'Porta raudusculana,' because the ancient Latin name of brass was 'raudus,' 'rodus,' or 'rudus.' The fact is, however,

as Ovid represents it, that Cippus was not going out of Rome, but returning to it, when the prodigy happened; he having been to convey assistance to the Consul Valerius. The Senate also conferred certain lands on Cippus, as a reward for his patriotism. He lived about two hundred and forty years before the Christian era. Pliny the Elder considers the story of the horns of Cippus as much a fable as that of Actæon. It appears, however, that the account of the horns may have possibly been founded on fact, as excrescences resembling them have appeared on the bodies of individuals. Bayle makes mention of a girl of Palermo, who had little horns all over her body, like those of a young calf. In the Ashmolean museum at Oxford, a substance much resembling the horn of a goat is shown, which is said to have sprung from the forehead of a female named Mary Davis, whose likeness is there shown. The excrescence was most probably produced by a deranged secretion of the hair, and something of a similar nature may perhaps have befallen Genucius Cippus, which, of course, would be made the . most of in those ages of superstition. Valerius Maximus, with all his credulity, does not say that they were real horns that made their appearance, but that they were ‘just like horns.’

It is not improbable that the story originally was, that Cippus, on his return to Rome, dreamt that he had horns on his head, and that having consulted the augurs, and received the answer mentioned by Ovid, he preferred to suffer exile, rather than enslave his country; and that, in length of time, the more wonderful part of the story was added to it.

FABLE VII.

Rome being wasted by a pestilence, the Delphian oracle is consulted; and the answer is given, that to cause it to cease Æsculapius must be brought to Rome. On this, ambassadors are sent to Epidaurus to demand the God. The people refuse to part with him; but he appears to one of the Romans in a dream, and consents to go. On his arrival at Rome the contagion ceases, and a Temple is built in his honour.

Relate, now, ye Muses, the guardian Deities of poets (for you know, and remote antiquity conceals it not from you), whence *it is that* the Island surrounded by the channel of the Tiber introduced the

son of Coronis into the sacred rites of the City of Romulus. A dire contagion had once infected the Latian air, and the pale bodies were deformed by a consumption that dried up the blood. When, wearied with *so many* deaths, they found that mortal endeavours availed nothing, and that the skill of physicians had no effect, they sought the aid of heaven, and they repaired to Delphi which occupies the centre spot of the world, the oracle of Phœbus, and entreated that he would aid their distressed circumstances by a response productive of health, and put an end to the woes of a City so great. Both the spot, and the laurels, and the quivers which it has, shook at the same moment, and the tripod gave this answer from the recesses of the shrine, and struck *with awe* their astonished breasts:—"What here thou dost seek, O Roman, thou mightst have sought in a nearer spot: and now seek it in a nearer spot; thou hast no need of Apollo to diminish thy grief, but of the son of Apollo. Go with a good omen, and invite my son."

After the prudent Senate had received the commands of the . Deity, they enquired what city the youthful son of Phœbus inhabited; and they sent some to reach the coasts of Epidaurus with the winds. Soon as those sent had reached them in the curving ship, they repaired to the council and the Grecian elders, and besought them to grant them the Divinity, who by his presence could put an end to the mortality of the Ausonian nation; *for* that so the unerring response had directed. Their opinions were divided, and differed; and some thought that aid ought not to be refused. Many refused it, and advised them not to part with their own protector, and to give up their own guardian Deity. While they were deliberating, twilight had *now* expelled the waning day, and the shadow of the earth had brought darkness over the world; when, in thy sleep, the saving God seemed, O Roman, to be standing before thy couch; but just as he is wont to be in his temple; and, holding a rustic staff in his left hand, *he seemed* to be stroking the long hair of his beard with his right, and to utter such words as these from his kindly breast—"Lay aside thy fears; I will come, and I will leave these *my* statues. Only observe *now* this serpent, which with its folds entwines around this staff, and accurately mark it with thine eyes, that thou mayst be able to know it again. Into this shall I be changed; but I shall be greater, and I shall appear to be of a size as great as that into which heavenly bodies

ought to be transformed.”

Forthwith, with *these* words, the God departs; and with his words and the God sleep *departs*, and genial light follows upon the departure of sleep. The following morn has *now* dispersed the starry fires; uncertain what to do, the nobles meet together in the sumptuous temple of the God *then* sought, and beseech him to indicate, by celestial tokens, in what spot he would wish to abide. Hardly have they well ceased, when the God, all glittering with gold, in *the form of* a serpent, with crest erect, sends forth a hissing, as a notice of his approach; and in his coming, he shakes both his statue, the altars, the doors, the marble pavement, and the gilded roof, and as far as the breast he stands erect in the midst of the temple, and rolls around his eyes that sparkle with fire. The frightened multitude is alarmed; the priest, having his chaste hair bound with a white fillet, recognizes the Deity and exclaims, “The God! . Behold the God! Whoever you are that are present, be of good omen, both with your words and your feelings. Mayst thou, most beauteous one, be beheld to our advantage; and mayst thou aid the nations that perform thy sacred rites.” Whoever are present, adore the Deity as bidden; and all repeat the words of the priest over again; and the descendants of Æneas give a pious omen, both with their feelings, and in their words. To these the God shows favour; and with crest erected, he gives a hiss, a sure token, repeated thrice with his vibrating tongue. Then he glides down the polished steps, and turns back his head, and, about to depart, he looks back upon his ancient altars, and salutes his wonted abode and the temple that *so long* he has inhabited. Then, with his vast bulk, he glides along the ground covered with the strewn flowers, and coils his folds, and through the midst of the city repairs to the harbour protected by its winding quay.

Here he stops; and seeming to dismiss his train, and the dutiful attendance of the accompanying crowd, with a placid countenance, he places his body in the Ausonian ship. It is sensible of the weight of the God; and the ship *now* laden with the Divinity for its freight, the descendants of Æneas rejoice; and a bull having first been slain on the sea-shore, they loosen the twisted cables of the bark bedecked with garlands. A gentle breeze has *now* impelled the ship. The God is conspicuous aloft, and pressing upon the crooked stern with his neck

laid upon it, he looks down upon the azure waters; and with the gentle Zephyrs along the Ionian sea, on the sixth rising of the daughter of Pallas, he makes Italy, and is borne along the Lacinian shores, ennobled by the temple of the Goddess *Juno*, and the Scylacean coasts. He leaves Iapygia behind, and flies from the Amphissian rocks with the oars on the left side; on the right side he passes by the steep Ceraunia, and Romechium, and Caulon, and Narycia, and he crosses . the sea and the straits of the Sicilian Pelorus, and the abodes of the king the grandson of Hippotas, and the mines of Temesa; and then he makes for Leucosia, and the rose-beds of the warm Pæstum. Then he coasts by Capreæ, and the promontory of Minerva, and the hills ennobled with the Surrentine vines, and the city of Hercules, and Stabiæ, and Parthenope made for retirement, and after it the temple of the Cumæan Sibyl. Next, the warm springs are passed by, and Linternum, that bears mastick trees; and *then* Vulturhus, that carries much sand along with its tide, and Sinuessæ, that abounds with snow-white snakes, and the pestilential Minturnæ, and she for whom her foster-child erected the tomb, and the abode of Antiphates, and Trachas, surrounded by the marsh, and the land of Circe, and Antium, with its rocky coast.

After the sailors have steered the sail-bearing ship hither (for now the sea is aroused), the Deity unfolds his coils, and gliding with many a fold and in vast coils, he enters the temple of his parent, that skirts the yellow shore. The sea *now* becalmed, the *God* of Epidaurus leaves the altars of his sire; and having enjoyed the hospitality of the Deity, *thus* related to him, he furrows the sands of the sea-shore with the dragging of his rattling scales, and reclining against the helm of the ship, he places his head upon the lofty stern; until he comes to Castrum, and the sacred abodes of Lavinium, and the mouths of the Tiber. Hither, all the people indiscriminately, a crowd both of matrons and of men, rush to meet him; they, too, Vesta! who tend thy fires; and with joyous shouts they welcome the God. And where the swift ship is steered through the tide running out, altars being erected in a line, the frankincense crackles along *the banks* on either side, and perfumes the air with its smoke; the felled victim too, *with its blood* makes warm the knives thrust *into it*.

And now he has entered Rome, the sovereign of the world. The serpent rises erect, and lifts his neck that reclines against the top of the mast, and looks around for a habitation suited for himself. *There is a spot, where* the river flowing around, is divided into two parts; it is called “the Island.” *The river* in the direction of each side extends its arms of equal length, the dry land *lying* in the middle. Hither, the serpent, son of Phœbus, betakes himself from the Latian ship; and he puts an end to the mourning, having resumed his celestial form. And *thus* did he come, the restorer of health, to the City.

EXPLANATION.

The story here narrated by Ovid is derived from the Roman history, to which we will shortly refer for an explanation.

Under the consulate of Quintus Fabius Gurges, and Decimus Junius Brutus Scæva, Rome was ravaged by a frightful pestilence. The resources of physic having been exhausted, the Sibylline books were consulted to ascertain by what expedient the calamity might be put an end to, and they found that the plague would not cease till they had brought Æsculapius from Epidaurus to Rome. Being then engaged in war, they postponed their application to the Epidaurians for a year, at the end of which time they despatched an embassy to Epidaurus; on which a serpent was delivered to them, which the priests of the Deity . assured them was the God himself. Taking it on board their ship, the delegates set sail. When near Antium, they were obliged to put in there by stress of weather, and the serpent, escaping from the ship, remained three days on shore; after which it came on board of its own accord, and they continued their voyage. On arriving at the Island of the Tiber the serpent escaped, and concealed itself amid the reeds; and as they, in their credulity, fancied that the God had chosen the place for his habitation, they built a temple there in his honour. From this period, which was about the year of Rome 462, the worship of Æsculapius was introduced in the city, and to him recourse was had in cases of disease, and especially in times of pestilence.

FABLE VIII.

Julius Cæsar is assassinated in the Senate-house, and by the intercession of Venus, his ancestor, he is changed into a star. The Poet concludes his work with a compliment to Augustus, and a promise of immortality to himself.

And still, he came a stranger to our temples; Cæsar is a Deity in his own city; whom, *alike* distinguished both in war and peace, wars ending with triumphs, his government at home, and the rapid glory of his exploits, did not more *tend to* change into a new planet, and a star with brilliant train, than did his own progeny. For of *all* the acts of Cæsar, there is not one more ennobling than that he was the father of this *our Cæsar*. Was it, forsooth, a greater thing to have conquered the Britons surrounded by the ocean, and to have steered his victorious ships along the seven-mouthed streams of the Nile that bears the papyrus, and to have added to the people of Quirinus the rebellious Numidians and the Cinyphian Juba, and Pontus proud of the fame of Mithridates, and to have deserved many a triumph, *and* to have enjoyed some, than it was to have been the father of a personage so great, under whose tutelage over the world, you, ye Gods above, have shewn excessive care for the human race? That he *then* might not be sprung from mortal seed, *'twas fit that Julius* should be made a Divinity. When the resplendent mother of . Æneas was sensible of this; and *when* she saw that a sad death was in preparation for the Pontiff, and that the arms of the conspirators were brandished; she turned pale, and said to each of the Deities, as she met them: —

“Behold, on how vast a scale treason is plotted against me, and with how great perfidy that life is sought, which alone remains for me from the Dardanian Iulus. Shall I alone be everlastingly harassed by justified anxieties? I, whom one while the Calydonian lance of the son of Tydeus is wounding, *and* at another time the walls of Troy, defended in vain, are grieving? I, who have seen my son driven about in protracted wanderings, tossed on the ocean, entering the abodes of the departed, and waging war with Turnus; or, if we confess the truth, with Juno rather? *But*, why am I now calling to mind the ancient misfortunes of my own offspring? Present apprehensions do not allow me to remember things of former days. Against me, you behold how the impious swords are *now* being whetted. Avert them,

I entreat; hinder this crime, and do not, by the murder of the priest, extinguish the flames of Vesta.”

Such expressions as these did Venus, full of anxiety, vainly let fall throughout the heavens, and she moved the Gods above. Although they were not able to frustrate the iron decrees of the aged sisters, yet they afforded no unerring tokens of approaching woe. They say, that arms resounding amid the black clouds, and dreadful *blasts* of the trumpet, and clarions heard through the heavens, forewarned men of the crime. The sad face too of the sun gave a livid light to the alarmed earth. Often did torches seem to be burning in the midst of the stars; often did drops of blood fall in the showers. The azure-coloured Lucifer had his light tinted with a dark iron colour; the chariot of the moon was besprinkled with blood. The Stygian owl gave omens of ill in a thousand places; in a thousand places did the ivory statues shed tears; dirges, too, are said to have been heard, and threatening expressions in the sacred groves. No victim gave an omen of good; the entrails, too, showed that great tumults were imminent; and the extremity *of the liver* was found cut off among the entrails. They say, too, that in the Forum, and around the houses and the temples of the Gods, the dogs were howling by night; and that the ghosts of the departed were walking, and that the City was . shaken by earthquakes. But still the warnings of the Gods could not avert treachery and the approach of Fate, and drawn swords were carried into a temple; and no other place in the *whole* City than the Senate-house pleased them for this crime and this atrocious murder.

But then did Cytherea beat her breast with both her hands, and attempt to hide the descendant of Æneas in a cloud, in which, long since, Paris was conveyed from the hostile son of Atreus, and Æneas had escaped from the sword of Diomedes. In such words as these *did* her father *Jove address her*: “Dost thou, my daughter, unaided, attempt to change the insuperable *decrees* of Fate? Thou, thyself, mayst enter the abode of the three sisters, *and* there thou wilt behold the register of *future* events, *wrought* with vast labour, of brass and of solid iron; these, safe and destined for eternity, fear neither the *thundering* shock of the heavens, nor the rage of the lightnings, nor any *source* of destruction. There wilt thou find the destinies of thy descendants engraved in everlasting adamant. I myself have read

them, and I have marked them in my mind; I will repeat them, that thou mayst not still be ignorant of the future. He (on whose account, Cytherea, thou art *thus* anxious), has completed his time, those years being ended which he owed to the earth. Thou, with his son, who, as the heir to his glory, will bear the burden of government devolving *on him*, wilt cause him, as a Deity, to reach the heavens, and to be worshipped in temples; and he, as a most valiant avenger of his murdered parent, will have us to aid him in his battles. The conquered walls of Mutina, besieged under his auspices, shall sue for peace; Pharsalia shall be sensible of him, and Philippi, again drenched with Emathian gore; and the name of *one renowned as Great*, shall be subdued in the Sicilian waves; the Egyptian dame too, the wife of the Roman . general, shall fall, vainly trusting in that alliance; and in vain shall she threaten, that our own Capitol shall be obedient to her Canopus. Why should I recount to thee the regions of barbarism, *and* nations situate in either ocean? Whatever the habitable world contains, shall be his; the sea, too, shall be subject to him. Peace being granted to the earth, he will turn his attention to civil rights, and, as a most upright legislator, he will enact laws. After his own example, too, will he regulate manners; and, looking forward to the days of future time, and of his coming posterity, he will order the offspring born of his hallowed wife to assume both his own name and his cares. Nor shall he, until as an aged man he shall have equalled *his glories with* like years, arrive at the abodes of heaven and his kindred stars. Meanwhile, change this soul, snatched from the murdered body, into a beam of light, that eternally the Deified Julius may look down from his lofty abode upon our Capitol and Forum.”

Hardly had he uttered these words, when the genial Venus, perceived by none, stood in the very midst of the Senate-house, and snatched the soul, just liberated *from the body*, away from the limbs of her own Cæsar, and, not suffering it to dissolve in air, she bore it amid the stars of heaven. And as she bore it, she perceived it assume a *train of light* and become inflamed; and she dropped it from her bosom. Above the moon it takes its flight, and, as a star, it glitters, carrying a flaming train with a lengthened track; and, as he beholds the illustrious deeds of his son, he confesses that they are superior to

his own, and rejoices that he is surpassed by him. Although *Augustus* forbids his own actions to be lauded before those of his father, still Fame, in her freedom and subject to no commands, prefers him against his will; and, in *this* one point, she disobeys him. Thus does Atreus yield to the glories of the great Agamemnon; thus does Theseus excel Ægeus, *and* thus Achilles Peleus. In fine, that I may use examples that equal themselves, thus too, is Saturn inferior to . Jove. Jupiter rules the abodes of heaven and the realms of the threefold world: the earth is under Augustus: each of them is a father and a ruler. Ye Gods, the companions of Æneas, for whom both the sword and the flames made a way; and you, ye native Deities, and thou, Quirinus, the father of the City, and thou, Gradivus, the son of the invincible Quirinus, and thou, Vesta, held sacred among the Penates of Cæsar; and, with the Vesta of Cæsar, thou, Phœbus, enshrined in thy abode, and thou, Jupiter, who aloft dost possess the Tarpeian heights, and whatever other *Deities* it is lawful and righteous for a Poet to invoke; late, I pray, may be that day, and protracted beyond my life, on which the person of Augustus, leaving that world which he rules, shall approach the heavens: and *when* gone, may he propitiously listen to those who invoke him.

And now I have completed a work, which neither the anger of Jove, nor fire, nor steel, nor consuming time will be able to destroy! Let that day, which has no power but over this body *of mine*, put an end to the term of my uncertain life, when it will. Yet, in my better part, I shall be raised immortal above the lofty stars, and indelible shall be my name. And wherever the Roman power is extended throughout the vanquished earth, I shall be read by the lips of nations, and (if the presages of Poets have aught of truth) throughout all ages shall I survive in fame.

EXPLANATION.

The Poet having fulfilled his promise, and having brought down his work from the beginning of the world to his own times, concludes it with the apotheosis of Julius Cæsar. He here takes an opportunity of complimenting Augustus, as being more worthy of divine honours than even his predecessor, while he promises him a long and glorious

reign. Augustus, however, had not to wait for death to receive divine honours, as he enjoyed the glory of seeing himself worshipped as a Deity and adored at altars erected to him, even in his lifetime. According to 554 Appian, he was but twenty-eight years of age when he was ranked among the tutelar Divinities by all the cities of the empire.

The Romans, who deduced their origin from Æneas, were flattered at the idea of Venus interesting herself in behalf of her posterity, and securing the honours of an apotheosis for Julius Cæsar. The historical circumstances which Ovid here refers to were the following: — After Julius Cæsar had been murdered in the Senate house, Augustus ordered public games to be instituted in his honour. We learn from Suetonius, that during their celebration a new star, or rather a comet, made its appearance, on which it was promulgated that the soul of the deified Julius had taken its place among the stars, and that Venus had procured him that honour. It was then remembered, that the light of the Sun had been unusually pallid the whole year following the death of Cæsar; this which is generally supposed to have been caused by some spots which then appeared on the disk of the sun, was ascribed to the grief of Apollo. Various persons were found to assert various prodigies. Some said that it had rained blood, others that the moon and stars had been obscured; while others, still more imaginative, asserted that beasts had uttered words, and that the dead had risen from their graves.

The sorrow of the Gods and of nature at the untimely death of Julius being thus manifested, Augustus proceeded to found a temple in his honour, established priests for his service, and erected a statue of him with a star on its forehead. He was afterwards represented in the attitude of ascending to the heavens, and wielding a sceptre in his hand. While flatterers complimented Augustus upon the care which he had taken to enrol his predecessor among the Deities, there were some, the poet Manilius being of the number, who considered that heaven was almost over-peopled by him. Augustus, however, was not the sole author of the story of the apotheosis of Julius Cæsar. The people had previously attempted to deify him, though opposed by Cicero and Dolabella. In the funeral oration which was delivered over Julius Cæsar by Antony, he spoke of him as a God, and the

populace, moved by his eloquence, and struck at his blood-stained garments and his body covered with wounds, were filled with indignation against the conspirators, and were about to take the corpse to the Capitol, there to be buried; but the priests would not permit it, and had it brought back to the Forum, where it was burnt. Dio Cassius says, that the Roman people raised an altar on the spot where the body had been burnt, and endeavoured to make libations and to offer sacrifices there, as to a Divinity, but that the Consuls overthrew the altar. Suetonius says, that a pillar was also erected to him, of about twenty feet in height, with the inscription, 'parenti patriæ,' 'To the father of his country,' and that for some time persons resorted to that spot to offer sacrifices and to make vows. He adds, that he was made a Divinity by a public decree, but he does not say at what time.

FASTI



Translated by James G. Frazer

Formed of six books in elegiacs, this long poem was written while Ovid was in exile at Tomis, following his mysterious banishment by the Emperor. The poem categorises in detail the Roman calendar, explaining the origins and customs of important Roman festivals, digressing on mythical stories and giving astronomical and agricultural information appropriate to the season. The unusual poem analyses the first semester of the year, with each book dedicated to a different month of the Roman calendar, from January to June. Ovid had most likely planned to cover the entire year, but was unable to finish the work, probably due to the conditions of his exile.

The poem was probably initially dedicated to Augustus, but the death of the Emperor prompted Ovid to change the dedication to honour Germanicus. Rich in cultural and religious information, *Fasti* is also one of Ovid's finest literary works, forming a unique contribution to Roman elegiac poetry.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)



'Ovid among the Scythians' by Eugène Delacroix, 1862

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BOOK I

The order of the calendar throughout the Latin year, its causes, and the starry signs that set beneath the earth and rise again, of these I'll sing. Caesar Germanicus, accept with brow serene this work and steer the passage of my timid bark. Spurn not the honour slight, but come propitious as a god to take the homage vowed to thee. Here shalt thou read afresh of holy rites unearthed from annals old, and learn how every day has earned its own peculiar mark. There too shalt thou find the festivals pertaining to thy house; often the names of thy sire and grandsire will meet thee on the page. The laurels that are theirs and that adorn the pained calendar, thou too shalt win in company with thy brother Drusus. Let others sing of Caesar's wars; my theme be Caesar's altars and the days he added to the sacred roll. Approve my effort to rehearse the praises of thy kin, and cast out quaking terrors from my heart. Show thyself mild to me; so shalt thou lend vigour to my song: at thy look my Muse must stand or fall. Submitted to the judgement of a learned prince my page doth shiver, even as if sent to the Clarian god to read. On thy accomplished lips what eloquence attends, we have seen, when it took civic arms in defence of trembling prisoners at the bar. And when to poetry thy fancy turns, we know how broad the current of thy genius flows. If it is right and lawful, guide a poet's reins, thyself a poet, that under thy auspices the year may run its entire course happy.

When the founder of the City was setting the calendar in order, he ordained that there should be twice five months in his year. To be sure, Romulus, thou wert better versed in swords than stars, and to conquer thy neighbours was thy main concern. Yet, Caesar, there is a reason that may have moved him, and for his error he might urge a plea. The time that suffices for a child to come forth from its mother's womb, he deemed sufficient for a year. For just so many months after her husband's funeral a wife supports the signs of sorrow in her widowed home. These things, then, Quirinus in his striped gown had in view, when to the simple folk he gave his laws to regulate the year. The month of Mars was the first, and that of Venus the second; she was the author of the race, and he his sire. The

third month took its name from the old, and the fourth from the young ; the months that trooped after were distinguished by numbers. But Numa overlooked not Janus and the ancestral shades, and so to the ancient months he prefixed two.

But that you may not be unversed in the rules of the different days, not every morning brings the same round of duty. That day is unlawful on which the three words may not be spoken ; that day is lawful on which the courts of law are open. But you must not suppose that every day keeps its rules throughout its whole length: a lawful day may have been unlawful in the morning; for as soon as the inwards have been offered to the god, all words may lawfully be spoken, and the honoured praetor enjoys free speech. There are days, too, on which the people may lawfully be penned in the polling-booths ; there are also days that come round ever in a cycle of nine, The worship of Juno claims Ausonia's Kalends: on the Ides a bigger white ewe-land falls to Jupiter: the Nones lack a guardian god. The day next after all these days – make no mistake – is black. The omen is drawn from the event; for on those days Rome suffered grievous losses under the frown of Marsh. These remarks apply to the whole calendar; I have made them once for all, that I may not be forced to break the thread of my discourse.

KAL. IAN. 1st

See Janus comes, Germanicus, the herald of a lucky year to thee, and in my song takes precedence. Two-headed Janus, opener of the softly gliding year, thou who alone of the celestials dost behold thy back, O come propitious to the chiefs whose toil ensures peace to the fruitful earth, peace to the sea. And come propitious to thy senators and to the people of Quirinus, and by thy nod unbar the temples white. A happy morning dawns. Fair speech, fair thoughts I crave! Now must good words be spoken on a good day. Let ears be rid of suits, and banish mad disputes forthwith! Thou rancorous tongue, adjourn thy wagging! Dost mark how the sky sparkles with fragrant fires, and how Cilician saffron crackles on the kindled hearths? The flame with its own splendour beats upon the temples' gold roof. In spotless garments the procession wends to the Tarpeian towers ; the people

wear the colour of festal day; and now new rods of office lead the way, new purple gleams, and a new weight is felt by the far-sewn ivory chair. Heifers, unbroken to the yoke, offer their necks to the axe, heifers that cropped the sward on the true Faliscan plains. When from his citadel Jupiter looks abroad on the whole globe, naught but the Roman empire meets his eye. Hail, happy day! and evermore return still happier, day worthy to be kept holy by a people the masters of the world.

But what god am I to say thou art, Janus of double-shape? for Greece hath no divinity like thee. The reason, too, unfold why alone of all the heavenly one thou doest see both back and front. While thus I mused, the tablets in my hand, methought the house grew brighter than it was before. Then of a sudden sacred Janus, in his two-headed shape, offered his double visage to my wondering eyes. A terror seized me, I felt my hair stiffen with fear, and with a sudden chill my bosom froze. He, holding in his right hand his staff and in his left the key, to me these accents uttered from his front mouth: “Dismiss thy fear, thy answer take, laborious singer of the days, and mark my words. The ancients called me Chaos, for a being from of old am I; observe the long, long ages of which my song shall tell. Yon lucid air and the three others bodies, fire, water, earth, were huddled all in one. When once, through the discord of its elements, the mass parted, dissolved, and went in diverse ways to seek new homes, flame sought the height, air filled the nearer space, while earth and sea sank in the middle deep. ‘Twas then that I, till that time a mere ball, a shapeless lump, assumed the face and members of a god. And even now, small index of my erst chaotic state, my front and back look just the same. Now hear the other reason for the shape you ask about, that you may know it and my office too. Whate’er you see anywhere – sky, sea, clouds, earth – all things are closed and opened by my hand. The guardianship of this vast universe is in my hands alone, and none but me may rule the wheeling pole. When I choose to send forth peace from tranquil halls, she freely walks the ways unhindered. But with blood and slaughter the whole world would welter, did not the bars unbending hold the barricadoed wars. I sit at heaven’s gate with the gentle Hours; my office regulates the goings and the comings of Jupiter himself. Hence Janus is my name ;

but when the priest offers me a barley cake and spelt mingled with salt, you would laugh to hear the names he gives me, for on his sacrificial lips I'm now Patulcius and now Clusius called. Thus rude antiquity made shift to work my changing functions with the change of name. My business I have told. Now learn the reason for my shape, though already you perceive it in part. Every door has two fronts, this way and that, whereof one faces the people and the other the house-god; and just as your human porter, seated at the threshold of the house-door, sees who goes out and in, so I, the porter of the heavenly court, behold at once both East and West. Thou seest Hecate's faces turned in three directions that she may guard the crossroads where they branch three several ways; and lest I should lose time by twisting my neck, I am free to look both ways without budging."

Thus spake the god, and by a look promised that, were I fain to ask him more, he would not grudge reply. I plucked up courage, thanked the god composedly, and with eyes turned to the ground I spoke in few: "Come, say, why doth the new year begin in the cold season? Better had it begun in spring. Then all things flower, then time renews his age, and new from out the teeming vine-shoot swells the bud; in fresh-formed leaves the tree is draped, and from earth's surface sprouts the blade of corn. Birds with their warblings winnow the warm air; the cattle frisk and wanton in the meads. Then suns are sweet, forth comes the stranger swallow and builds her clayey structure under the loft beam. Then the field submits to tillage and is renewed by the plough. That is the season which rightly should have been called New Year."

Thus questioned I at length; he answered prompt and tersely, throwing his words into twain verses, thus: "Midwinter is the beginning of the new sun and the end of the old one. Phoebus and the year take their start from the same point."

Next I wondered why the first day was not exempt from lawsuits. "Hear the cause," quoth Janus. "I assigned the birthday of the year to business, lest from the auspice idleness infects the whole. For the same reason every man just handsels his calling, nor does more than but attest his usual work."

Next I asked, "Why, Janus, while I propitiate other divinities, do I

bring incense and wine first of all to thee?" Quoth he, "It is that through me, who guard the thresholds, you may have access to whatever gods you please." "But why are glad words spoken on thy Kalends? and why do we give and receive good wishes?" Then, leaning on the staff he bore in his right hand, the god replied: "Omens are wont," said he, "to wait upon beginnings. At the first word ye prick up anxious ears; from the first bird he sees the augur takes his cue. (On the first day) the temples and ears of the gods are open, the tongue utters no fruitless prayers, and words have weight." So Janus ended. I kept not silence long, but caught up his last words with my own: "What mean the gifts of dates and wrinkled figs?" I said, "and honey glistening in snow-white jar?" "It is for the sake of the omen," said he, "that the event may answer to the flavour, and that the whole course of the years may be sweet, like its beginning."

"I see," said I, "why sweets are given. But tell me, too, the reason for the gift of cash, that I may be sure of every point in thy festival." The god laughed, and "Oh," quoth he, "how little you know about the age you live in if you fancy that honey is sweeter than cash in hand! Why, even in Saturn's reign I hardly saw a soul who did not in his heart find lucre sweet. As time went on the love of pelf grew, till now it is at its height and scarcely can go farther. Wealth is more valued now than in the years of old, when the people were poor, when Rome was new, when a small hut sufficed to lodge Quirinus, son of Mars, and the river sedge supplied a scanty bedding. Jupiter had hardly room to stand upright in his cramped shrine, and in his right hand was a thunderbolt of clay. They decked with leaves the Capitol, which now they deck with gems, and the senator himself fed his own sheep. It was no shame to take one's peaceful rest on straw and to pillow the head on hay. The praetor put aside the plough to judge the people, and to own a light piece of silver plate was a crime. But ever since the Fortune of this place has raised her head on high, and Rome with her crest has touched the topmost gods, riches have grown and with them the frantic lust of wealth, and they who have the most possessions still crave for more. They strive to gain that they may waste, and then to repair their wasted fortunes, and thus they feed their vices by ringing the changes on them. So he whose belly swells with dropsy, the more he drinks, the thirstier he

grows. Nowadays nothing but money counts: fortune brings honours, friendships; the poor man everywhere lies low. And still you ask me, What's the use of omens drawn from cash, and why do ancient coppers tickle your palms! In the olden times the gifts were coppers, but now gold gives a better omen, and the old-fashioned coin has been vanquished and made way for the new. We, too, are tickled by golden temples, though we approve of the ancient ones: such majesty befits a gold. We praise the past, but use the present years; wet are both customs worthy to be kept."

He closed his admonitions; but again in calm speech, as before, I addressed the god who bears the key: "I have learned much indeed; but why is the figure of a ship stamped on one side of the copper coin, and a two-headed figure on the other?" "Under the double image," said he, "you might have recognized myself, if the long lapse of time had not worn the type away. Now for the reason of the ship. In a ship the sickle-bearing god came to the Tuscan river after wandering over the world. I remember how Saturn was received in this land: he had been driven by Jupiter from the celestial realms. From that time the folk long retained the name of Saturnian, and the country, too, was called Latium from the hiding (*latente*) of the god. But a pious posterity inscribed a ship on the copper money to commemorate the coming of the stranger god. Myself inhabited the ground whose left side is lapped by sandy Tiber's glassy wave. Here, where now is Rome, green forest stood unfilled, and all this mighty region was but pasture for a few kine. My castle was the hill which the present age is accustomed to call by my name and dub Janiculum. I reigned in days when earth could bear with gods, and divinities moved freely in the abodes of men. The sin of mortals had not yet put Justice to flight (she was the last of the celestials to forsake the earth): honour's self, not fear, ruled the people without appeal to force: toil there was none to expound the right to righteous men. I had naught to do with war: guardian was I of peace and doorways, and these," quoth he, showing the key, "these be the arms I bear."

The god now closed his lips. Then I thus opened mine, using my voice to lure the voice divine. "Since there are so many archwas, why dost thou stand thus consecrated in one alone, here where thou

hast a temple adjoining two forums ? “Stroking with his hand the beard that fell upon his breast, he straightway told the warlike deeds of Oebalian Tatius, and how the traitress keeper, bribed by armlets, led the silent Sabines the way to the summit of the citadel. “From there,” quoth he, “a steep slope, the same by which even now ye descend, led down into the valleys and the forums. And now the foe had reached the gate from which Saturn’s envious daughter had removed the opposing bars. Fearing to engage in fight with so redoubtable a deity, I slyly had recourse to a device of my own craft, and by the power I wield I opened the fountains’ mouths and spouted out a sudden gush of water; but first I threw sulphur into the water channels, that the boiling liquid might bar the way against Tatius. This service done, and the Sabines repulsed, the place now rendered safe, resumed its former aspect. An altar was set up for me, joined to a little shrine: in its flames it burns the sacrificial spelt and cake.”

“But why hide in time of peace and open thy gates when men take arms?” Without delay he rendered me the reason that I sought. “My fate, unbarred, stands open wide, that when the people hath gone forth to war, the road for their return may be open too. I bar the doors in time of peace, lest peace depart, and under Caesar’s star I shall be long shut up.” He spoke, and lifting up his eyes that saw in opposite directions, he surveyed all that the whole world held. Peace reigned, and on the Rhine already, Germanicus, they triumph had been won, when the river yielded up her waters to thy slaves. O Janus, let the pace and the ministers of peace endure for aye, and grant that its author may never forgot his handiwork.

But now for what I have been allowed to learn from the calendar itself. On this day the senate dedicated two temples. The island, which the river hems in with its parted waters, received him whom the nymph Coronis bore to Phoebus. Jupiter has his share of the site. One place found room for both, and the temples of the mighty grandsire and the grandson are joined together.

III. NON. 3rd

What is to stop me if I should tell also of the stars, their risings and their settings? That was part of my promise. Ah happy souls, who

first took thought to know these things and scale the heavenly mansions! Well may we believe they lifted up their heads alike above the frailties and the homes of men. Their lofty natures neither love nor wine did breaks, nor civil business nor the toils of war; no low ambition tempted them, nor glory's tinsel sheen, nor lust of hoarded pelf. The distant stars they brought within our ken, and heaven itself made subject to their wit. So man may reach the sky: no need that Ossa on Olympus should be piled, and that Pelion's peak should touch the topmost stars. Under these leaders we, too, will plum the sky and give their own days to the wandering signs.

Therefore when the third night before the Nones has come, and the ground is sprinkled and drenched with heavenly dew, you shall look in vain for the claws of the eight-footed Crag: headlong he'll plunge beneath the western waves.

NON. 5th

Should the Nones be at hand, showers discharged from sable clouds will be your sign, at the rising of the Lyre.

V. ID. 9th

Add four successive days to the Nones, and on the Agonal morn Janus must be appeased. The day may take its name from the attendant who, in garb succinct, fells at a blow the victim of the gods; for just before he dyes the brandished knife in the warm blood, he always asks if he is to proceed (*agatne*), and not until he is bidden does he proceed. Some believe that the day is named Agonal from the driving of the victims, because the sheep do not come but are driven (*agantur*) to the altar. Others think the ancients called this festival *Agnalia* ("festival of the lambs"), dropping a single letter from its proper place. Or perhaps, because the victim fears the knives mirrored in the water before they strike, the day may have been so styled from the brute's agony. It may be also that he day took a Greek name from the games (*agones*) which were wont to be held in olden times. In the ancient tongue, too, *agonia* meant a sheep, and that last, in my judgement, is the true reason of the name. And

though that is not certain, still the King of the Sacred Rites is bound to placate the divinities by sacrificing the mate of a woolly ewe. The *victim* is so called because it is felled by a *victorious* right hand; the *hostia* (sacrificial victim) takes its name from conquered *hostes* (foes).

Of old the means to win the goodwill of gods for man were spelt and the sparkling grains of pure salt. As yet no foreign ship. As yet no foreign ship had brought across the ocean waves the bark-stilled myrrh; the Euphrates had sent no incense, India no balm. And the red saffron's filaments were still unknown. The altar was content to smoke with savine, and the laurel burned with crackling loud. To garlands woven of meadow flowers he who could violets add was rich indeed. The knife that now lays bare the bowels of the slaughtered bull had in the sacred rites no work to do. The first to joy in blood of greedy sow was Ceres, who avenged her crops by the just slaughter of the guilty beast; for she learned that in early spring the grain, milky with sweet juices, had been rooted up by the snout of bristly swine. The swine was punished: terrified by her example, billy-goat, you should have spared the vine-shoot. Watching a he-goat nibbling at a vine somebody vented his ill-humour in these words: "Pray gnaw the vine, thou he-goat; yet when thou standest at the altar, the vine will yield something that can be sprinkled on thy horns." The words came true. Thy foe, Bacchus, is given up to thee for punishment, and wine out-poured is sprinkled on his horns. The sow suffered for her crime, and the she-goat suffered, too, for hers.

But the ox and you, ye peaceful sheep, what was your sing? Aristaeus wept because he saw his bees killed, root and branch, and the unfinished hives abandoned. Scarce could his azure mother soothe his grief, when to her speech she these last words subjoined. "Stay, boy, thy tears! Thy losses Proteus will retrieve and will show thee how to make good all that is gone. But lest he elude thee by shifting his shape, see that strong bonds do shackle both his hands." The stripling made his way to the seer, and bound fast the arms, relaxed in slumber, of the Old Man of the Sea. By his art the wizard changed his real figure for a semblance false: but soon, by the cords mastered, to his true form returned. Then lifting up his dripping face and azure beard. "Dost ask," said he, "in what way thou mayest

repair the loss of thy bees? Kill a heifer and bury its carcase in the earth. The buried heifer will give the thing thou seekest of me.” The shepherd did his bidding: swarms of bees hive out of the putride beeve: one life snuffed out brought to the birth a thousand.

Death claims the sheep: shameless it cropped the holy herbs which a pious beldame used to offer to the rural gods. What creature is safe, when even the wool-bearing sheep and ploughing oxen lay down their lives upon the altars? Persia propitiates the ray-crowned Hyperion with a horse, for no sluggard victim may be offered to the swift god. Because a hind was once sacrificed to the twin Diana in room of a maiden, a hind is even now felled for her, though not in a maiden’s stead. I have seen the entrails of a dog offered to the Goddess of the Triple Roads (*Trivia*) by the Sapaean and those whose homes border on thy snows, Mount Haemus. A young ass, too, is slain in honour of the stiff guardian of the country-side: the cause is shameful, but beseems the god.

A feast of ivy-berried Bacchus, thou wast wont to hold, O Greece, a feast which the third winter brought about at the appointed time. Thither came, too, the gods who wait upon Lyaeus and all the jocund crew, Pans and young amorous Satyrs, and goddesses that haunt rivers and lonely wilds. Thither, too, came old Silenus on an ass with hollow back, and the Crimson One who by his lewd image scares the timid birds. They lit upon a dingle meet for joyous wassails, and there they laid them down on grassy beds. Liber bestowed the wine: each had brought his garland: a stream supplied water in plenty to dilute the wine. Naiads were there, some with flowing locks uncombed, others with tresses neatly bound. One waits upon the revellers with tunic tucked above her knee; another through her ripped robe reveals her breast; another bares her shoulder; one trails her skirt along the grass; no shoes cumber their dainty feet. So some in Satyrs kindle amorous fires, and some in thee, whose brows are wreathed with pine. Thou too, Silenus, burnest for the nymphs, insatiate lecher! ‘Tis wantonness alone forbids thee to grow old.

But crimson Priapus, glory and guard of gardens, lost his heart to Lotis, singled out of the whole bevy. For her he longs, for her he prays, for her alone he sighs; he gives her signs by nodding and woos by making marks. But the lovely are disdainful, and pride on beauty

waits: she flouted him and cast at him a scornful look. 'Twas night, and wine makes drowsy, so here and there they lay overcome with sleep. Weary with frolic, Lotis, the farthest of them all, sank to her rest on the grassy ground under the maple boughs. Up rose her lover, and holding his breath stole secretly and silently on tiptoe to the fair. When he reached the lonely pallet of the snow-white nymph, he drew his breath so warily that no a sound escaped. And no upon the sward fast by he balanced on his toes, but still the nymph slept sound. He joyed, and drawing from off her feet the quilt, he set him, happy lover! to snatch the wished-for hour. But lo, Silenus saddle-ass, with raucous weasand braying, gave out an ill-timed roar! The nymph in terror started up, pushed off Priapus, and flying gave the alarm to the whole grove; but, ready to enter the lists of love, the god in the moonlight was laughed at by all. The author of the hubbub paid for it with his life, and he is now the victim dear to the Hellespontine god.

Ye birds, the solace of the countryside, ye haunters of the woods, ye harmless race, that built your nests and warm your eggs under your plumes, and with glib voices utter descant sweet, ye were inviolate once; but all that avails not, because ye are accused of chattering, and the gods opine that ye reveal their thoughts. Nor is the charge untrue; for the nearer ye are to the gods, the truer are the signs ye give, whether by wing or voice. Long time immune, the brood of birds was slaughtered then at last, and the gods gloated on the guts of the talebearing fowls. That is why the white dove, torn from her mate, is often burned upon Idalian hearths; nor did his saving of the Capitol protect the goose from yielding up his liver on a charger to thee, daughter of Inachus ; by night to Goddess Night the crested owl is slain, because with wakeful notes he summons up the warm day.

Meanwhile the bright constellation of the Dolphin rises above the sea, and from his native water puts forth his face.

IV. ID. 10th

The morrow marks midwinter; what remains of winter will be equal to what has gone before.

III. ID. 11th

When next his wife quits Tithonus' couch, she shall behold the rite pontifical of the Arcadian goddess. Thee, too, sister of Turnus,

the same morn enshrined t the spot where the Virgin Water circles the Field of Mars. Whence shall I learn the causes and manner of these rites? Who will pilot my bark in mid ocean? Thysel, enlighten me, O thou (Carmentis), who dost take thy name from song (*carmen*), be kind to my emprise, lest I should fail to give thee honour due. The land that rose before the moon (if we may take its word for it) derives its name from the great Arcas. Of that land came Evander, who, though illustrious on both sides, yet was the nobler for the blood of his sacred mother (Carmentis), who, soon as her soul conceived the heavenly fire, chanted with voice inspired by the god prophetic strains.

She had foretold that troubles were at hand for her son and for herself, and much beside she had forecast, which time proved true. Too true, indeed, the mother proved when, banished with her, the youth forsook Arcaida and the god of his Parrhasian home. He wept, but she, his mother, said, "Check, prithee, thy tears; bear like a man thy fortune. 'Twas fated so; no fault of thine has banished thee, the deed is God's; an offended god has driven thee from the city. What thou dost endure is not the punishment of sin but heaven's ire: in great misfortunes it is something to be unstained by crime. As each man's conscience is, so doth it, for his deeds, conceive within his breast or hope or fear. Nor mourn these sufferings as if thou wert the first to suffer; such storms have whelmed the mighty. Cadmus endured the same, he, who of old, driven from Tyrian coasts, halted an exile on Aonian soil. Tydeus endured the same, and Pagasaean Jason too, and others more of whom it were long to tell. Every land is to the brave his country, as to the fish the sea, as to the bird whatever place stands open in the void world. Nor does the wild tempest rage the whole year long; for thee, too, trust me, there will be spring-time yet."

Cheered by his parent's words, Evander cleft in his ship the billows and made the Hesperian land. And now at sage Carmentis' bidding he had steered his bark into a river and was stemming the Tuscan stream. Carmentis spied the river bank, where it is bordered by Tarentum's shallow pool ; she, also spied the huts dotted about these solitudes. And even as she was, with streaming hair she stood before the poop and sternly stayed the steersman's hand; then

stretching out her arms to the right bank, she thrice stamped wildly on the pinewood deck. Hardly, yea hardly did Evander hold her back from leaping in her haste to land. "All hail!" she cried, "Gods of the Promised Land! And hail! thou country that shalt give new gods to heaven! Hail rivers and fountains, which to this hospitable land pertain! Hail nymphs of the groves and bands of Naiads! May the sight of you be of good omen to my son and me! And happy be the foot that touches yonder bank! Am I deceived? or shall yon hills by stately walls be hid, and from this spot of earth, shall all the earth take law? The promise runs that the whole world shall one day belong to yonder mountains. Who could believe that the place was big with such a fate? Anon Dardanian barks shall ground upon these shores: here, too, a woman shall be the source of a new war. Pallas, my grandson dear, why don those fatal arms? Ah, put them on! By no mean champion shalt thou be avenged. Howbeit, conquered Troy, thou shalt yet conquer and from they fall shalt rise again: thy very ruin overwhelms the dwellings of thy foes. Ye conquering flames, consume Neptunian Pergamum! Shall that prevent its ashes from o'ertopping all the world? Anon pious Aeneas shall hither bring his sacred burden, and, burden no whit less sacred, his own sire; Vesta, admit the gods of Ilium! The time will come when the same hand shall guard you and the world, and when a god shall in his own person hold he sacred rites. In the line of Augustus the guardianship of the fatherland shall abide: it is decreed that his house shall hold the reins of empire. Thereafter the god's son and grandson, despite his own refusal, shall support with heavenly mind the weight his father bore; and even as I myself shall one day be sanctified at eternal altars, so shall Julia Augusta be a new divinity." When in these words she had brought her story down to our own time, her prophetic tongue stopped short at the middle of her discourse. Landing from his ships, Evander stood an exile on the Latian sward, fortunate indeed to have that ground for place of exile! But little time elapsed until new dwellings rose, and of all the Ausonian mounts not one surpassed the Arcadian.

Lo! the club-bearer hither drives the Erythean kine; a long road he had travelled across the world; and while he is kindly entertained in the Tegean house, the kine unguarded stray about the spacious

fields. When morning broke, roused from his sleep the Tirynthian drover perceived that of the tale two bulls were missing. He sought but found no tracks of the noiselessly stolen beasts. Fierce Cacus had dragged the bulls backwards into his cave, Cacus the terror and shame of the Aventine wood, to neighbours and to strangers no small curse. Grim was his aspect, huge his frame, his strength to match; the monster's sire was Mulciber. For house he had a cavern vast with long recesses, hidden so that hardly could the wild beasts themselves discover it. Above the doorway skulls and arms of men were fastened pendent, while the ground bristled and bleached with human bones. The son of Jove was going off with the loss of part of the herd, when the stolen cattle lowed hoarsely. "I accept the recall," quoth he, and following the sound he came, intent on vengeance, through the woods to the unholy cave. But the robber had blocked the entrance with a barricade of crag, scarcely could twice five yoke of oxen have stirred that mass. Hercules shoved it with his shoulders – the shoulders on which the sky itself had once rested – and by the shock he loosened the vast bulk. Its overthrow was followed by a crash that startled even the upper air, and the battered ground sank under the ponderous weight. At first Cacus fought hand to hand, and waged battle fierce with rocks and logs. But when these naught availed him, worsted he had recourse to his sire's tricks, and belched flames from his roaring mouth; at every blast you might deem that Typhoeus blew, and that a sudden blaze shot out from Etna's fires. But Alcides was too quick for him; up he heaved the triple-knotted club, and brought it thrice, yea four times down full on the foeman's face. He fell, vomiting smoke mixed with blood, and dying beat the ground with his broad breast.

Of the bulls the victor sacrificed one to thee, Jupiter, and invited Evander and the swains to the feast; and for himself he set up the altar which is called the Greatest at the spot where a part of the City takes its name from an ox. Nor did Evander's mother hide the truth that the time was at hand when earth would have done with its hero Hercules. But the happy prophetess, even as she lived in highest favour with the gods, so now herself a goddess hath she this day in Janus' month all to herself.

IDUS. 13th

On the Ides the chaste priest offers in the flames the bowels of a gelded ram in the temple of great Jove. On that day, too, every province was restored to our people, and thy grandsire received the title of Augustus. Peruse the legends graved on the waxen images ranged round noble halls; titles so lofty never were bestowed on man before. Africa named her conqueror after herself; another by his style attests Isaurian or Cretan power subdued: one gloried in Numidians laid low, another in Messana, while from the city of Numantia yet a third drew his renown. To Germany did Drusus owe his title and his death: woe's me! that all that goodness should be so short-lived! Did Caesar take his titles from the vanquished, then must he assume as many names as there are tribes in the whole world. Some have earned fame from single enemies, taking their names either from a necklace won or from a raven confederate in the fight. Pompey, thy name of Great is the measure of thy deeds, but he who conquered thee was greater still in name. No surname can rank above that which the Fabii bear: for their services their family was called the Greatest. But yet the honours bestowed on all of these are human: Augustus alone bears a name that ranks with Jove supreme. Holy things are by the fathers called august: the epithet august is applied to temples that have been duly dedicated by priestly hands: from the same root come augury and all such augmentation as Jupiter grants by his power. May he augment our prince's empire and augment his years, and may an oaken crown protect your doors. Under the auspices of the gods may the same omens, which attended the sire, wait upon the heir of so great a surname, when he takes upon himself the burden of the world.

XVIII. KAL. FEB. 15th

When the third sun shall look back on the past Ides, the sacred rites will be repeated in honour of the Parrhasian goddess. For of old Ausonian matrons drove in carriages (*carpenta*), which I ween were also called after Evander's parent (*Carmentis*). Afterwards the honour was taken from them, and every matron vowed not to propagate the line of her ungrateful spouse by giving birth to offspring; and lest she should bear children, she rashly by a secret thrust discharged the growing burden from her womb. They say the senate reprimanded the wives for their daring cruelty, but restored

the right of which they had been mulcted; and they ordained that now two festivals be held alike in honour of the Teagean mother to promote the birth of boys and girls. It is not lawful to bring leather into her shrine, lest her pure hearths should be defiled by skins of slaughtered beasts. If thou hast any love of ancient rites, attend the prayers offered to her: you shall hear names you never knew before. Porrima and Postverta are palacated, whether they be thy sisters, Maenalian goddess, or companions of thine exile: the one is thought to have sung of what was long ago (*porro*), the other of what should come to pass hereafter (*venturum postmodo*).

XVII. KAL. 16th

Fair goddess, thee the next morning set in thy snow-white fane, where high Moneta lifts her steps sublime : well shalt thou, Concord, o'ersee the Latin throng, now that consecrated hands have stablished thee. Furius the vanquisher of the Etruscan folk, had vowed the ancient temple, and he kept his vow. The cause was that the common folk had taken up arms and seceded from the nobles, and Rome dreaded her own puissance. The recent cause was better: Germany presented her dishevelled locks at thy command, leader revered; hence didst thou offer the spoil of the vanquished people, and didst build a temple to that goddess whom thou thyself dost worship. That goddess thy mother did stablish both by her life and by an altar, she who alone was found worthy to share the bed of mighty Jupiter.

XVI. KAL. 17th

When that is over, thou wilt quit Capricorn, O Phoebus, and wilt take thy course through the sign of the youth who carries water (Aquarius).

X. KAL. 23rd

When the seventh sun, reckoned from that day, shall have set in the sea, the Lyre will shine no longer anywhere in the sky.

IX. KAL. 24th

After the setting of that constellation (the Lyre), the fire that glitters in the middle of the Lion's breast will be sunk below the horizon at nightfall.

Three or four times I searched the record of the calendar, but nowhere did I find the Day of Sowing. Seeing me puzzled, the Muse observed, "That day is appointed by the priests. Why look for

movable feasts in the calendar? And while the day of the feast may shift, the season is fixed: it is when the seed has been sown and field fertilized.” Ye steers, take your stand with garlands on your heads at the full crib: with the warm spring your toil will return. Let the swain hang up on the post the plough that has earned its rest: in winter the ground fears every wound inflicted by the share. Thou bailiff, when the sowing is done, let the land rest, and let the men who tilled the land rest also. Let the parish keep festival; purify the parish, ye husbandmen, and offer the yearly cakes on the parish hearths. Propitiate Earth and Ceres, the mothers of the corn, with their own spelt and flesh of teeming sow.

Ceres and Earth discharge a common function: the one lends to the corn its vital force, the other lends it room. “Partners in labour, ye who reformed the days of old and replaced acorns of the oak by food more profitable, O satisfy the eager husbandmen with boundless crops, that they may reap the due reward of their tillage. O grant unto the tender seeds unbroken increase; let no the sprouting shoot be nipped by chilly snows. When we sow, let the sky be cloudless and winds blow fair; but when the seed is buried, then sprinkle it with water from the sky. Forbid the birds – pests of the tilled land – to devastate the fields of corn with their destructive flocks. You too, ye ants, O spare the sown grain; so shall ye have a more abundant booty after the harvest. Meantime may no scurfy mildew blight the growing crop nor foul weather blanch it to a sickly hue; may it neither shrivel up nor swell unduly and be choked by its own rank luxuriance. May the fields be free from darnel, that spoils the eyes, and may no barren wild oats spring from the tilled ground. May the farm yield, with manifold interest, crops of wheat, of barley, and of spelt, which twice shall bear the fire.” These petitions I offer for you, ye husbandmen, and do ye offer them yourselves, and may the two goddesses grant our prayers. Long time did wars engage mankind; the sword was handier than the share; the plough ox was ousted by the charger; hoes were idle, mattocks were turned into javelins, and a helmet was made out of a heavy rake. Thanks be to the gods and to thy house! Under your foot long time War has been laid in chains. Yoke the ox, commit the seed to the ploughed earth. Peace is the nurse of Ceres, and Ceres is the foster-child of Peace.

VI. KAL. 27th

On the sixth day before the coming Kalends a temple was dedicated to Leda's divine sons ; brothers of the race of the gods founded that temple for the brother gods beside Juturna's pools.

III. KAL. 30th

The course of my song hath led me to the altar of Peace. The day will be the second from the end of the month. Come, Peace, thy dainty tresses wreathed with Actian laurels, and let thy gentle presence abide in the whole world. So but there be nor foes nor food for triumphs, thou shalt be unto our chiefs a glory greater than war. May the soldier bear arms only to check the armed aggressor, and may the fierce trumpet blare for naught but solemn pomp! May the world near and far dread the sons of Aeneas, and if there be any land that feared not Rome, may it love Rome instead! Add incense, ye priests, to the flames that burn on the altar of Peace, let a white victim fall with wine anointed brow, and ask of the gods, who lend a favouring ear to pious prayers, that the house, which is the warranty of peace, with peace may last for ever.

But now the first part of my labour is done, and with the month of which it treats the book doth end.

BOOK II

January is over. The year progresses with my song: even as this second month, so may my second book proceed.

My elegiacs, now for the first time ye do sail with ampler canvas spread: As I remember, up till now your theme was slender. Myself I found you pliant ministers of love, when in the morn of youth I toyed with verse. Myself now sing of sacred rites and of the seasons marked in the calendar: who could think that this could come of that? Herein is all my soldiership: I bear the only arms I can: my right hand is not all unserviceable. If I can neither hurl the javelin with brawny arm, nor bestride the back of war horse; if there is no helmet on my head, no sharp sword at my belt – at such weapons any man may be a master of fence – still do I rehearse with hearty zeal thy titles, Caesar, and pursue thy march of glory. Come, then, and if the conquest of the foe leaves thee a vacant hour, O cast a kindly glance upon my gifts.

Our Roman fathers gave the name of *februa* to instruments of purifications: even to this day there are many proofs that such was the meaning of the word. The pontiffs ask the King and the Flamen for woollen cloths, which in the tongue of the ancients had the name of *februa*. When houses are swept out, the toasted spelt and slat which the officer gets as means of cleansing are called by the same name. The same name is given to the bough, which, cut from a pure tree, wreathes with its leaves the holy brows of the priests. I myself have seen the Flamen's wife (*Flaminica*) begging for februa; at her request for *februa* a twig of pine was given her. In short, anything used to cleanse our bodies went by that name in the time of our unshorn forefathers. The month is called after these things, because the Luperci purify the whole ground with strips of hide, which are their instruments of cleansing, or because the season is pure when once peace-offerings have been made at the graves and the days devoted to the dead are past. Our sires believed that every sin and every cause of ill could be wiped out by rites and purgation.

Greece set the example: she deems that the guilty can rid themselves of their crimes by being purified. Peleus cleansed

Acrorides, and Acastus cleansed Peleus himself from the blood of Phocus by the Haemonian waters. Wafted through the void by bridled dragons, the Phasian witch received a welcome, which she little deserved at the hands of trusting Aegeus. The son of Amphiaraus said to Naupactian Achelous, "O rid me of my sin," and the other did rid him of his sin. Fond fools alack! to fancy murder's gruesome stain by river water could be washed away! But yet, lest you should err through ignorance of the ancient order, know that the month of Janus was of old the first, even as now it is; the month that follows January was the last of the old year. Thy worship too, O Terminus, formed the close of the sacred rites. For the month of Janus came first because the door (*janua*) comes first; that month was nethermost which to the nether shades was consecrated. Afterwards the Decemvirs are believed to have joined together times which had been parted by a long interval.

KAL. FEB. 1st

At the beginning of the month Saviour (*Sospita*) Juno, the neighbour of the Phrygian Mother Goddess. If you ask, where are now the temples which on those Kalends were dedicated to the goddess? tumbled down they are with the long lapse of time. All the rest had in like sort gone to wrack and ruin, had it not been for the far-seeing care of our sacred chief, under whom the shrines feel not the touch of eld; and not content with doing favours to mankind he does them to the gods. O saintly soul, who dost build and rebuild the temples, I pray the powers above may take such care of thee as thou of them! May the celestials grant thee the length of years which thou bestowest on them, and may they stand on guard before thy house!

Then, too, the grove of Alernus is thronged with worshippers, fast by the spot where Tiber, coming from afar, makes for the ocean waves. At Numa's sanctuary, at the Thunderer's fane upon the Capitol, and on the summit of Jove's citadel a sheep is slain. Often, muffled in clouds, the sky discharges heavy rains, or under fallen snow the earth is hid.

IV. NON. 2nd

When the next sun, before he sinks into the western waves, shall from his purple steeds undo the jewelled yoke, someone that night, looking up at the stars, shall say, "Where is to-day the Lyre, he will mark that the back of the Lion also has of a sudden plunged into the watery waste.

III. NON. 3rd

The Dolphin, which of late thou didst see fretted with stars, will on the next night escape thy gaze. (He was raised to heaven) either because he was a lucky go-between in love's intrigues, or because he carried the Lesbian lyre and the lyre's master. What see, what land knows not Arion? By his son he used to stay the running waters. Often at his voice the wolf in pursuit of the lamb stood still, often the lamb halted fleeing from the ravening wolf; often hounds and hares have couched in the same covert, and the hind upon the rock has stood beside the lioness: at peace the chattering crow has sat with Pallas' bird, and the dove has been neighbour to the hawk. 'Tis said that Cynthia oft hath stood entranced, tuneful Arion, at thy notes, as if the notes had been struck by her brother's hand. Arion's fame had filled Sicilian cities, and by the music of his lyre he had charmed the Ausonian land. Thence wending homewards, he took ship and carried with him the wealth his art had won. Perhaps, poor wretch, thou didst dread the winds and waves, but in sooth the sea was safer for thee than thy ship. For the helmsman took his stand with a drawn sword, and the rest of the conspiring gang had weapons in their hands. What wouldst thou with a sword? Steer the crazy bark, thou mariner; these weapons ill befit thy hands. Quaking with fear the bard, "I deprecate not death," said he, "but let me take my lyre and play a little." They gave him leave and laughed at the delay. He took the crown that might well, Phoebus, become thy locks; he donned his robe twice dipped in Tyrian purple: touched by his thumb, the strings gave back a music all their own, such notes as the swan chants in mournful numbers when the cruel shaft has pierced his snowy brow. Straightway, with all his finery on, he leaped plump down into the waves: the reflux water splashed the azure poop. Thereupon they say (it sounds past credence) a dolphin did submit his arched back to

the unusual weight; seated there Arion grasped his lyre and paid his fare in song, and with his chant he charmed the ocean waves. The gods see pious deeds: Jupiter received the dolphin among the constellations, and bade him have nine stars.

NON. 5th

Now could I wish for a thousand tongues and for that soul of thine, Maeonides, which glorified Achilles, while I sing in distichs the sacred Nones. This is the greatest honour that is heaped upon the calendar. My genius faints: the burden is beyond my strength: this day above all others is to be sung by me. Fool that I was, how durst I lay so great a weight on elegiac verse? the theme was one for the heroic stanza. Holy Father of thy Country, this title hath been conferred on thee by the people, by the senate, and by us, the knights. But history had already conferred it; yet didst thou also receive, though late, thy title true; long time hadst thou been the Father of the World. Thou bearest on earth the name which Jupiter bears in high heaven: of men thou art the father, he of the gods. Romulus, thou must yield pride of place. Caesar by his guardian care makes great thy city walls: the walls thou gavest to the city were such as Remus could o'erleap. Thy power was felt by Tatius, the little Cures, and Caenina; under Caesar's leadership whate'er the sun beholds on either side is Roman. Thou didst own a little stretch of conquered land: all that exists beneath the canopy of Jove is Caesar's own. Thou didst rape wives: Caesar bade them under his rule be chaste. Thou didst admit the guilty to thy grove: he hath repelled the wrong. Thine was a rule of force: under Caesar it is the laws that reign. Thou didst the name of master bearer : he bears the name of prince. Thou hast an accuser in thy brother Remus: Caesar pardoned foemen. To heaven thy father raised thee: to heaven Caesar raised his sire.

Already the Idaean boy shows himself down to the waist, and pours a stream of water mixed with nectar. Now joy too, ye who shrink from the north wind; from out the west a softer gale doth blow.

V. ID. 9th

When five days later the Morning Star has lifted up its radiance bright from out the ocean waves, then is the time that spring begins. But yet be not deceived, cold days are still in store for thee, indeed they are: departing winter leaves behind great tokens of himself.

III. ID. 11th

Come the third night, thou shalt straightway remark that the Bear-Ward has thrust forth both his feet. Among the Hamadryads in the train of the archeress Diana one of the sacred band was called Callisto. Laying her hand on the bow of the goddess, "Thou bow," quoth she, "which thus I touch, bear witness to my virginity." Cynthia approved the vow, and said, "Keep but thy plighted troth and thou shalt be the foremost of my company." Her troth she would have kept if she had not been fair. With mortals she was on her guard; it was with Jove she sinned. Of wild beasts in the forest Phoebe had chased full many a score, and home she was returning at noon or after noon. No sooner had she reached the grove – the grove where the thick holm-oaks cast a gloom and in the midst a deep fountain of cool water rose – than the goddess spake: "Here in the wood," quoth she, "let's bathe, thou maid of Arcady." At the false name of maid the other blushed. The goddess spoke to the nymphs as well, and they put off their robes. Callisto was ashamed and bashfully delayed. But when she doffed her tunic, too plainly, self-convicted, her big belly betrayed the weight she bore. To whom the goddess spake: "Daughter of Lycaon forsworn, forsake the company of maids and defile not the pure waters." Ten times the horned moon had filled her orb afresh, when she who had been thought a maid was proved a mother. The injured Juno raged and changed the damsel's shape. Why so? Against her will Jove ravished her. And when in the leman she beheld the ugly features of the brute, quoth Juno, "Let Jupiter now court her embraces." But she, who of late had been beloved by highest Jove, now roamed, a shaggy she-bear, the mountains wild. The child she had conceived in sin was now in his third lustre when his mother met him. She indeed, as if she knew him, stood distraught

and growled; a growl was all the mother's speech. Her the stripling with his sharp javelin would have pierced, but that hey both were caught up into the mansions on high. As constellations they sparkle beside each other. First comes what we call the Bear; the Bear-Ward seems to follow at her back. Still Saturn's daughter frets and begs grey Tethys never to touch and wash with her waters the Bear of Maenalus.

IDUS. 13th

On the Ides the altars of rustic Faunus smoke, there where the island breaks the parted waters. This was the day on which thrice a hundred and thrice two Fabii fell by Veientine arms. A single house had undertaken the defence and burden of the city: the right hands of a single clan proffered and drew their swords. From the same camp a noble soldiery marched forth, of whom any one was fit to be a leader. The nearest way is by the right-hand arch of Carmentis' gate: go not that way, whoe'er thou art: 'tis ominous. By it, the rumour runs, the three hundred Fabii went forth. No blame attaches to the gate, but still 'tis ominous. When at quick pace they reached the rushing Cremera (it flowed turbid with winter rain) they pitched their camp on the spot, and with drawn swords broke through the Tyrrhenian array right valiantly, even as lions of the Libyan breed attack herds scattered through spacious fields. The foemen flee dispersed, stabbed in the back with wounds dishonourable: with Tuscan blood the earth is red. So yet again, so oft they fall. When open victory was denied them, they set an ambush of armed men in wait. A plain there was, bounded by hills and forest, where the mountain beasts could find commodious lair. In the midst the foe left a few of their number and some scattered herds: the rest of the host lurked hidden in the thickets. Lo, as a torrent, swollen by rain or snow which the warm West Wind has melted, sweeps across the cornfields, across the roads, nor keeps its waters pent within the wonted limit of its banks, so the Fabii rushed here and there broadcast about the vale; all that they saw they felled; no other fear they knew. Whither away, ye scions of an illustrious house? 'Tis ill to trust the foe. O noble hearts and simple, beware of treacherous blades! By fraud is valour

vanquished: from every hand the foe leaps forth into the open plain, and every side they hold. What can a handful of the brave do against so many thousands? Or what help is left for them in such extremity? As a boar, driven afar from the woods by the pack, scatters the swift hounds with thunderous snout, but soon himself is slain, so do they die not unavenged, giving and taking wounds alternately. One day send forth to war the Fabii all: one day undid all they were sent to war. Yes may we believe that the gods themselves took thought to save the seed of the Herculean house; for a boy under age, too young to bear arms, was left alone of all the Fabian clan, to the end, no doubt, that thou, Maximus, mightest one day be born to save the commonwealth by biding time.

XVI. KAL. MART. 14th

Three constellations lie grouped together – the Raven, the Snake, and the Bowl, which stands midway between the other two. On the Ides they are invisible: they rise the following night. Why the three are so closely linked together, I will tell to thee in verse. It chanced that Phoebus was preparing a solemn feast for Jupiter: my tale shall not waste time. “Go, my bird,” said Phoebus, “that naught may delay the pious rites, and bring a little water from running springs.” The raven caught up a gilded bowl in his hooked claws and flew aloft on his airy journey. A fig-tree stood loaded with fruit still unripe: the raven tried it with his beak, but it was not fit to gather. Unmindful of his orders he perched, ‘tis said, under the tree to wait till the fruit should sweeten lingeringly. And when at last he ate his fill, he snatched a long water-snake in his black talons, and returning to his master brought back a lying tale: “This snake was the cause of my delay: he blocked the living water: he kept the spring from flowing and me from doing my duty.” “You aggravate your fault,” quoth Phoebus, “by your lies, and dare attempt to cheat the god of prophecy by fibs? But as for you, you shall drink cool water from no spring until the figs upon the tree grow juicy.” He spake, and for a perpetual memorial of this ancient incident the constellations of the Snake, the Bird, and the Bowl now sparkle side by side.

XV. KAL. 15th

The third morn after the Ides beholds the naked Luperci, and then, too, come the rites of two-horned Faunus. Declare, Pierian Muses, the origin of the rites, and from what quarter they were fetched and reached our Latin homes. The Arcadians of old are said to have worshipped Pan, the god of cattle, him who haunts the Arcadian ridges. Witness Mount Pholoe, witness the Stymphalian waters, and the Ladon that seaward runs with rapid current: witness the ridges of the Nonacrine grove begirt with pinewoods: witness high Tricrene and the Parrhasian snows. There Pan was the deity of herds, and there, too, of mares; he received gifts for keeping safe the sheep. Evander brought with him across the sea his woodland deities; where now the city stands, there was then naught but the city's site. Hence we worship the god, and the Flamen Dialis still performs in the olden way the rites brought hither by the Pelasgians. You ask, Why then do the Luperci run? and why do they strip themselves and bear their bodies naked, for so it is their wont to run? The god himself loves to scamper, fleet of foot, about the high mountains, and he himself takes suddenly to flight. The god himself is nude and bids his ministers go nude: besides, raiment sorted not well with running. The Arcadians are said to have possessed their land before the birth of Jove, and that folk is older than the moon. Their life was like that of beasts, unprofitably spent; artless as yet and raw was the common corn: water scooped up in two hollows of the hands to them was nectar. No bull panted under the weight of the bent ploughshare: no land was under the dominion of the husbandman: there was as yet no use for horses, every man carried his own weight: the sheep went clothed in its own wool. Under the open sky they lived and went about naked, inured to heavy showers and rainy winds. Even to this day the unclad ministers recall the memory of the olden custom and attest what comforts the ancients knew.

But to explain why Faunus should particularly eschew the use of drapery a merry tale is handed down from days of old. As chance would have it, the Tirynthian youth was walking in the company of his mistress ; Faunus saw them both from a high ridge. He saw and burned. "Ye mountain elves (spirits)," quoth he. "I'm done with you.

Yon shall be my true flame.” As the Maeonian damsel tripped along, her scented locks streamed down her shoulders; her bosom shone resplendent with golden braid. A golden parasol kept off the sun’s warm beams; and yet it was the hands of Hercules that bore it up. Now had she reached the grove of Bacchus and the vineyards of Tmolus, and dewy Hesperus rode on his dusky steed. She passed within a cave, whereof the fretted roof was all of tufa and of living rock, and at the mouth there ran a babbling brook. While the attendants were making ready the viands and the wine for the wassail, she arrayed Alcides in her own garb. She gave him gauzy tunics in Gaetulian purple dipped; she gave him the dainty girdle, which but now had girt her waist. For his belly the girdle was too small; he undid the claps of the tunics to thrust out his big hands. The bracelets he had broken, not made to fit those arms; his fig feet split the little shoes. She herself took the heavy club, the lion’s skin, and the lesser weapons stored in their quiver. In such array they feasted, in such array they resigned themselves to slumber, and lay down apart on beds set side by side; the reason was that they were preparing to celebrate in all purity, when day should dawn, a festival in honour of the discoverer of the vine.

‘Twas midnight. What durst not wanton love essay? Through the gloom came Faunus to the dewy cave, and when he saw the attendants in drunken slumber sunk, he conceived a hope that their masters might be as sound asleep. He entered and, rash lecher, he wandered to and fro; with hands outstretched before him he felt his cautious way. At last he reached by groping the beds, where they were spread, and at his first move fortune smiled on hi. When he felt the bristly skin of the tawny lion, he stayed his hand in terror, and thunderstruck recoiled, as oft on seeing a snake a wayfarer freezes in alarm. Then he touched the soft drapes of the next couch, and its deceptive touch beguiled him. He mounted and reclined on the nearer side, his swollen penis harder than horn, and meanwhile pulling up the bottom edge of the garment; there he met legs that bristled with thick rough hair. Before he could go further, the Tiryinthian hero abruptly thrust him away, and down he fell from the top of the bed. There was a crash. Omphale called for her attendants and demanded a light: torches were brought in, and the truth was out. After his

heavy fall from the high couch Faunus groaned and scarce could lift himself from the hard ground. Alcides laughed, as did all who saw him lying; the Lydian wench laughed also at her lover. Thus betrayed by vesture, the god loves not garments which deceive the eye, and bids his worshippers come naked to his rites.

To foreign reasons add, my Muse, some Latin ones, and let my steed career in his own dusty course. A she-goat had been sacrificed as usual to hoof-footed Faunus, and a crowd had come by invitation to partake of the scanty repast. While the priests were dressing the inwards, stuck on willow spits, the sun then riding in mid heaven, Romulus and his brother and the shepherd youth were exercising their naked bodies in the sunshine on the plain; they tried in sport the strength of their arms by crow-bars and javelins and by hurling ponderous stones. Cried a shepherd from a height, "O Romulus and Remus, robbers are driving off the bullocks across the pathless lands." To arm would have been tedious; out went the brothers both in opposite directions; but 'twas Remus who fell in with the freebooters and brought the booty back. On his return he drew the hissing inwards from the spits and said, "None but the victor surely shall eat these." He did as he had said, he and the Fabii together. Thither came Romulus foiled, and saw the empty tables and bare bones. He laughed, and grieved that Remus and the Fabii could have conquered when his own Quintilii could not. The fame of the deed endures: they run stripped, and the success of that day enjoys a lasting fame.

Perhaps you may also ask why that place is called the Lupercal, and what is the reason for denoting the day by such a name. Silvia, a Vestal, had given birth to heavenly babes, what time her uncle sat upon the throne. He ordered the infant boys to be carried away and drowned in the river. Rash man! one of those babes will yet be Romulus. Reluctantly his servants carry out the mournful orders (though they weep) and bear the twins to the place appointed. It chanced that the Albula, which took the names of Tiber from Tiberinus, drowned in its waves, was swollen with winter rain: where now the forums are, and where the valley of the Circus Maximus lies, you might see boats floating about. Hither when they were come, for farther they could not go, one or other of them said:

“But how like they are! how beautiful is each! Yet of the two this one has more vigour. If lineage may be inferred from features, unless appearances deceive me, I fancy that some god is in you – but if some god were indeed the author of your being, he would come to your rescue in so perilous an hour; surely their mother would bring aid, if only aid she lacked not, she who as borne and lost her children in a single day. Ye bodies, born together to die together, together pass beneath the waves!” He ended, and from his bosom he laid down the twins. Both squalled alike: you would fancy they understood. With wet cheeks the bearers wended their homeward way. The hollow ark in which the babes were laid supported them on the surface of the water: ah me! how big a fate the little plank upbore! The ark drifted towards a shady wood, and, as the water gradually shoaled, it grounded on the mud. There was a tree (traces of it still remain), which is now called the Rumina fig-tree, but was once the Romulan fig-tree. A she-wolf which had cast her whelps came, wondrous to tell, to the abandoned twins: who could believe that the brute would not harm the boys? Far from harming, she helped them; and they whom ruthless kinsfolk would have killed with their own hands were suckled by a wolf! She halted and fawned on the tender babes with her tail, and licked into shape their two bodies with her tongue. You might know they were scions of Mars: fearless, they sucked her dugs and were fed on a supply of milk that was never meant for them. The she-wolf (*lupa*) gave her name to the place, and the place gave their name to the Luperci. Great is the reward the nurse has got for the milk she gave. Why should not the Luperci have been named after the Arcadian mountain? Lycaean Faunus has temples in Arcadia.

Thou bride, why tarry? Neither potent herbs, nor prayer, nor magic spells shall make of thee a mother; submit with patience to the blows dealt by a fruitful hand, soon will your husband’s sire enjoy the wished for name of grandsire. For there was a day when a hard lot ordained that wives but seldom gave their mates the pledges of the womb. Cried Romulus (for this befell when he was on the throne). “What boots it me to have ravished the Sabine women, if the wrong I did has brought me not strength but only war? Better it were our sons had never wed.” Under the Esquiline Mount a sacred grove,

untouched by woodman's axe for many a year, went by the name of the great Juno. Hither when they had come, husband and wives alike in supplication bowed the knee, when of sudden the tops of the trees shook and trembled, and wondrous words the goddess spake in her own holy grove: "Let the sacred he-goat," said she, "go in to Italian matrons." At the ambiguous words the crowd stood struck with terror. There was a certain augur (his name has dropped out with the long years, but he had lately come an exile from the Etruscan land): he slew a he-goat, and at his bidding the damsels offered their backs to be beaten with thongs cut from the hide. When in her tenth circuit the moon was renewing her horns, the husband was suddenly made a father and the wife a mother. Thanks to Lucina! this name, goddess, thou didst take from the sacred grove (*lucus*), or because with thee is the fount of light (*lucis*). Gracious Lucina, spare, I pray, women with child, and gently lift the ripe burden from the womb.

When that day has dawned, then trust no more the winds: at that season the breezes keep not faith; fickle are the blasts, and for six days the door of the Aeolian gaol unbarred stands wide. Now the light Water-Carrier (*Aquarius*) sets with his tilted urn: next in turn do thou, O Fish, receive the heavenly steeds. They say that thou and thy brother (for ye are constellations that sparkle side by side) did support twain gods upon your backs. Once on a time Dione, fleeing from the dreadful Typhon, when Jupiter bore arms in defence of heaven, came to the Euphrates, accompanied by the little Cupid, and sat down by the brink of the Palestinian water. Poplars and reeds crowned the top of the banks, and willows offered hope that the fugitives also could find covert there. While she lay hid, the grove rustled in the wind. She turned pale with fear, and thought that bands of foes were near. Holding her child in her lap, "To the rescue, nymphs!" she said, "and to two deities bring help!" Without delay she sprang forward. Twin fish received her on their backs, wherefore they now possess the stars, a guerdon meet. Hence scrupulous Syrians count it sin to serve up such fry upon the table, and will not defile their mouths with fish.

XIII. KAL. 17th

Next day is vacant, but the third is dedicated to Quirinus, who is so called (he was Romulus before) either because the ancient Sabines called a spear *curis*, and by his weapon the warlike god won his place among the stars; or because the Quirites gave their own name to their king; or because he united Cures to Rome. For when the father, lord of arms, saw the new walls and the many wars waged by the hand of Romulus, "O Jupiter," he said, "the Roman power hath strength: it needs not the services of my offspring. To the sire give back the son. Though one of the two has perished, the one who is left to me will suffice both for himself and for Remus. Thou myself hast said to me that there will be one whom thou wilt exalt to the blue heavens. Let the word of Jupiter be kept." Jupiter nodded assent. At his nod both the poles shook, and Atlas shifted the burden of the sky. There is a place which the ancients call the She-goat's Marsh. It chanced that there, Romulus, thou wast judging thy people. The sun vanished and rising clouds obscured the heaven, and there fell a heavy shower of rain in torrents. Then it thundered, then the sky was riven by shooting flames. The people fled, and the king upon his father's steeds soared to the stars. There was mourning, and the senators were falsely charged with murder, and haply that suspicion might have stuck in the popular mind. But Julius Proculus was coming from Alba Longa; the moon was shining, and there was no need of a torch, when of a sudden the hedges on his left shook and trembled. He recoiled and his hair bristled up. It seemed to him that Romulus, fair of aspect, in stature more than human, and clad in a goodly robe, stood there in the middle of the road and said, "Forbid the Quirites to mourn, let them not profane my divinity by their tears. Bid the pious throng bring incense and propitiate the new Quirinus, and bid them cultivate the arts their fathers cultivated, the art of war." So he ordered, and from the other other's eyes he vanished into thin air. Proculus called the peoples together and reported the words as he had been bid. Temples were built to the god, and the hill also was named after him, and the rites observed by our fathers come round on fixed days.

Learn also why the same day is called the Feast of Fools. The reason for the name is trifling but apt. The earth of old was tilled by men unlearned: war's hardships wearied their active frames. More

glory was to be won by the sword than by the curved plough; the neglected farm yielded its master but a small return. Yet spelt the ancients sowed, and spelt they reaped; of the cut spelt they offered the first-fruits to Ceres. Taught by experience they toasted the spelt on the fire, and many losses they incurred through their own fault. For at one time they would sweep up the black ashes instead of spelt, and at another time the fire caught the huts themselves. So they made the oven into a goddess of that name (*Fornax*); delighted with her, the farmers prayed that she would temper the heat to the corn committed to her charge. At the present day the Prime Warden (*Curio Maximus*) proclaims in a set form of words the time for holding the Feast of Ovens (*Fornacalia*), and he celebrates the rites at no fixed date; and round about the Forum hang many tablets, on which every ward has its own particular mark. The foolish part of the people know not which is their own ward, but hold the feast on the last day to which it can be postponed.

IX. KAL. 21st

Honour is paid, also, to the grave. Appease the souls of your fathers and bring small gifts to the tombs erected to them. Ghosts ask but little: they value piety more than a costly gift: no greedy gods are they who in the world below do haunt the banks of Styx. A tile wreathed with votive garlands, a sprinkling of corn, a few grains of salt, bread soaked in wine, and some loose violets, these are offerings enough: set these on a potsherd and leave it in the middle of the road. Not that I forbid larger offerings, but even these suffice to appease the shades: add prayers and the appropriate words at the hearths set up for the purpose. This custom was introduced into thy lands, righteous Latinus, by Aeneas, fit patron of piety. He to his father's spirit solemn offerings brought; from him the peoples learned the pious rites.

But once upon a time, waging long wars with martial arms, they did neglect the All Souls' Days. The negligence was not unpunished; for tis said that from that ominous day Rome grew hot with the funeral fires that burned without the city. They say, though I can hardly think it, that the ancestral souls did issue from the tombs and

make their moan in the hours of stilly night; and hideous ghosts, a shadowy throng, they say, did howl about the city streets and the wide fields. Afterwards the honours which had been omitted were again paid to the tombs, and so a limit was put to prodigies and funerals.

But while these rites are being performed, ye ladies change not your widowed state: let the nuptial torch of pine wait till the days are pure. And O, thou damsel, who to thine eager mother shalt appear all ripe for marriage, let not the bent-back spear comb down the maiden hair! O God of Marriage (Hymenaeus), hide thy torches, and from these sombre fires bear them away! Far other are the torches that light up the rueful grave. Screen, too, the gods by shutting up the temple doors; let no incense burn upon the altars, no fire upon the hearths. Now do the unsubstantial souls and buried dead wander about, now doth the ghost batten upon his dole. But this only lasts until there remain as many days of the month as there are feet in my couplets. That day they name the Feralia, because they carry (*ferunt*) to the dead their dues: its is the last day for propitiating the ghosts.

Lo, an old hag, seated among girls, performs rites in honour of Tacita ("the Silent Goddess"), but herself is not silent. With three fingers she puts three lumps of incense under the threshold, where the little mouse has made for herself a secret path. Then she binds enchanted threads together with dark lead, and mumbles seven black beans in her mouth; and she roasts in the fire the head of a small fish which she has sewed up, made fast with pitch, and pierced through and through with a bronze needle. She also drops wine on it, and the wine that is left over she or her companions drink, but she gets the larger share. Then as she goes off she says, "We have bound fast hostile tongues and unfriendly mouths." So exit the old woman drunk.

At once you will ask of me, "Who is the goddess Muta ('the Mute')?" Hear what I learned from the old men gone in years. Conquered by exceeding love of Juturna, Jupiter submitted to many things which so great a god ought not to bear. For now she would hide in the woods among the hazel-thickets, now she would leap down into her sister waters. The god called together all the nymphs who dwell in Latium, and thus in the midst of the troop he spake

aloud: "Your sister is her own enemy, and shuns that union with the supreme god which is all for her good. Pray look to her interests and to mine, for what is a great pleasure to me will be a great boon to your sister. When she flees, stop her on the edge of the bank, lest she plunge into the water of the river." He spake. Assent was given by all the nymphs of Tiber and by those who haunt, Ilia divine, thy wedding bowers. It chanced there was a Naiad nymph, Lara by name; but her old name was the first syllable repeated twice, and that was given her to mark her failing. Many a time Almo had said to her, "My daughter, hold thy tongue," but hold it she did not. No sooner did she reach the pools of her sister Juturna than, "Fly the banks," said she, and reported the words of Jupiter. She even visited Juno and, after expressing her pity for married dames, "Your husband," quoth she, "is in love with the Naiad Juturna." Jupiter fumed and wrenched from her the tongue she had used so indiscreetly. He also called for Mercury. "Take her to the deadland," said he, "that's the place for mutes. A nymph she is, but a nymph of the infernal marsh she'll be." The orders of Jupiter were obeyed. On their way they came to a grove: then it was, they say, that she won the heart of her divine conductor. He would have used force; for want of words she pleased with a look, and all in vain she strove to speak with her dumb lips. She went with child, and bore twins, who guard the cross-roads and ever keep watch in our city: they are the Lares.

VIII. KAL. 22nd

The next day received its name of Caristia from dear (*cari*) kinsfolk. A crowd of near relations comes to meet the family gods. Sweet it is, no doubt, to recall our thoughts to the living soon as they have dwelt upon the grave and on the dear ones dead and gone; sweet, too, after so many lost, to look upon those of our blood who are left, and to count kin with them. Come none but the innocent! Far, far from here be the unnatural brother, and the mother who is harsh to her own offspring, he whose father lives too long, he who reckons up his mother's years, and the unkind mother-in-law who hates and maltreats her daughter-in-law. Here is no place for the brothers,

scions of Tantalus, for Jason's wife, for her who gave to husbandmen the toasted seeds, for Procne and her sister, for Tereus, cruel to them both, and for him, who'er he be, who amasses wealth by crime. Give incense to the family gods, ye virtuous ones (on that day above all others Concord is said to lend her gentle presence); and offer food, that the Lares, in their girt-up robes, may feed at the platter presented to them as a pledge of the homage that they love. And now, when dank night invites to slumber calm, fill high the wine-cup for the prayer and say, "Hail to you! hail to thee, Father of thy Country, Caesar the Good!" and let good speech attend the pouring wine.

XII. KAL. 23rd

When the night had passed, see to it that the god who marks the boundaries of the tilled lands receives his wonted honour. O Terminus, whether thou art a stone or stump buried in the field, thou too hast been deified from days of yore. Thou art crowned by two owners on opposite sides; they bring thee two garlands and two cakes. An altar is built. Hither the husbandman's rustic wife brings with her own hands on a potsherd the fire which she has taken from the warm hearth. The old man chops wood, and deftly piles up the billets, and strives to fix the branches in the solid earth: then he nurses the kindling flames with dry bark, the boy stands by and holds the broad basket in his hands. When from the basket he had thrice thrown corn into the midst of the fire, the little daughter presents the cut honeycombs. Others hold vessels of wine. A portion of each is cast into the flames. The company dressed in white look on and hold their peace. Terminus himself, at the meeting of the bounds, is sprinkled with the blood of a slaughtered lamb, and grumbles not when a suckling pig is given him. The simple neighbours meet and hold a feast, and sing thy praises, holy Terminus: "Thou dost set bounds to peoples and cities and vast kingdoms; without thee every field would be a root of wrangling. Thou courtest no favour thou art bribed by no gold: the lands entrusted to thee thou dost guard in loyal good faith. If thou of old hadst marked the bounds of the Thyrean land, three hundred men had not been done to death, nor had the

name of Othryades been read on the piled arms. O how he made his fatherland to bleed! What happened when the new Capitol was being built? Why, the whole company of gods withdrew before Jupiter and made room for him; but Terminus, as the ancients relate, remained where he was found in the shrine, and shares the temple with great Jupiter. Even to this day there is a small hole in the roof of the temple, that he may see naught above him but the stars. From that abide in that station in which thou hast been placed. Yield not an inch to a neighbour, though he ask thee, lest thou shouldst seem to value man above Jupiter. And whether they beat thee with ploughshares or with rakes, cry out, ‘This is thy land, and that is his.’” There is a way that leads folk to the Laurentine fields, the kingdom once sought by the Dardanian chief: on that way the sixth milestone from the City witnesses the sacrifice of the woolly sheep’s guts to thee, Terminus. The land of other nations has a fixed boundary: the circuit of Rome is the circuit of the world.

VI. KAL 24th

Now have I to tell of the Flight of the King : from it the sixth day from the end of the month has taken its name. The last to reign over the Roman people was Tarquin, a man unjust, yet puissant in arms. He had taken some cities and overturned others, and had made Gabii his own by foul play. For the king’s three sons the youngest, true scion of his proud sire, came in the silent night into the midst of the foes. They drew their swords. “Slay an unarmed man!” said he. “‘Tis what my brothers would desire, and Tarquin, my sire, who gashed my back with cruel scourge.” In order that he might urge this plea, he had submitted to a scourging. The moon shone. They beheld the youth and sheathed their swords, for they saw the scars on his back, where he drew down his robe. They even wept and begged that he would side with them in war. The cunning knave assented to their unwary suit. No sooner was he installed in power than he sent a friend to ask his father to show him the way of destroying Gabii. Below the palace lay a garden trim of odoriferous plants, whereof the ground was cleft by a book of purling water: there Tarquin received the secret message of his son, and with his staff he mowed the tallest

lilies. When the messenger returned and told of the cropped lilies, "I take," quoth the son, "my father's bidding." Without delay, he put to the sword the chief men of the city of Gabii and surrendered the walls, now bereft of their native leaders.

Behold. O horrid sight! from between the altars a snake came forth and snatched the sacrificial meat from the dead fires. Phoebus was consulted. An oracle was delivered in these terms: "He who shall first have kissed his mother will be victorious." Each one of the credulous company, not understanding the god, hasted to kiss his mother. The prudent Brutus feigned to be a fool, in order that from thy snares, Tarquin the Proud, dread king, he might be safe; lying prone he kissed his mother Earth, but they thought he had stumbled and fallen. Meantime the Roman legions had compassed Ardea, and the city suffered a long and lingering siege. While there was naught to do, and the foe feared to join battle, they made merry in the camp; the soldiers took their ease. Young Tarquin entertained his comrades with feast and wine: among them the king's son spake: "While Ardea keeps us here on tenterhooks with sluggish war, and suffers us not to carry back our arms to the gods of our fathers, what of the loyalty of the marriage-bed? and are we as dear to our wives as they to us?" Each praised his wife: in their eagerness dispute ran high, and every tongue and heart grew hot with the deep draughts of wine. Then up and spake the man who from Collatia took his famous name: "No need of words! Trust deeds! There's night enough. To horse! and ride we to the City." They saying pleased them; the steeds are bridled and bear their masters to the journey's end. The royal palace first they seek: no sentinel was at the door. Lo, they find the king's daughters-in-law, their necks draped with garlands, keeping their vigils over the wine. Thence they galloped to Lucretia, before whose bed were baskets full of soft wool. By a dim light the handmaids were spinning their allotted stints of yarn. Amongst them the lady spoke on accents soft: "Haste ye now, haste, my girls! The cloak our hands have wrought must to your master be instantly dispatched. But what news have ye? For more news comes your way. How much do they say of the war is yet to come? Hereafter thou shalt be vanquished and fall: Ardea, thou dost resist thy betters, thou jade, that keepest perforce our husbands far away! If only they came back!

But mine is rash, and with drawn sword he rushes anywhere. I faint, I die, oft as the image of my soldier spouse steals on my mind and strikes a chill into my breast.” She ended weeping, dropped the stretched yarn, and buried her face in her lap. The gesture was becoming; becoming, too, her modest tears; her face was worthy of its peer, her soul. “Fear not, I’ve come,” her husband said. She revived and on her spouse’s neck she hung, a burden sweet.

Meanwhile the royal youth caught fire and fury, and transported by blind love he raved. Her figure pleased him, and that snowy hue, that yellow hair, and artless grace; pleasing, too, her words and voice and virtue incorruptible; and the less hope he had, the hotter his desire. Now had the bird, the herald of the dawn, uttered his chant, when the young men retraced their steps to camp. Meantime the image of his absent love preyed on his senses crazed. “‘Twas thus she sat, ‘twas thus she dressed, ‘twas thus she spun the yarn, ‘twas thus her tresses lay fallen on her neck; that was her look, these were her words, that was her colour, that her form, and that her lovely face.” As after a great gale the surge subsides, and yet he billow heaves, lashed by the wind now fallen, so, though absent now that winsome form and far away, the love which by its presence it had struck into his heart remained. He burned, and, goaded by the pricks of an unrighteous love, he plotted violence and guile against an innocent bed. “The issue is in doubt. We’ll dare the utmost,” said he. “Let her look to it! God and fortune help the daring. By daring we captured Gabii too.”

So saying he girt his sword at his side and best rode his horse’s back. The bronze-bound gate of Collatia opened for him just as the sun was making ready to hide his face. In the guise of a guest the foe found his way into the home of Collatinus. He was welcomed kindly, for he came of kindred blood. How was her heart deceived! All unaware she, hapless dame, prepared a meal for her own foes. His repast over, the hour of slumber came. ‘Twas night, and not a taper shone in the whole house. He rose, and from the gilded scabbard he drew his sword, and came into thy chamber, virtuous spouse. And when he touched the bed, “The steel is in my hand, Lucretia,” said the king’s son “and I that speak am a Tarquin.” She answered never a word. Voice and power of speech and thought itself fled from her

breast. But she trembled, as trembles a little lamb that, caught straying from the fold, lies low under a ravening wolf. What could she do? Should she struggle? In a struggle a woman will always be worsted. Should she cry out? But in his clutch was a sword to silence her. Should she fly? His hands pressed heavy on her breast, the breast that till then had never known the touch of a stranger hand. Her lover foe is urgent with prayers, with bribes, with threats; but still he cannot move her by prayers, by bribes, by threats. "Resistance is vain," said he, "I'll rob thee of honour and of life. I, the adulterer, will bear false witness to thine adultery. I'll kill a slave, and rumour will have it that thou wert caught with him." Overcome by fear of infamy, the dame gave way. Why, victor, dost thou joy? This victory will ruin thee. Alack how dear a single night did cost thy kingdom!

And now the day had dawned. She sat with hair dishevelled, like a mother who must attend the funeral byre of her son. Her aged sire and faithful spouse she summoned from the camp, and both came without delay. When they saw her plight, they asked why she mourned, whose obsequies she was preparing, or what ill had befallen her. She was long silent, and for shame hid her face in her robe: her tears flowed like a running stream. On this side and on that her father and her spouse did soothe her grief and pray her to tell, and in blind fear they wept and quaked. Thrice she essayed to speak, and thrice gave o'er, and when the fourth time she summoned up courage she did not for that lift up her eyes. "Must I owe this too to Tarquin? Must I utter," quoth she, "must I utter, woe's me, with my own lips my own disgrace?" And what she can she tells. The end she left unsaid, but wept and a blush o'erspread her matron cheeks. Her husband and her sire pardoned the deed enforced. She said, "The pardon that you give, I do refuse myself." Without delay, she stabbed her breast with the steel she had hidden, and weltering in her blood fell at her father's feet. Even then in dying she took care to sink down decently: that was her thought even as she fell. Lo, heedless of appearances, the husband and father fling themselves on her body, moaning their common loss. Brutus came, and then at last belied his name; for from the half-dead body he snatched the weapon stuck in it, and holding the knife, that dripped with noble blood, he fearless spake these words of menace: "By this brave blood and chaste, and

by the ghost, who shall be god to me, I swear to be avenged on Tarquin and on his banished brood. Too long have I dissembled my manly worth.” At these words, even as she lay, she moved her lightless eyes and seemed by the stirring of her hair to ratify the speech. They bore her to burial, that matron of manly courage; and tears and indignation followed in her train. The gaping wound was exposed for all to see. With a cry Brutus assembled the Quirites and rehearsed the king’s foul deeds. Tarquin and his brood were banished. A consul undertook the government for a year. That day was the last of kingly rule.

Do I err? or has the swallow come, the harbinger of spring, and does he not fear lest winter should turn and come again? Yet often, Procne,⁷¹ wilt thou complain that thou hast made too much haste, and thy husband Tereus will be glad at the cold thou feelest.

III. KAL. 27th

And now two nights of the second month are left, and Mars urges on the swift steeds yoked to his chariot. The day has kept the appropriate name of Equirria (“horse-races”), derived from the races which the god himself beholds in his own plain. Thou Marching God (*Gradivus*), in thine own right thou comest. Thy season demands a place in my song, and the month marked by the name is at hand.

PR. KAL. 28th

We have come to port, for the book ends with the month. From this pinot may my bark now sail in other waters.

BOOK III

Come, warlike Mars; lay down thy shield and spear for a brief space, and from thy helmet loose thy glistering locks. Haply thou mayest ask, What has a poet to do with Mars? From thee the month which now I sing doth take its name. Thyself dost see that fierce wars are waged by Minerva's hands. Is she for that the less at leisure for the liberal arts? After the pattern of Pallas take a time to put aside the lance. Thou shalt find something to do unarmed. Then, too, wast thou unarmed when the Roman priestess captivated thee, that thou mightest bestow upon this city a great seed.

Silvia the Vestal (for why not start from her?) went in the morning to fetch water to wash the holy things. When she had come to where the path ran gently down the sloping bank, she set down her earthenware pitcher from her head. Weary, she sat her on the ground and opened her bosom to catch the breezes, and composed her ruffled hair. While she sat, the shady willows and the tuneful birds and the soft murmur of the water induced to sleep. Sweet slumber overpowered and crept stealthily over her eyes, and her languid hand dropped from her chin. Mars saw her; the sight inspired him with desire, and his desire was followed by possession, but by his power divine he hid his stolen joys. Sleep left her; she lay big, for already within her womb there was Rome's founder. Languid she rose, nor knew why she rose so languid, and leaning on a tree she spake these words: "Useful and fortunate, I pray, may that turn out which I saw in a vision of sleep. Or was the vision too clear for sleep? Methought I was by the fire of Ilium, when the woollen fillet slipped from my hair and fell before the sacred hearth. From the fillet there sprang a wondrous sight – two palm-trees side by side. Of them one was the taller and by its heavy boughs spread a canopy over the whole world, and with its foliage touched the topmost stars. Lo, mine uncle wielded an axe against the trees; the warning terrified me and my heart did throb with fear. A woodpecker – the bird of Mars and a she-wolf fought in defence of the twin trunks, and by their help both of the palms were saved." She finished speaking, and by a feeble effort lifted the full pitcher; she had filed it while she was telling her vision.

Meanwhile her belly swelled with a heavenly burden, for Remus was growing, and growing, too, was Quirinus.

When now two heavenly signs remained for the bright god to traverse, before the year could complete its course and run out, Silvia became a mother. The images of Vesta are said to have covered their eyes with their virgin hands; certainly the altar of the goddess trembled, when her priestess was brought to bed, and the terrified flame sank under its own ashes. When Amulius learned of this, scorner of justice that he was (for he had vanquished his brother and robbed him of power), he ordered the twins to be sunk in the river. The water shrank from such a crime, and the boys were left on dry land. Who knows not that the infants thrive on the milk of a wild beast, and that a woodpecker often brought food to the abandoned babes? Nor would I pass thee by in silence, Larentia, nurse of so great a nation, nor the help that thou didst give, poor Faustus. Your honour will find its place when I come to tell of the Larentalia; that festival falls in December, the month dear to the mirthful spirits. Thrice six years old was the progeny of Mars, and already under their yellow hair sprouted a fresh young beard: to all the husbandmen and masters of herds the brothers, sons of Ilia, gave judgement by request. Often they came home glad at blood of robbers spilt, and to their own domain drove back the raided kine. When they heard the secret of their birth, their spirits rose with the revelation of their sire, and they thought shame to have a name in a few huts. Amulius fell, pierced by the sword of Romulus, and the kingdom was restored to their aged grandfather. Walls were built, which, small though they were, it had been better for Remus not to have overleaped. And now what of late had been woods and pastoral solitudes was a city, when thus the father of the eternal city spake: "Umpire of war, from whose blood I am believed to have sprung (and to confirm that belief I will give many proofs), we name the beginning of the Roman year after thee; the first month shall be called by my father's name." The promise was kept; he did call the month by his father's name: this pious deed is said to have been well pleasing to the god. And yet the earlier ages had worshipped Mars above all gods; therein a warlike folk followed their bent. Pallas is worshipped by the sons of Cecrops, Diana by Minoan Crete, Vulcan by the Hypsipylia land, Juno by

Sparta and Pelopid Mycenae, while the Maenalian country worships Faunus, whose head is crowned with pine., Mars was the god to be revered by Latium, for that he is the patron of the sword; 'twas the sword that won for a fierce race empire and glory.

If you are at leixure, look into the foreign calendars, and you shall find in them also a month named after Mars. It was the third month in the Alban calendar, the fifth in the Faliscan, the sixth among thy peoples, land of the Hernicans. The Arician calendar is in agreement with the Alban and with that of the city whose lofty walls were built by the hand of Telegonus. It is the fifth month in the calendar of the Laurentines, the tenth in the calendar of the hardy Aequians, the fourth in the calendar of the folk of Cures, and the soldierly Pelignians agree with their Sabine forefathers; both peoples reckon Mars the god of the fourth month. In order that he might take precedence of all these, Romulus assigned the beginning of the year to the author of his being.

Nor had the ancients as many Kalends as we have now: their year was short by two months. Conquered Greece had not yet transmitted her arts to the victors; her people were eloquent but hardly brave. The doughty warrior understood the art of Rome, and he who could throw javelins was eloquent. Who then had noticed the Hyades or the Pleiads, daughters of Atlas, or that there were two poles in the firmament? and that there are two Bears, of which the Sidonians steer by Cynosura, while the Grecian mariners keeps his eye on Helice? and that the signs which the brother travels through in a long year the horses of the sister traverse in a single month? The stars ran their courses free and unmarked throughout the year; yet everybody agreed that they were gods. Heaven's gliding ensigns were beyond their reach, not so their own, to lose which was a great crime. Their ensigns were of hay, but as deep reverence was paid to hay as now you see paid to the eagles. A long pole carried the hanging bundles (*maniples*); from them the private (*maniplaris*) soldier takes his name. Hence through ignorance and lack of science they reckoned lustres, each of which was too short by ten months. A year was counted when the moon had returned to the full for the tenth time: that number was then in great honour, whether because that is the number of fingers by which we are wont to count, or because a

woman brings forth in twice five months, or because the numerals increase up to ten, and from that we start a fresh round. Hence Romulus divided the hundred senators into ten groups, and instituted ten companies of spear-men (*hastate*); and just so many companies there were of first-line men (*principes*), and also of javelin-men (*pilani*); and so too with the men who served on horses furnished by the state. Nay, Romulus assigned just the same number of divisions to the tribes, the Titienses, the Ramnes, as they are called, and the Luceres. Therefore in his arrangement of the year he kept the familiar number. That is the period for which a sad wife mourns for her husband.

If you would convince yourself that the Kalends of March were really the beginning of the year, you may refer to the following proofs: the laurel-branch of the flamens, after remaining in its place the whole year, is removed (on that day), and fresh leaves are put in the place of honour; then the king's door is green with the tree of Phoebus, which is set at it; and at thy portal, Old Chapel of the Wards, the same things is done ; the withered laurel is withdrawn from the Ilian hearth, that Vesta also may make a brave show, dressed in fresh leaves. Besides 'tis said that a new fire is lighted in her secret shrine, and the rekindled flame gains strength. And to my thinking no small proof that the years of old began with March is furnished by the observation that Anna Perenna begins to be worshipped in this month. With March, too, the magistrates are recorded to have entered on office, down to the time when, faithless Carthaginians, thou didst wage thy war. Lastly, the month of Quintilis is the fifth (*quintus*) month, reckoned from March, and with its begin the months which take their names from numbers. (Numa) Pompilius, who was escorted to Rome from the lands where olives grow, was the first to perceive that two months were lacking to the year, whether he learned that from the Samian sage who thought that we could be born again, or whether it was his Egeria who taught him. Nevertheless the calendar was still erratic down to the time when Caesar took it, like so much else, in charge. That god, the founder of a mighty line, did not deem the matter beneath his attention. Fain was he to foreknow that heaven which was his promised home; he would not enter as a stranger god mansions unknown. He is said to

have drawn up an exact table of the periods within which the sun returns to his proper signs. To three hundred and give days he added ten time six days and fifth part of the whole day. That is the measure of the year. The single day compounded of the (five) parts is to be added to the lustre.

KAL. MART. 1st

“If bards may list to secret promptings of the gods, as surely rumour thinks they may, tell me, thou Marching God (*Gradivus*), why matrons keep thy feast, whereas thou art apter to receive service from men.” Thus I inquired, and thus did Mars answer me, laying aside his helmet, though in his right hand he kept his throwing spear: “Now for the first time in the year am I, a god of war, invoked to promote the pursuits of peace, and I march into new camps, nor does it irk me so to do; upon this function also do I love to dwell, lest Minerva should fancy that such power is hers alone. They answer take, laborious singer of the Latin days, and write my words on memory’s tablets. If you would trace it back to its beginning, Rome was but little, nevertheless in that little town was hope of this great city. The walls were already standing, boundaries too cramped for future peoples, but then deemed to large for their inhabitants. If you ask what my son’s palace was, behold yon house of reeds and straw. There on the litter did he take the boon of peaceful sleep, and yet from that same bed he passed among the stars.

Already the Roman had a name that reached beyond his city, but neither wife nor wife’s father had he. Wealthy neighbours scorned to take poor men for their sons-in-law; hardly did they believe that I myself was the author of the breed. It told against the Romans that they dwelt in cattle-stalls, and fed sheep, and owned a few acres of waste land. Birds and beasts mate each with its kind, and a snake has some female of which to breed. The right of intermarriage is granted to peoples far away; yet was there no people that would wed with Romans. I chafed and bestowed on thee, Romulus, thy father’s temper. ‘A truce to prayers!’ I said, ‘What thou seekest, arms will give.’ Romulus prepared a feast for Consus. The rest that happened on that day Consus will tell thee, when thou shalt come to sing of his

rites. Cures and all who suffered the same wrong were furious: then for the first time did a father wage war upon his daughters' husbands. And now the ravished brides could claim the style of mothers also, and yet the war between the kindred folks kept lingering on, when the wives assembled by appointment in the temple of Juno. Among them my son's wife thus made bold to speak: 'O wives ravished alike – for that is a trait we have in common – no longer may we dawdle in our duties to our kin. The battle is set in array, but choose for which side ye will pray the gods to intervene: on one side stand our husbands in arms and on the other side your sires: the question is whether ye prefer to be widows or orphans. I will give you a piece of advice both bold and dutiful.' She gave the advice: they obeyed, and unbound their hair, and clad their bodies in the sad weeds of mourners. Already the armies were drawn up in array, alert for carnage; already the bugle was about to give the signal for battle, when the ravished wives interposed between their fathers and husbands, bearing at their bosom the dear pledges of love, their babes. When with their streaming hair they reached the middle of the plain, they knelt down on the ground, and the grandchildren stretched out their little arms to their grandfathers with winsome cries, as if they understood. Such as could cried 'Grandfather!' to him whom then they saw for the first time; such as could hardly do it were forced to try. The weapons and the passions of the warriors fall, and laying their swords aside fathers-in-law and sons-in-law grasp each other's hands. They praise and embrace their daughters, and the grandsire carried his grandchild on his shield; that was a sweeter use to which to put the shield.

Hence the duty, no light one, of celebrating the first day, my Kalends, is incumbent on Oebalian mothers, either because, boldly thrusting themselves on the bare blades, they by their tears did end these martial wars; or else mothers duly observe the rites on my day, because Ilia was happily made a mother by me. Moreover, frosty winter then at last retires, and shorn by the cold, return to the trees, and moist within the tender shoot the bud doth swell; now too the rank grass, long hidden, discovers secret paths whereby to lift its head in air. Now is the field fruitful, now is the hour for breeding cattle, now doth the bird upon the bough construct a nest and home;

‘tis right that Latin mothers should observe the fruitful season, for in their travail they both fight and pray. Add to this that where the Roman king kept watch, on the hill which now bears the name of Esquiline, a temple was founded, if I remember aright, on this very day by the Latin matrons in honour of Juno.

But why should I spin out the time and burden your memory with various reasons? The answer that you seek stands out plainly before your eyes. My mother loves brides; a crowd of mothers throngs my temple; so pious a reason is above all becoming to her and me.” Bring ye flowers to the goddess; this goddess delights in flowering plants; with fresh flowers wreath your heads. Say ye, “Thou, Lucina, hast bestowed on us the light (*lucem*) of life”; say ye, “thou dost hear the prayer of women in travail.” But let her who is with child unbind her hair before she prays, in order that the goddess may gently unbind her teeming womb.

Who will now tell me why the Salii bear the heavenly weapons of Mars and sing of Mamurius? Inform me, thou nymph who on Diana’s grove and lake dost wait; thou nymph, wife of Numa, come tell of thine own deeds. In the Arician vale there is a lake begirt by shady woods and hallowed by religion of old. Here Hippolytus lies hid, who by the reins of his steeds was rent in pieces: hence no horses enter that grove. The long fence is draped with hanging threads, and many a tablet there attests the merit of the goddess. Often doth a woman, whose prayer has been answered, carry from the City burning torches, while garlands wreath her brows. The strong of hand and fleet of foot do there reign kings, and each is slain thereafter even as himself has slain. A pebbly brook flows down with fitful murmur; oft have I drunk of it, but in little sips. Egeria it is who doth supply the water, goddess dear to the Camenae ; she was wife and councillor to Numa. At first the Quirites were too prone to fly to arms; Numa resolved to soften their fierce temper by force of law and fear of gods. Hence laws were made, that the stronger might not in all things have his way, and rites, handed down from the fathers, began to be piously observed. Men put off savagery, justice was more puissant than arms, citizen thought shame to fight with citizen, and he who but now had shown himself truculent would at the sight of an altar be transformed and offer wine and salted spelt on the

warm hearths.

Lo, through the clouds the father of the gods scatters red lightnings, then clears the sky after the torrent rain: never before or since did hurtling fires fall thicker. The king quaked, and terror filled the hearts of the common folk. To the king the goddess spake: "Fear not over much. It is possible to expiate the thunderbolt, and the wrath of angry Jove can be averted. But Picus and Faunus, each of them a deity native to Roman soil, will be able to teach the ritual of expiation. They will teach it only upon compulsion. Catch them and clap them in bonds." And she revealed the ruse by which they could be caught. Under the Aventine there lay a grove black with the shade of holm-oaks; at sight of it you could say, "There is a spirit here." A sward was in the midst, and, veiled by green moss, there trickled from a rock a rill of never-failing water. At it Faunus and Picus were wont to drink alone. Hither King Numa came, and sacrificed a sheep to the spring, and set out bowls full of fragrant wine. Then with his folk he hid him close within a cave. To their accustomed springs the woodland spirits came, and slaked their thirst with copious draughts of wine. Sleep followed the debauch; from the chill cave Numa came forth and thrust the sleeper's hands into tight shackles. When slumber left them, they tried and strained to burst the shackles, but the more they strained the stronger held the shackles. Then Numa spake, and thus, shaking his horns, Faunus replied: "Thou askest great things, such as it is not lawful for thee to learn by our disclosure: divinities like ours have their appointed bounds. Rustic deities are we, who have dominion in the mountains high: Jove has the mastery over his own weapons. Him thou couldst never of thyself draw down from heaven, but haply thou mayest yet be able, if only thou wilt make use of our help." So Faunus said. Picus was of the like opinion: "But take our shackles off," quoth he; "Jupiter will come hither, drawn by powerful art. Witness my promise, cloudy Styx."

What they did when they were let out of the trap, what spells they spoke, and by what art they dragged Jupiter from his home above, 'twere sin for man to know. My song shall deal with lawful things, such as the lips of pious bard may speak. They drew (eliciunt) thee from the sky, O Jupiter, whence later generations to this day

celebrate thee by the name of Elicius. Sure it is the tops of the Aventine trees did quiver, and the earth sank down under the weight of Jupiter. The king's heart throbbed, the blood shrank from his whole body, and his bristling hair stood stiff. When he came to himself, "King and father of the high gods," he said, "vouchsafe expiations sure for thunderbolts, if with pure hands we have touched thine offerings, and if for that which now we ask a pious tongue doth pray." The god granted his prayer, but hid the truth in sayings dark and tortuous, and alarmed the man by an ambiguous utterance. "Cut off the head," said he. The king answered him, "We will obey. We'll cut an onion, dug up in my garden." The god added, "A man's." "Thou shalt get," said the other, "his hair." The god demanded a life, and Numa answered him, "A fish's life." The god laughed and said, "See to it that by these things thou dost expiate my bolts, O man whom none may keep from converse with the gods! But when to-morrow's sun shall have put forth his full orb, I will give thee pure pledges of empire." He spake, and in a loud peal of thunder was wafted above the riven sky, leaving Numa worshipping. The king returned joyful and told the Quirites of what had passed. They were slow and loth to believe his saying. "But surely," said he, "we shall be believed if the event follow my words. Behold, all ye here present, hearken to what to-morrow shall bring forth. When the sun shall have lifted his full orb above the earth. Jupiter will give sure pledges of empire." They separated full of doubt, and thought it long to await the promised sigh; their belief hung on the coming day. Soft was the earth with hoar frost spread like dew at morn, when the people gathered at the threshold of their king. Forth he came and sat him down in their midst upon a throne of maple wood; unnumbered men stood round him silent.

Scarcely had Phoebus shown a rim above the horizon: their anxious minds with hope and fear did quake. The king took his stand, and, his head veiled in a snow-white hood, lifted up his hands, hands which the gods already knew so well. And thus he spoke: "The time has come to receive the promised boon; fulfil thy promise, Jupiter." Even while he spoke, the sun had already lifted his full orb above the horizon, and a loud crash rang out from heaven's vault. Thrice did the god thunder from a cloudless sky, thrice did he hurl his bolts.

Take my word for it: what I say is wonderful but true. At the zenith the sky began to yawn; the multitude and their leader lifted up their eyes. Lo, swaying gently in the light breeze, a shield fell down. The people sent up a shout that reached the stars. The king lifted from the ground the gift, but not till he had sacrificed a heifer, which had never submitted her neck to the burden of the yoke, and he called the shield *ancile*, because it was cut away (*recisum*) on all sides, and there was no angle that you could mark. Then, remembering that the fate of empire was bound up with it, he formed a very shrewd design. He ordered that many shields should be made, wrought after the same pattern, in order to deceive a traitor's eyes. That task was finished by Mamurius; whether he was more perfect in character or in smithcraft would be a difficult question to decide. Bountiful Numa said to him, "Ask a reward for your service. If I have a reputation for honesty, you shall not ask in vain." He had already named the Salii from their dancing (*saltus*), and had given them arms and a song to be sung to a certain tune. Then Mamurius made answer thus: "Give me glory for my reward, and let my name be chanted at the end of the song." Hence the priests pay the reward that was promised for the work of old, and they invoke Mamurius.

If, damsel, thou wouldst wed, put off the wedding, however great the haste ye both may be in; short delay hath great advantage. Weapons excite to battle, and battle ill assorts with married folk; when the weapons shall have been stored away, the omens will be more favourable. On these days, too, the robed wife of the Flamen Dialis with peaked cap must keep her hair uncombed.

V. NON. 3rd

When the third night of the month has altered its risings, one of the two Fishes will have disappeared. For there are two: one of them is next neighbour to the South Winds, the other to the North Winds; each of them takes its name from the wind.

III. NON. 5th

When from her saffron cheeks Tithonus' spouse shall have begun to

shed the dew at the time of the fifth morn, the constellation, whether it be the Bear-ward or the sluggard Bootes, will have sunk and will escape thy sight. But not so will the Grape-gatherer escape thee. The origin of that constellation also can be briefly told. 'Tis said that the unshorn Ampelus, son of a nymph and a satyr, was loved by Bacchus on the Ismarian hills. Upon him the god bestowed a vine that trailed from an elm's leafy boughs, and still the vine takes from the boy its name. While he rashly culled the gaudy grapes upon a branch, he tumbled down; Liber bore the lost youth to the stars.

PR. NON. 6th

When the sixth sun climbs up Olympus' steep from ocean, and through the ether takes his way on his winged steeds, all ye, whoe'er ye are, who worship at the shrine of the chaste Vesta, wish the goddess joy and offer incense on the Ilian hearth. To Caesar's countless titles, which he has preferred to earn, was added the honour of the pontificate. Over the eternal fire the divinity of Caesar, no less eternal, doth preside: the pledges of empire thou seest side by side. Ye gods of ancient Troy, ye worthiest prize to him who bore ye, ye whose weight did save Aeneas from the foe, a priest of the line of Aeneas handles your kindred divinities; Vesta, do thou guard his kindred head! Nursed by his sacred hand, ye fires live well. O live undying, flame and leader both, I pray.

NON. 7th

The Nones of March have only one mark in the calendar, because they think that on that day the temple of Veiovis was consecrated in front of the two groves. When Rolumus surrounded the grove with a high stone wall, "Take refuge here," said he, "whoe'er thou art; thou shalt be safe." O from how small a beginning the Roman took his rise! How little to be envied was that multitude of old! But that the strangeness of the name may not prove a stumbling-block to you in your ignorance, learn who that god is, and why he is so called. He is the Young Jupiter: look on his youthful face; look then on his hand, its holds no thunderbolts. Jupiter assumed the thunderbolts after the

giants dared attempt to win the sky; at first he was unarmed. Ossa balzed with the new fires (of his thunderbolts); Pelion, too, higher than Ossa, and Olympus, fixed in the solid ground. A she-goat also stands (beside the image of Veiovis); the Cretan nymphs are said to have fed the god; it was the she-goat that gave her milk to the infant Jove. Now I am called on to explain the name. Countrymen call stunted spelt *vegrandia*, and what is little they call *vesca*. If that is the meaning of the word, may I not suspect that the shrine of Veiovis is the shrine of the little Jupiter?

And now when the stars shall spangle the blue sky, look up: you will see the neck of the Gorgonian steed. He is said to have leaped forth from the teeming neck of the slain Medusa, his mane bespattered with blood. As he glided above the clouds and beneath the stars, the sky served him as solid ground, and his wing served him for a foot. Soon indignantly he champed the unwonted bit, when his light hoof struck out the Aonian spring. Now he enjoys the sky, to which aforetime he soared on wings, and he sparkles bright with fifteen stars.

VII. ID. 8th

Straightway at the fall of night shalt thou see the Cnossian Crown. It was through the fault of Theseus that Ariadne was made a goddess. Already had she happily exchanged a perjured spouse for Bacchus, she who gave to a thankless man a clue to gather up. Joying in her lot of love, "Why like a rustic maiden did I weep?" quoth she; "his faithlessness has been my gain." Meantime Liber had conquered the straight-haired Indians and returned, loaded with treasure, from the eastern world. Amongst the fair captive girls there was one, the daughter of a king, who pleased Bacchus all too well. His loving spouse wept, and pacing the winding shore with dishevelled locks she uttered these words: "Lo, yet again, ye billows, list to my like complaint! Lo, yet again, ye sands, receive my tears! I used to say, I remember, 'Foresworn and faithless Theseus!' He deserted me: now Bacchus does me the same wrong. Now again I will cry, 'Let no woman trust a man!' My case has been repeated, only the name is changed. Would that my lot had ended where it first began! So at this

moment had I been no more. Why, Liber, didst thou save me to die on desert sands? I might have ended my griefs once and for all. Bacchus, thou light o' love! lighter than the leaves that wreath thy brows! Bacchus, whom I have known only that I should weep! Hast thou dared to trouble our so harmonious loves by bringing a leman before mine eyes? Ah, where is plighted troth? Where are the oaths that thou wast wont to swear? Woe's me, how often must I speak these self-same words! Thou wast wont to blame Theseus; thou wast wont thyself to dub him deceiver; judged by thyself, thine is the fouler sin. Let no man know of this, and let me burn with pangs unuttered, lest they should think that I deserve to be deceived so oft. Above all I would desire the thing were kept from Theseus, that he may not joy to know thee a partner in his guilt. But I suppose a leman fair has been preferred to dusky me: - may that hue fall to my foes! But what does that matter? She is dearer to thee for the very blemish. What art thou about? She defiles thee by her embrace. Bacchus, keep faith, nor prefer any woman to a wife's love. I have learned to love my love for ever. The horns of a handsome bull won my mother's heart, thine won mine. But my love was cause for praise: hers was shameful. Let me not suffer for my love; thou thyself, Bacchus, didst not suffer for avowing thy flame to me. No wonder that thou dost make me burn; they say thou wert born in the fire and wert snatched from the fire by thy father's hand. I am she to whom thou wert wont to promise heaven. Ah me! what guerdon to I reap instead of heaven!" She finished speaking. Long time had Liber heard her plaint, for as it chanced he followed close behind. He put his arms about her, with kisses dried her tears, and "Let us fare together," quoth he, "to heaven's height. As thou hast shared my bed, so shalt thou share my name, for in thy changed state thy name shall be Libera; and I will see to it that with thee there shall be a memorial of thy crown, that crown which Vulcan gave to Venus, and she to thee." He did as he had said and changed the nine jewels of her crown into fires. Now the golden crown doth sparkle with nine stars.

PR. ID. 14th

When he who bears the purple day on his swift car shall six times

have lifted up his disc and as often sunk it low, thou shalt a second time behold horse races (*Equirria*) on that grassy plain whose side is hugged by Tiber's winding waters. But if perchance the wave has overflowed and floods the plain, the dusty Caelian hill shall receive the horses.

IDUS 15th

On the Ides is held the jovial feast of Anna Perenna not far from the banks, O Tiber, who comest from afar. The common folk come, and scattered here and there over the green grass they drink, every lad reclining beside his lass. Some camp under the open sky; a few pitch tents; some make a leafy hut of boughs. Others set up reeds in place of rigid pillars, and stretching out their robes place them upon the reeds. But they grow warm with sun and wine, and they pray for as many years as they take cups, and they count the cups they drink. There shall you find a man who drains as many goblets as Nestor numbered years, and a woman who would live to the Sibyl's age if cups could work the charm. There they sing the ditties they picked up in the theatres, beating time to the words with nimble hands; they set the bowl down, and trip in dances, lubberly, while the spruce sweetheart skips about with streaming hair. On the way home they reel, a spectacle for vulgar eyes, and the crowd that meets them calls them "blest." I met the procession lately; I thought it notable; a drunk old woman lugged a drunk old man.

But since erroneous rumours are rife as to who this goddess is, I am resolved to throw no cloak about her tale. Poor Dido had burned with the fire of love for Aeneas; she had burned, too, on a pyre built for her doom. Her ashes were collected, and on the marble of her tomb was this short stanza, which she herself dying had left: "Aeneas caused her death and lent the blade: Dido by her own hand in dust was laid."

Straightway the Numidians invaded the defenceless realm, and Iarbas the Moor captured and took possession of the palace; and remembering how she had spurned his suit, "Lo, now," quoth he, "I enjoy Elissa's bridal bower, I whom she so oft repelled." The Tyrians fled hither and thither, as each one chanced to stray, even as

bees oft wander doubtingly when they have lost their king. Anna was driven from home, and weeping left her sister's walls; but first she paid the honours due to her dead sister. The soft ashes drank unguents mixed with tears, and they received an offering of hair clipped from her head. And thrice she said, "Farewell!" thrice she took the ashes up and pressed them to her lips, and under them she thought she saw her sister. Having found a ship and comrades to share her flight, she glided before the wind, looking back at the city's walls, her sister's darling work.

There is a fertile island Melite, lashed by the waves of the Libyan sea and neighbour to the barren Cosyra. Anna steered for it, trusting to the king's hospitality, which she had known of old; for Battus there was king, a wealthy host. When he learned the misfortunes of the two sisters, "This land," said he, "small though it be, is thine," and he would have observed the duties of hospitality to the end, but that he feared Pygmalion's mighty power. For the third time the reaped corn had been carried to the threshing-floor to be stripped of the husk, and for the third time the new wine had poured into the hollow vats. Twice had the sun traversed the signs of the zodiac, and a third year was passing, when Anna was compelled to seek a new land of exile. Her brother came and demanded her surrender with threat of war. The king loathed arms and said to Anna, "We are unwarlike. Do thou seek safety in flight." At his bidding she fled and committed her bark to the wind and the waves. Her brother was more cruel than any sea. Near the fishy streams of stony Crathis there is a champain small; the natives call it Camere. Thither she bent her course, and was no farther off than nine shots of a sling, when the sails at first dropped and flapped in the puffs of wind. "Cleave the water with the oars," the seaman said. And while they made ready to furl the sails with the ropes, the swift south wind struck the curved poop and swept the ship, despite the captain's efforts, into the open sea; the land receded from their sight. The surge assails them, and from its lowest depths the ocean is upheaved: the hull gulps down the foaming waters. Seamanship is powerless against the wind, and the steersman no longer handles the helm, so he too resorts to prayers for help. The Phoenician exile is tossed on the swelling waves and hides her wet eyes in her robe: then for the first time did she call her sister

Dido happy, and happy any woman who anywhere did tread dry land. A mighty blast pulled the ship to the Laurentine shore; she went down and perished, but all on board got safe to land.

By this time Aeneas had gained the kingdom and the daughter of Latinus and had blended the two peoples. While, accompanied by Achates alone, he paced barefoot a lonely path on the shore with which his wife had dowered him, he spied Anna wandering, nor could bring himself to think that it was she. Why should she come into the Latin land? thought he to himself. Meantime, "'Tis Anna!" cried Achates. At the sound of the name she looked up. Alas! what should she do? should she flee? where should she look for the earth to yawn for her? Her hapless sister's fate rose up before her eyes. The Cytherean hero perceived her distress and accosted her; yet did he weep, touched by memory of thee, Elissa. "Anna, by this land which in days gone by thou usedst to hear a happier fate had granted me; and by the gods who followed me and here of late have found a home, I swear that they did often chide my loiterings. Nor yet did I dread her death; far from me was that fear. Woe's me! her courage surpassed belief. Tell not the tale. I saw the unseemly wounds upon her body what time I dared to visit the house of Tartarus. But thou, whether thine own resolve or some god has brought thee to our shores, do thou enjoy my kingdom's comforts. Much our gratitude doth owe to thee, and something, too, to Elissa. Welcome shalt thou be for thine own sake and welcome for thy sister's." She believed his words, for no other hope was left her, and she told her wanderings. And when she entered the palace, clad in Tyrian finery, Aeneas opened his lips, while the rest of the assembly kept silence: "My wife Lavinia, I have a dutiful reason for entrusting this lady to thy care; when I was shipwrecked I consumed her substance. She is of Tyrian descent; she owns a kingdom on the Libyan coast; I pray thee, love her as a dear sister."

Lavinia promised everything, but in the silence of her heart she hid her fancied wrong and dissembled her fears; and though she saw many presents carried before her eyes, still she thought that many were also sent secretly. She had not decided what to do. She hated like a fury, and hatched a plot, and longed to die avenged. 'Twas night: before her sister's bed it seemed that Dido stood, her unkempt

hair dabbled in blood. "Fly, fly this dismal house," she seemed to say, "O falter not!" At the word a blast did slam the creaking door. Up she leaped, and quick she threw herself out of the low window upon the ground: her very fear had made her bold. And as soon as terror carried her clad in her ungirt tunic, she ran as runs a frightened doe that hears the wolves. 'Tis thought the horned Numicius swept her away in his swollen stream and hid her in his pools. Meanwhile a clamour loud they sought the lost Sidonian lady through the fields: traces and footprints met their eyes: on coming to the banks they found her tracks upon the banks. The conscious river checked and hushed his stream. Herself appeared to speak: "I am a nymph of the calm Numicius. In a perennial river I hide, and Anna Perenna is my name." Straightway they feast joyfully in the fields over which they had roamed, and toast themselves and the day in deep draughts of wine.

Some think that this goddess is the moon, because the moon fills up the measure of the year (*annus*) by her months; others deem that she is Themis; others suppose that she is the Inachian cow. You shall find some to say that thou, Anna, art a nymph, daughter of Azan, and that thou didst give Jupiter his first food. Yet another report, which I will relate, ahs come to my ears, and it is not far from what we may take as true. The common folk of old, not yet protected by tribunes, had fled, and abode upon the top of the Sacred Mount ; now, too, the provisions which they had brought with them and the bread fit for human use had failed them. There was a certain Anna, born at suburban Bovillae, a poor old woman, but very industrious. She, with her grey hair bound up in a light cap, used to mould country cakes with tremulous hand, and it was her wont at morn to distribute them piping hot among the people: the supply was welcome to the people. When peace was made at home, they set up a statue to Perenna, because she had supplied them in their time of need.

Now it remains for me to tell why girls chant ribald songs; for they assemble and sing certain scurrilous verses. When Anna had been but lately made a goddess, the Marching God (*Gradivus*) came to her, and taking her aside spoke as follows: "Thou art worshipping in my month, I have joined my season to thine: I have great hope in the serve that thou canst render me. An armed god myself, I have

fallen in love with the armed goddess Minerva ; I burn and for a long time have nursed this wound. She and I are deities alike in our pursuits; contrive to unite us. That office well befits thee, kind old dame." So he spoke. She duped the god by a false promise, and kept him dangling on in foolish hope by dubious delays. When he often pressed her, "I have done thy bidding," said she, "she is conquered and has yielded at last to thine entreaties." The lover believed her and made ready the bridal chamber. Thither they escorted Anna, like a bride, with a veil upon her face. When he would have kissed her, Mars suddenly perceived Anna; now shame, now anger moved the god befooled. The new goddess laughed at dear Minerva's lover. Never did anything please Venus more than that. So old jokes are cracked and ribald songs are sung, and people love to remember how Anna choused the great god.

I was about to pass by in silence the swords that stabbed the prince, when Vesta spoke thus from her chaste hearth: "Doubt not to recall them: he was my priest, it was at me these sacrilegious hands struck with the steel. I myself carried the man away, and left naught but his wraith behind; what fell by the sword was Caesar's shade." Transported to the sky he saw the halls of Jupiter, and in the great Forum he owns a temple dedicated to him. But all the daring sinners who, in defiance of the gods' will, profaned the pontiff's head, lie low in death, the death they merited. Witness Philippi and they whose scattered bones whiten the ground. This, this was Caesar's work, his duty, his first task by righteous arms to avenge his father.

XVII. KAL. APR. 16th

When the next dawn shall have refreshed the tender grass, the Scorpion will be visible in his first part.

XVI. KAL. 17th

The third day after the Ides is a very popular celebration of Bacchus. O Bacchus, be gracious to thy bard while he sings of thy festival. But I shall not tell of Semele ; if Jupiter had not brought his thunderbolts with him to her, thou hadst been born an unarmed wight. Nor shall I

tell how, in order that thou mightest be born as a boy in due time, the function of a mother was completed in thy father's body. It were long to relate the triumphs won by the god over the Sithonians and the Scythians, and how he subdued the peoples of India, that incense-bearing land. I will say naught of him who fell a mournful prey to his own Theban mother, nor of Lycurgus, whom frenzy drove to hack at his own son. Lo now, fain would I speak of the Tyrrhenian monsters, men suddenly transformed into fish, but that is not the business of this song; the business of this song is to set forth the reasons why a planter of vines hawks cakes to the people. Before they birth, Liber, the altars were without offerings, and grass grew on the cold hearths. They tell how, after subjugating the Ganges and the whole East, though didst set apart first-fruits for great Jupiter. Thou were the first to offer cinnamon and incense from the conquered lands, and the roast flesh of oxen led in triumph.

Libations (*libamina*) derive their name from their author, and so do cakes (*liba*), because part of them is offered on the hallowed hearths. Cakes are made for the god, because he delights in sweet juices, and they say that honey was discovered by Bacchus. Attended by the satyrs he was going from sandy Hebrus (my tale includes a pleasant jest), and had come to Rhodope and flowery Pangaeus, when the cymbals in the hands of his companions clashed. Lo, drawn by the tinkle, winged things, as yet unknown, assemble, and the bees follow the sounding brass. Liber collected the stranglers and shut them up in a hollow tree; and he was rewarded by the discovery of honey. Once the satyrs and the bald-pated ancient had tasted it, they sought for the yellow combs in every grove. In a hollow elm the old fellow heard the humming of a swarm; he spied the combs and kept his counsel. And sitting lazily on the back of an ass, and leaning upon a branch stump he greedily reached at the honey stored in the bole. Thousands of hornets gathered, and thrust their stings into his bald pate, and left their mark on his snub-nosed face. Headlong he fell, and the ass kicked him, while he called to his comrades and implored their help. The satyrs ran to the spot and laughed at their parent's swollen face: he limped on his hurt knee. Bacchus himself laughed and taught him to smear mud on his wounds; Silenus took the hint and smudged his face with mire. The father god enjoys

honey, and it is right that we should give to its discoverer golden honey infused in hot cakes.

The reason why a woman presides at the festival is plain enough: Bacchus rouses bands of women by his thyrsus. You ask why it is an old woman who does it. That age is more addicted to wine, and loves the bounty of the teeming vine. Why is she wreathed with ivy? Ivy is most dear to Bacchus. Why that is so can also soon be told. They say that when the stepmother was searching for the boy, the nymphs of Nysa screened the cradle in ivy leaves.

It remains for me to discover why the gown of liberty is given to boys, fair Bacchus, on thy day, and a youth, and thy age is midway between the two; or it may be that, because thou art a father, fathers commend to thy care and divine keeping the pledges that they love, their sons; or it may be that because thou art Liber, the gown of liberty is assumed and a freer (*liberior*) life is entered upon under thine auspices. Or was it because, in the days when the ancients tilled the fields more diligently, and a senator laboured on his ancestral land, when a consul exchanged the bent plough for the rods and exes of office, and it was no crime to have horny hands, the country folk used to come to the City for the games (but that was an honour paid to the gods, not a consession to the popular tastes, the discoverer of the grape held on his own day those games which now he shares with the torch-bearing goddess); and the day therefore seemed not unsuitable for conferring the gown, in order that a crowd might gather round the novice? Thou Father God, hither turn thy horned head, mild and propitious, and to the favouring breezes spread the sails of my poetic art!

On this day, if I remember aright, and on the preceding day, there is a procession to the Argei. What the Argei are, will be told in the proper place. The star of the Kite slopes downwards towards the Lycaonian Bear: on that night it becomes visible. If you would know what raised the bird to heaven. Saturn had been dethroned by Jupiter. In his wrath he stirred up the strong Titans to take arms and sought the help the Fates allowed him. There was a bull born of its mother Earth, a wondrous monster, the hinder part whereof was a serpent: him, at the warning of the three Fates, grim Styx had shut up in gloomy woods enclosed by a triple wall. There was an oracle that he

who should burn the inwards of the bull in the flames would be able to conquer the eternal gods. Briareus sacrificed him with an axe made of adamant, and was just about to put the entrails on the fire: Jupiter commanded the birds to snatch them away; the kite brought them to him and was promoted to the stars for his services.

XIV – XI. KAL. 19th - 22nd

After an interval of one day rites are performed in honour of Minerva, which get their name from a group of five days. The first day is bloodless, and it is unlawful to combat with the sword, because Minerva was born on that day. The second day and three besides are celebrated by the spreading of sand : the warlike goddess delights in drawn swords. Ye boys and tender girls, pray now to Pallas; he who shall have won the favour of Pallas will be learned. When once they have won the favour of Pallas, let girls learn to card the wool and to unload the full distaffs. She also teaches how to traverse the upright warp with the shuttle, and she drives home the loose threads with the comb. Worship her, thou who dost remove stains from damaged garments; worship her, thou who dost make ready the brazen caldrons for the fleeces. If Pallas frown, no man shall make shoes well, though he were more skilful than Tychius ; and though he were more adroit with his hands than Epeus of old, yet shall he be helpless, if Pallas be angry with him. Ye too, who banish sicknesses by Phoebus' art, bring from your earnings a few gifts to the goddess. And spurn her not, ye schoolmasters, ye tribe too often cheated of your income, she attracts new pupils; and spurn her not, thou who dost ply the graving tool and paint pictures in encaustic colours, and thou who dost mould the stone with deft hand. She is the goddess of a thousand works: certainly she is the goddess of song; may she be friendly to my pursuits, if I deserve it.

Where the Caelian Mount descends from the height into the plain, at the point where the street is not level but nearly level, you may see the small shrine of Minerva Capta, which the goddess owned for the first time upon her birthday. The origin of the name Capta is doubtful. We call ingenuity "capital"; the goddess herself is ingenious. Did she get name of Capta because she is said to have

leapt forth motherless with her shield from the crown of her father's head (*caput*)? Or because she came to us as a captive at the conquest of the Falerii? This very fact is attested by an ancient inscription. Or was it because she has a law which ordains capital punishment for receiving objects stolen from that place? From whatsoever source thou doest derive the title, O Pallas, do thou hold thine aegis ever before our leaders.

X. KAL. 23rd

The last day of the five reminds us to purify the melodious trumpets and to sacrifice to the strong god.

Now you can look up to the sun and say, "Yesterday he set foot on the fleece of the Phrixean sheep." By the guile of a wicked stepmother the seeds had been roasted, so that no corn sprouted in the wonted way. A messenger was sent to the tripods to report, by a sure oracle, what remedy the Delphic god would prescribe for the dearth. But he, corrupted like the seed, brought word that the oracle demanded the death of Helle and the stripling Phrixus; and when the citizens, the season, and Ino compelled the reluctant king to submit to the wicked command, Phrixus and his sister, their brows veiled with fillets, stood together before the altars and bewailed the fate they shared. Their mother spied them, as by chance she hovered in the air, and thunder-struck she beat her naked breast with her hand: then, accompanied by clouds, she leaped down into the dragon-begotten city and snatched from it her children, and that they might take to flight, a ram all glistening with gold was delivered to them. The ram bore the two over wide seas. It is said that the sister relaxed the hold of her left hand on the ram's horn, when she gave her own name to the water. Her brother almost perished with her in attempting to succour her as she fell, and in holding out his hands at the utmost stretch. He wept at losing her who had shared his double peril, wotting not that she was wedded to the blue god. On reaching the shore the ram was made a constellation, but his golden fleece was carried to Colchian homes.

VII. KAL. 26th

When thrice the Morning Star shall have heralded the coming Dawn,
you shall reckon the time of day equal to the time of night.

III. KAL. 30th

When four times from that day the shepherd shall have folded the
cloying kids, and four times the grass shall have whitened under the
fresh dew, it will be time to adore Janus, and gentle Concord with
him, and Roman Safety, and the altar of Peace.

PR. KAL. 31st

The moon rules the months: the period of this month also ends with
the worship of the Moon on the Aventine Hill.

BOOK IV

“O gracious Mother of the Twin Loves, “ said I, “grant me thy favour.” The goddess looked back at the poet. “What wouldst thou with me?” she said, “surely thou wast wont to sing of loftier themes. Has thou an old wound rankling in thy tender breast?” “Goddess,” I answered, “thou wottest of my wound.” She laughed, and straightway the sky was serene in that quarter. “Hurt or whole, did I desert thy standards? Thou, thou hast ever been the task I set myself. In my young years I toyed with themes to match, and gave offence to none; now my steeds treat a larger field. I sing the seasons, and their causes, and the starry signs that set beneath the earth and rise again, drawing my lore from annals old. We have come to the fourth month in which thou art honoured above all others, and thou knowest, Venus that both the poet and the month are thine.” The goddess was moved, and touching my brows lightly with myrtle of Cythera, “Complete,” said she, “the work thou hast begun.” I felt her inspiration, and suddenly my eyes were opened to the causes of the days: proceed, my bark, while still thou mayest and the breezes blow.

Yet if any part of the calendar should interest thee, Caesar, thou hast in April matter of concern. This month thou hast inherited by a great pedigree, and it has been made thine by virtue of thine adoption into a noble house. When the Ilian sire was putting the long year on record, he saw the relationship and commemorated the authors of thy race: and as he gave the first lot in order of the months to fierce Mars, because he was the immediate cause of his own birth, so he willed that the place of the second month should belong to Venus, because he traced his descent from her through many generations. In seeking the origin of his race, he turned over the roll of the centuries and came at last to the gods whose blood he shared. How, prithee, should he not know that Dardanus was born of Electra, daughter of Atlas, and that Electra had lain with Jupiter? Dardanus had a son Erichthonius, who begat Tros; and Tros begat Assaracus, and Assaracus begat Capys. Next came Anchises, with whom Venus did not disdain to share the name of parent. Of them was born Aeneas, whose piety was proved when on his shoulders through the fire he

bore the holy things and his own sire, a charge as holy. Now at last have we come to the lucky name of Julius, through whom the Julian house reaches back to Teucrian ancestors. He had a son Postumus, who, because he was born in the deep woods, was called Silvius among the Latin folk. He was thy father, Latinus; Latinus was succeeded by Alba, and next to Alba on the list was Epytus. He gave to his son Capys, a Trojan name, revived for the purpose, and he was also the grandfather of Calpetus. And when Tiberinus possessed his father's kingdom after the death of Calpetus, he was drowned, it is said, in a deep pool of the Tuscan river. Yet before that he had seen the birth of a son Agrippa and of a grandson Remulus; but Remulus, they say, was struck by Levin-bolts. After them came Aventinus, from whom the place and also the hill took their name. After him the kingdom passed to Proca, who was succeeded by Numitor, brother of hard-hearted Amulius. Ilia and Lausus were born to Numitor. Lausus fell by his uncle's sword: Ilia found favour in the eyes of Mars and gave birth to thee, Quirinus, and thy twin brother Remus. He always averred that his parents were Venus and Mars, and he deserved to be believed when he said so; and that his descendants after him might know the truth, he assigned successive perios to the gods of his race.

But I surmise that the month of Venus took its name from the Greek language: the goddess was called after the foam of the sea. Nor need you wonder that a thing was called by a Greek name, for the Italian land was Greater Greece. Evander had come to Italy with a fleet full of people; Alcides also had come; both of them were Greeks by race. As a guest, the club-bearing hero fed his herd on the Aventine grass, and the great god drank of the Albula. The Neritian chief also came : witness the Laestrygonians and the shore which still bears the name of Circe. Already the walls of Telegonus were standing, and the walls of moist Tibur, built by Argive hands. Driven from home by the tragic doom of Atrides, Halaesus had come, after whom the Faliscan land deems that it takes its name. Add to these Antenor, who advised the Trojans to make peace, and (Diomedes) the Oenid, son-in-law to Apulian Daunus. Aeneas from the flames of Ilium brought his gods into our land, arriving late and after Antenor. He had a comrade, Solymus, who came from Phrygian Ida; from him the walls of Sulmo take their name – cool Sulmo, my native town,

Germanicus. Woe's me, how far is Sulmo from the Scythian land! Therefore shall I so far away – but check, my Muse, thy plaints; 'tis not for thee to warble sacred themes on mournful strings.

Where doth not sallow envy find a way? Some there are who grudge thee the honour of the month, and would snatch it from thee, Venus. For they say that April was named from the open (*apertum*) season, because spring then opens (*aperit*) all things, and the sharp frost-bound cold departs, and the earth unlocks her teeming soil, though kindly Venus claims the month and lays her hand on it. She indeed sways, and well deserves to sway, the world entire; she owns a kingdom second to that of no god; she gives laws to heaven and earth and to her native sea, and by her inspiration she keeps every species in being. She created all the gods – 'twere long to number them; she bestowed on seeds and trees their origins. She drew rude-minded men together and taught them to pair each with his mate. What but bland pleasure brings into being the whole brood of birds? Cattle, too, would not come together, were loose love wanting. The savage ram butts at the wether, but would not hurt the forehead of the ewe he loves. The bull, whom all the woodland pastures, all the groves do dread, puts off his fierceness and follows the heifer. The same force preserves all living things under the broad bosom of the deep, and fills the waters with unnumbered fish. That force first stripped man of his savage garb; from it he learned decent attire and personal cleanliness. A lover was the first, they say, to serenade by night the mistress who denied him entrance, while he sang at her barred door, and to win the heart of a coy maid was eloquence indeed; every man then pleaded his own cause. This goddess has been the mother of a thousand arts; the wish to please has given birth to many inventions that were unknown before.

And shall any man dare rob this goddess of the honour of giving her name to the second month? Far from me be such a frenzy. Besides, while everywhere the goddess is powerful and her temples are thronged with worshippers, she possesses yet more authority in our city. Venus, O Roman, bore arms for thy Troy, what time she groaned at the spear wound in her dainty hand; and by a Trojan's verdict she defeated two heavenly goddesses. Ah would that they had not remembered their defeat! And she was called the bride of

Assaracus' son, in order, to be sure, that in time to come great Caesar might count the Julian line among his sires. And no season was more fitting for Venus than spring. In spring the landscape glistens; soft is the soil in spring; now the corn pushes its blades through the cleft ground; now the vine-shoot protrudes its buds in the swelling bark. Lovely Venus deserves the lovely season and is attached, as usual, to her dear Mars: in spring she bids the curved ships fare across her natal seas and fear no more the threats of winter.

KAL. APR. 1st

Duly do ye worship the goddess, ye Latin mothers and brides, and ye, too, who wear not the fillets and long robe. Take off the golden necklaces from the marble neck of the goddess ; take off her gauds; the goddess must be washed from top to toe. Then dry her neck and restore to it her golden necklaces; now give her other flowers, now give her the fresh-blown rose. Ye, too, she herself bids bathe under the green myrtle, and there is a certain reason for her command; learn what it is. Naked, she was drying on the shore her oozy locks, when the satyrs, a wanton crew, espied the goddess. She perceived it, and screened her body by myrtle interposed: that done, she was safe, and she bids you do the same. Learn now why ye give incense to Virile Fortune in the place which reeks of warm water. All women strip when they enter that place, and every blemish on the naked body is plain to see; Virile Fortune undertakes to conceal the blemish and to hide it from the men, and this she does for the consideration of a little incense. Nor grudge to take poppy pounded with snowy milk and liquid honey squeezed from the comb; when Venus was first escorted to her eager spouse, she drank that draught: from that time she was a bride. Propitiate her with supplications; beauty and virtue and good fame are in her keeping. In the time of our forefathers Rome had fallen from a state of chastity, and the ancients consulted the old woman of Cumae. She ordered a temple to be built to Venus, and when that was duly done, Venus took the name of Changer of the Heart (*Verticordia*) from the event. Fairest of goddesses, ever behold the sons of Aenas with look benign, and guard thine offspring's numerous wives.

While I speak, the Scorpion, the tip of whose swung tail strikes fear, plunges into the green waters.

IV. NON. 2nd

When the night has passed, and the sky has just begun to blush, and dew-besprinkled birds are twittering plaintively, and the wayfarer, who all night long has waked, lays down his half-burnt torch, and the swain goes forth to his accustomed toil, the Pleiads will commence to lighten the burden that rests on their father's shoulders; seven are they usually called, but six they usually are; whether it be that six of the sisters were embraced by gods (for they say that Sterope lay with Mars, Alcyone and fair Celaeno with Neptune, and Maia, Electra, and Taygete with Jupiter); the seventh, Merope, was married to a mortal man, to Sisyphus, and she repents of it, and from shame at the deed she alone of the sisters hides herself; or whether it be that Electra could not, brook to behold the fall of Troy, and so covered her eyes with her hand.

PR. NON. 4th

Let the sky revolve thrice on its never-resting axis; let Titan thrice yoke and thrice unyoke his steeds, straightway the Berecynthian flute will blow a blast on its bent horn, and the festival of the Idaean Mother will have come. Eunuchs will march and thump their hollow drums, and cymbals clashed on cymbals will give out their tinkling notes: seated on the unmanly necks of her attendants, the goddess herself will be borne with howls through the streets in the City's midst. The state is clattering, the games are calling. To your places, Quirites! and in the empty law-courts let the war of suitors cease!

I would put many questions, but I am daunted by the shrill cymbal's clash and the bent flute's thrilling drone. "Grant me, goddess, someone whom I may question." The Cybelean goddess spied her learned granddaughters and bade them attend to my inquiry. "Mindful of her command, ye nurslings of Helicon, disclose the reason why the Great Goddess delights in perpetual din." So did I speak, and Erato did thus reply (it fell to her to speak of Venus'

month, because her own name is derived from tender love): “Saturn was given this oracle: ‘Thou best of kings, thou shalt be ousted of thy sceptre by thy son.’ In fear, the god devoured his offspring as fast as they were born, and he kept them sunk in his bowels. Many a time did Rhea grumble, to be so often big with child, yet never be a mother; she repined at her own fruitfulness. Then Jove was born. The testimony of antiquity passes for good; pray do not shake the general faith. A stone concealed in a garment went down the heavenly throat; so had fate decreed that the sire should be beguiled. Now rang steep Ida loud and long with clangorous music, that the boy might pule in safety with his infant mouth. Some beat their shields, others their empty helmets with staves; that was the task of the Curetes and that, too, of the Corybantes. The secret was kept, and the ancient deed is still acted in mimicry; the attendants of the goddess thump the brass and rumbling leather; cymbals they strike instead of helmets, and drums instead of shields; the flute plays, as of yore, the Phrygian airs.”

The goddess ended. I began: “Why for her sake doth the fierce breed of lions yield their unwonted manes to the curved yoke?” I ended. She began: “Tis thought, the wildness of the brute was tamed by her: that she testifies by her (lion-drawn) car.” But why is her head weighted with a turreted crown? Is it because she gave towers to the first cities?” The goddess nodded assent.

“Whence came,” said I, “the impulse to cut their members?” When I was silent, the Pierian goddess began to speak: “In the woods a Phrygian boy of handsome face, Attis by name, had attached the tower-bearing goddess to himself by a chaste passion. She wished that he should be kept for herself and should guard her temple, and she said, ‘Resolve to be a boy for ever.’ He promised obedience, and, ‘If I lie,’ quoth he, ‘may the love for which I break faith be my last love of all.’ He broke faith; for, meeting the nymph Sagaritis, he ceased to be what he had been before. For that the angry goddess wreaked vengeance. By wounds inflicted on the tree she cut down the Naiad, who perished thus; for the fate of the Naiad was bound up with the tree. Attis went mad, and, imagining that the roof of the chamber was falling in, he fled and ran for the top of Mount Dindymus. And he kept crying, at one moment. ‘Take away the

torches!' at another, 'Remove the whips!' And of the swore that the Stygian goddesses were visible to him. He mangled, too, his body with a sharp stone, and trailed his long hair in the filthy dust; and his cry was, 'I have deserved it! With my blood I pay the penalty that is my due. Ah, perish the parts that were my ruin! Ah, let them perish,' still he said. He retrenched the burden of his groin, and of a sudden was bereft of every sign of manhood. His madness set an example, and still his unmanly ministers cut their vile members while they toss their hair." In such words the Aonian Muse eloquently answered my question as to the cause of the madness of the votaries.

"Instruct me, too, I pray, my guide, whence was she fetched, whence came? Was she always in our city?" "The Mother Goddess ever loved Dindymus, and Cybele, and Ida, with its delightful springs, and the realm of Ilium. When Aeneas carried Troy to the Italian fields, the goddess almost followed the ships that bore the sacred things; but she felt that fate did not yet call for intervention of her divinity in Latium, and she remained behind in her accustomed place. Afterwards, when mighty Rome had already seen five centuries, and had lifted up her head above the conquered world, the priest consulted the fateful words of the Euboean song. They say that what he found ran thus: 'The Mother is absent; thou Roman, I bid thee seek the Mother. When she shall come, she must be received by chaste hands.' The ambiguity of the dark oracle puzzled the senators to know who the Parent was, and where she was to be sought. Paean was consulted and said, 'Fetch the Mother of the Gods; she is to be found on Mount Ida.' Nobles were sent. The sceptre of Phrygia was then held by Attalus; he refused the favour to the Ausonian lords. Wonders to tell, the earth trembled and rumbled long, and in her shrine thus did the goddess speak: 'Twas my own will that they should send for me. Tarry not: let me go, it is my wish. Rome is a place meet to be the resort of every god.' Quaking with terror at the words Attalus said, 'Go forth. Thou wilt still be ours. Rome traces its origin to Phrygian ancestors.' Straightway unnumbered axes fell those pinewoods which had supplied the pious Phrygian with timber in his flight: a thousand hands assemble, and the Mother of the Gods is lodged in a hollow ship painted in encaustic colours. She is borne in perfect safety across the waters of her son and comes to the long

strait named after the sister of Phrixus ; she passes Rhoeteum, where the tide runs fast, and the Sigeon shores, and Tenedos, and Eetion's ancient realm. Leaving Lesbos behind, she came next to the Cyclades and to the wave that breaks on the Carystian shoals. She passed the Icarian Sea also, where Icarus lost his wings that slipped, and where he gave his name to a great water. Then she left Crete on the larboard and the Pelopian billows on the starboard, and steered for Cythera, the sacred isle of Venus. Thence she passed to the Trinacrian Sea, where Brotnes and Steropes and Acmonides are wont to dip the white-hot iron. She skirted the African main, and beheld astern to larboard the Sardinian realms, and made Ausonia.

“She had reached the mouth where the Tiber divides to join the sea and flows with ampler sweep. All the knights and gave senators, mixed up with the common folk, came to meet her at the mouth of the Tuscan river. With them walked mothers and daughters and brides, and the virgins who tended the sacred hearths. The men wearied their arms by tugging lustily at the rope; hardly did the foreign ship make head against the stream. A drought had long prevailed; the grass was parched and burnt; the loaded bark sank in the muddy shallows. Every man who lent a hand toiled beyond his strength and cheered on the workers by his cries. Yet the ship stuck fast, like an island firmly fixed in the middle of the sea. Astonished at the portent, the men did stand and quake. Claudia Quinta traced her descent from Clausus of old, and her beauty matched her nobility. Chaste was she, though not reputed so. Rumour unkind had wronged her, and a false charge had been trumped up against her: it told against her that she dressed sprucely, that she walked abroad with her hair dressed in varied fashion, that she had a ready tongue for gruff old men. Conscious of innocence, she laughed at fame's untruths; but we of the multitude are prone to think the worst. When she had stepped forth from the procession of the chaste matrons, and taken up the pure water of the river in her hands, she thrice let it drip on her head, and thrice lifted her palms to heaven (all who looked on her thought that she was out of her very mind), and bending the knee she fixed her eyes on the image of the goddess, and with dishevelled hair uttered these words: ‘Thou fruitful Mother of the Gods, graciously accept thy suppliant's prayers on one condition. They say I am not

chaste. If thou dost condemn me, I will confess my guilt; convicted by the verdict of the goddess, I will pay the penalty with my life. But if I am free of crime, give by thine act a proof of my innocence, and, chaste as thou art, do thou yield to my chaste hands.’ She spoke, and drew the rope with a slight effort. My story is a strange one, but it is attested by the stage. The goddess was moved, and followed her leader, and by following bore witness in her favour: a sound of joy was wafted to the stars. They came to a bend in the river, where the stream turns away to the left ; men of old named it the Halls of Tiber. Night drew on; they tied the rope to an oaken stump, and after a repast disposed themselves to slumber light. At dawn of day they loosed the rope from the oaken stump; but first they set down a brazier and put incense on it, and crowned the poop, and sacrificed an unblemished heifer that had known neither the yoke nor the bull. There is a place where the smooth Almo flows into the Tiber, and the lesser river loses its name in the great one. There a hoary-headed priest in purple robes washed the Mistress and her holy things in the waters of Almo. The attendants howled, the mad flute blew, and hands unmanly beat the leathern drums. Attended by a crowd, Claudia walked in front with joyful face, her chastity at last vindicated by the testimony of the goddess. The goddess herself, seated in a wagon, drove in through the Capene Gate; fresh flowers were scattered on the yoked oxen. Nasica received her. The name of the founder of the temple has not survived; now it is Augustus; formerly it was Metellus.”

Here Erato stopped. There was a pause to give me time to put the rest of my questions. “Why,” said I, “does the goddess collect money in small coins?” “The people contributed their coppers, with which Metellus built her fane,” said she; “hence the custom of giving a small coin abides.” I asked why then more than at other times people entertain each other to feasts and hold banquets for which they issue invitations. “Because,” said she, “the Berecyntian goddess luckily changed her home, people try to get the same good luck by going from house to house.” I was about to ask why the Megalesia are the first games of the year in our city, when the goddess took my meaning and said, “She gave birth to the gods. They gave place to their parent, and the Mother has the honour of precedence.” “Why

then do we give the name of Galii to the men who unman themselves, when the Gallic land is so far from Phrygia?" "Between," said she, "green Cybele and high Celaenae a river of mad water flows, 'tis named the Gallus. Who drinks of it goes mad. Far hence depart, ye who care to be of sound mind. Who drinks of it goes mad." "They think no shame," said I, "to set a dish of herbs on the tables of the Mistress. Is there a good reason at the bottom of it?" "People of old," she answered, "are reported to have subsisted on pure milk and such herbs as the earth bore of its free will. White cheese is mixed with pounded herbs, that the ancient goddess may know the ancient foods."

NON. 5th

When the next Dawn shall have shone in the sky, and the stars have vanished, and the Moon shall have unyoked her snow white steeds, he who shall say, "On this day of old the temple of Public Fortune was dedicated on the hill of Quirinus" will tell the truth.

VIII. ID. 6th

It was, I remember, the third day of the games, when a certain elderly man, who sat next to me at the show, observed to me, "This was the famous day when on the Libyan shores Caesar crushed proud Juba's treacherous host. Caesar was my commander; under him I am proud to have served as colonel: at his hands did I receive my commission. This seat I won in war, and thou didst win in peace, by reason of thine office in the College of the Ten." We were about to say more when a sudden shower of rain parted us; the Balance hung in heaven released the heavenly waters.

V. ID. 9th

But before the last day shall have put an end to the shows, sworded Orion will have sunk in the sea.

IV. ID. 10th

When the next Dawn shall have looked on victorious Rome, and the stars shall have been put to flight and given place to the sun, the Circus will be thronged with a procession and an array of the gods, and the horses, fleet as the wind, will contend for the first palm.

PR. ID. 12th

Next come the games of Ceres. There is no need to declare the reason; the bounty and the services of the goddess are manifest. The bread of the first mortals consisted of the green herbs which the earth yielded without solicitation; and now they plucked the living grass from the turf, and now the tender leaves of tree-tops furnished a feast. Afterwards the acorn became known; it was well when they had found the acorn, and the sturdy oak offered a splendid affluence. Ceres was the first who invited man to better sustenance and exchanged acorns for more useful food. She forced bulls to yield their necks to the yoke; then for the first time did the upturned soil behold the sun. Copper was now held in esteem; iron ore still lay concealed; ah, would that it had been hidden for ever! Ceres delights in peace; and you, ye husbandmen, pray for perpetual peace and for a pacific prince. You may give the goddess spelt, and the compliment of spurning salt, and grains of incense on old hearths; and if there is no incense, kindle resinous torches. Good Ceres is content with little, if that little be but pure. Ye attendants, with tucked up robes, take the knives away from the ox; let the ox plough; sacrifice the lazy sow. The axe should never smite the neck that fits the yoke; let him live and often labour in the hard soil.

The subject requires that I should narrate the rape of the Virgin: in my narrative you will read much that you knew before; a few particulars will be new to you.

The Trinacrian land got its name from its natural position: it runs out into the vast ocean in three rocky capes. It is the favourite home of Ceres: she owns many cities, among them fertile Henna with its well-tilled soil. Cool Arethusa had invited the mothers of the gods, and the yellow-haired goddess had also come to the sacred banquet. Attended as usual by her wonted damsels, her daughter roamed bare-foot through the familiar meadows. In a shady vale there is a spot

moist with the abundant spray of a high waterfall. All the hues that nature owns were there displayed, and the pied earth was bright with various flowers. As soon as she espied it, "Come hither, comrades," she said, "and with me bring home lapfuls of flowers." The bauble booty lured their girlish minds, and they were too busy to feel fatigue. One filled baskets plaited of supple withes, another loaded her lap, another the loose folds of her robe; one gathered marigolds, another paid heed to beds of violets; another nipped off the heads of poppies with her nails; some are attracted by the hyacinth, others lingered over amaranth; some love thyme, others corn poppies and melilot; full many a rose was culled, and flowers without a name. Persephone herself plucked dainty crocuses and white lilies. Intent on gathering, she, little by little, strayed far, and it chanced that none of her companions followed their mistress. Her father's brother saw her, and no sooner did he see her than he swiftly carried her off and bore her on his dusky steeds into his own realm. She in sooth cried out, "Ho, dearest mother, they are carrying me away!" and she rent the bosom of her robe. Meantime a road is opened up for Dis; for his steeds can hardly brook the unaccustomed daylight. But when the band of playmates attending her had heaped their baskets with flowers, they cried out, "Persephone, come to the gifts we have for thee!" When she answered not their call, they filled the mountain with shrieks, and smote their bare bosoms with their sad hands.

Ceres was startled by the loud lament; she had just come to Henna, and straightway, "Woe's me! my daughter," said she, "where art thou?" Distraught she hurried along, even as we hear that Thracian Maenads rush with streaming hair. As a cow, whose calf has been torn from her udder, bellows and seeks her offspring through every grove, so the goddess did not stifle her groans and ran at speed, starting from the plains of Henna. From there she lit on prints of the girlish feet and marked the traces of the familiar figure on the ground. Perhaps that day had been the last of her wanderings if swine had not foiled the trail she found. Already in her course she had passed Leontini, and the river Amenanus, and the grassy banks of Acis. She had passed Cyane, and the spring of gently flowing Anapus, and the Gelas with its whirlpools not to be approached. She had left behind Ortygia and Megara and the Pantagias, and the place

where the sea receives the water of the Symaethus, and the caves of the Cyclopes, burnt by the forges set up in them, and the place that takes its name from a curved sickle, and Himera, and Didyme, and Acragas, and Tauromenum, and the Mylae, where are the rich pastures of the sacred kine. Next she came to Camerina, and Thapsus, and the Tempe of Halorus, and where Eryx lies for ever open to the western breeze. Already had she traversed Pelorias, and Lilybaeum, and Pachynum, the three horns of her land. And wherever she set her foot she filled every place with her sad complaints, as when the bird doth mourn her Itys lost. In turn she cried, now “Persephone!” now “Daughter!” She cried and shouted either name by turns; but neither did Persephone hear Ceres, nor the daughter hear her mother; both names by turns died away. And whether she spied a shepherd or a husbandman at work, her one question was, “Did a girl pass this way?” Now o’er the landscape stole a sober hue, and darkness hid the world; now the watchful dogs were hushed. Lofty Etna lies over the mouth of huge Typhoeus, whose fiery breath sets the ground aglow. There the goddess kindled two pine-trees to serve her as a light; hence to this day a torch is given out at the rites of Ceres. There is a cave all fretted with the seams of scolloped pumice, a region not to be approached by man or beast. Soon as she came hither, she yoked the bitter serpents to her car and roamed, unwetted, o’er the ocean waves. She shunned the Syrtes, and Zanclean Charybdis, and you, ye Nisaeen hounds, monsters of shipwreck; she shunned the Adriatic, stretching far and wide, and Corinth of the double seas.

Thus she came to thy havens, land of Attica. There for the first time she sat her down most rueful on a cold stone: that stone even now the Cecropids call the Sorrowful. For many days she tarried motionless under the open sky, patiently enduring the moonlight and the rain. Not a place but has its own peculiar destiny: what now is named the Eleusis of Ceres was then the plot of land of aged Celeus. He carried home acorns and blackberries, knocked from bramble bushes, and dry wood to feed the blazing hearth. A little daughter drove two nanny-goats back from the mountain, and an infant son was sick in his cradle. “Mother,” said the maid – the goddess was touched by the name of mother – “what does thou all alone in

solitary places?" The old man, too, halted, despite the load he bore, and prayed that she would pass beneath the roof of his poor cottage. She refused. She had disguised herself as an old dame and covered her hair with a cap. When he pressed her, she answered thus: "Be happy! may a parent's joy be thine for ever! My daughter has been taken from me. Alas! how much better is thy lot than mine!" She spoke, and like a tear (for gods can never weep) a crystal drop fell on her bosom warm. They wept with her, those tender hearts, the old man and the maid; and these were the words of the worthy old man: "So may the ravished daughter, whose loss thou weepst, be restored safe to thee, as thou shalt arise, nor scorn the shelter of my humble hut." The goddess answered him. "Lead on; thou hast found the way to force me"; and she rose from the stone and followed the old man. As he led her and she followed, he told her how his son was sick and sleepless, kept wakeful by his ills. As she was about to pass within the lowly dwelling, she plucked a smooth, a slumberous poppy that grew on the waste ground; and as she plucked, 'tis said she tasted it forgetfully, and so unwitting stayed her long hunger. Hence, because she broke her fast at nightfall, the initiates time their meal by the appearance of the stars. When she crossed the threshold, she saw the household plunged in grief; all hope of saving the child was gone. The goddess greeted the mother (her name was Metanira) and deigned to put her lips to the child's lips. His pallor fled, and strength of a sudden was visibly imparted to his frame; such vigour flowed from lips divine. There was joy in the whole household, that is, in mother, father, and daughter; for they three were the whole household. Anon they set out a repast – curds liquefied in milk, and apples, and golden honey in the comb. Kind Ceres abstained, and gave the child poppies to drink in warm milk to make him sleep. It was midnight, and there reigned the silence of peaceful sleep; the goddess took up Triptolemus in her lap, and thrice she stroked him with her hand, and spoke three spells, spells not to be rehearsed by mortal tongue, and on the hearth she buried the boy's body in live embers, that the fire might purge away the burden of humanity. His fond-foolish mother awoke from sleep and distractedly cried out, "What doest thou?" and she snatched his body from the fire. To her the goddess said: "Meaning no wrong, thou hast done grievous

wrong: my bounty has been baffled by a mother's fear. That boys of yours will indeed by mortal, but he will be the first to plough and sow and reap a guerdon from the turned-up soil."

She said, and forth she fared, trailing a cloud behind her, and passed to her dragons, then soared aloft in her winged car. She left behind bold Sunium, and the snug harbour of Piraeus, and the coast that lies on the right hand. From there she came to the Aegean, where she beheld all the Cyclades; she skimmed the wild Ionian and the Icarian Sea; and passing through the cities of Asia she made for the long Hellespont, and pursued aloft a roving course, this way and that. For now she looked down on the incense-gathering Arabs, and now on the Indians: beneath her lay on one side Libya, on the other side Meroe, and the parched land. Now she visited the western rivers, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po, and thee, Tiber, future parent of a mighty water. Whither do I stray? 'Twere endless to tell of the lands over which she wandered. No spot in the world did Ceres leave unvisited. She wandered also in the sky, and accosted the constellations that lie next to the cold pole and never dip in the ocean wave. "Ye Parrhasian stars, reveal to a wretched mother her daughter Persephone; for ye can know all things, since never do ye plunge under the waters of the sea." So she spoke, and Helice answered her thus: "Night is blameless. Ask of the Sun concerning the ravished maid: far and wide he sees the things that are done by day." Appealed to, the Sun said, "To spare thee vain trouble, she whom thou seekest is wedded to Jove's brother and rules the third realm."

After long moaning to herself she thus addressed the Thunderer, and in her face there were deep lines of sorrow: "If thou dost remember by whom I got Persephone, she ought to have half of thy care. By wandering round the world I have learned naught but the knowledge of the wrong: the ravisher enjoys the reward of his crime. But neither did Persephone deserve a robber husband, nor was it meet that in this fashion we should find a son-in-law. What worse wrong could I have suffered if Gyges had been victorious and I his captive, than now I have sustained while thou art sceptered king of heaven? But let him escape unpunished; I'll put up with it nor ask for vengeance; only let him restore her and repair his former deeds by

new.” Jupiter soothed her, and on the plea of love excused the deed. “He is not a son-in-law,” said he, “to put us to shame: I myself am not a white more noble: my royalty is in the sky, another owns the waters, and another void of chaos. But if haply thy mind is set immutably, and thou art resolved to break the bonds of wedlock, once contracted, come let us try to do so, if only she has kept her fast; if not, she will be the wife of her infernal spouse.” The Herald God received his orders and assumed his wings: he flew to Tartarus and returning sooner than he was looked for brought tidings sure of what he had seen. “The ravished Maid,” said he, “did break her fast on three grains enclosed in the tough rind of a pomegranate.” Her rueful parent grieved no less than if her daughter had just been reft from her, and it was long before she was herself again, and hardly then. And thus she spoke: “For me, too, heaven is no home; order that I too be admitted to the Taenarian vale. “ And she would have done so, if Jupiter had not promised that Persephone should be in heaven for twice three months. Then at last Ceres recovered her looks and her spirits, and set wreaths of corn ears on her hair; and the laggard fields yielded plenteous harvest, and the threshing-floor could hardly hold the high-piled sheaves. White is Ceres’ proper colour; put on white robes at Ceres’ festival; now no one wears dun-coloured wool.

ID. 13th

The Ides of April belong to Jupiter under the title of Victor: a temple was dedicated to him on that day. On that day, too, if I mistake not, Liberty began to won a hall well worthy of our people.

XVIII. KAL. MAI. 14th

On the next day steer for safe harbours, thou mariner: the wind from the west will be mixed with hail. Yet be that as it may, on that day, a day of hail, Caesar in battle-array smote hip and thigh his foes at Modena.

XVII. KAL. 15th

When the third day shall have dawned after the Ides of Venus, ye pontiffs, offer in sacrifice a pregnant (*forda*) cow. *Forda* is a cow with calf and fruitful, so called from *ferendo* ("bearing"): they think that fetus is derived from the same root. Now are the cattle big with young; the ground, too, is big with seed: to teeming Earth is given a teeming victim. Some are slain in the citadel of Jupiter; the wards (*Curiae*) get thrice ten cows, and are splashed and drenched with blood in plenty. But when the attendants have torn the calves from the bowels of their dams, and put the cut entrails on the smoking hearths, the eldest (Vestal) Virgin burns the calves in the fire, that their ashes may purify the people on the day of Pales. When Numa was king, the harvest did not answer toe the labour bestowed on it; the husbandman was deceived, and his prayers were offered in vain. For at one time the year was dry, the north winds blowing cold; at another time the fields were rank with ceaseless rain; often at its first sprouting the crop balked its owner, and the light oats overran the choked soil, and the cattle dropped their unripe young before the time, and often the ewe perished in giving birth to her lamb. There was an ancient wood, long unprofaned by the axe, left sacred to the god of Maenalus. He to the quiet mind gave answers in the silence of the night. Here Numa sacrificed two ewes. The first fell in honour of Faunus, the second fell in honour of gentle Sleep: the fleeces of both were spread on the hard ground. Twice the king's unshorn head was sprinkled with water from a spring; twice he veiled his brows with beechen leaves. He refrained from the pleasures of love; no flesh might be served up to him at table; he might wear no ring on his fingers. Covered with a rough garment he laid him down on the fresh fleeces after worshipping the god in the appropriate words. Meantime, her clam brow wreathed with poppies, Night drew on, and in her train brought darkling dreams. Faunus was come, and setting his hard hoof on the sheep's fleeces uttered these words on the right side of the bed: "O King, thou must appease Earth by the death of two cows, let one heifer yield two lives in sacrifice." Fear banished sleep: Numa pondered the vision, and revolved in his mind the dark sayings and mysterious commands. His wife, the darling of the grove, extricated him from his doubts and said: "What is demanded of thee are the inwards of a pregnant cow." The inwards of a

pregnant cow were offered; the year proved more fruitful, and earth and cattle yielded increase.

XVI. KAL. 16th

This day once on a time Cytherea commanded to go faster and hurried the galloping horses down hill, that on the next day the youthful Augustus might receive the sooner the title of emperor for his victories in war.

XV. KAL. 17th

But when you shall have counted the fourth day after the Ides, the Hyades will set in the sea that night.

XIII. KAL. 19th

When the third morn shall have risen after the disappearance of the Hyades, the horse will be in the Circus, each team in its separate stall. I must therefore explain the reason why foxes are let loose with torches tied to their burning backs. The land of Carseoli is cold and not suited for the growth of olives, but the soil is well adapted for corn. By it I journeyed on my way to the Pelignian land, my native country, a country small but always supplied with never-falling water. There I entered, as usual, the house of an old host; Phoebus had already unyoked his spent steeds. My host was wont to tell me many things, and among them matters which were to be embodied in my present work. "In yonder plain," said he, and he pointed it out, "a thrifty countrywoman had a small croft, she and her sturdy spouse. He tilled his own land, whether the work called for the plough, or the curved sickle, or the hoe. She would now sweep the cottage, supported on props; now she would set the eggs to be hatched under the plumage of the brooding hen; or she gathered green mallows or white mushrooms, or warmed the low hearth with welcome fire. And yet she diligently employed her hands at the loom, and armed herself against the threats of winter. She had a son, in childhood frolicsome, who now had seen twice five years and two more. He in a valley at the end of a willow copse caught a vixen fox which had carried off

many farmyard fowls. The captive brute he wrapped in straw and hay, and set a light to her; she escaped the hands that would have burned her. Where she fled, she set fire to the crops that clothed the fields, and a breeze fanned the devouring flames. The incident is forgotten, but a memorial of it survives; for to this day a certain law of Carseoli forbids to name a fox; and to punish the species a fox is burned at the festival of Ceres, thus perishing itself in the way it destroyed the crops.”

XII. KAL. 20th

When next day Memnon’s saffron-robed mother on her rosy steeds shall come to view the far-spread lands, the sun departs from the sign of the leader of the woolly flock, the ram which betrayed Helle ; and when he has passed out of that sign, a larger victim meets him. Whether that victim is a cow or a bull, it is not easy to know; the fore part is visible, the hinder part is hid. But whether the sign be a bull or a cow, it enjoys this reward of love against the will of Juno.

XI. KAL. 21st

The night has gone, and Dawn comes up. I am called upon to sing of the Parilia, and not in vain shall be the call, if kindly Pales favours me. O kindly Pales, favour me when I sing of pastoral rites, if I pay my respects to thy festival. Sure it is that I have often brought with full hands the ashes of the calf and the beanstraws, chaste means of expiation. Sure it is that I have leaped over the flames ranged three in a row, and the moist laurel-bough has sprinkled water on me. The goddess is moved and favours the work I have in hand. My bark is launched; now fair winds fill my sails.

The people, go fetch materials for fumigation from the Virgin’s altar. Vesta will give them; by Vesta’s gift ye shall be pure. The materials for fumigation will be the blood of a horse and the ashes of a calf; the third thing will be the empty stalks of hard beans. Shepherd, do thou purify thy well-fed sheep at fall of twilight; first sprinkle the ground with water and sweep it with a broom. Deck the sheepfold with leaves and branches fastened to it; adorn the door and

cover it with a long festoon. Make blue smoke with pure sulphur, and let the sheep, touched with the smoking sulphur, bleat. Burn wood of male olives and pine and savines, and let the singed laurel crackle in the midst of the hearth. And let a basket of millet accompany cakes of millet; the rural goddess particularly delights in that food. Add viands and a pail of milk, such as she loves; and when the viands have been cut up, pray to sylvan Pales, offering warm milk to her. Say, "O, take thought alike for the cattle and the cattle's masters; ward off from my stalls all harm, O let it flee away! If I have fed my sheep on holy ground, or sat me down under a sacred tree, and my sheep unwittingly have browsed on graves; if I have entered a forbidden grove, or the nymphs and the half-goat god have been put to flight at sight of me; if my pruning-knife has robbed a sacred copse of a shady bough, to fill a basket with leaves for sick sheep, pardon my fault. Count it not against me if I have sheltered my flock in a rustic shrine till the hail left off, and may I not suffer for having troubled the pools: forgive it, nymphs, if the trampling of hoofs has made your waters turbid. Do thou, goddess, appease for us the springs and their divinities; appease the gods dispersed through every grove. May we not see the Dryads, or Diana's baths, nor Faunus, when he lies in the fields at noon. Drive far away diseases: may men and beasts be hale, and hale too the sagacious pack of watch-dogs. May I drive home my flocks as numerous as they were at morn, nor sign as I bring back fleeces snatched from the wolf. Avert dire hunger. Let grass and leaves abound, and water both to wash and drink. Full udders may I milk; may my cheese bring in money; may the sieve of wicker-work give passage to the liquid whey: lustful be the ram, and may his mate conceive and bear, and many a lamb be in my fold. And let the wool grow so soft that it could not fret the skin of girls nor chafe the tenderest hands. May my prayer be granted, and we will year by year make great cakes for Pales, the shepherd's mistress." With these tings is the goddess to be propitiated; these words pronounce times, facing the east, and wash thy hands in living dew. Then mayest thou set a wooden bowl to serve as mixer, and mayest quaff the snow-white milk and purple must; anon leap with nimble foot and straining thews across the burning heaps of crackling straw.

I have set forth the custom; it remains for me to tell its origin. The multitude of explanations creates doubt and thwarts me at the outset. Devouring fire purges all things and melts the dross from out the metals; therefore it purges the shepherd and the sheep. Or are we to suppose that, because all things are composed of opposite principles, fire and water – those two discordant deities – therefore our fathers did conjoin these elements and though meet to touch the body with fire and sprinkled water? Or did they deem these two important because they contain the source of life, the exile loses the use of them, and by them the bride is made a wife? Some suppose (though I can hardly do so) that the allusion is to Phaethon and Deucalion's flood. Some people also say that when shepherds were knocking stones together, a spark suddenly leaped forth; the first indeed was lost, but the second was caught in straw; is that the reason of the flame at the Parilia? Or is the custom rather based on the piety of Aeneas, whom, even in the hour of defeat, the fire allowed to pass unscathed? Or is it haply nearer the truth that, when Rome was founded, orders were given to transfer the household gods to the new houses, and in changing homes the husbandmen set fire to their country houses and to the cottages they were about to abandon, and that they and their cattle leaped through the flames? Which happens even to the present time on the birthday of Rome.

The subject of itself furnishes a theme for the poet. We have arrived at the foundation of the City. Great Quirinus, help me to sing thy deeds. Already the brother of Numitor had suffered punishment, and all the shepherd folk were subject to the twins. The twins agreed to draw the swains together and found a city; the doubt was which of the two should found it. Romulus said, "There needs no contest. Great faith is put in birds; let's try the birds." The proposal was accepted. One of the two betook him to the rocks of the wooded Palatine; the other hied at morn to the top of the Aventine. Remus saw six birds; Romulus saw twice six, one after the other: they stood by their compact, and Romulus was accorded the government of the city. A suitable day was chosen on which he should mark out the line of the walls with the plough. The festival of Pales was at hand; on that day the work began. A trench was dug down to the solid rock; fruits of the earth were thrown into the bottom of it, and with them

earth fetched from the neighbouring soil. The trench was filled up with mould, and on the top was set an altar, and a fire was duly lit on a new hearth. Then pressing on the plough-handle he drew a furrow to mark out the line of the walls: the yoke was borne by a white cow and snow-white steer. The king spoke thus: "O Jupiter, and Father Mavors, and Mother Vesta, stand by me as I found the city! O take heed, all ye gods whom piety bids summon! Under your auspices may this my fabric rise! May it enjoy long life and dominion over a conquered world! May East and West be subject unto it!" So he prayed. Jupiter vouchsafed omens by thunder on the left and lightnings flashing in the leftward sky. Glad at the augury, the citizens laid the foundations, and in short time the new wall stood. The work was urged on by Celer, whom Romulus himself had named and said, "Celer, be this thy are; let no man cross the walls nor the trench which the share hath made: who dares to do so, put him to death." Ignorant of this, Remus began to mock the lowly walls and say, "Shall these protect the people?" And straightway he leaped across them. Instantly Celer struck the rash man with a shovel. Covered with blood, Remus sank on the stony ground. When the king heard of this, he smothered the springing tears and kept his grief locked up within his breast. He would not weep in public; he set an example of fortitude, and "So fare," quoth he, "the foe who shall cross my walls." Yet he granted funeral honours, and could no longer bear to check his tears, and the affection which he had dissembled was plain to see. When they set down the bier, he gave it a last kiss, and said, "Snatched from thy brother, loath to part, brother, farewell!" With that he anointed the body before committing it to the flames. Faustulus and Acca, her mournful hair unbound, did the same. Then the Quirites, though not yet known by that name, wept for the youth, and last of all a light was put the pyre, wet with their tears. A city arose destined to set its victorious foot upon the neck of the whole earth; who at that time could have believed such a prophecy? Rule the universe, O Rome, and mayest thou often have several of that name, and whensoever thou standest sublime in a conquered world, may all else reach not up to thy shoulders!

I have told of Pales, I will now tell of the festival of the Vinalia; but there is one day interposed between the two. Ye common wenches, celebrate the divinity of Venus: Venus favours the earnings of ladies of a liberal profession. Offer incense and pray for beauty and popular favour; pray to be charming and witty; give to the Queen her own myrtle and the mint she loves, and bands or rushes hid in clustered roses. Now is the time to throng her temple next the Colline gate; the temple takes its name from the Sicilian hill. When Claudius carried Arethusian Syracuse by force of arms, and captured thee, too, Eryx, in war, Venus was transferred to Rome in obedience to an oracle of the long-lived Sibyl, and chose to be worshipped in the city of her offspring. You ask, Why then do they call the Vinalia a festival of Venus? And why does that day belong to Jupiter? There was war to decide whether Turnus or Aeneas should be the husband of Latin Amata's daughter: Turnus sued the help of the Etruscans. Mezentius was famous and a haughty man-at-arms; might was he on horseback, but mightier still on foot. Turnus and the Rutulians attempted to win him to their side. To these overtures the Tuscan chief thus replied: "My valour costs me dear. Witness my wounds and those weapons which oft I have bedabbled with my blood. You ask my help: divide with me the next new wine from your vats – surely no great reward. Delay there need be none: 'tis yours to give, and mine to conquer. How would Aeneas wish you had refused my suit!" The Rutulians consented. Mezentius donned his arms, Aeneas donned them too, and thus he spoke to Jupiter. "The foe has pledged his vintage to the Tyrrhenian king; Jupiter, thou shalt have the new wine from the Latin vines." The better vows prevailed: huge Mezentius fell, and with his breast indignant smote the ground. Autumn came round, stained with the trodden grapes; the wine that was his due was justly paid to Jupiter. Hence the day is called the Vinalia: Jupiter claims it for his own, and loves to be present at his own feast.

VII. KAL. 25th

When April shall have six days left, the season of spring will be in mid course, and in vain will you look for the Ram of Helle, daughter of Athamas ; the rains will be your sign, and the constellation of the

Dog will rise.

On that day, as I was returning from Nomentum to Rome, a white-robed crowd clocked the middle of the road. A flamen was on his way to the grove of ancient Mildew (*Robigo*), to throw the entrails of a dog and the entrails of a sheep into the flames. Straightway I went up to him to inform myself of the rite. Thy flamen, O Quirinus, pronounced these words: “Thou scaly Mildew, spare the sprouting corn, and let he smooth top quiver on the surface of the ground. O let the crops, nursed by the stars of a propitious sky, grow till they are ripe for the sickle. No feeble power is thine: the corn on which thou hast set thy mark, the sad husbandman gives up for lost. Nor winds, nor showers, nor glistening frost, that nips the fallow corn, harm it so much as when the sun warms the wet stalks; then, dread goddess, is the hour to wreak thy wrath. O spare, I pray, and take thy scabby hands from off the harvest! Harm not the tilth; ‘tis enough that thou hast the power to harm. Grip not the tender crops, but rather grip the hard iron. Forestall the destroyer. Better that thou shouldst gnaw at swords and baneful weapons. There is no need of them: the world is at peace. Now let the rustic gear, the rakes, and the hard hoe, and the curved share be burnished bright; but let rust defile the arms, and when one essays to draw the sword from the scabbard, let him feel it stick from long disuse. But do not thou profane the corn, and ever may the husbandman be able to pay his vows to thee in thine absence.” So he spoke. On his right hand hung a napkin with a loose nap, and he had a bowl of wine and a casket of incense. The incense, and wine, and sheep’s guts, and the foul entrails of a filthy dog, he put upon the hearth – we saw him do it. Then to me he said, “Thou askest why an unwonted victim is assigned to these rites?” Indeed, I had asked the question. “Learn the cause,” the flamen said. “There is a Dog (they call it the Icarian dog), and when that constellation rises the earth is parched and dry, and the crop ripens too soon. This dog is put on the altar instead of the starry dog, and the only reason why this happens is his name.”

IV. PR. KAL. 28th - 30th

When the spouse of Tithonus has left the brother of Phrygian

Assaracus, and thrice has lifted up her radiant light in the vast firmament, there comes a goddess decked with garlands of a thousand varied flowers, and the stage enjoys a customary license of mirth. The rites of Flora also extend into the Kalends of May. Then I will resume the theme: now a loftier task is laid upon me. O Vesta, take thy day! Vesta has been received in the home of her kinsman: so have the Fathers righteously decreed. Phoebus owns part of the house; another part has been given up to Vesta; what remains is occupied by Caesar himself. Long live the laurels of the Palatine! Long live the house wreathed with oaken boughs! A single house holds three eternal gods.

BOOK V

You ask whence I suppose the name of the month of May to be derived. The reason is not quite clearly known to me. As a wayfarer stands in doubt, and knows not which way to go, when he sees roads in all directions, so, because it is possible to assign different reasons, I know not where to turn; the very abundance of choice is an embarrassment. Declare to me, ye who haunt the springs of Aganippian Hippocrene, those dear traces of the Medusaeon steed. The goddesses disagreed; of them Polyhymnia began the first; the others were silent, and noted her saying in their mind. "After chaos, as soon as the three elements were given to the world, and the whole creation resolved itself into new species, the earth subsided by its own weight, and drew the seas after it, but the sky was borne to the highest regions by its own lightness; the sun, too, not checked by gravity, and the stars, and you, ye horses of the moon, ye bounded high. But for a long time neither did Earth yield pride of place to Sky, nor did the other heavenly bodies to Phoebus; their honours were all equal. Often someone of the common sort of gods would dare to sit upon the throne which thou, Saturn, didst own; not one of the upstart deities took the outer side of Ocean, and Themis was often relegated to the lowest place, until Honour and comely Reverence with her calm look united in lawful wedlock. From them sprang Majesty, then the goddess reckons her parents, she who became great on the very day she was born. Without delay she took her seat high in the midst of Olympus, a golden figure far seen in purple vest. With her sat Modesty and Fear. You might see every divinity modelling his aspect upon hers. Straightway respect for dignities made its way into their minds; the worthy got their due, and nobody thought much of himself. This state of things in heaven lasted for many a year, till fate banished the elder god from heaven's citadel. Earth brought forth the Giants, a fierce brood, enormous monsters, who durst assault Jove's mansion; she gave them a thousand hands, and snakes for legs, and said, 'Take arms against the great gods.' They set themselves to pile up the mountains to the topmost stars and to harass great Jupiter in war. From heaven's

citadel Jupiter hurled thunderbolts and turned the ponderous weights upon their movers. These weapons of the gods protected Majesty well; she survived and has been worshipped ever since. Hence she sits beside Jupiter, she is Jupiter's most faithful guardian: she assures to him his sceptre's peaceful tenure. She came also to earth. Romulus and Numa worshipped her, and other after them, each in his time. She keeps fathers and mothers in honour due; she bears boys and maidens company; she enhances the lictor's rods and the ivory chair of office; she rides aloft in triumph on the festooned steeds."

Polyhymnia ended. Clio and Thalia, mistress of the curved lyre, approved her words. Urania took up the tale; all kept silence and not a voice but hers could be heard. "Great was of old the reverence for the hoary head, and wrinkled eld was valued at its true worth. Martial exploits and doughty wars were work for youths, who in defence of their own gods kept watch and ward. In strength unequal, and for arms unfit, age often stood the country in good stead by its advice. The senate-house was then open only to men of mature years, and the very name of senate signifies a ripe old age. The elders legislated for the people, and certain laws defined the age at which office might be sought. An elder man used to walk between younger men, at which they did not repine, and if he had only one companion, the elder walked on the inner side. Who would dare to talk bawdy in the presence of an old man? Old age conferred a right of censorship. This Romulus perceived, and on the men of his choice he bestowed the title of Fathers: on them the government of the new city was conferred. Hence I incline to think that the elders (*maiores*) gave their own name to the month of May: they considered the interests of their own class. And Numitor may have said, 'Romulus, grant this month to the old men,' and the grandson may not have been able to resist his grandsire. No slight proof of the proposed honour is furnished by the next month, the month of June, which is named after young men (*iuvenes*)."

Then Calliope, her unkempt hair bound up with ivy, thus began, first of her choir: "Tethys, the Titaness, who wedded of old by Ocean, who encompasses the earth, far as it stretches, with his flowing waters. Their daughter Pelione, as report has it, was united to Atlas, who upholds the sky, and she gave birth to the Pleiads. Of

them Maia is said to have surpassed her sisters in beauty and to have lain with Sovran Jove. She on the ridge of Mount Cyllene, wooded with cypresses, gave birth to him who speeds through the air on winged foot. Him the Arcadians, and hurrying Ladon, and huge Maenalus – that land accounted older than the moon – worship with honours due. An exile from Arcadia, Evander came to the Latin fields and brought his gods on shipboard. On the spot where now stands Rome, the capital of the world, there were trees, and grass, and a few sheep, and here and there a cottage. When they had come hither, ‘Halt ye,’ said his prophetic mother, ‘for that rural scene will be place of empire.’ The Nonacrian hero obeyed the prophetess his mother, and halted as a stranger in a foreign land. He taught the natives many sacred rites, but first of all the rites of two-horned Faunus and of the wing-footed god. Faunus, thou half-goat god, thou art worshipped by the Luperci in their loin-cloths what time the severed hides purify the crowded streets. But thou didst bestow thy mother’s name upon the month, O thou inventor of the curved lyre, patron of thieves. Nor was this the first proof thou didst give of thine affection: thou art supposed to have given to the lyre seven strings, the number of the Pleiads.” Calliopea ended in her turn, and was praised by the voices of her sisters. What ma I to do? Each side has the same number of votes. May the favour of all the Muses alike attend me, and let me never praise anyone of them more or less than the rest.

KAL. MAI. 1st

Begin the work with Jupiter. On the first night is visible the star that tended the cradle of Jupiter ; the rainy sign of the Olenian She-goat rises. She has her place in the sky as a reward for the milk she gave the babe. The Naiad Amalthea, famous on the Cretan Mount Ida, is said to have hidden Jupiter in the woods. She owned a she-goat, conspicuous among the Dictaeon flocks, the fair dam of two kids; her airy horns bent over on her back; her udder was such as the nurse of Jove might have. She suckled the god. But she broke a horn on a tree, and was short of half her charm. The nymph picked it up, wrapped it in fresh herds, and carried it, full of fruit, to the lips of

Jove. He, when he had gained the kingdom of heaven and sat on his father's throne, and there was nothing greater than unconquered Jove, made his nurse and her horn of plenty into stars: the horn still keeps its mistress' name.

The Kalends of May witnessed the foundation of an altar to the Guardian Lares, together with small images of the gods. Curius indeed had vowed them, but length of time destroys many things, and age prolonged wears out a stone. The reason for the epithet applied to them is that they guard all things by their eyes. They also stand for us, and preside over the City walls, and they are present and bring us aid. But a dog, carved out of the same stone, used to stand before their feet. What was the reason for its standing with the Lar? Both guard the house: both are faithful to their master: cross-roads are dear to the god, cross-roads are dear to dogs: the Lar and Diana's pack give chase to thieves; and wakeful are the Lares, and wakeful too are dogs. I sought for the images of the twin gods, but by the force of yearlong time they had decayed. In the City there are a thousand Lares, and the Genius of the chief, who handed them over to the public; the parishes worship the three divities.

Whither do I stray? The month of August has a rightful claim to that subject of my verse: meantime the Good Goddess must be the theme of my song. There is a natural knoll, which gives its name to the place; they call it the Rock ; it forms a good part of the hill. On it Remus took his stand in vain, what time, birds of the Palatine, ye did vouchsafe the first omens to his brother. There, on the gentle slope of the ridge, the Senate founded a temple which abhors the eyes of males. It was dedicated to an heiress of the ancient name of Clausi, who in her virgin body had never known a man ; Livia restored it, that she might imitate her husband and follow him in everything.

VI. NON. 2nd

When next Hyperion's daughter on the steeds of morn shall lift her rosy lamp, and the stars are put to flight, the cold north-west wind will sleek the topmost corn-ears, and white sails will put out from Calabrian waters. But no sooner shall the dusk of twilight lead on the night, than no single part of the whole flock of the Hyades will be

invisible. The head of the Bull sparkles radiant with seven flames, which the Grecian sailor calls the Hyades after the word for rain (*hyein*). Some think that they nursed Bacchus; some believe that they are the granddaughters of Tethys and old Ocean. Not yet did Atlas stand bearing the burden of Olympus upon his shoulders when Hyas was born, of loveliness far-seen; to him and to the nymphs did Aethra, of the stock of Ocean, give birth in due time, but Hyas was the elder. While the down was fresh upon his cheeks, he was the terror of the bucks that shied at his snares, and he was glad to bag a hare. But when with his years his manly spirit grew, he dared to close with boars and shaggy lioness, and while he sought out the lair and the whelps of a lioness with young, he himself fell a blood-stained prey to the Libyan brute. For Hyas his mother wept, and for Hyas his sad sisters, and Atlas, soon to bow his neck to the burden of the pole, yet the love of the sisters exceeded that of both parents: it won for them a place in the sky, but Hyas gave them their name (of Hyades).

“Come, Mother of Flowers, that we may honour thee with merry games; last month I put off giving thee thy due. Thou dost being in April and passest into the time of May ; the one month claims thee as it flies, the other as it comes. Since the borders of the months are thine and appertain to thee, either of the two is a fitting time to sing thy praises. The games of the circus and the victor’s palm, acclaimed by the spectators, fall in this month; let my song run side by side with the shows in the circus. Tell me thyself who thou art; the opinion of men is fallacious; thou wilt be the best voucher of thine own name.”

So I spoke, and the goddess answered my question thus, and while she spoke, her lips breathed vernal roses: “I who now am called Flora was formerly Chloris: a Greek letter of my name is corrupted in the Latin speech. Chloris I was, a nymph of the happy fields where, as you have heard, dwelt fortunate men of old. Modesty shrinks from describing my figure; but it procured the hand of a god for my mother’s daughter. ‘Twas spring, and I was roaming; Zephyr caught sight of me: I retired; he pursued and I fled; but he was the stronger, and Boreas had given his brother full right of rape by daring to carry off the prize from the house of Erechtheus. However, he made

amends for his violence by giving me the name of bride, and in my marriage-bed I have naught to complain of. I enjoy perpetual spring; most buxom is the year ever; ever the tree is clothed with leaves, the ground with pasture. In the fields that are my dower, I have a fruitful garden, fanned by the breeze and watered by a spring of running water. This garden my husband filled with noble flowers and said, 'Goddess, be queen of flowers.' Oft did I wish to count the colours in the beds, but could not; the number was past counting. Soon as the dewy rime is shaken from the leaves, and the varied foliage is warmed by the sunbeams, the Hours assemble, clad in dappled weeds, and cull my gifts in light baskets. Straightway the Graces draw near, and twine garlands and wreaths to bind their heavenly hair. I was the first to scatter new seeds among the countless peoples; till then the earth had been of but one colour. I was the first to make a flower out of Therapnaean blood, and on its petals the lament remains inscribed. Thou, too, Narcissus, hast a name in the trim gardens, unhappy thou in that thou hadst not a double of thyself. What need to tell of Crocus, and Attis, and the son of Cinyras, from whose wounds by my art doth beauty spring?

Mars, too, was brought to birth my contrivance; perhaps you do not know it, and I pray that Jupiter, who thus far knows it not, may never know it. Holy Juno grieved that Jupiter had not needed her services when Minerva was born without a mother. She went to complain of her husband's doings to Ocean; tired by the journey, she halted at my door. As soon as I set eyes on her, 'What brings thee here,' I said, 'daughter of Saturn?' She set forth her journey's goal, adding its reason. I consoled her with friendly words. 'My grief,' quoth she, 'is not to be assuaged with words. If Jupiter has become a father without the use of a wife, and unites both titles in his single person, why should I despair of becoming a mother without a husband, and of bringing forth without contact with a man, always supposing that I am chaste? I will try all the drugs in the wide world, and I will explore the seas and the depths of Tartarus.' Her speech would have flowed on, but on my face there was a sudden look of doubt. 'Thou seemest, nymph,' said she, 'thou to have some power to help me.' Thrice did I wish to promise help, but thrice my tongue was tied: the anger of great Jupiter filled me with fear. 'Help me, I

pray,' she said, 'the helper's name will be kept secret, and I will call on the divinity of the Stygian water to be my witness. ' 'Thy wish,' quoth I, 'will be accomplished by a flower that was sent me from the fields of Olenus. It is the only flower of the kind in my garden.' He who gave it me said, 'Touch also with this a barren heifer; she will be a mother.' I touched, and without delay she was a mother. Straightway I plucked with my thumb the clinging flower and touched Juno, and she conceived when it touched her bosom. And now being with child, she passed to Thrace and left the shores of the Propontis; her wish was granted, and Mars was born. In memory of the birth he owed to me, he said, 'Do thou also have a place in the city of Romulus.'

"Perhaps you may think that I am queen only of dainty garlands; but my divinity has to do also with the tilled fields. If the crops have blossomed well, the threshing-floor will be piled high; if the vines have blossomed well, there will be wine; if the olive-trees have blossomed well, most buxom will be the year; and the fruitage will be according to the time of blossoming. If once the blossom is nipped, the vetches and beans wither, and thy lentils, O Nile that comest from afar, do likewise wither. Wines also bloom, laboriously stored in great cellars, and a scum covers their surface in the jars. Honey is my gift. 'Tis I who call the winged creatures, which yield honey, to the violet, and the clover, and the grey thyme. ['Tis I, too, who discharge the same function when in youthful years spirits run riot and bodies are robust.]"

I silently admired her as she spoke thus. But she said, "Thou art free to learn the answers to any questions thou mayest put." "Say, goddess," I replied, "what is the origin of the games." Scarce had I ended when she answered me. "The other instruments of luxury were not yet in vogue: the rich man owned either cattle or broad lands; hence came the name for rich, and hence the name for money itself. But already some amassed wealth from unlawful sources: it had become a custom to graze the public pastures, the thing was suffered long, and no penalty was exacted. Common folk had no champion to protect their share in public property; and at last it was deemed the sign of a poor spirit in a man to graze his cattle on his own land. Such licence was brought to the notice of the plebeian aediles, the

Publicii ; till then men's hearts had failed them. The case was tried before the people: the guilty were fined: the champions were praised for their public spirit. Part of the fine was given to me; and the winners of the suit instituted new games with great applause. With part of the fine they contracted for making a way up the slope, which then was a steep rock: now it is a serviceable road, and they call it the Publician road."

I had thought that the shows were annual; the goddess denied it and added to her former discourse a second speech. "We, too, are touched by honour; we delight in festivals and altars; we heavenly beings are a greedy gang. Often by sinning has a man disposed the gods against him, and a sacrificial victim has been a sop for crimes. Often have I seen Jupiter, when he was just about to launch his thunderbolts, hold his hand on the receipt of incense. But if we are neglected, we avenge the wrong by heavenly penalties, and our wrath exceeds just bounds. Remember Thestiades : he was burnt by flames afar; the reason was that no fire blazed on Phoebe's altar. Remember Tantalides : the same goddess detained the fleet; she a virgin, yet she twice avenged her slighted hearths. Unhappy Hippolytus, fain wouldst thou have worshipped Dione when thy scared steeds were rending thee asunder! 'Twere long to tell of cases of forgetfulness redressed by forfeitures. I myself was once neglected by the Roman senate. What was I to do? By what could I show my resentment? What punishment exact for the slight put on me? In my gloom I relinquished my office. I guarded no the countryside, and the fruitful garden was naught to me. The lilies had dropped; you might see the violets withering, and the tendrils of the crimson saffron languishing. Often Zephyr said to me, 'Spoil not thine own dowry.' But my dowry was worthless in my sight. The olive-trees were in blossom; the wanton winds blighted them: the crops were in blossom; the crop was blasted by the hail: the vines were promising; the sky grew black under the south wind, and the leaves were shaken down by a sudden shower. I did not will it so, nor am I cruel in my anger; but I did not care to ward of these ills. The senate assembled and voted an annual festival to my divinity if the year should prove fruitful. I accepted the vow. The consuls Laenas and Postumius celebrated the games which had been vowed to me."

I was about to ask why these games are marked by greater wantonness and broader jests; but it occurred to me that the divinity is not strait-laced, and that the gifts she brings lend themselves to delights. The brows of wassailers are wreathed with stitched garlands, and the polished table is buried under a shower of roses. Maudlin the guest dances, his hair bound with linden bark, and all unwitting plies the tipsy art. Maudlin the lover sings at the hard threshold of his lady fair: soft garlands crown his perfumed locks. No serious business does he do whose brow is garlanded; no water of the running brook is quaffed by such as twine their hair with flowers: so long as they stream, Achelous, was dashed with no juice of grapes, none cared to pluck the rose. Bacchus loves flowers; that he delights in a floral crown, you may know from Ariadne's clustered stars. A rakish stage fits Flora well; she is not, believe me she is not, to be counted among your buskined goddesses. The reason why a crowd of drabs frequents these games is not hard to discover. She is none of your glum, none of your high-flown ones: she wishes her rites to be open to the common herd; and she warns us to use life's flower, while it still blooms: for the thorn, she reminds us, is flouted when the roses have fallen away.

But why is it that whereas white robes are given out at the festival of Ceres, Flora is neatly clad in attire of many colours? Is it because the harvest whitens when the ears are ripe, but flowers are of every hue and every shape? She nodded assent and at the motion of her tresses the flowers dropped down, as falls the rose cast by a hand upon a table.

There yet remained the lights, the reason whereof escaped me; when the goddess thus removed my doubts: "Lights are thought to befit my days either because the fields do glow with purple flowers; or because neither flowers nor flames are of a dull colour, and the splendour of both attracts the eye; or because nocturnal licence befits my revels. The third reason comes nearest the truth."

"There is yet a small matter about which it remains, with thy leave, to put a question." "thou hast my leave." Said she. "Why, instead of Libyan lionesses, are unwarlike roes and shy hares pent in thy nets?" She replied that her province was not woods, but gardens and fields, where no fierce beast may come.

Her tale was ended, and she vanished into thin air. A fragrance lingered; you could know a goddess had been there. That Naso's lay may bloom for aye, O strew, I pray thee, goddess, thy boons upon my breast!

V. NON. 34rd.

In less than four nights the semi-human Chiron, who is compounded with the body of a tawny horse, will put forth his stars. Pelion is a mountain of Haemonia which looks southward: its top is green with pinewoods: the rest is draped with oaks. It was the home of Philyra's son. There remains an ancient rocky cave, which they say was inhabited by the righteous old man. He is believed to have employed, in strumming the lyre, those hands which were one day to send Hector to death. Alcides had come after accomplishing a part of his labours, and little but the last orders remained for the hero to obey. You might see standing by chance together the two masters of the fate of Troy, on the one side the boyish descendant of Aeacus, on the other the son of Jupiter. The Philyrean hero received Hercules hospitably and asked the reason of his coming, and Hercules informed him. Meantime Chiron looked askance at the club and lion's skin and said, "Man worthy of those arms, and arms worthy the man!" Nor could Achilles keep his hands from daring to touch the skin all shaggy with bristles. And while the old man fingered the shafts clotted with poison, one of the arrows fell out of the quiver and stuck in his left foot. Chiron groaned and drew the steel from his body; Alcides groaned too, and so did the Haemonian boy. The centaur himself, however, compounded herbs gathered on the Pagasaeon hills and tended the wound with diverse remedies; but the gnawing poison defied all remedies, and the bane soaked into the bones and the whole body. The blood of the Lernaean hydra, mingled with the Centaur's blood, left no time for rescue. Achilles, bathed in tears, stood before him as before a father; so would he have wept for Peleus at the point of death. Often he fondled the feeble hands with his own loving hands; the teacher reaped the reward of the character he had moulded. Often Achilles kissed him, and often said to him as he lay there, "Live, I pray thee, and do not forsake me, dear father."

The ninth day was come when thou, most righteous Chiron, didst gird thy body with twice seven stars.

III. NON. 5th

The curved Lyre would wish to follow the Centaur, but the road is not yet clear. The third night will be the proper time.

PR. NON. 6th

The Scorpion will be visible from its middle in the sky, when we say that to-morrow the Nones will dawn.

VII. ID 9th

When from that day the Evening Star shall thrice have shown his beauteous face, and thrice the vanquished stars shall have retreated before Phoebus, there will be celebrated an olden rite, the nocturnal Lemuria: it will bring offerings to the silent ghosts. The year was formerly shorter, and the pious rites of purification (*februa*) were unknown, and thou, two-headed Janus, wast not the leader of the months. Yet even then people brought gifts to the ashes of the dead, as their due, and the grandson paid his respects to the tomb of his buried grandsire. It was the month of May, so named after our forefathers (*maiores*), and it still retains part of the ancient custom. When midnight has come and lends silence to sleep, and dogs and all ye varied fowls are hushed, the worshipper who bears the olden rite in mind and fears the gods arises; no knots constrict his feet; and he makes a sign with his thumb in the middle of his closed fingers, lest in his silence an unsubstantial shade should meet him. And after washing his hands clean in spring water, he turns, and first he receives black beans and throws them away with face averted; but while he throws them, he says: "These I cast; with these beans I redeem me and min." This he says nine times, without looking back: the shade is thought to gather the beans, and to follow unseen behind. Again he touches water, and clashes Temesan bronze, and asks the shade to go out of his house. When he has said nine times, "Ghost of my fathers, go forth!" he looks back, and thinks that he has duly

performed the sacred rites.

Why the day was called Lemuria, and what is the origin of the name, escapes me; it is for some god to discover it. Son of the Pleiad, thou reverend master of the puissant wand, inform me: oft hast thou seen the palace of the Stygian Jove. At my prayer the Bearer of the Herald's Staff (*Caducifer*) was come. Learn the cause of the name; the god himself made it known. When Romulus had buried his brother's ghost in the grave, and the obsequies had been paid to the too nimble Remus, unhappy Faustus and Acca, with streaming hair, sprinkled the burnt bones with their tears. Then at twilight's fall they sadly took the homeward way, and flung themselves on their hard couch, just as it was. The gory ghost of Remus seemed to stand at the bedside and to speak these words in a faint murmur: "Look on me, who shared the half, the full half of your tender care, behold what I am come to, and what I was of late! A little while ago I might have been the foremost of my people, if but the birds had assigned the throne to me. Now I am an empty wrath, escaped from the flames of the pyre; that is all that remains of the once great Remus. Alas, where is my father Mars? If only you spoke the truth, and it was he who sent the wild beast's dugs to suckle the abandoned babes. A citizen's rash hand undid him whom the she-wolf saved; O how far more merciful was she! Ferocious Celer, mayest thou yield up thy cruel soul through wounds, and pass like me all bloody underneath the earth! My brother willed not this: his love's a match for mine: he let fall upon my death – 'twas all he could – his tears. Pray him by your tears, by your fosterage, that he would celebrate a day by signal honour done to me." As the ghost gave this charge, they yearned to embrace him and stretched forth their arms; the slippery shade escaped the clasping hands. When the vision fled and carried slumber with it, the pair reported to the king his brother's words. Romulus complied, and gave the name Remuria to the day on which due worship is paid to buried ancestors. In the course of ages the rough letter, which stood at the beginning of the name, was changed into the smooth; and soon the souls of the silent multitude were also called *Lemures*: that is the meaning of the word, that is the force of the expression. But the ancients shut the temples on these days, as even now you see them closed at the season sacred

to the dead. The times are unsuitable for the marriage both of a widow and a maid: she who marries then, will not live long. For the same reason, if you give weight to proverbs, the people say bad women wed in May. But these three festivals fall about the same time, though not on three consecutive days.

V. ID. 11th

If you look for Boeotian Orion in the middle of these three days, you will be disappointed. I must now sing of the cause of the constellation. Jupiter, and his brother who reigns in the deep sea, and Mercury, were journeying together. It was the time when the yoked kine draw home the upturned plough, and the lamb lies down and drinks the milk of the full ewe. An old man Hyrieus, who cultivated a tiny farm, chanced to see them as he stood before his little cottage; and thus he spoke: "Long is the way, but short the hours of daylight left, and my door is open to strangers." He enforced his words by a look, and again invited them. They accepted the offer and dissembled their divinity. They passed beneath the old man's roof, begrimed with black smoke; a little fire was glimmering in the log of yesterday. He knelt and blew up the flames with his breath, and drawing forth the stumps of torches he chopped them up. Two pipkins stood on the fire; the lesser contained beans, the other kitchen herbs; both boiled, each under the pressure of its lid. While he waited, he served out red wine with shaky hand. The god of the sea received the first cup. When he had drained it, "Now serve the drink," said he, "to Jupiter in order." At the word Jupiter the old man paled. When he recovered himself, he sacrificed the ox that ploughed his poor land, and he roasted it in a great fire; and the wine which a boy he had laid up in his early years, he brought forth stored in its smoky jar. And straightway they reclined on mattresses stuffed with river sedge and covered with linen, but lowly still. The table shone, now with the viands, now with the wine set down on it: the bowl was of red earthenware, the cups were beechen wood. Quoth Jupiter: "If thou has any fancy, choose: all will be thine." The clam old man thus spoke: "I had a dear wife, whose love I won in the flower of early youth. Where is she now? you ask. The urn her ashes holds. To her I

swore, and called you gods to witness, 'Thou shalt be my only spouse.' I gave my word, and I keep it. But a different wish is mine: I would be, not a husband, but a father." All the gods assented; all took their stand at the bullock's hide – I am ashamed to describe what followed – then they covered the reeking hide by throwing earth on it: when ten months had passed, a boy was born. Him Hyrieus called Urion on account of the mode of his begetting : the first letter of his name has lost its ancient sound. He grew to an enormous size; the Delian goddess took him to be her companion; he was her guardian, he her attendant. Heedless words excite the wrath of gods. "There is no wild beast," said he, "which I cannot master." Earth egged on a scorpion: its mission was to attack the Goddess Mother of Twins with its hooked fangs. Orion threw himself in the way. Latona set him among the shining stars, and said, "Take thy well-earned reward."

IV. ID. 12th

But why do Orion and the other stars haste to withdraw from the sky? And why does night shorten her course? Why does the bright day, heralded by the Morning Star, raise its radiant light faster than usual from the watery main? Do I err, or was there a clash of arms? I err not, there was a clash of arms, Mars comes, and at his coming he gave the sign of war. The Avenger descends himself from heaven to behold his own honours and his splendid temple in the forum of Augustus. The god is huge, and so is the structure: no otherwise ought Mars to dwell in his son's city. That shrine is worthy of trophies won from giants; from its might the Marching God fitly open his fierce campaigns, whether an impious foe shall assail us from the eastern world or whether another will have to be vanquished where the sun goes down. The god of arms surveys the pinnacles of the lofty edifice, and approves that the highest places should be filled by the unconquered gods. He surveys on the doors weapons of diverse shapes, and arms of lands subdued by his soldiery. On this side he sees Aeneas laden with his dear burden, and many an ancestor of the noble Julian line. On the other side he sees Romulus carrying on his shoulders the arms of the conquered leader, and their

famous deeds inscribed beneath the statues arranged in order. He beholds, too, the name of Augustus on the front of the temple; and the building seems to him still greater, when he reads the name of Caesar. Augustus has vowed it in his youth at the time when he took up arms in duty's cause. Deeds so great were worthy to inaugurate a prince's reign. While the loyal troops stood on the one side, and the conspirators on the other, he stretched forth his hands and spoke these words: "If my father, Vesta's priest, is my warrant for waging war, and I do now prepare to avenge both his divinity and hers, come, Mars, and glut the sword with knavish blood, and grant thy favour to the better cause. Thou shalt receive a temple, and shalt be called Avenger, when victory is mine." So he vowed, and returned rejoicing from the routing of the foe. Nor is he content to have earned once for all the surname of Avenger for Mars: he tracks down the standards detained by the hands of the Parthians. These were a nation whom their plains, their horses, and their arrows rendered safe, and surrounding rivers made inaccessible. The pride of the nation had been fostered by the deaths of Crassus and his son, when soldiers, general, and standards perished together. The Parthians kept the Roman standards, the glory of war, and a foe was the standard-bearer of the Roman eagle. That shame would have endured till now, had not Ausonia's empire been guarded by Caesar's powerful arms. He put an end to the old reproach, to the disgrace of the whole generation: the recovered standards knew their true owners again. What now availed thee, thou Parthian, the arrows thou art wont to shoot behind thy back? What availed thy deserts? What the use of the fleet steed? Thou bringest back the eagles; thou tenderest, too, thy conquered bows. Now thou hast no tokens of our shame. Justly have the temple and the title of Avenger been given to the god, who has earned that title twice over; and the well-deserved honour has paid the debt incurred by the vow. Quirites, celebrate the solemn games in the Circus: the stage seems little to befit a valiant god.

III. ID. 13th

You will behold all the Pleiads, even the whole bevy of sisters, when there shall be one night remaining before the Ides. Then summer

begins, as I learn from sure authorities, and the season of warm spring comes to an end.

PR. ID. 14th

The day before the Ides marks the time when the Bull lifts his starry front. This constellation is explained by a familiar tale. Jupiter in the shape of a bull offered his back to the Tyrian maid and wore horns on his false brow. She held the bull's mane in her right hand, her drapery in her left; and her very fear lent her fresh grace. The breeze fills the robe on her bosom, its stirs her yellow hair; Sidonian damsel, thus indeed it became thee to meet the gaze of Jove. Oft did she withdraw her girlish soles from the sea, and feared the contact of the dashing wave; often the god knowingly plunged his back into the billows, that she might cling the closer to his neck. On reaching the shore, Jupiter stood without any horns, and the bull was turned into the god. The bull passed into the sky: thou, Sidonian damsel, wast got with child by Jupiter, and a third part of the earth doth bear thy name. Others say that this constellation is the Pharian heifer, which from a human being was made a cow, and from a cow was made a goddess.

Then, too, the Virgin is wont to throw the rush-made effigies of ancient men from the oaken bridge. He who believes that after sixty years men were put to death, accuses our forefathers of a wicked crime. There is an old tradition, that when the land was called Saturnia those words were spoken by soothsaying Jove: "Do ye cast into the water of the Tuscan river two of the people as a sacrifice to the Ancient who bears the sickle." The gloomy rite was performed, so runs the tale, in the Leucadian manner every year, until the Tirynthian hero came to these fields; he cast men of straw into the water, and now dummies are thrown after the example set by Hercules. Some think that the young men used to hurl the feeble old men from the bridges, in order that they themselves alone should have the vote. O Tiber, inform me of the truth: thy bank is older than the City: thou canst well know the origin of the rite. The Tiber raised his reed-crowned head from the mid channel, and opened his hoarse mouth to utter these words: "These regions I have seen when they

were solitary grass-lands without any city walls: scattered kin pastured on either bank; and I, the Tiber, whom the nations now both know and fear, was then a thing to be despised even by cattle. You often hear mention of the name of Arcadian Evander ; he came from far and churned my waters with his oars. Alcides also came, attended by a troop of Greeks. At that time, if I remember aright, my name was Albula. The Pallantian hero received him hospitably; and Cacus got at last the punishment he deserved. The victorious Hercules departed and carried off with him the kine, the booty he had taken from Erythea. But his companions refused to go farther: a great part of them had come from Argos, which they abandoned. On these hills they set their hope and their home; yet were they often touched by the sweet love of their native land, and one of them in dying gave this brief charge: ‘Throw me into the Tiber, that, borne upon his waves, my empty dust may pass to the Inachian shore.’ His heir disliked the charge of sepulture thus laid on him: the dead stranger was buried in Ausonian ground, and an effigy of rushes was thrown into the Tiber in stead of him, that it might return to his Greek home across the waters wide.” Thus far did Tiber speak, then passed into the dripping cave of living rock: ye nimble waters checked your flow.

IDUS 15th

Come, thou famed grandson of Atlas, thou whom of old upon the Arcadian mountains one of the Pleiads bore to Jupiter. Thou arbiter of peace and war to gods above and gods below, thou who dost ply thy way on winged foot; thou who dost delight in the music of the lyre, and dost delight too in the wrestling-school, glistening with oil; thou by whose instruction the tongue learns to discourse elegantly, the senate founded for thee on the Ides a temple looking toward the Circus: since then the day has been thy festival. All who make a business of selling their wares give thee incense and beg that thou wouldst grant them gain. There is a water of Mercury near the Capene Gate: if you care to take the word of those who have tried it, there is a divinity in the water. Hither comes the merchant with his tunic girt up, and, ceremonially pure, draws water in a fumigated jar

to carry it away. With the water he wets a laurel bough, and with the wet bough he sprinkles all the goods that soon are to change owners; he sprinkles, too, his own hair with the dripping laurel and recites prayers in a voice accustomed to deceive. "Wash away the perjuries of past time," says he, "wash away my glozing words of the past day. Whether I have called thee to witness, or have falsely invoked the great divinity of Jupiter, in the expectation that he would not hear, or whether I have knowingly taken in vain the name of any other god or goddess, let the swift south winds carry away the wicked words, and may to-morrow open the door for me to fresh perjuries, and may the gods above not care if I shall utter any! Only grant me profits, grant me joy of profit made, and see to it that I enjoy cheating the buyer!" At such prayers Mercury laughs from on high, remembering that he himself stole the Ortygian kine.

XIII. KAL. IVN. 20th

But I put up a far better prayer. Unfold to me, I beseech thee, at what time Pheobus passes into the sign of the Twins. "When thou shalt see," he answered, "that as many days of the month remain over as are the labours of Hercules." "Tell me," I replied, "the cause of this constellation." The god in answer explained the cause in eloquent speech. The brother Tyndarids, the one a horseman, the other a boxer, had ravished and carried away Phoebe and Phoebe's sister. Idas and his brother prepare for war and demand the restitution of their brides; for both of them had covenanted with Leucippus to be his sons-in-law. Love prompts the one pair to demand the restitution of their brides; for both of them had covenanted with Leucippus to be his sons-in-law. Love prompts the one pair to demand the restitution, the other to refuse it; each pair is spurred on to fight by the like motive. The Oealids might have escaped their pursuers by superior speed; but it seemed base to win by rapid flight. There is a place free from trees, a suitable ground for a fight: in that place they took their stand (its name is Aphidna). Pierced through the breast by the sword of Lynceus – a wound he had not looked for – Castor fell to the ground. Pollux comes up to avenge him, and runs Lynceus through with his spear at the point where the neck joins on to and presses

upon the shoulders. Idas attacked him, and scarcely was repulsed by the fire of Jupiter; yet they say that his weapon was not wrested from his right hand by the thunderbolt. And already the lofty heavens opened its door for thee, Pollux, when thou sadist, "Hear my words, O Father. The heaven that thou dost give to me alone, O share between us two; one-half the gift will be greater than the whole." He spoke, and redeemed his brother from death by changing places with him alternately. Both stars are helpful to the storm-tossed bark.

XII. KAL. 21st

He who would learn what the Agonia re, may turn back to January, though they have a place in the calendar at this season also.

XI. KAL 22nd

In the night that follows the day the dog of Erigone rises : I have the explanation of this constellation in another place.

X. KAL. 23rd

The next day belongs to Vulcan; they call it Tubilustria. The trumpets which he makes are then cleansed and purified.

IX. KAL. 24th

The next place is marked by four letters, which, read in order, signify either the custom of the sacred rites or the Flight of the King.

VIII. KAL 25th

Nor will I pass thee over, thou Public Fortune of the powerful people, to whom a temple was dedicated next day. When that day shall have sunk into Amphitrite's wealth of waters, thou wilt see the beak of the tawny bird, dear to Jupiter.

VII. KAL. 26th; VI. KAL. 27th

The coming morn will remove Bootes from thy sight, and next day

the constellation of Hyas will be visible.

BOOK VI

The explanations of this month's name also are doubtful. I will state them all, and you shall choose which one you please. I'll sing the truth, but some will say I lied, and think that no deities were ever seen by mortal. There is a god within us. It is when he stirs us that our bosom warms; it is his impulse that sows the seeds of inspiration. I have a peculiar right to see the faces of the gods, whether because I am a bard, or because I sing of sacred things. There is a grove where trees grow thick, a spot sequestered from every sound except the purl of water.

There I was musing on what might be the origin of the month just begun, and was meditating on its name. Lo, I beheld the goddesses, but not those whom the teacher of ploughing beheld when he followed his Ascræan sheep ; nor those whom Priam's son compared in watery Ida's dells ; yet one there was of these. Of these there was one, the sister of her husband: she it was, I recognized, who stands within Jove's citadel. I shivered, and, speechless though I was, my pallid hue betrayed my feeling; then the goddess herself removed the fears she had inspired. For she said, "O poet, minstrel of the Roman year, thou who hast dared to chronicle great things in slender couplets, thou hast won for thyself the right to look upon a celestial divinity by undertaking to celebrate the festivals in thy numbers. But lest thou should be ignorant and led astray by vulgar error, know that June takes its name from mine. It is something to have married Jupiter and to be Jupiter's sister. I know not whether I am prouder of him as brother or as husband. If descent is considered, I was the first to call Saturn by the name of father: I was the first child whom fate bestowed on him. Rome was once named Saturnia after my sire: this land was the next he came to after heaven. If the marriage-bed counts for much, I am called the consort of the Thunderer, and my temple is joined to that of Tarpeian Jupiter. If a leman could give her name to the month of May, shall a like honour be grudged to me? To what purpose, then, am I called Queen and chief of goddesses? Why did they put a golden sceptre in my right hand? Shall the days (*lucēs*) make up a month and I be called Lucina

after them, and yet shall I take a name from not a single month? Then indeed might I repent of having loyally laid aside my anger at the offspring of Electra and the Dardanian house. I had a double cause of anger: I fretted at the rape of Ganymede, and my beauty was misprized by the Idaean judge. It might repent me that I cherish not the battlements of Carthage, since my chariot and arms are there. It might repent me that I have laid Sparta, and Argos, and my Mycenae, and ancient Samos, under the heel of Latium; add to these old Tattius, and the Faliscans, who worship Juno, and whom I nevertheless suffered to succumb to the Romans. Yet let me not repent, for there is no people dearer to me: here may I be worshipped, here may I occupy the temple with my own Jupiter. Mavors himself hath said to me, 'I entrust these walls to thee. Thou shalt by mighty in the city of thy grandson.' His words have been fulfilled: I am celebrated at a hundred altars, and no the least of my honours is that of the month (named after me). Nevertheless it is not Rome alone that does me that honour: the inhabitants of neighbouring towns pay me the same compliment. Look at the calendar of woodland Aricia, and the calendars of the Laurentine folk and of my own Lanuvium; there, too, there is a month of June. Look at Tibur and at the sacred walls of the Praenestine goddess: there shalt thou read of Juno's season. Yet Romulus did not found these towns; but Rome was the city of my grandson."

So Juno ended. I looked back. The wife of Hercules stood by, and in her face were signs of vigour. "If my mother were to bid me retire from heaven outright," quoth she, "I would not tarry against my mother's will. Now, too, I do not content about he name of this season. I coax, and I act the part almost of a petitioner, and I should prefer to maintain my right by prayer alone. Thou thyself mayest haply favour my cause. My mother owns the golden Capitol, where she shares the temple, and, as is right, occupies the summit along with Jupiter. But all my glory comes from the naming of the month; the honour about which they tease me is the only one I enjoy. What harm was it if thou didst, O Roman, bestow the title of a month upon the wife of Hercules, and if posterity remembered and ratified the gift? This land also owes me something on account of my great husband. Hither he drove the captured kine : here Cacus, ill protected

by the flames, his father's gift, dyed with his blood the soil of the Aventine. But I am called to nearer themes. Romulus divided and distributed the people into two parts according to their years. The one was the readier to give counsel, the other to fight; the one age advised war, the other waged it. So he decreed, and he distinguished the months by the same token. June is the month of the young (*iuvenes*); the preceding is the month of the old."

So she spoke, and in the heat of rivalry the goddesses might have engaged in dispute, wherein anger might have belied their natural affection. But Concord came, at once the deity and the work of the pacific chief, her long tresses twined with Apollo's laurel. When she had told how Tatius and brave Quirinus, and their two kingdoms and peoples., had united in one, and how fathers-in-law and sons-in-law were received in a common home, "The months of June," quoth she, "gets its name from their junction."

Thus were three causes pleaded. But pardon me, ye goddesses; the matter is not one to be decided by my judgement. Depart from me all equal. Pergamum was ruined by him who adjudged the prize of beauty: two goddesses mar more than one can make.

KAL. IVN. 1st

The first day is given to thee, Carna. She is the goddess of the hinge: by her divine power she opens what is closed, and closes what is open. Time has dimmed the tradition which sets forth how she acquired the powers she owns, but you shall learn it from my song. Near to the Tiber lies an ancient grove of Alernus ; the pontiffs still bring sacrifices thither. There a nymph was born (men of old named her Cranaë), often wooed in vain by many suitors. Her wont it was to scour the countryside and chase the wild beasts with her darts, and in the hollow vale to stretch the knotty nets. No quiver had she, yet they thought that she was Phoebus' sister; and, Phoebus, thou needst not have been ashamed of her. If any youth spoke to her words of love, she straightway made him this answer: "In this place there is too much of light, and with the light too much of shame; if thou wilt lead to a more retired cave, I'll follow." While he confidently went in front, she no sooner reached the bushes than she halted, and hid

herself, and was nowise to be found. Janus had seen her, and the sight had roused his passion; to the hard-hearted nymph he used soft words. The nymph as usual bade him seek a more sequestered cave, and she pretended to follow at his heels, but deserted her leader. Fond fool! Janus sees what goes on behind his back; vain is thine effort; he sees thy hiding-place behind him. Vain is thine effort, lo! said I. For he caught thee in his embrace as thou didst lurk beneath a rock, and having worked his will he said: "In return for our dalliance be thine the control of hinges; take that for the price of thy lost maidenhood." So saying, he gave her a thorn – and white it was – wherewith she could repel all doleful harm from doors.

There are greedy birds, not those that cheated Phineus' maw of its repast, though from those they are descended. Big is their head, goggle their eyes, their beaks are formed for rapine, their feathers blotched with grey, their claws fitted with hooks. They fly by night and attack nurseless children, and defile their bodies, snatched from their cradles. They are said to rend the flesh of sucklings with their beaks, and their throats are full of the blood which they have drunk. Screech-owl is their name, but the reason of the name is that they are wont to screech horribly by night. Whether, therefore, they are born birds, or are made such by enchantment and are nothing but beldames transformed into fowls by a Marsian spell, they came into the chambers of Proca. In the chambers Proca, a child five days old, was a fresh prey for the birds. They sucked the infant with their greedy tongues, and the poor child squalled and craved help. Alarmed by the cry of her fosterling, the nurse ran to him and found his cheeks scored by their rigid claws. What was she to do? The colour of the child's face was like the common hue of late leaves nipped by an early frost. She went to Cranaë and told what had befallen. Cranaë said, "Lay fear aside; thy nursling will be safe." She went to the cradle; mother and father were weeping. "Restrain your tears," she said, "I myself will heal the child." Straightway she thrice touched the doorposts, one after the other, with arbutus leaves; thrice with arbutus leaves she marked the threshold. She sprinkled the entrance with water (and the water was drugged), and she held the raw inwards of a sow just two months old. And thus she spoke: "Ye birds of night, spare the child's inwards: a small victim falls for a

small child. Take, I pray ye, a heart for a heart, entrails for entrails. This life we give you for a better life." When she had thus sacrificed, she set the severed inwards in the open air, and forbade those present at the sacrifice to look back at them. A rod of Janus, taken from the white-thorn, was placed where a small window gave light to the chambers. After that, it is said that the birds did not violate the cradle, and the boy recovered his former colour.

You ask why fat bacon is eaten on these Kalends, and why beans are mixed with hot spelt. She is a goddess of the olden time, and subsists upon the foods to which she was inured before; no voluptuary is she to run after foreign viands. Fish still swam unharmed by the people of that age, and oysters safe in their shells. Latium knew not the fowl that rich Ionia supplies, nor the bird that delights in Pygmy blood ; and in the peacock naught but the feathers pleased, nor had the earth before sent captured beasts. The pig was prized, people feasted on the slaughtered swine: the ground yielded only beans and hard spelt. Whoever eats at the same time these two foods on the Kalends of the sixth month, they affirm that nothing can hurt his bowels.

They say, too, that the temple of Juno Moneta was founded in fulfilment of thy vow, Camillus, on the summit of the citadel : formerly it had been in the house of Manlius, who once protected Capitoline Jupiter against the Gallic arms. Great gods, how well had it been for him if in that fight he had fallen in defence of thy throne, O Jupiter on high! He lived to perish, condemned on a charge of aiming at the crown: that was the title that length of years reserved for him.

The same day is a festival of Mars, whose temple, set beside the Covered Way, is seen afar without the walls from the Capene Gate. Thou, too, O Storm, didst deserve a shrine, by our avowal, what time the fleet was nearly overwhelmed in Corsican waters. These monuments set up by men are plain for all to see: if you look for stars, the bird of great Jupiter with its hooked talons then rises.

IV. NON. 2nd

The next day calls up the Hyades, which form the horns of the Bull's

forehead; and the earth is soaked with heavy rain.

III. NON. 3rd

When twice the morning shall have passed, and twice Phoebus shall have repeated his rising, and twice the crops shall have been wetted by the fallen dew, on that day Bellona is said to have been consecrated in the Tuscan war, and ever she comes gracious to Latium. Her founder was Appius, who, when peace was refused to Pyrrhus, saw clearly in his mind, though from the light of day he was cut off. A small open space commands from the temple a view of the top of the Circus. There stands a little pillar of no little note. From it the custom is to hurl by hand a spear, war's harbinger, when it has been resolved to take arms against a king and peoples.

PR. NON. 4th

The other part of the Circus is protected by Guardian Hercules: the god holds office in virtue of the Euboean oracle. The time of his taking office is the day before the Nones. If you ask about the inscription, it was Sulla who approved the work.

NON. 5th

I inquired whether I should refer the Nones to Sancus, or to Fidius, or to thee, Father Semo; then Sancus said to me: "To whomsoever of them thou mayest give it, the honour will still be mine: I bear the three names: so willed the people of Cures." Accordingly the Sabines of old bestowed on him a shrine, and established it on the Quirinal hill.

VIII. ID. 6th

I have a daughter, and I pray she may outlive me; I shall always be happy while she survives. When I would give her to a son-in-law, I inquired what items were suitable for weddings and what should be avoided. Then it was shown to me that June after the sacred Ides is good for brides and good for bridegrooms, but the first part of this

month was found to be unsuitable for marriages; for the holy wife of the Flamen Dialis spoke thus to me: "Until the calm Tiber shall have carried down to the sea on its yellow current the filth from the temple of Ilian Vesta, it is not lawful for me to comb down my hair with a toothed comb, or cut my nails with iron, or touch my husband, though he is the priest of Jupiter, and though he was given to me for life. Thou, too, be in no hurry; thy daughter will better wed when Vesta's fire shall shine on a clean floor."

VII. ID. 7th

On the third morn after the Nones it is said that Phoebe chases away (the grandson of) Lycaon, and the Bear has none behind her to fear. Then I remember that I saw games held on the sward of the Field of Mars, and that hey were named thine, O smooth Tiber. The day is a festival for those who draw their dripping lines and hide their bronze hooks under little baits.

VI. ID. 8th

The mind also has its divinity. We see that a sanctuary was vowed to Mind during the terror of thy war, thou treacherous Carthaginian. Thou didst renew the war, thou Carthaginian, and, thunder-struck by the consul's death, all dreaded the Moorish bands. Fear had driven out hope, when the Senate made vows to Mind, and straightway she came better disposed. The day on which the vows paid to the goddess is separated from the coming Ides by six intermediate days.

V. ID. 9th

O Vesta, grant me thy favour! In thy service now ope my lips, if it is lawful for me to come to thy sacred rites. I was wrapt up in prayer; I felt the heavenly deity, and the glad ground gleamed with a purple light. Not indeed that I saw thee, O goddess (far from me be the lies of poets!), nor was it meet that a man should look upon thee; but my ignorance was enlightened and my errors corrected without the help of an instructor. They say that Rome had forty times celebrated the Parilia when the goddess, Guardian of Fire, was received in her

temple; it was the work of that peaceful king, than whom no man of more god-fearing temper was ever born in Sabine land. The buildings which now you see roofed with bronze you might then have seen roofed with thatch, and the walls were woven of tough osiers. This little spot, which now supports the Hall of Vesta, was then the great palace of unshorn Numa. Yet the shape of the temple, as it now exists, is said to have been its shape of old, and it is based on a sound reason. Vesta is the same as the Earth; under both of them is a perpetual fire; the earth and the hearth are symbols of the home. The earth is like a ball, resting on no prop; so great a weight hangs on the air beneath it. Its own power of rotation keeps its orb balanced; it has no angle which could press on any part; and since it is placed in the middle of the world and touches no side more or less, if it were not convex, it would be nearer to some part than to another, and the universe would not have the earth as its central weight. There stands a globe hung by Syracusan art in closed air, a small image of the vast vault of heaven, and the earth is equally distant from the top and bottom. That is brought about by its round shape. The form of the temple is similar: there is no projecting angle in it; a dome protects it from the showers of rain.

You ask why the goddess is tended by virgin ministers. Of that also I will discover the true causes. They say that Juno and Ceres were born of Ops by Saturn's seed; the third daughter was Vesta. The other two married; both are reported to have had offspring; of the three one remained, who refused to submit to a husband. What wonder if a virgin delights in a virgin minister and allows only chaste hands to touch her sacred things? Conceive of Vesta as naught but the living flame, and you see that no bodies are born of flame. Rightly, therefore, is she a virgin who neither gives nor takes seeds, and she loves companions in her virginity.

Long did I foolishly think that there were images of Vesta: afterwards I learned that there are none under her curved dome. An undying fire is hidden in that temple; but there is no effigy of Vesta nor of the fire. The earth stands by its own power; Vesta is so called from standing by power (*vi stando*); and the reason of her Greek name may be similar. But the hearth (*focus*) is so named from the flames, and because it fosters (*fovet*) all things; yet formerly it stood

in the first room of the house. Hence, too, I am of opinion that the vestibule took its name; it is from there that in praying we begin by addressing Vesta, who occupies the first place: it used to be the custom of old to sit on long benches in front of the hearth and to suppose that the gods were present at the table; even now, when sacrifices are offered to ancient Vacuna, they stand and sit in front of her hearths. Something of olden custom has come down to our time: a clean platter contains the food offered to Vesta. Loaves are hung on asses decked with wreaths, and flowery garlands veil the rough millstones. Husbandmen used formerly to toast only spelt in the ovens, and the goddess of ovens has her own sacred rites : the hearth of itself baked the bread that was put under the ashes, and a broken tile was laid on the warm floor. Hence the baker honours the hearth and the mistress of hearths and the she-ass that turns the millstones of pumice.

Shall I pass over or relate thy disgrace, rubicund Priapus? It is a short story, but a very merry one. Cybele, whose brow is crowned with a coronet of towers, invited the eternal gods to her feast. She invited all the satyrs and those rural divinities, the nymphs. Silenus came, though nobody had asked him. It is unlawful, and it would be tedious, to narrate the banquet of the gods: the livelong night was passed in deep potations. Some roamed at haphazard in the vales of shady Ida; some lay and stretched their limbs at ease on the soft grass; some played; some slept; some, arm linked in arm, thrice beat with rapid foot the verdant ground. Vesta lay and careless took her peaceful rest, just as she was, her head low laid and propped upon a sod. But the ruddy guardian of gardens courted nymphs and goddesses, and to and fro he turned his roving steps. He spied Vesta too; it is doubtful whether he took her for a nymph or knew her to be Vesta; he himself said that he knew her not. He conceived a wanton hope, and tried to approach her furtively; he walked on tiptoe with throbbing heart. It chanced that old Silenus had left the ass, on which he rode, on the banks of a babbling brook. The god of the long Hellespont was going to begin, when the ass uttered an ill-timed bray. Frightened by the deep voice, the goddess started up; the whole troop flocked together; Priapus made his escape between hands that would have stopped him. Lampsacus is wont to sacrifice this animal

to Priapus, saying: "We fitly give to the flames the innards of the tell-tale." That animal, goddess, thou dost adorn with necklaces of loaves in memory of the event: work comes to a stop: the mills are empty and silent.

I will explain the meaning of an altar of Baker Jupiter, which stands on the citadel of the Thunderer and is more famous for its name than for its value. The Capitol was surrounded and hard pressed by fierce Gauls: the long siege had already caused a famine. Having summoned the celestial gods to his royal throne, Jupiter said to Mars, "Begin." Straightway Mars made answer, "Forsooth, nobody knows the plight of my people, and this my sorrow needs to find utterance in complaint. But if thou dost require me to declare in brief the sad and shameful tale: Rome lies at the foot of the Alpine foe. Is this that Rome, O Jupiter, to which was promised the domination of the world? is this that Rome which thou didst purpose to make the mistress of the earth? Already she had crushed her neighbours and the Etruscan hosts. Hope was in full career, but now she is driven from her own hearth and home. We have seen old men decked in embroidered robes – the symbol of the triumphs they had won – cut down within their bronze-lined halls. We have seen the pledges of Ilian Vesta removed from their proper seat : plainly the Romans think that some gods exist. But if they were to look back to the citadel in which ye dwell, and to see so many of your homes beleaguered, they would know that the worship of the gods is of no avail, and that incense offered by an anxious hand is thrown away. And would that they could find a clear field of battle! Let them take arms, and, if they cannot conquer, then let them fall! As it is, starving and dreading a coward's death, they are shut up and pressed hard on their own hill by a barbarous mob." Then Venus and Quirinus, in the pomp of augur's staff and striped gown, and Vesta pleaded hard for their own Latium. Jupiter replied, "A general providence is charged with the defence of yonder walls. Gaul will be vanquished and will pay the penalty. Only do thou, Vesta, look to it that the corn which is lacking may be thought to abound, and do not abandon thy proper seat. Let all the grain that is yet unground be crushed in the hollow mill, let it be kneaded by hand and roasted by fire in the oven." So Jupiter commanded, and the virgin daughter of Saturn assented to her

brother's command, the time being the hour of midnight. Now sleep had overcome the wearied leaders. Jupiter chode them, and with his sacred lips informed them of his will. "Arise and from the topmost battlements cast into the midst of the foe the last resource which ye would wish to yield." Sleep left them, and moved by the strange riddle they inquired what resource they were bidden to yield against their will. They thought it must be corn. They threw down the gifts of the Corn-goddess, which, in falling, clattered upon the helmets and the long shields of the foe. The hope that the citadel could be reduced by famine now vanished: the enemy was repulsed and a white altar set up to Baker Jupiter.

It chanced that at the festival of Vesta I was returning by that way which now joins the New Way to the Roman Forum, Hither I saw a matron coming down barefoot: amazed I held my peace and halted. An old woman of the neighbourhood perceived me, and bidding me sit down she addressed me in quavering tones, shaking her head. "This ground, where now are the forums, was once occupied by wet swamps: a ditch was drenched with the water that overflowed from the river. That Lake of Curtius, which supports dry altars, is now solid ground, but formerly it was a lake. Where now the processions are wont to defile through the Velabrum to the Circus, there was naught but willows and hollow canes; often the roysterer, returning home over the waters of the suburb, used to tip a stave and rap out tipsy words at passing sailors. Yonder god (Vertumnus), whose name is appropriate to various shapes, had not yet derived it from damming back the river (*averso amne*). Here, too, there was a grove overgrown with bulrushes and reeds, and a marsh not to be trodden with booted feet. The pools have receded, and the river confines its water within its banks, and the ground is now dry; but the old custom survives." The old woman thus explained the custom. "Farewell, good old dame," said I; "may what remains of life to thee be easy all!"

The rest of the tale I had learned long since in my boyish years; yet not on that account may I pass it over in silence. Ilus, descendant of Dardanus, had lately founded a new city (Ilus was still rich and possessed the wealth of Asia); a celestial image of armed Minerva is believed to have leaped won on the hills of the Ilian city. (I was anxious to see it: I saw the temple and the place; that is all that is left

here; the image of Pallas is in Rome.) Smintheus was consulted, and in the dim light of his shady grove he gave this answer with no lying lips: "Preserve the heavenly goddess, so shall ye preserve the city. She will transfer with herself the seat of empire." Ilus preserved the image of the goddess and kept it shut up on the top of the citadel; the charge of it descended to his heir Laomedon. In Priam's reign the image was not well preserved. Such was the goddess's own will ever since judgement was given against her in the contest of beauty. Whether it was the descendant of Adrastus, or the guileful Ulysses, or Aeneas, they say someone carried it off; the culprit is uncertain; the thing is now at Rome: Vesta guards it, because she sees all things by her light that never fails.

Alas, how alarmed the Senate was when the temple of Vesta caught fire, and the goddess was almost buried under her own roof! Holy fires blazed, fed by wicked fires, and a profane flame was blent with a pious flame. Amazed the priestesses wept with streaming hair; fear had bereft them of bodily strength. Metellus rushed into their midst and in a loud voice cried, "Hasten ye to the rescue! There is no help in weeping. Take up in your virgin hands the pledges given by fate; it is not by prayers but by deed that they can be saved. Woe's me, do ye hesitate?" said he. He saw that they hesitate?" said he. He saw that they hesitated and sank trembling on their knees. He took up water, and lifting up his hands, "Pardon me, ye sacred things," said he, "I, a man, will enter a place where no man should set foot. If it is a crime, let the punishment of the deed fall on me! May I pay with my head the penalty, so Rome go free!" With these words he burst in. The goddess whom he carried off approved the deed and was saved by the devotion of her pontiff.

Ye sacred flames, now ye shine bright under Caesar's rule; the fire is now and will continue to be on the Ilian hearths, and it will not be told that under his leadership any priestess defiled her sacred fillets, and none shall be buried in the live ground. That is the doom of her who proves unchaste; because she is put away in the earth which she contaminated, since Earth and Vesta are one and the same deity.

Then did Brutus win his surname from the Gallaecan foe, and dyed the Spanish ground with blood. To be sure, sorrow is sometimes blent with joy, lest festivals spell unmingled gladness for

the people: Crassus lost the eagles, his son, and his soldiers at the Euphrates, and perished last of all himself. “Why exult, thou Parthian?” said the goddess; “thou shalt send back the standards, and there will be an avenger who shall exact punishment for the slaughter of Crassus.”

IV. ID. 10th

But as soon as the long-eared asses are stripped of their violets, and the rough millstones grind the fruits of Ceres, the sailor, sitting at the poop, says, “We shall see the Dolphin, when the day is put to flight and dank night has mounted up.”

III. ID. 11th

Now, Phrygian Tithonus, thou dost complain that thou art abandoned by thy spouse, and the watchful Morning Star comes forth from the eastern waters. Go, good mothers (the Matralia is your festival), and offer to the Theban goddess the yellow cakes that are her due. Adjoining the bridges and the great Circus is an open space of far renown, which takes its name from the statue of an ox : there, on this day, it is said, Servius consecrated with his own sceptered hands a temple of Mother Matuta. Who the goddess is, why she excludes (for exclude she does) female slaves from the threshold of her temple, and why she calls for toasted cakes, do thou, O Bacchus, whose locks are twined with clustered grapes and ivy, (explain and) guide the poet’s course, if the house of the goddess is also thine. Through the compliance of Jupiter with her request Semele was consumed with fire : Ino received thee, young Bacchus, and zealously nursed thee with the utmost care. Juno swelled with rage that Ino should rear the son who had been snatched from his leman mother; but that son was of the blood of Ino’s sister. Hence Athamas was haunted by the furies and by a delusive vision, and little Learchus, thou didst fall by thy father’s hand. His sorrowful mother committed the shade of Learchus to the tomb and paid all the honours due to the mournful pyre. She, too, after tearing her rueful hair, leaped forth and snatched thee, Melicertes, from thy cradle. A land there is, shrunk with narrow

limits, which repels twin seas, and, single in itself, is lashed by twofold waters. Thither came Ino, clasping her son in her frenzied embrace, and hurled herself and him from a high ridge into the deep. Panope and her hundred sisters received them scatheless, and smoothly gliding bore them through their realms. They reached the mouth of thick-eddying Tiber before Ino had yet received the name of Leucothea and before her boy was called Palaemon. There was a sacred grove: it is doubtful whether it should be called the grove of Semele or the grove of Stimula: they say that it was inhabited by Ausonian Maenads. Ino inquired of them what was their nation; she learned that they were Arcadians and that Evander was king of the place.

Dissembling her godhead, the daughter of Saturn slyly incited the Latian Bacchanals by glozing words: "Too easy souls! O blinded hearts! This stranger comes no friend to our assemblies. Her aim is treacherous, she would learn our sacred rites. Yet she has a pledge by which we can ensure her punishment." Scarce had she ended, when the Thyiads, with their locks streaming down their necks, filled the air with their howls, and laid hands on Ino, and strove to pluck the boy from her. She invoked the gods whom still she knew not: "Ye gods and men of the land, succour a wretched mother!" The cry reached the neighbouring rocks of the Aventine. The Oetaean hero had driven the Iberian kine to the river bank; he heard and hurried at full speed towards the voice. At the approach of Hercules the women, who but a moment before had been ready to use violence, turned their backs shamefully in womanish flight. "What would'st thou here, O sister of Bacchus's mother?" quoth Hercules, for he recognized her: "doth the same deity who harasses me harass the also?" She told him her story in part, but part the presence of her son induced her to suppress; for she was ashamed to have been goaded into crime by the furies. Rumour – for she is fleet – flew far on pulsing wings, and thy name, Ino, was on many lips. It is said that as a guest thou didst enter the home of loyal Carmentis and there didst stay thy long hunger. The Tegean priestess is reported to have made cakes in haste with her own hand and to have quickly backed them on the hearth. Even to this day she loves cakes at the festival of the Matralia. Rustic civility was dearer to her than the refinements of art.

“Now,” said Ino, “reveal to me, O prophetess, my future fate, so far as it is lawful; I pray thee, add this favour to the hospitality I have already received.” A brief pause ensued, and then the prophetess assumed her heavenly powers, and all her bosom swelled with majesty divine. Of a sudden you could hardly know her again; so holier, so taller far was she than she had been but now. “Glad tidings I will sing: rejoice, Ino, thy labours are over,” said she. “O come propitious to this people evermore! Thou shalt be a divinity in the sea: thy son, too, shall have his home in the ocean. Take ye both different names in your own waters. Thou shalt be called Leucothea by the Greeks and Matuta by our people: thy son will have all authority over harbours; he whom we name Portunus will be named Palaemon in his own tongue. Go, I pray ye, be friendly, both of ye, to our country!” Ino bowed assent, she gave her promise. Their troubles ceased: they changed their names: he is a god and she a goddess.

You ask why she forbids female slaves to approach her? She hates them, and the source of her hatred, with her leave, I will tell in verse. One of thy handmaids, daughter of Cadmus, used often to submit to the embraces of thy husband. The caitiff Athamas loved her secretly, and from her he learned that his wife gave toasted seed-corn to the husbandmen. You yourself, indeed, denied it, but rumour affirmed it. That is why you hate the service of a woman slave. Nevertheless let not an affectionate mother pray to her on behalf of her own offspring: she herself proved to be no lucky parent. You will do better to commend to her care the progeny of another; she was more serviceable to Bacchus than to her own children. They relate that she said to thee, Rutilius, “Whither dost thou hasten? On my day in thy consulship thou shalt fall by the hand of a Marsian foe.” Her words were fulfilled, and the stream of the Tolenus flowed purple, its water mingled with blood. When the next year was come, Didius, slain on the same day, doubled the forces of the foe.

The same day, Fortune, is thine, and the same founder, and he same place. But who is yonder figure that is hidden in robes thrown one upon the other? It is Servius: so much is certain, but different causes are assigned for this concealment, and my mind, too, is haunted by doubt. While the goddess timidly confessed her furtive love, and blushed to think that as a celestial being she should made

with a mere man (for she burned with a deep, an onvermastering passion for the king, and he was the only man for whom she was not blind), she was wont to enter his house by a small window (*fenestra*); hence the gate bears the name of Fenestella ("the Little Window"). To this day she is ashamed and hides the loved features beneath a veil, and the king's face is covered by many a robe. Or is the truth rather that after the murder of Tullius the common folk were bewildered by the death of the gentle chief, there were no bounds to their grief, and their sorrow increased with the sight of his statue, until they hid him by putting robes on him?

A third reason must be expounded in my verse at greater length, though I will rein in my steeds. Having accomplished her marriage by means of crime, Tullia used to incite her husband by these words: "What boots is that we are will matched, thou by my sister's murder, and I by thy brother's, if we are content to lead a life of virtue? Better that my husband and thy wife had lived, if we do not dare attempt some greater enterprise. I offer as my dower the head and kingdom of my father: if thou art a man, go to, exact the promised dower. Crime is a thing for kings. Kill thy wife's father and seize the kingdom, and dye our hands in my sire's blood." Instigated by such words, he, private man though he was, took his seat upon the lofty throne; the mob, astounded, rushed to arms. Hence blood and slaughter, and the weak old man was overpowered: his son-in-law (Tarquin) the Proud snatched the sceptre from his father-in-law. Servius himself, at the foot of the Esquiline hill, where was his palace, fell murdered and bleeding on the hard ground. Driving in a coach to her father's home, his daughter passed along the middle of the streets, erect and haughty. When he saw her father's corpse, the driver burst into tears and drew up. She chode him in these terms: "Wilt thou go on, or dost thou wait to reap the bitter fruit of this thy loyalty? Drive, I say, the reluctant wheels across his very face!" A sure proof of the deed is the name of the street called Wicked after her; the event is branded with eternal infamy. Yet after that she dared to touch the temple, her father's monument: strange but true the tale I'll tell. There was a statue seated on a throne in the likeness of Tullius: it is aid to have put its hand to its eyes, and a voice was heard, "Hide my face, lest it should see the execrable visage of my

own daughter.” The statue was covered by a robe lent for the purpose: Fortune forbade the garment to be moved, and thus she spoke from her own temple: “That day on which the statue of Servius shall be laid bare by unmuffling his face will be the first day of modesty cast to the winds.” Ye matrons, refrain from touching the forbidden garments; enough it is to utter prayers in solemn tones. Let him who was the seventh king in our city always keep his head covered with Roman drapery. This temple was once burnt, yet the fire spared the statue: Mulciber himself rescued his son. For the father of Tullius was Vulcan, his mother was the beautiful Ocesia of Corniculum. After performing with her the sacred rites in due form, Tanaquil ordered Ocesia to pour wine on the hearth, which had been adorned. There among the ashes there was, or seemed to be, the shape of the male organ; but rather the shape was really there. Ordered by her mistress, the captive Ocesia sat down at the hearth. She conceived Servius, who thus was begotten of seed from heaven. His begetter gave a token of his paternity when he touched the head of Servius with gleaming fire, and when on the king’s hair there blazed a cap of flame.

To thee, too, Concordia, Livia dedicated a magnificent shrine, which she presented to her dear husband. But learn this, thou age to come: where Livia’s colonnade now stands, there once stood a huge palace. The single house was like the fabric of a city; it occupied a space larger than that occupied by the walls of many a town. It was levelled with the ground, not on a charge of treason, but because its luxury was deemed harmful. Caesar brooked to overthrow so vast a structure, and to destroy so much wealth, to which he was himself the heir. That is the way to exercise the censorship; that is the way to set an example, when an upholder of law does himself what he warns others to do.

PR. ID. 12th; ID. 13th

The next day has no mark attached to it which you can note. On the Ides a temple was dedicated to Unconquered Jupiter. And now I am bidden to tell of the Lesser Quinquatrus. Now favour my undertaking, thou yellow-haired Minerva. “Why does the flute-player

march at large through the whole City? What mean the masks? What means the long gown?" So did I speak, and thus did Tritonia answer me, when she had laid aside her spear – would that I could report the very words of the learned goddess! "In the times of your ancestors of yore the flute-player was much employed and was always held in great honour. The flute played in temples, it played at games, it played at mournful funerals. The labour was sweetened by its reward; but a time followed which of a sudden broke the practice of the pleasing art. Moreover, the aedile had ordered that the musicians who accompanied funeral processions should be ten, no more. The flute-players went into exile from the City and retired to Tibur : once upon a time Tibur was a place of exile! The hollow flute was missed in the theatre, missed at the altars; no dirge accompanied the bier on the last march. At Tibur there was a certain man who had been a slave, but had long been free, a man worthy of any rank. In his country place he made ready a banquet and invited the tuneful throng; they gathered to the festal board. It was night, and their eyes and heads swam with wine, when a messenger arrived with a made-up tale, and thus he spoke (to the freedman): 'Break up the banquet without delay, for see here comes the master of thy rod!' Immediately the guests bestirred their limbs, reeling with heady wine; their shaky legs or stood or slipped. But the master of the house, 'Off with you all!' says he, and when they dawdled he packed them in a wain that was well lined with rushes. The time, the motion, and the wine allured to slumber, and the tipsy crew fancied that they were on their way back to Tibur. And now the wain had entered the city of Rome by the Esquiline, and at morn it stood in the middle of the Forum. In order to deceive the Senate as to their persons and their number, Plautius commanded that their faces should be covered with masks; and he mingled others with them and ordered them to wear long garments, to the end that women flute-players might be added to the band. In that way he thought that the return of the exiles could be best concealed, lest they should be censured for having come back against the orders of their guild. The plan was approved, and now they are allowed to wear their new garb on the Ides and to sing merry words to the old tunes."

When she had thus instructed me, "It only remains for me to

learn," said I, "why that day is called Quinquatrus." "A festival of mine," quoth she, "is celebrated under that name in the month of March, and among my inventions is also the guild of flute-players. I was the first, by piercing boxwood with holes wide apart, to produce the music of the long flute. The sound was pleasing; but in the water that reflected my face I saw my virgin cheeks puffed up. 'I value not the art so high; farewell, my flute!' said I, and threw it away; it fell on the turf of the river-bank. A satyr found it and at first beheld it with wonder; he knew not its use, but perceived that, when he blew into it, the flute gave forth a note, and with the help of his fingers he alternately let out and kept in his breath. And now he bragged of his skill among the nymphs and challenged Phoebus; but, vanquished by Phoebus, he was hanged and his body flayed of its skin. Yet am I the inventress and foundress of this music; that is why the profession keeps my days holy."

XVII. KAL IVL. 15th

The third day will come, on which thou, O Thyone of Dodona, wilt stand visible on the brow of Agenor's bull. It is the day on which thou, O Tiber, dost send the filth of Vesta's temple down the Etruscan water to the sea.

XVI. KAL. 16th

If any trust can be put in the winds, spread your canvas to the West Wind, ye mariners; tomorrow it will blow fair upon your waters.

XV. KAL. 17th; XIV. KAL. 18th

But when the father of the Heliades shall have dipped his rays in the billows, and heaven's twin poles are girdled by the stars serene, the offspring of Hyrieus shall lift his mighty shoulders above the earth: on the next night the Dolphin will be visible. That constellation once indeed beheld the Volscians and the Aequians put to flight upon thy plains, O land of Algidus; whence thou, Tubertus, didst win a famous triumph over the neighbouring folks and didst later ride victorious in a car drawn by snow-white horses.

XIII. KAL. 19th

Now twice six days of the month are left, but to that number add one day; the sun departs from the Twins, and the constellation of the Crab blames red. Pallas begins to be worshipped on the Aventine hill.

XII. KAL 20th

Now, Laomedon, thy son's wife rises, and having risen she dispels the night, and the dank hoar-frost flees from the meadows. The temple is said to have been dedicated to Summanus, whoever he may be, at the time when thou, Pyrrhus, wast a terror to the Romans.

XI. KAL. 21st

When that day also has been received by Galatea in her father's waters, and all the world is sunk in untroubled sleep, there rises above the horizon the young man blasted by the bolts of his grandsire and stretches out his hands, entwined with twin snakes. Familiar, too, the wrong that Theseus did, when, too confiding, he did curse his son to death. Doomed by his piety, the youth was journeying to Troezen, when a bull cleft with his breast the waters in the path. Fear seized the startled steeds; in vain their master held them back, they dragged him along the crags and flinty rocks. Hippolytus fell from the car, and, his limbs entangled by the reins, his mangled body was whirled along, till he gave up the ghost, much to Diana's rage. "There is no need for grief," said the son of Coronis, "for I will restore the pious youth to life all unscathed, and to my leech-craft gloomy fate shall yield." Straightway he drew from an ivory casket simples that before had stood Glaucus' ghost in good stead, what time the seer went down to pluck the herbs he had remarked, and the snake was succoured by a snake. Thrice he touched the youth's breast, thrice he spoke healing words; then Hippolytus lifted his head, low laid upon the ground. He found a hiding-place in a sacred grove and in the depths of Dictynna's own woodland; he became Virbius of the Arician Lake. But Clymenus and Clotho grieved, she

that life's broken thread should be respun, he that his kingdom's rights should be infringed. Fearing the example thus set, Jupiter aimed a thunderbolt at him who used the resources of a too potent art. Phoebus, thou didst complain. But Aesculapius is a god, be reconciled to thy parent: he did himself for thy sake what he forbids others to do.

X. KAL. 22nd

However great thy haste to conquer, O Caesar, I would not have thee march, if the auspices forbade. Be Flaminius and the Trasimenean shores thy witnesses that the kind gods give many warnings by means of birds. If you ask the date of that ancient disaster, incurred through recklessness, it was the tenth day from the end of the month.

IX. KAL. 23rd

The next day is luckier: on it Masinissa defeated Syphax, and Hasdrubal fell by his own sword.

VIII. KAL. 24th

Time slips away, and we grow old with silent lapse of years; there is no bridle that can curb the flying days. How quickly has come round the festival of Fors Fortuna! Yet seven days and June will be over. Come, Quirites, celebrate with joy the goddess Fors! On Tiber's bank she has her royal foundations. Speed some of you on foot, and some in the swift boat, and think no shame to return tipsy home from your ramble. Ye flower-crowned skiffs, bear bands of youthful revellers, and let them quaff deep draughts of wine on the bosom of the stream. The common folk worship this goddess because the founder of her temple is said to have been of their number and to have risen to the crown from humble rank. Her worship is also appropriate for slaves, because Tullius, who instituted the neighbouring temples of the fickle goddess, was born of a slave woman.

VI. KAL. 26th

Lo, returning from the suburban shrine, a maudlin worshipper thus hails the stars: "Orion, thy belt is now invisible, and perhaps it will be invisible to-morrow: after that it will be within my ken." But if he had not been tipsy, he would have said that the solstice would fall on the same day.

V. KAL. 27th

Next morn the Lares were given a sanctuary on the spot where many a wreath is twined by deft hands. At the same time was built the temple of Jupiter Stator, which Romulus of old founded in front o the Palatine hill.

III. KAL. 29th

When as many days of the month remain as the Fates have names, a temple was dedicated to thee, Quirinus, god of the striped gown.

PR. KAL. 30th

To-morrow is the birthday of the Kalends of July. Pierides, put the last touches to my undertaking. Tell me, Pierides, who associated you with him to whom his stepmother was forced to yield reluctantly. So I spoke, and Clio answered me thus: "Thou dost behold the monument of that famous Philip from whom the chaste Marcia is descended, Marcia who derives her name from sacrificial Ancus, and whose beauty matches her noble birth. In her the figure answers to the soul; in her we find lineage and beauty and genius all at once. Nor deem our praise of figure base; on the same ground we praise great goddesses. The mother's sister of Caesar was once married to that Philip. O florious dame! O lady worthy of that sacred house!" So Clio sang. Her learned sisters chimed in; Alcides bowed assent and twanged his lyre.

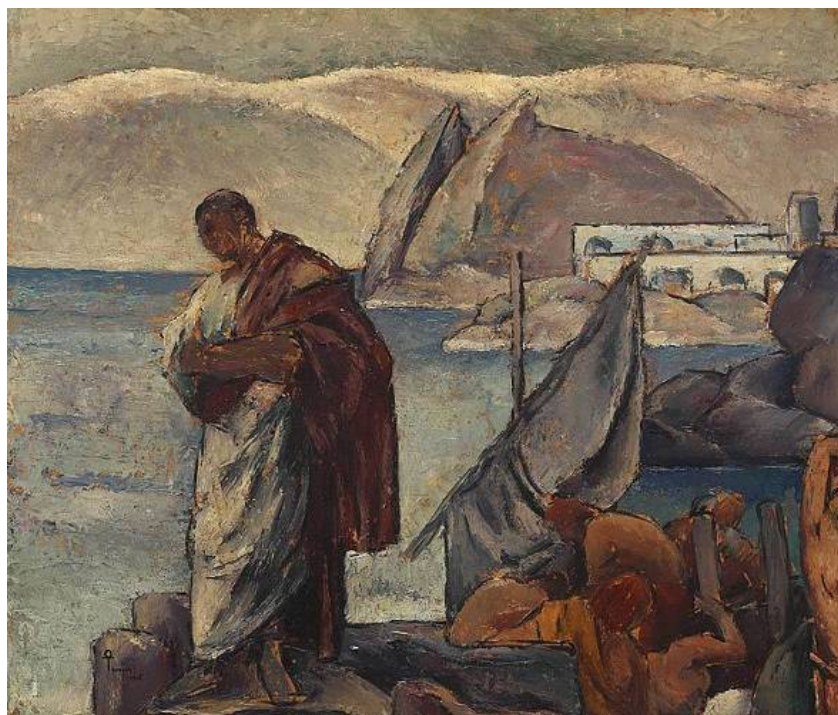
IBIS



Translated by Henry T. Riley

Possessing a unique place in Roman literature, this elegiac ‘curse’ poem of 644 lines purports to attack an enemy that is harming the poet during his exile. At the beginning of the poem, Ovid explains that his poetry will no longer be benign in purpose, but will instead be used to attack his enemy. The poem’s title refers to Callimachus’ *Ibis*, which was written several hundred years previously by the Ancient Greek poet to attack his rival Apollonius of Rhodes. Ovid uses mythical examples to condemn his enemy in the afterlife, explaining evil prodigies that attended his birth, wishing that the torments of mythological characters will inflict his enemy. The poem ends with a prayer that the gods render the curse effective.

[Link for the Latin texts](#)



'Ovid in Exile' by Ion Theodorescu-Sion, 1915

THE INVECTIVE AGAINST THE IBIS.

Up to this time, twice five lustra having now been passed by me, every verse of my Muse has been inoffensive, and not a single letter of Naso's exists, out of so many thousands that have been written, that can be read as injurious. My books, too, have hurt no one but myself; when the life of the author was lost through his *Art of Love*. One man (and that very circumstance is a great reproach) does not permit my credit for inoffensiveness to be lasting. Whoever he is (for I will still, in some measure, be silent on his name) he forces my

unused hands to take up weapons. He does not allow me, removed afar to the cold rising of the North wind, to be concealed in my place of exile. In his cruelty, he torments the wounds that seek for rest, and he bandies my name about the whole of the Forum. Nor does he allow her, who is bound to me by the lasting tie of marriage, to lament the death of her wretched husband. While I am clinging to the shattered remains of my vessel, he strives to seize the planks of my shipwreck. He, too, who ought to extinguish the sudden conflagration, like a plunderer, snatches his booty from the midst of the fire. He strives that subsistence may be wanting to my exiled old age; alas! how much more worthy was he himself of my misfortunes! The Gods deemed otherwise; of whom he is by far the greatest to me, who willed not my wanderings to be destitute. To him, then, whenever I shall be allowed, I shall always return deserved thanks for a disposition so merciful. Pontus shall hear of these things; perhaps the same *Divinity* may cause a nearer country to testify them for me. But I will be deservedly an enemy to thee, however wretched, who hast, cruel man, trod upon me when lying prostrate. Water shall sooner cease to be the antagonist of fire, and the light of the Sun shall be joined with the Moon; the same portion of the heavens shall send forth the West winds and those of the East; and the warm South wind shall blow from the cold *North* pole; a fresh-born concord, too, shall arise between the smoke *of the ashes* of *Eteocles and Polyinces*, the brothers, which the old enmity separated *even* on the lighted funeral pile; Spring, too, shall mingle with Autumn, and Summer with Midwinter; and the West and the East

shall be the same spot, before, having laid aside the arms which I have assumed, there shall be the friendship, thou wretch, between me and thee which thou hast broken by thy crimes: *before* this resentment can ever cease in length of time, or time and season can moderate my hatred. There will be that peace between us, so long as my life shall last, which there is wont to be between the wolves and the weak sheep. I, indeed, will commence the first warfare in the verse with which I have begun, although wars are not wont to be waged in this measure. And, as the lance of the light-armed soldier, not yet heated *for the combat*, is first aimed at the ground strewed with the yellow sand; so will I not at first aim at thee with the sharp steel; nor shall my spear at once strike at thy hated head, neither will I mention thy name, or thy actions in this book; and I will suffer thee, for a little time, to conceal who thou art. Afterwards, shouldst thou persist, the bold Iambic measure shall provide me with weapons against thee, steeped in the blood of Lycambes.

At present, I curse thee and thine, in the same manner in which *Callimachus*, the son of Battus, curses his enemy, the Ibis. And as he *does*, I will involve my lines in dark fables, although I am not accustomed to practise this kind *of composition*. Emulating his obscurities in his Ibis, I shall be pronounced forgetful of my taste and of my skill. And as I do not disclose to inquirers, for the present who thou art, do thou as well, in the meantime take the name of Ibis. As my lines will contain some obscurity, so be the whole tenor of thy life overcast. I will cause some one to read these lines to thee on thy birthday, and on the Calends of Janus, with no deceiving lips.

Ye Gods of the sea and of the land, and ye who, together with Jove, possess realms *still* better than these between the opposite poles, I pray all of you to turn hither your attention, and to allow *due* weight to attend my wishes. And do thou, Earth, and thou Ocean with thy waves, and thou Æther on high, receive my prayers; ye stars too, and thou form of the Sun, surrounded with rays; thou Moon too, who never shinest with the same aspect with which thou didst *the day* before; thou Night too, awful in the appearance of thy shades: and ye *Destinies as well*, who spin your appointed task with three-fold fingers; and thou, *Lethe*, river of the water that sanctions no false oath, that rollest through the vallies of hell with terrific roar and you

Furies, who they say, are seated before the dark doors of the dungeon, with your locks wreathed with twisted vipers; and you, too, the commonalty of the Divinities, ye Fauns, and Satyrs, and Lares, and Streams, and Nymphs, and thou race of Demigods. And lastly, all ye Gods both old and young, from ancient Chaos down to our time, assist, while imprecatory verses are being repeated against this perfidious head, and anger and resentment are performing their part; favour my desires all of you, each in his order, and let no fraction of my wishes be unrealized. Let the things that I pray for come to pass, that he may suppose that they were not my sayings, but the words of the son-in-law of Pasiphaë. May he suffer, too, those punishments, which I shall omit; may he be wretched to an extent beyond my imagination. And let not my prayers that execrate a fictitious name, prevail the less *for that reason*, or influence in a less degree the great Gods.

I accurse him, whom my mind understands *as* the Ibis; who knows that by his crimes he has deserved this execration, i am guilty of no delay; *as* the priest, I will go through the prayers resolved on by me. Whoever ye be, that are present at my rites, aid me, *all of you*, with your words. Whoever ye be, that are present at my rites, utter words of sadness; and approach the Ibis with tearful cheeks; meet him with inauspicious words, and with the left foot *advanced*; and let black vestments clothe your bodies. And thou too, *Ibis*, why dost thou hesitate to assume the mournful fillets? the altar, as thou seest, is now standing *ready* for thy doom. The procession is prepared for thee; be there no delay in the fulfilment of my vows of ill omen *for thee*. Victim accursed, extend thy throat for my knives. May the earth deny thee its produce, the stream its waters; may the wind, and may the air deny thee their breezes. May the sun be no *longer* bright for thee, nor the moon shining: may all the stars fade from before thy eyes. Let neither Vulcan, *God of fire*, nor air afford thee *their use*: let neither the land nor the sea afford thee a passage. An exile and in need, mayst thou wander; mayst thou visit the thresholds of others; and mayst thou beg a little morsel with tremulous lips. Let neither thy body nor thy weakened mind be free from complaining pain; and may the night prove more tormenting to thee than the day, the day than the night. Mayst thou ever be wretched; and mayst thou be

pitied by none. Let both man and woman rejoice in thy misfortunes. Let hatred be added to thy tears, and when thou art enduring a multitude of woes, mayst thou be deemed worthy of still more. May too, which seldom happens, the hateful appearance of thy sorrow be deprived of the usual interest. May the occasion of death not be wanting to thee, *but* may its opportunity be denied thee: may life, forced *upon thee*, never meet with the death that is longed for. May thy breath, *only* after a prolonged struggle, forsake thy agonized limbs: and may it torment thee first by a lengthened procrastination.

These things will come to pass. Phoebus himself, this moment, gave me signs of the future, and a bird of bad omen flew on my left hand. Assuredly, I will always believe that what I wish will influence the Gods above; and, perfidious *wretch!* I shall ever be nourished by the hope of thy destruction. That day will *come to pass*, which will hereafter take thee away from me; that day will *come to pass*, which comes *but* slowly for me. And may that day, which approaches but tardily for me, first take away this life, often the object of thy attacks, before this resentment ever fade in length of years, or time or season modify my hatred. So long as the Thracian shall fight with the javelins, the Iazyges with the bow, so long as the Ganges shall be warm, the Danube be cold; so long as the mountains shall have their oaks, the plains their soft pasturage, so long as the Etrurian Tiber shall have yellow waters, *so long* with thee will I wage war; *even* death shall not put an end to my wrath, but to one ghost shall it give ruthless arms against *another* spirit. Then, too, when I shall have flitted into vacant air, my lifeless phantom shall *still* hate thy shade; even then, as a ghost, I will approach, not forgetful of thy crimes, and, a skeleton form, I will attack thy face. Whether I shall be worn out by length of years, a thing I would not desire, or whether I shall depart by a death caused by my own hand; whether I shall be tost in shipwreck along the boundless waves, and the fish from afar shall prey on my entrails; whether foreign birds shall tear my limbs, or whether wolves shall stain their jaws with my blood; or whether any one shall deign to deposit me in the earth, or to give my lifeless body to an humble pile; whatever I shall be, I shall struggle to escape from the Stygian regions, and, *as my own avenger*, I will extend my cold hands to thy features. In thy watchings thou shalt behold me;

seeming to be present in the silent darkness of night, I will disturb thy sleep. In fine, whatever thou shalt be doing, I will hover before thy face and thy eyes, and I will wail; in no spot shalt thou be at rest. The twisted thongs shall send forth their sounds, and the torches, wreathed with snakes, shall ever be smoking before thy conscience-stricken face; by these Furies, while *yet* living, thou shalt be tormented, and by the same when dead. Thy life will prove shorter than thy punishment. Obsequies and the tears of thy friends, shall not be thy lot; undeptored shalt thou be thrown out. Thou shalt be dragged by the hand of the executioner, amid the shouts of the people, and the hook shall be fixed amid thy bones. The very flames, which devour everything, shall fly from thee; the retributive earth shall reject thy hated carcase with disgust. With talons and bill shall the sluggish vulture drag thy entrails, and the greedy dogs shall tear asunder thy perfidious heart. Over thy body, too, (although thou mayst be elated at such a compliment), there shall be strife among the insatiate wolves. Thou wilt be banished to a spot far away from the Elysian Plains, and thou wilt inhabit the abodes which the guilty crowd occupies. Sisyphus is there, both rolling his stone and catching it *as it falls*; and *Ixion*, who is whirled, fastened to the circumference of the revolving wheel; the *Danaïdes*, too, grand-daughters of Belus, who bear on their shoulders the water that *ever* flows away, the daughters-in-law of Ægyptus, a blood-stained crowd; *Tantalus*, the father of Pelops, catches at the apples, *ever* at hand, and the same person is ever thirsting for, *yet* ever abounding with the flowing water; *Tityus*, too, who at his crown many hundred yards distant from his feet, there affords his entrails, as the due of the ever-present bird. There one of the Furies will lacerate thy sides with a whip, that thou mayst confess the number of thy crimes; another one will give thy tom limbs to the dragons of Tartarus; the third will roast thy smoking cheeks with fire. Thy guilty shade shall be tormented in a thousand ways, and Æacus shall be *quite* refined in thy tortures. To thee shall he transfer the torments of those men of olden time; thou shalt be a cause of rest to the shades of the ancients. Sisyphus, thou shalt have one, to whom thou mayst hand over thy burden that ever rolls back again; the rapid wheels shall now whirl the limbs of a new victim. He it shall be, who shall in vain catch at the boughs and the

water; he shall feed the bird with his undiminished entrails.

No other end shall terminate the punishment of this death, and no hour shall be the last for miseries so great. I will mention a few of the number; just as though any one were to pick leaves from Ida, or *skim* water from the surface of the Libyan sea. For, I can neither recount how many flowers spring up in the Sicilian Hybla, nor how many ears of saffron the Sicilian land produces; nor yet with how many hailstones Athos is made white, when the ruthless storm rages on the wings of the North wind. Nor yet could all thy woes be enumerated by my voice, even though thou shouldst give me multiplied mouths. Sorrows will come upon thee, O wretched man so many and so great, that I could fancy that even I could be forced to weep. Those tears will make me happy unceasingly; then will those tears be *far* sweeter to me than laughter. Of ill omen wast thou born; thus did the Gods will; and there was no star favouring or propitious at thy birth. No Venus shone, no Jupiter, at that hour; neither Sun nor Moon was in a favourable position. *Mercury*, whom the beauteous Maia bore to the great Jove, did not afford thee his light situate with any kind influence for thee. The stars of Mars, and of the old man with the scythe, ruthless and foreboding no tranquillity, overwhelmed thee. The day, too, of thy birth, that thou mightst see nothing but what was sinister, was foul and lowering with clouds o'ercast. This was the day to which Calamitous Allia gives a name in the Calendar; a day which produced the Ibis as well, a public disgrace. Soon as he, falling from the womb of his impure mother, came in contact with the Cinyphian ground with his filthy body, the owl of the night sat on an opposite house-top and uttered his ill-boding notes with funereal voice. Forthwith the Furies washed him in the sedge of the swamp, where the deep waters had overflowed from the Stygian pools. They besmeared his breast with the venom of the serpent of Erebus, and thrice did they clap their blood-stained hands; they filled, too, his infant throat with the milk of a bitch; this was the first nourishment that entered the mouth of the child. Thence does the fosterling imbibe the savage nature of his nurse; and, throughout all the Forum, does he bark out his canine words. They swathed his limbs, too, with clouts dipped in rust, which they snatched from a funereal pile that had been shamelessly deserted. And, that it might not lie down,

supported by the bare earth, they placed his youthful head upon the flint stones. And, when now they were about to depart, they waved near his eyes, and before his face, torches made of green branches. The infant cried, soon as he came in contact with the pungent smoke; when thus spoke one Sister of the three: “Those tears have we destined for thee to endless time, which shall ever flow with a cause to excite them.” She spoke. Clotho ordered her promises to take effect, and, with envenomed hand, she spun the black warp. And that she might not have to pronounce the lengthened foreboding of his days, she said, “There will be a Poet who shall foretell thy destiny.”

I am that Poet; from me shalt thou learn thy sorrows; if only the Gods give their own energy to my words; and if the confirmation of events, which thou shalt find to be true throughout thy griefs, is consequent upon my lines. And that thou mayst not be tortured without the precedents of former ages, may thy woes be no lighter than those of the Trojans. Mayst thou, too, on thy gangrened foot bear wounds as numerous as Philoctetes, the Pæantian hero, the heir of the club-bearing Hercules. Mayst thou feel no less pain than Telephus, he who sucked the udder of the hind, and who received the wound of *Achilles* in arms, his cure as a friend; *or than Bellerophon*, who fell headlong from his horse upon the Aleïan plains, whose beauty was nearly his own destruction. Mayst thou see that which *Phoenix*, the son of Amyntor did; and, deprived of thy eyes, mayst thou tremblingly grope thy way with the assisting stick. And mayst thou see no better, than *Ædipus*, whom *Antigone*, his own daughter guided; whose criminality either | parent experienced. *Mayst thou be* just as *Tiresias*, the old man celebrated in the *prophetic* art of Apollo, after he was chosen umpire in the sportive dispute: just, too, as *Phineus* was, by whose directions the dove was given as the forerunner and guide of the bark, the work of Pallas; *and like Polymnestor*, who lost his eyes, by which, to his sorrow, he had beheld the gold; *eyes* which the bereft mother offered as an atoning sacrifice to the shades of her son. Like the shepherd of Ætna, whose future calamities Telemus, the son of Eurymus, had previously prophecied. Like the two sons of Phineus, whom the same person deprived of sight that gave it to them; like Thamyras and the person of Demodocus. May one mutilate thy members, just as Saturn cut off

those parts, whence he had derived his origin. And may Neptune be no more favourable to thee on the boisterous waves, than *he was* to *Ceyx*, whose brother and wife suddenly became birds; and to *Ulysses*, the sagacious man, upon whom *Ino*, the sister of *Semele*, took compassion, as he clung to the shattered remnants of his ship. Or, that one *only* may not have been acquainted with that kind of punishment, let thy divided entrails be torn asunder by horses going different ways. Or, mayst thou endure thyself what *Regulus*, who thought it shameful to be redeemed, bore from the Punic general. And may no Divinity be present to aid thee; as it was with *Priam*, to whom the altar of Hercean Jove, *as a place of refuge*, was of no avail. And just as *Thessalus* was precipitated from the heights of *Ossa*, mayst thou be hurled as well from the rocky steep; or may thy limbs be a prey to greedy snakes, just like those of *Euryalus*, who received the sceptre after him. Or may the boiling stream of water poured over *thee* hasten thy death, like that of *Minos*; and just as *Prometheus*, mayst thou feed the fowls of the air with thy blood far from guiltless, but not so with impunity. Or, like the son of *Etracus*, the fifth from the thrice great *Hercules*, mayst thou be hurled, when slain, into the boundless ocean. Or may some boy, loved with a disgraceful affection, hate thee and wound thee with the ruthless sword, like *Philip*, the son of *Amyntas*.

May, too, no draughts be mingled for thee, less treacherous, than *were for him*, who was born of Jove wearing the horns. Or mayst thou perish, suspended in the manner of the captive *Achæus*, who was miserably hanged, the gold-bearing stream attesting it. Or may a tile, hurled by the hand of the foe, crush thee, as it did him, who was famous with the kindred surname of the son of *Achilles*. And may thy bones repose no more quietly than those of *Pyrrhus*, which, scattered about, were strewn in the roads of *Ambracia*. And mayst thou die, just like the daughter of the descendant of *Æacus*, by the impelled darts; from *Ceres* it is not possible to conceal this wickedness. And, like the grandson of the King, just now mentioned in my verse, mayst thou drink extract of cantharides, a parent administering it. Or may some adulterous woman be called virtuous for thy murder; just as she was called virtuous, by whose avenging hand *Leucon* fell. And, mayst thou together with thyself, throw on

the pile the dearest pledges *of affection*; an end which Sardanapalus experienced for his life. And may the sands, driven by the South wind, cover thy face, as they did that of *Camhyses*, who attempted to profane the temple of Libyan Jove. May the crumbling ashes consume thy bones, as *they did* of those who were slain by the treachery of the second Darius. Or, may cold and hunger be the cause of thy death, as with Neocles, that once was banished from olive-bearing Sicyon. Or, as he, of Atarna, mayst thou be disgracefully carried to thy superior, sewed up in the hide of a bull. Mayst thou also be stabbed in thy chamber, after the manner *of Alexander* of Pheræ, who was put to death by the sword of his wife. And, mayst thou, like Aleuas of Larissa, find, by thy wounds, those to be unfaithful, whom thou deemest trustworthy. And, just like Milo, under whose tyranny Pisa was tormented, mayst thou be precipitated alive in the subterranean waters. May those bolts, too, strike thee, which were sent by Jupiter against Adimantus, who ruled the realms of Phlius. Or, like, in days of old, Lenæus, from the regions of Amastris, mayst thou be deserted, naked on the ground, that is called by the name.

of Achilles. And just as either Eurydamas was thrice dragged around the pile of Thrasyllus, by Larissæan wheels, or, as *Hector*, who, with his body, made the circuit of the walls not destined to last, which he had frequently defended; and as, when the daughter of Hippomenes suffered a new kind of punishment, her adulterer is said to have been dragged on the Actæan soil: so, when thy odious life shall have left thy limbs, may avenging horses drag thy filthy carcase. May some *protecting* rock transfix thy entrails; as were once those of the Greeks, *returning from Troy*, transfixed in the Eubæan strait. And as the bold ravisher, *Ajax, the son of Oileus*, perished by lightning and the waves; so may fire aid the waves that are to overwhelm thee. May thy infatuated mind, too, be frenzied by the Furies, as with *Marsyas*, who, *when flayed*, had but one wound in the whole of his body. And, as with *Lycurgus*, the son of Dryas, who held the realms of Rhodope, who had not the same regard for both his feet. As it happened, too, in former times, to *Hercules*, at (Eta, and to the son-in-law of the Dragons, and to *Orestes*, the father of Tisamenus, and to *Alcmæon*, the husband of Callirhoë. And may thy

wife be no more chaste than *Ægile*, that matron, at whom Tydeus might blush for a daughter-in-law; and, *than Hypermnestra*, the Locrian, who had intercourse with the brother of her husband, concealing it by the death of her handmaid. May the Gods also make thee able to rejoice in a wife, as faithful as *Amphiaraus*, the son-in-law of Talaus, and *Agamemnon*, the son-in-law of Tyndarus, did; and, *as true as the Danaides*, the grand-daughters of Belus, who, daring to contrive the death of their cousins, are overwhelmed everlastingly with water up to their necks. May she burn, too, with the flame of Byblis, and of Canace, as though with that of a torch; and be not thy sister known to thee, but in a criminal manner. Shouldst thou have a daughter; may she be as Pelopea was to Thyestes, Myrrha to her own father, and Nyctimene to hers; and may she be no more affectionate, or attached to the person of her father, than thy daughter was to thee, Pterelas, or thine to thee, Nisus; and, *than Tullia*, who made the place accursed by the fame of her wickedness, and crushed the limbs of her father with the wheels driven over them. Mayst thou die as the youths did, whose heads the summits of the gates of Pisa once supported; and, as *Ænomais*, who stained the ground that had been often bathed in that of the wretched Suitors, more deservedly with his own blood. And, as *Myrtilus*, the charioteer, did, the betrayer of the remorseless tyrant, who gave its new name to the Myrtoan sea. And, as those who, in vain, sought *Atalanta*, the damsel swift of foot; until she was caught, overtaken through the three apples. And as those who entered the irremeable retreats of the darkened habitation, that concealed the form of the wondrous monster, *the Minotaur*. Like those *Trojans*, whose six bodies, along with other six, *Achilles*, the son of *Æacus*, in his rage, placed upon the lofty pile. Like those, whom we read that the Sphynx devoted to a horrid death, when deceived by the obscurities of her ambiguous language. Like those who were slain in the temple of the Bistonian Minerva; on which account even now the face of the Goddess is covered. Like those, who once, as food, made the mangers of the Thracian king red with blood. Like those who were exposed to the lions of Therodamas, and like those who were sacrificed at the Tauric rites of the Goddess worshipped by Thoas. Like those whom voracious Scylla, and Charybdis, opposite to

Scylla, snatched trembling from the Dulichian ship: like those whom Polyphemus despatched into his vast paunch: like those who entered into the houses of the Læstrygons. Like those whom the Punic general drowned in the waters of the well, and made the stream white with the dust thrown in. Just as the twice six maid servants of *Penelope*, the daughter of Icarus, and her suitors perished, and like *Melanthius*, too, who furnished those suitors with arms against the life of his master. Just as *Antæus*, the wrestler, who lies prostrate, thrown by the Aonian stranger, one who (wondrous to relate) was conqueror after he had fallen. Like those whom the strong arms of Antæus crushed; and those whom the Lemnian multitude put to a cruel death: like him, who, the discoverer of cruel rites, slain as a victim, brought down the showers of rain after a length of time. As *Busiris*, the brother of Antæus, strewed the altars with that blood which, *injustice*, he ought, and was slain himself, after the example he had set: *and* as *Diomedes*, who, in his impiety, fed his terrible steeds with human entrails, in place of the blade containing the grain: like the two that were slain, on different occasions, by the same avenger, Nessus, and *Eurytion*, the son-in-law of Dexamenus. Like thy great grandson, Saturn, *Periphetas*, whom *Æscidapius*, the son of Coronis, from his own City saw yield up his life. Like Sinnis and Scyron, *the robbers*, and *Procrustes*, the son of Polypemon, and the *Minotaur*, who was a man in one part, a bull in another. *Like him, too*, who, surveying the waters of this sea and of that, used to let the pine trees pressed down spring up from the ground into the air; *and like* the body of Cercyon, which Ceres beheld, with joyful countenance, dying by the hand of Theseus. May these curses, which my anger calls down with merited prayers, be thy lot, or *others* not more tolerable than these woes. Just as Achæmenides, deserted on Sicilian Ætna, was, when he beheld the Trojan sails approach.

Such, too, as was the fortune of the two-named Irus, and *of those* who post themselves *as beggars* on the bridge, *a fortune* which shall be more intolerable to thee. In vain may *Plutus*, the son of Ceres, ever be loved by thee; and may he, ever sought, desert thy fortunes. And as the soft sand gives way under the pressure of the foot, as the water ebbs and flows, so may thy possessions always melt in some indescribable manner; and, slipping through the midst of thy hands,

may they ever flow away. Mayst thou, when filled, be wasted by insatiate hunger, like the father of the damsel who was wont to assume various forms. And may no loathing of human flesh come on thee; and in the *only* respect that thou canst, thou shalt be the Tydeus of the present day. And mayst thou perpetrate some *crime*, by reason of which the steeds of the horror-stricken Sun may again be turned from the West towards the East. Thou shalt repeat the foul banquet of the table of Lycaon, and thou shalt attempt to deceive Jupiter by the false appearance of thy viands. I wish, too, that some one would try the power of the Divinity, by serving thee up; that thou mayst be the son of Tantalus, and the boy of Tereus. And may thy limbs be scattered over the wide fields, as those *were* which arrested the progress of the father *of Medea*. Mayst thou imitate the real bulls in the brass of Perillus, with a voice adapted to the figure of the bull. And, like the cruel Phalaris, thy tongue first cut out with the sword, mayst thou lament in imitation of the bull, enclosed in Paphian brass. And whilst thou shalt desire to return to the years of a more youthful age, mayst thou be outwitted like *Pelias*, the aged father-in-law of Admetus. On horseback mayst thou be swallowed, *like Curtius*, in the gulf of the pervading swamp, only so that there be no glory in thy deed. And mayst thou perish, like those sprung from the teeth sown in the Grecian fields by the Sidonian hand *of Cadmus*. May the direful imprecations fall upon thy head which the grandson of Pentheus uttered, and the brother of Medusa; and those with which, in the little book, the bird was accursed, which purges its own body with water injected. And mayst thou endure as many wounds as *Osiris* is said to have borne, from whose rites the knife is said to be absent. And mayst thou insanely hack thy worthless members to the Phrygian tune, like those whom Mother Cybele influences.

From a man mayst thou be made neither man nor woman, like Atys; and mayst thou shake the jarring tambourine with effeminate hand. Mayst thou, too, suddenly be changed into *a lion*, the beast of the great Mother *Cybele*, just as the conqueror, and she that was conquered in the foot-race, were transformed. And, that Limone alone may not have experienced that punishment, may the horse tear thy entrails, too, with savage tooth. Or, as he of Cassandria, not less cruel than that tyrant, mayst thou, wounded, be entombed in the earth

heaped on thee. Or, as *Perseus*, the descendant of Abas, of the Cycneian hero, mayst thou, shut up, be precipitated into the waves of the deep; or mayst thou be slain, a victim at the sacred altars of Phoebus; a death which Theudotus received at the hands of a cruel enemy. Or may Abdera devote thee on the appointed days, and may multitudes of stones, in a shower, be hurled upon thee *so* devoted.

Or mayst thou be struck by the three-forked bolt of Jove, like *Capaneus*, the son of Hipponoüs, and like *Atrax*, the father of Dosithoë; like *Semele*, the sister of Autonoë; like Jasius, whose aunt was Maia; like him, who badly guided the horses that in his rashness he had desired. Like *Salmoneus*, the eruel son of Æolus; like him born of the same parent as she was sprung from, who, as the Bear, *ever* avoids the flowing waters. As Macedo, with her husband, was struck by the swift lightnings, so, I pray, mayst thou fall by the fires of the heavenly avenger. Mayst thou also be a prey to the *dogs*, by which Latonian Delos may not be approached, Thasus, *the priest of Apollo*, having been tom *by them*, before his time; and who pulled in pieces him who beheld the bath of the modest Diana, and Linus, the grandson of Crotopus. And mayst thou not be more lightly stung by the venomous serpents than *Eurydice*, the daughter-in-law of the old man Oeagrus, and of Calliope; than *Opheltes*, the son of Hypsipyle; than *Laocoon*, who was the first to pierce with his sharp spear the wood of the suspected horse. And mayst thou not approach the lofty stairs more cautiously than Elpenor, and mayst thou feel the effects of wine in the same manner as he did. And mayst thou fall, as much vanquished as each Dryopian that aided the inhuman Thiodamas, who called them to arms; as much as Cacus, who fell slaughtered in his own cave, betrayed by the voice of the heifer shut up *there*; as much as Lichas, who bore the gifts dipped in the Lernæan venom, and who dyed the Eubæan waves with his own blood. Or mayst thou come to Tartarus from the steep rock, like him who read the Socratic book upon death; like him who beheld the deceiving sails of the ship of Theseus; like the boy *Astyanaæ*, who was hurled from the towers of Troy; like *Ino*, the nurse of the infant Bacchus, who was his aunt; like him, the cause of whose death was the invention of the saw. Like the Lydian virgin, who threw herself from the lofty rocks, *and* who had uttered opprobrious expressions to the reluctant Deity. May a

pregnant lioness, a native of thy country, meet thee on thy paternal soil, and may she be the cause of thy death, resembling that of Phayllus, *king of Ambracia*. May, too, the boar which slew the son of Lycurgus, and *Adonis*, who was born of a tree, and the bold Idmon, tear thee as well; and may he, even when dead, give thee a wound, as with him, upon whose face the head of the transfixed boar fell. Or mayst thou be *like* him whom a pine-nut slew with a similar fate, and mayst thou be as the Phrygian, and the hunter of Berecynthus. Should thy ship touch upon the Minoïan sands, may the Cretan multitude take thee to be a Corcyræan. Mayst thou enter a house about to fall, like the offspring of Aleuas, when the Constellation was propitious to the man who was the son of Leoprepis. And, like either Evenus or Tiberinus, drowned in the rapid stream, mayst thou give a name to the flowing river. And may thy head, a fit prey for wild beasts, be a prey for man, cut off like that of the son of Astacus, from thy muticarcass. And, as they say that Broteas did, in his desire for death, mayst thou place thy limbs to be burnt on the lighted pile: Shut up in a cage, mayst thou suffer death, like the compiler of the history, that availed him nothing. May, too, thy insolent tongue prove thy destruction, as it was the ruin of the inventor of the abusive Iambics. Like him, too, who slandered Athens in his limping verse, mayst thou perish, despised, for want of food. And, as the poet of the satirical lyre is said to have perished, may thy breach of faith be the cause of thy ruin. And, as the serpent gave the wound to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, mayst thou, too, perish from a sting containing venom. May the first night of thy marriage be the last of thy life: Eupolis and his new made bride died in this manner. As they say that Lycophron the Tragedian perished, so may an arrow stand fixed in thy vitals. Or, torn in pieces, mayst thou be scattered in the woods, by the hands of thy relations; just as *Pentheus* was scattered about, at Thebes, who was descended from *Cadmus changed into* a dragon for his grandsire. And mayst thou be drawn over the wild mountains, a bull dragging thee; just as *Dirce*, the tyrannical wife of Lycus, was dragged. And, that which *Philomela* the unwilling supplanter of her sister suffered, may thy tongue, cut out, fall before thy feet. Like him that was named Astacus, having been slain in the Theban war, his head, when cut off, was mangled and gnawed by Tydeus, to the great

disgust of Minerva.

Blæsus, the founder of Cyrrha, late in its erection, mayst thou be found in innumerable parts of the world. And may the industrious bee, as it did to the poet Achseus, fix its hurtful sting in thy eyes. Bound, too, on the hard rocks, mayst thou have thy entrails torn, like *Prometheus*, whose brother's daughter was Pyrrha. Like the son of Harpagus, mayst thou recall the example of Thyestes, and, slaughtered, mayst thou enter the bowels of thy parent. Mayst thou have thy members mutilated, thy parts being lopped off by the cruel sword, just as they say that the limbs of Mimmernus were. And as it was with the Syracusan poet, may the passage of thy breath be closed, thy throat being stopped up. May thy entrails, too, lie exposed, the skin being stripped off; like him whose name the Phrygian river bears. Mayst thou, to thy misery, look upon the face of Medusa, that changes into stone, she who, *though* but one, put to death many of the subjects of Cepheus. Mayst thou feel the bite of the mares of Potniæ like Glaucus, and mayst thou leap into the water of the sea, like another Glaucus. And as, with him who had the same names as the two just now mentioned, may Gnessian honey stop up the passage of thy breath. Mayst thou too drink, with trembling lips, the same which *Socrates*, the most learned of men, accused by Anytus, once drank with serene countenance. May nothing, shouldst thou love anything, happen to thee more fortunately than it did to Hæmon; and mayst thou enjoy thy own sister, as Macareus did his. Or mayst thou behold what the son of Hector saw from his native towers, when now the flames prevailed on every side. Mayst thou expiate thy crimes with thy blood, like *Adonis*, who was begotten by his father, who was his grandfather, *and* whose own sister, by criminality, became his mother. May such a kind of weapon stick in thy bones as that with which *Ulysses*, the son-in-law of Icarius, is said to have been slain. And as the loquacious throat was stopped up in the horse that was made of maple wood, so may the passage of thy voice be closed by the thumb. Or, like Anaxarchus, mayst thou be brayed in a deep mortar, and may thy bones, when struck, rattle instead of the real corn. And may Phoebus enclose thee in the lowest depths of Tartarus, as he did *Crotopus*, the father of Psamathe; the same as he had done to his own daughter. May that plague, too,

attack thy family which the right hand of Choræbus conquered, and *so* aided the wretched Argives. Like *Hippolytus*, the grandson of *Æthra*, doomed to perish through the wrath of Venus, mayst thou, in exile, be dragged by thy frightened horses. As the host, *Polymnestor*, slew his foster-child, on account of his great riches, may thy host slay thee, on account of thy want of riches. As they say, too, that his six brothers were slain, together with *Damasichthon*, *son of Niobe*, so may all thy race perish, together with thee. As the harper, *Amplnon*, added his own death to that of his wretched children, so mayst thou have a deserved loathing of thy own life. Or, like *Niobe*, the sister of *Pelops*, mayst thou become hard with rock growing over thee, and, *like* *Battus*, who was ruined by his own tongue. If thou shalt cleave the vacant air with the hurled quoit, mayst thou fall, struck by the same circle as the boy, *Hyacinthus*, the son of (Ebalus. If any water shall be cleaved by thy alternating arms, may every stream prove more injurious to thee than that of *Abydos*, *over which Leander swam*. As the Comedian perished in the midst of the waves, while he was swimming, so may the Stygian water suffocate thee. Or else, when, shipwrecked, thou shalt have escaped the boisterous sea, mayst thou perish on touching the shore, as *Palinurus* *did*. And may the pack of watchful hounds, the care of *Diana*, tear thee too in pieces, like the Poet of Tragedy. Or like *Empedocles*, of *Trinacria*, mayst thou leap upon the face of the giant *Enceladus*, where the Sicilian *Ætna* vomits forth flames in abundance. May the Strymonian matrons tear asunder thy limbs with insane nails, thinking they are those of *Orpheus*. As *Meleager*, the son of *Althæa*, burned with distant flames, so may thy funereal pile be consumed by the flame of a branch. As the new-made bride, *Creusa*, was deceived by the Phasian chaplet, and as the father of the bride, and, with the father, the household. As the venom, diffused, pervaded the limbs of *Hercules*, so may the pestilential poison consume thy body. May those wounds, from a new-fashioned weapon, await thee too, by means of which his offspring avenged *Lycurgus*, the son of *Pentheus*. And, like *Milo*, mayst thou endeavour to cleave the fissile oak; and mayst thou be unable to remove thence thy hands caught *there*. Mayst thou perish, too, through thy own gifts, like *Icarus*; against whom the drunken crowd raised their hands in arms. And as *Erigonc*,

his affectionate daughter, did, through grief for her father's death, do thou cause the noose of the rope to go round thy throat. Mayst thou too endure famine, the threshold of the house being blocked up, like him to whom his own mother herself gave sentence of punishment. Mayst thou outrage the statues of Diana, after the example of *Agamemnon*, who sped on his rapid path from the port of Aulis. After the example of *Palamedes*, the son of Nauplius, mayst thou be punished with death on a false accusation: and may it be of no advantage to thee that thou didst not deserve it. As the host, *the priest* of Isis, deprived Æthalius of his life, whom, Io remembering it even to this day, drives afar from her rites. And as the bereft mother, by the aid of her lamp, betrayed Melantlieus as he lurked in darkness after the murder; so may thy breast be pierced with the hurled darts; so, I pray, mayst thou be injured by thy own allies. May such a night be passed by thee, as was by *Bolon*, the Phrygian coward, who bargained for the horses which the brave Achilles used to drive. Mayst thou, too, enjoy no better sleep than Rhesus did, and those who were the companions of Rhesus, both in his death and before, in his journey; *and*, than *they did*, whom the active son of Hyrtacus, and his companion, put to death, together with the Rutulian Rhamnes. Surrounded, too, like the son of Clinias, with smoky flames, mayst thou carry thy half-burnt limbs to Stygian doom. May rustic arms also prove the destruction of thy life, as they were for Remus, who dared to pass over the new-built walls. Lastly, I pray, that amid Sarmatian and Getic arrows, thou mayst live and die in these regions. These things have been only sent thee in a hurried work, that thou mayst not complain that I am forgetful of thee. *They are* few indeed, I confess, but may the Gods grant more than is asked for, and, in their kindness, may they multiply my wishes.

Hereafter, thou shalt read still more, and that which shall contain thy true name, *written* in *Iambics*, the measure in which ruthless warfare ought to be waged.

END OF THE INVECTIVE AGAINST THE IBIS.

TRISTIA



Translated by Arthur Leslie Wheeler

Consisting five books of elegiac poetry, this is a collection of letters written during the poet's exile from Rome, bewailing his fate. The first book contains 11 poems, beginning with an address by Ovid to his book about how it should act when it arrives in Rome. The collection contains some of Ovid's most moving verses, with nostalgic and beautiful descriptions of Rome. The poems are heavily tinged with regret and sorrowful yearning. Sadly, the verses failed to move the Emperor and the poet was doomed never to return to his beloved city.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)



The Appian Way, the great road leading to Rome — one of the many landmarks referenced in the 'Tristia'

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BOOK I

I. THE POET TO HIS BOOK

LITTLE book, you will go without me — and I grudge it not — to the city. Alas that your master is not allowed to go! Go, but go unadorned, as becomes the book of an exile; in your misfortune wear the garb that befits these days of mine. You shall have no cover dyed with the juice of purple berries — no fit colour is that for mourning; your title shall not be tinged with vermilion nor your paper with oil of cedar; and you shall wear no white bosses upon your dark edges. Books of good omen should be decked with such things as these; 'tis my fate that you should bear in mind. Let no brittle pumice polish your two edges; I would have you appear with locks all rough and disordered. Be not ashamed of blots; he who sees them will feel that they were caused by my tears.

15 Go, my book, and in my name greet the loved places: I will tread them at least with what foot I may. If, as is natural in so great a throng, there shall be any there who still remembers me, any who may perchance ask how I fare, you are to say that I live, yet not in health and happiness; that even the fact of life I hold to be the gift of a god. Except for this be silent — for he who asks more must read you — and take care that you chance not to say what you should not; forthwith, if but a reminder be given, the reader will recall my sins, and I shall still be convicted by the people's voice as a public criminal. Do you take care to make no defence though attacked with biting words; my case is not a good one, and will prove too difficult for advocacy. You are to find one who sighs over my exile, reading your lines with cheeks that are not dry, one who will utter a silent prayer unheard by any ill-wisher, that through the softening of Caesar's anger my punishment may be lightened. On my part I pray that whoever he may be, suffering may not come to him who wishes the gods to be kind to suffering. May his wish be fulfilled! May the removal of the Prince's wrath grant me the power to die at home in my country!

35 Though you should carry out my directions you will be criticized perchance, my book, and regarded as beneath the glory of my genius.'Tis a judge's duty to investigate both the circumstances

and the time of an act. If they ask the time you will be secure. Poetry comes fine spun from a mind at peace; my days are clouded with unexpected woes. Poetry requires the writer to be in privacy and ease; I am harassed by the sea, by gales, by wintry storms. Poetry is injured by any fear; I in my ruin am ever and ever expecting a sword to pierce my throat. Even the making of such verse as this will surprise a fair-minded critic and he will read these verses with indulgence, however poor they are. Pray bring the Maeonian and cast just as many dangers about him; all his genius will fall away in the presence of such great ills.

49 Take heed, then, my book, to go untroubled about fame, and be not ashamed that your readers gain no pleasure. Fortune is not now so favourable to me that you should take account of your praise. In the time of my security I was touched by the love of renown, and I burned to win a name. Now let it be enough if I do not hate poetry and the pursuit which has injured me; through that my own wit has brought me exile. But do you go in my stead, do you, who are permitted to do so, gaze on Rome! Would that the gods might grant me now to be my book! — and think not, because you enter into the great city as one from foreign lands, that you can come as a stranger to the people. Though you should lack a title, your very style will bring recognition; though you should wish to play the deceiver, it is clear that you are mine. And yet enter secretly, that my verses may not harm you; they are not popular as once they were. If there shall be anybody who thinks you unworthy to be read for the reason that you are mine and repels you from his breast, say to him, “Examine the title. I am not the teacher of love; that work has already paid its deserved penalty.”

69 Perchance you are waiting to see if I shall send you to the lofty Palatine and bid you mount to Caesar’s house. May those places of awe and the gods of those places grant me pardon! It was from that citadel that the bolt fell upon this head of mine. There are, I know, in those shrines deities of exceeding mercy, but I still fear the gods who have wrought me harm. The least rustle of a feather brings dread upon the dove that thy talons, O hawk, have wounded. Nor does any lamb, once wrested from the teeth of a ravenous wolf, venture to go far from the fold. Phaëthon would avoid the sky if he were alive; the

steeds which in his folly he desired, he would refuse to touch.

I — too admit — for I have felt it — that I fear the weapon of Jupiter: I believe myself the target of a hostile bolt whenever the thunder roars. Every man of the Argive fleet who escaped the Capherean rocks always turned his sails away from the waters of Euboea; and even so my bark, once shattered by a mighty storm, dreads to approach that place where it was wrecked. Therefore be careful, my book, and look all around with timid heart, so as to find content in being read by ordinary folk. By seeking too lofty heights on weak wings Icarus gave a name to waters of the sea. Yet from this position of mine'tis hard to say whether you should use the oars or the breeze. You will be advised by the time and the place. If you can be handed to him when he is at leisure, if you see everything kindly disposed, if his anger has lost its keenness, if there is anybody, while you are hesitating in fear to approach, who will hand you to him, introducing you with but a few brief words — then approach him. On a lucky day and with better fortune than your master may you arrive there and lighten my misfortunes. For either nobody can remove them or, in the fashion of Achilles, that man only who wounded me. Only see that you do no harm in your wish to help — for my hope is smaller than my fear — and that slumbering wrath! — take care that it be not roused to renewed fierceness and that you be not to me a second cause of punishment.

105 But when you find refuge in my sanctuary, reaching your own home, the round book-cases, you will behold there brothers arranged in order — brothers whom the same craftsmanship produced with toil and waking. The rest of the band will display their titles openly, bearing their names on their exposed edges, but three at some distance will strive to hide themselves in a dark place, as you will notice — even so, as everybody knows, they teach how to love. These you should either avoid or, if you have the assurance, give them the names of Oedipus or of Telegonus. And I warn you, if you have any regard for your father, love not any one of the three, though he himself teach you. There are also thrice five rolls about changing forms, poems recently saved from the burial of my fortunes. To these I bid you say that the aspect of my own fate can now be reckoned among those metamorphosed figures. For that aspect has on

a sudden become quite different from what it was before — a cause of tears now, though once of joy. More directions for you, if you ask me, I have been keeping, but I fear to be the cause of lingering delay; and if you were to carry with you, my book, all that occurs to me, 'tis likely you would be a heavy burden to him who shall bear you. The road is long. Make haste! I shall continue to dwell at the edge of the world, a land far removed from my own.

II. STORM AND PRAYER

O gods of sea and sky — for what but prayer is left? — break not the frame of our shattered bark and second not, I implore, the wrath of mighty Caesar! Oft when a god presses hard another god brings succour. Mulciber was opposed to Troy, but in Troy's defence stood Apollo; Venus favoured the Teucrians, Pallas favoured them not. There was hate for Aeneas on the part of Saturnia who stood closely by Turnus; yet that hero was safe through Venus' power. Ofttimes unruly Neptune assailed the wily Ulysses; ofttimes Minerva saved him from her own uncle. And different though I am from them, who forbids a divine power from being of some avail to me against the angry god?

13 But, wretch that I am, to no purpose am I wasting profitless words. My very lips as I speak are sprayed by the heavy waves, and dread Notus hurls away my words nor suffers my prayers to reach the gods to whom they are directed. So the same winds, that I be not punished in one way only, are driving — I know not whither — both my sails and my prayers. Wretched me! what vast mountains of water heave themselves aloft! Now, now, you think, they will touch the highest stars. What mighty abysses settle beneath us as the flood yawns apart! Now, now you think they will touch black Tartarus. Wherever I gaze there is naught but sea and air — sea swollen with billows, air athreat with clouds; and between are the hum and roar of the cruel winds. The waves of ocean know not what master to obey. For now Eurus storms mightily from the red east, now Zephyrus comes rushing from the realm of late evening, now Boreas raves from the dry pole-star, now Notus battles with opposing brow. The helmsman is confused nor can he find what to avoid or what to seek; his very skill is numbed by the baffling perils. We are surely lost, there is no hope of safety, and as I speak, the waters overwhelm my face. The billows will crush this life of mine, and with lips that pray in vain I shall drink in the destroying water.

37 But my loyal wife grieves for naught save my exile — that is the only ill of mine she knows and bemoans. She knows not that I am buffeted about on the vast sea, knows not that I am harried by the

winds, knows not that death is near me. Ah, well it was that I suffered her not to board ship with me, else I, poor wretch, should now be forced to suffer a double death! But as it is, even though I perish, in her freedom from peril at least I shall half survive. Alas! what a swift glitter of flame from the clouds! What a mighty crash roars from the zenith! And no lighter blow falls upon her planks from the billows than the heavy pounding of the balista upon a wall. Here comes a wave that o'ertops them all — the wave after the ninth and before the eleventh. I fear not death; 'tis the form of death that I lament. Save me from shipwreck and death will be a boon. 'Tis something worth if falling by fate or by the steel one rests in death upon the solid ground, utters some parting words to friends, and looks forward to a tomb — not to be the food of fishes in the sea. Suppose me deserving of such a death, yet I am not here the only passenger. Why does my punishment involve the innocent? O ye gods above and ye of the green flood, who rule the waters, — stay ye now, both hosts of you, your threats. The life that Caesar's merciful wrath has granted, let me carry, unhappy man that I am, to the appointed place. If ye wish to ruin me with a penalty great as I have deserved, my fault even in my judge's eyes merits not death. If ere now Caesar had wished to send me to the waters of the Styx, he had not needed your aid in this. He has a power over my life which ye may not begrudge; and what he has granted he will take away when he shall wish. But ye, whom surely no crime of mine has wronged, be content by now with my woes. And yet, though ye be all willing to save a wretch, that life which is lost cannot now be safe. Even should the sea grow calm and favouring breezes bear me on — even should ye spare me — I shall be not less an exile. Not in greed of limitless wealth do I plough the sea to trade my wares nor am I on my way to Athens as once I was while a student, nor to the cities of Asia, nor the places I have seen before, nor am I sailing to Alexander's famous city to see thy pleasures, merry Nile. The reason of my prayers for favouring winds (who could believe it?) is the Sarmatian land, the object of my voyage. I am constrained to reach the wild shores of ill-omened Pontus, and I complain that my journey into exile from my native land is so slow! That

I may see the Tomitans, situate in some corner of the world, I am

trying to shorten the road by prayer!

87 If it be that you love me, restrain these mighty billows, and let your powers favour my bark; or if you detest me, turn me towards the ordained land; a part of my punishment consists in the place of it. Drive me on, ye swift winds! What have I to do here? Why do my sails crave the Ausonian land? This was not Caesar's will. Why do you detain one whom he drives forth? Let the land of Pontus behold my face. He commands it and I have deserved it; nor do I account it lawful and righteous to defend the sins that he has condemned. Yet if human acts never deceive the gods, ye know that no guilty deed is connected with my fault. Nay, if such your knowledge, if a mistake of mine has carried me away, if stupid was my mind, not criminal, if — as even the humblest may — I have supported that house with favour, if the public commands of Augustus were in my eyes sufficient; if under his lead I have sung of a happy age, and for Caesar and the loyal Caesars I have offered incense; — if such has been my spirit, then spare me, gods! If not, may a towering wave fall and overwhelm my head!

107 Am I wrong or do the heavy clouds begin to melt away and is the water of the changing sea being conquered and subdued? It is no chance, but ye, summoned to hear my pledge, ye whom we cannot deceive, are bringing me this succour!

III. THE NIGHT OF EXILE

When steals upon me the gloomy memory of that night which marked my latest hours in the city — when I recall that night on which I left so many things dear to me, even now from my eyes the teardrops fall.

5 Already the morning was close at hand on which Caesar had bidden me to depart from Ausonia's furthest bounds. No time had there been or spirit to get ready what might suit best; my heart had become numb with the long delay. I took no thought to select my slaves or my companions or the clothing and outfit suited to an exile. I was as dazed as one who, smitten by the fire of Jove, still lives and knows not that he lives. But when my very pain drove away the cloud upon my mind and at length my senses revived, I addressed for the last time as I was about to depart my sorrowing friends of whom, just now so many, but one or two remained. My loving wife was in my arms as I wept, herself weeping more bitterly, tears raining constantly over her innocent cheeks. My daughter was far separated from us on the shores of Libya, and we could not inform her of my fate. Wherever you had looked was the sound of mourning and lamentation, and within the house was the semblance of a funeral with its loud outcries. Men and women, children too, grieved at this funeral of mine; in my home every corner had its tears. If one may use in a lowly case a lofty example, such was the appearance of Troy in the hour of her capture.

27 Now the voices of men and dogs were hushed and the moon aloft was guiding her steeds through the night. Gazing up at her, and by her light at the Capitol, which, all in vain, adjoined my home, I prayed: "Ye deities that dwell near by and ye temples never henceforth to be seen by my eyes, ye gods of this lofty city of Quirinus, whom I must leave, receive from me this my salutation for all time! And although too late I take up the shield when wounded, yet disburden of hatreds this banishment of mine; tell to that man divine what error beguiled me, that he may not think a fault to be a crime and that what you know he too, the author of my punishment, may feel. If the god be appeased I cannot be wretched."

41 With such prayer as this I appealed to the gods, my wife with many more, the sobs interrupting her cries half uttered. She even cast herself with flowing hair before the Lares, touching the cold hearth with quivering lips and pouring forth to the Penates before her many words not destined to avail the spouse she mourned.

47 Now night hurrying to her close refused me time for lingering, and the Parrhasian bear had wheeled about her axis. What was I to do? The enthralling love of country held me, yet that was the last night before the exile that had been decreed. Alas! how many times did I say, as somebody hastened by, "Why do you hurry me? Consider whither you are hastening or whence!" Alas! how many times did I falsely say that I had a definite hour suited to my intended journey. Thrice I touched the threshold, thrice did something call me back, and my very feet moved slowly to gratify my inclination. Oft when I had said farewell once again I uttered many words, and as if I were in the act of setting forth I gave the final kisses. Oft I gave the same parting directions, thus beguiling myself, with backward look at the objects of my love. At last I said, "Why hasten? 'Tis Scythia whither I am going, 'tis Rome that I must leave. Both are good reasons for delay. My wife lives and I live, but she is being denied me forever and my home and the sweet inmates of that faithful home, and the comrades I have loved with a brother's love, O hearts knit to me with Theseus' faith! Whilst I may I will embrace you. Never more perhaps shall I have the chance. The hour granted me is so much gain."

69 No longer delaying I left my words unfinished and embraced each object dearest to my heart. During my talk and our weeping, bright in the lofty sky Lucifer had arisen, to me a baneful star. I was torn asunder as if I were leaving my limbs behind — a very half seemed broken from the body to which it belonged. Such was the anguish of Mettus when the steeds were driven apart, punishing his treachery. Then in truth arose the cries and laments of my people; sorrowing hands beat upon naked breasts. Then in truth my wife, as she hung upon my breast at parting, mingled these sad words with my tears, "I cannot suffer you to be torn away. Together, together we will go; I will follow you and be an exile's exiled wife. For me too the journey has been commanded, for me too there is room in the

faraway land. My entrance will add but a small freight to your exile ship. You are commanded to flee your country by Caesar's wrath, I — by my loyal love. This love shall be for me a Caesar."

⁸⁷ Such was her attempt, as it had been before, and with difficulty did she surrender her resolve for my profit. I set forth — if it was not rather being carried forth to burial without a funeral — unkempt, my hair falling over my unshaven cheeks. She, frenzied by grief, was overcome, they say, by a cloud of darkness, and fell half dead in the midst of our home. And when she rose, her tresses fouled with unsightly dust, raising her body from the cold ground, she lamented now her deserted self, now the deserted Penates, and often called the name of her ravished husband, groaning as if she had seen the bodies of her daughter and myself resting on the high-built pyre; she wished to die, in death to lay aside all feeling, yet from regard for me she did not die. May she live! and when I am far away — since thus the fates have willed — so live as by her aid to bring constant relief.

IV. ON THE DEEP

The guardian of the Erymanthian bear dips in ocean and with his setting stars makes stormy the waters of the sea. Yet I am cleaving the Ionian waves not of my own will but forced to boldness through fear. Wretched me! what mighty winds swell the waters, casting up the seething sand from the lowest depths! Mountain-high upon prow and out-curving stern leaps the billow lashing the painted gods. The pine-wrought fabric resounds, and the ropes, whipped by the shrieking wind, and the very keel groans over my woes. The sailor confessing by his pale face a chilling fear now in defeat humours the craft, no longer skilfully guiding her. As a rider who is not strong enough lets the ineffective reins fall loose upon the stubborn neck of his horse, so not where he wishes but where the billow's power carries him our charioteer, I see, has given the ship her head. And unless Aeolus changes the winds he sends forth, I shall be driven to a region that I must not now approach, for Illyria's shores are far behind on the left and forbidden Italy is beginning to appear. I pray the wind may cease its striving towards a forbidden land and may unite with me in obedience to the mighty god. Whilst I speak, at once afraid and eager to be driven back, with what mighty power the waves have set her beam to creaking! Mercy, ye gods of the dark sea, mercy! Let it suffice that Jupiter is angered against me. Save ye my weary life from cruel death, if only 'tis possible for one already dead not to die!

V. TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND

You who shall never be named after any of my comrades, you who above all made my lot your own, who were the first, dearest one, I remember, to dare to support me with words of comfort after the bolt had struck, who gave me the gentle counsel to live when my wretched breast was filled with the love of death, — you know well to whom I am speaking by means of these symbols substituted for your name, nor are you unaware, my friend, of your own service. These things shall ever remain fixed in my inmost heart and I will be an everlasting debtor for this life of mine, my spirit shall be dispersed in the empty air leaving my bones on the warm pyre ere forgetfulness of your deserving steals into my heart and that loyalty of yours falls away from it through length of time. May the gods be gracious to you; to you may the gods grant a lot that craves the aid of no one, — a lot unlike mine.

17 And yet if this bark of mine were being borne on by a friendly breeze, perchance that loyalty of yours would be unknown. Theseus' friendship would not have been so keenly felt by Pirithous if he had not gone while still alive to the waters below. That the Phocæan was a model of sincere love was due to thy madness, gloomy Orestes. If Euryalus had not fallen in with the Rutulian foe, Hyrtacian Nisus would have had no renown.'Tis clear that as tawny gold is tested in the flames so loyalty must be proved in times of stress. While Fortune aids us and a smile is upon her calm face, all things follow our unimpaired resources. But at the first rumble of the thunder they flee, and nobody recognizes him who but now was encircled with troops of comrades. This, which once I inferred from the examples of former men, now I know to be true from my own woes. Scarce two or three of you, my friends, once so many, remain to me; the rest were Fortune's following, not mine. And so, few though ye are, run all the more to aid my injured state and provide a secure shore for my shipwreck. Tremble not over much with false fear lest this loyalty give offence to our god. Ofttimes faith even among his enemies in arms has been praised by Caesar; when it exists among his own, he loves it; in an enemy he approves it. My case is still more favourable

since I did not nurse strife against him, but earned this exile by my simplicity. Do you, then, watch on behalf of my fortunes, I beg of you, if in any way the wrath of the deity can be lessened.

45 If anyone desires to know all my fortunes he seeks more than the circumstances permit. I have endured woes as many as the stars that shine in heaven, or the grains that the dry dust holds; many have I borne too great to be believed and not destined to find credence, although they have really befallen me. A part, too, might well perish with me, and I wish that, since I would veil them, they might be hidden. If I had a tireless voice, lungs stronger than brass, and many mouths with many tongues, not even so could I embrace them all in words, for the theme surpasses my strength. Ye learned poets, write of my evils instead of the Neritian hero's! for I have borne more than the Neritian. He wandered over but a narrow space in many years — between the homes of Dulichium and Ilium; I, after traversing seas whole constellations apart, have been carried by fate to the bays of the Getae and Sarmatians. He had a faithful band of true companions; I in my flight have been abandoned by my comrades. He was seeking his native land in joy and victory; I have fled mine, vanquished and an exile. My home is not Dulichium or Ithaca or Samos, places from which absence is no great punishment, but Rome, that gazes about from her seven hills upon the whole world, — Rome, the place of empire and the gods. He had a frame sturdy and enduring of toil; I have but the frail strength of one gently nurtured. He had been constantly engaged in fierce warfare; I have been used to softer pursuits. I was crushed by a god and nobody lightened my sorrows; to him the goddess of war brought aid. And though the king of the swelling waves is inferior to Jove, he was oppressed by Neptune's wrath, I by that of Jove. Moreover, the largest part of his labours is fiction; in my woes no myth resides. And finally — he reached the home of his quest, attaining the fields he long had sought. But I must be forever deprived of my native land, unless the wrath of the injured god be softened.

VI. TO HIS WIFE

Not so great was the love of the Clarian bard for Lyde or that of her own Coan for Bittis as the love that clings in my heart for thee, my wife, for thee who art worthy of a less wretched, not a better, husband. Upon thee as upon a supporting pillar my ruins rest; if even now anything of me exists, it is all thy gift.'Tis thy doing that I am not plundered nor stripped bare by those who have attacked the timbers of my wreckage. As the wolf ravening under the goad of hunger and eager for blood strives to catch the sheepfold unguarded, or as the hungry vulture peers about for the possible sight of some unburied corpse, so there was one, treacherous in my bitter fortune, who, hadst thou suffered it, would have come into my wealth. Him thy courage has repelled with the aid of spirited friends whom I can never thank as they deserve. Thus thou art approved by a witness as sincere as he is wretched, — if only such a witness carries any weight. In uprightness neither Hector's wife excels thee, nor Laodamia, companion of her husband in death. If fate had allotted thee the Maeonian bard, Penelope's fame would be second to thine, whether thou owest this to thyself, schooled to loyalty by no teacher, and such character was given thee with life's earliest dawn, or whether that first of women, revered by thee through all the years, teaches thee to be the model of a good wife and by long training has made thee like herself — if 'tis lawful to liken great things to small. Alas that great power lies not in my song and my lips cannot match thy merits! — if ever in former times I had aught of quickening vigour, all has been extinguished by my long sorrows! — else thou wouldst hold first place amid the revered heroines, first wouldst thou be looked upon because of thy qualities of heart. Yet so far as my praise has power, thou shalt live for all time in my song.

VII. THE METAMORPHOSES

Whoever you may be who possess a portrait of my features, remove from my locks the ivy, the chaplet of Bacchus. Such fortunate symbols are suited to happy poets; a wreath becomes not my temples. Hide the fact — yet feel it, too, — that this is said to you, my best of friends, who carry me about on your finger, and, clasping my image on the tawny gold, see the dear face — all that you can see — of an exile. Whenever you gaze upon it, you may perchance feel prompted to say, “How far away is our comrade Naso!” There is comfort in your love. But my verses are a more striking portrait, and these I bid you read however poor they are — the verses that tell of the changed forms of men, the work broken off by the unfortunate exile of their master.

15 These verses upon my departure, like so much that was mine, in sorrow I placed with my own hand in the fire. Just as Thestius’ daughter burned her own son, they say, in burning the branch, and proved a better sister than mother, so I placed the innocent books consigned with me to death, my very vitals, upon the devouring pyre, because I had come to hate the Muses as my accusers or because the poem itself was as yet half grown and rough. These verses were not utterly destroyed; they still exist — several copies were made, I think — and now I pray that they may live, that thus my industrious leisure may bring pleasure to the reader and remind him of me. And yet they cannot be read in patience by anybody who does not know that they lack the final hand. That work was taken from me while it was on the anvil and my writing lacked the last touch of the file. Indulgence, then, instead of praise I ask; I shall have abundance of praise if you do not disdain me, reader. Receive these six lines also, if you think them worthy to be placed at the very head of the book: —

35 “All you who touch these rolls bereft of their father, to them at least let a place be granted in your city! And your indulgence will be all the greater because these were not published by their master, but were rescued from what might be called his funeral. And so whatever defect this rough poem may have I would have corrected, had it been permitted me.”

VIII. TO A TRAITOROUS FRIEND

To their sources shall deep rivers flow, back from the sea, and the sun, wheeling his steeds, shall hurry backwards; the earth shall support stars and the sky shall be cloven by the plough, water shall produce flame and flame water; all things shall proceed reversing nature's laws and no part of the universe shall keep its path; everything that I once called impossible shall now take place, and there is nothing that one ought not to believe. All this I prophesy because I have been deceived by that man who I thought would bring aid to me in my wretchedness.

11 Treacherous one, did you forget me so utterly or were you so afraid to approach me in my misfortune that you did not regard or comfort me in my downfall, cruel man, or become one of my funeral escort? Does the sacred and revered name of friendship lie, a cheap thing, beneath your feet? What trouble was it to visit a comrade overwhelmed by a mighty disaster, to do your part in relieving him with words of comfort, and if not to let fall a tear at my misfortune, yet to suffer a few words of feigned sorrow to escape you and, as even strangers do, at least to say something, to copy the people's speech, the public phrases — in fine to look upon my sad features never to be seen again, on the last Lay, whilst you might, and to hear the "Farewell" never more to be uttered in all time and to return it; to me in a like tone? Others did this who were bound to me by no tie, and wept in token of their feeling. What if in our common life there were lot strong reasons for our union, and in our long continued love? What if you had not known so many of my gay and serious moments, and I so many of yours? What if you had known me merely at Rome — you who have so often been my comrade in all sorts of places? Have all these things been in vain, vanishing into the winds that blow over the sea? Are they all carried away, drowned in Lethe's waters? You were not born, I think, in Quirinus' peaceful city, the city that my feet must enter nevermore, but of the crags which stand upon this coast of the ill-omened Pontus, or in the cruel mountains of Scythia and Sarmatia. Your heart also is girt with veins of flint, and seeds of iron are implanted in your unyielding breast.

She who once nursed you, offering full udders to be drained by your tender throat, was a tigress; or else you would think my woes less foreign to you than you now do, nor would you stand accused by me of hardheartedness.

⁴⁷ But since this also has been added to my fated ills, that those early years fall short of consummation, see to it that I forget this sin and praise your service with the same lips with which I now complain.

IX. TO A STEADFAST FRIEND

Be it your lot to reach life's goal without stumbling — you who read this work of mine in no unfriendly spirit. Would that in your behalf my prayers may prevail which in my own did not affect the cruel gods! So long as you are secure you will count many friends; if your life becomes clouded you will be alone. You see how the doves come to a white dwelling, how an unclean tower harbours no birds. Ants seek a granary, but an empty one never: no friend will approach when wealth is lost. As a shadow accompanies those who pass through the rays of the sun, but when the sun is hidden, hemmed in by clouds, the shadow vanishes, so the fickle crowd follows the light of good fortune, but, when once the veil of darkness covers it, the crowd is gone. I pray this may always seem untrue to you, yet from my fate its truth must be admitted. Whilst I stood upright, my house, well known indeed but courting no honours, found enough to throng it. Yet, as soon as the shock came all men feared its fall and discreetly turned their backs in common flight. I wonder not if they dread the fierce lightnings whose flames are wont to blast everything nearby; nevertheless a friend who is steadfast in times of stress is approved by Caesar in the case of an enemy, however he may hate him, and he is not wont to be angry — for no other shows greater restraint — when one continues in adversity to love whatever he has loved before. After hearing the tale of Argive Orestes' comrade, even Thoas, they say, approved of Pylades. The unwavering loyalty of Actor's grandson for mighty Achilles was wont to be praised by Hector's lips. When loyal Theseus accompanied his friend to the shades, they say the god of Tartarus was grieved. When they told you, Turnus, of the fidelity of Nisus and Euryalus, we may believe that your cheeks were moist with tears. There is loyalty even for the unfortunate and it finds approval even in an enemy. Ah me! how few do these words of mine affect! Such is my condition, such is now the state of my affairs that there should be no measure to my tears. Yet my heart, in the depths of grief from its own disaster, has been calmed by your advancement. This I saw approaching, dear one, as early as the time when the breeze was as yet bearing onward that

bark of yours less swiftly. If there is a reward for character or for a life without blemish, nobody was more highly to be prized; or if anyone has by liberal arts achieved prominence, you have eloquence which renders every cause a good one. Moved by this I said at once to you, "A mighty stage awaits thy gifts." This was told me by no sheep's liver or thunder on my left or the note or wing of a bird I — had observed; it is an augury and inference of the future based on reason: by this I made my divination and gained my knowledge.

53 Since this proves true, with my whole heart I congratulate you and myself that your ability has not been obscured. But mine! would it had been obscured in the depths of darkness! It had been best that light had failed my pursuit. And just as you are aided, my eloquent friend, by serious arts, so arts unlike them have injured me. Yet my life is well known to you; you know that with those arts their author's character had no connexion; you know that this poem was written long ago, an amusement of my youth, and that those jests, though not deserving praise, were still mere jests. So then although my crimes can be defended by no plea however brilliant, yet an excuse can be made for them, I think. As far as you can, make that excuse; do not abandon the cause of a friend. On this condition may you ever travel happily along the road upon which you have happily set out.

X. THE EXILE'S JOURNEY

I have, and pray that I may always have, the protection of golden-haired Minerva, and my bark draws her name from an emblazoned helmet. If sails be needed, she runs well at the touch of the lightest breeze, or if oars, the rowers speed her on her way. She is not content to outstrip in winged course her companions: she overhauls the craft that set out no matter how long before; alike she bears the currents and the far-leaping billows; she is no leaky craft overwhelmed by the raging seas. Her I knew first at Corinthian Cenchreae and she remained the faithful guide and comrade of my anxious flight, safe through the power of Pallas amid so many fortunes, amid waves roused by the cruel gales. Now too I pray she may safely cut her path through the gates of the wide Pontus and reach the waters of her goal by the Getic shore.

16 As soon as she brought me to the sea of Aeolian Helle, cleaving her long journey with slender furrow, I turned my course to the left, away from Hector's city, and came to thy port, land of Imbros, whence reaching the Zerynthian shore with a light breeze my wearied keel touched the Thracian Samos. From here'tis but a short leap for one who seeks Tempyra on the opposite coast: thus far only did my bark attend her master. For it was my resolve to pick my way on foot through the Bistonian land; she coasted back through the waters of the Hellespont seeking Dardania, bearing the name of its founder, and thee, Lampsacus, secure through the protection of the country-loving god, and the strait of that maiden all too insecurely carried through the narrow waters — the strait that separates Sestos from Abydos' town — and Cyzicos clinging to the shores of Propontis, Cyzicos, the famed work of the Haemonian race, and Byzantium's shores, that hold the entrance to the Pontus, the huge doorway of twin seas. Through all these may she win her way, and driven by the sturdy breeze may she have power to pass the shifting Cyaneae, and the Thynian bay, and after may she hold her course past Apollo's city and close beneath the narrow walls of Anchialus. Thence may she pass the port of Mesembria and Odesos, and the citadel called after thy name, Bacchus, and those exiles from

Alcathous' walls, who, so'tis said, placed on this site their home.
From their land may she come in safety to the Milesian city whither
the wrath of an angered god has dispatched me.

43 If this but happen, a lamb shall fall in sacrifice to deserving
Minerva; a larger victim ill becomes my poor resources. Ye too,
brother Tyndaridae, whom this isle worships, attend in propitious
power our twofold way; for one craft makes ready to pass through
the narrow Symplegadae, the other to plough Bistonias waters.
Make ye the winds, though different the places we seek, favour the
one and no less favour the other!

XI. EPILOGUE

Every letter that you have read in my whole book was formed by me during the troubled days of my journey. Either the Adriatic saw me writing these words in the midst of his waters, while I shivered in cold December, or when I had passed in my course the Isthmus with its two seas and had taken the second ship of my journey into exile, my writing of verses amid the wild roar of the sea brought wonder, I think, to the Aegean Cyclades. I myself now marvel that amid such turmoil of my soul and of the sea my powers did not fail. But whether “trance” or “madness” be the name for this pursuit, ’twas by such pains that all my pain was lightened. Often my perilous tossing was caused by the storm-bringing Kids, often the constellation of Sterope made the sea to threaten, or the day was darkened by the guardian of the Atlantian bear, or Auster had drawn from the Hyades an autumnal flood. Often part of the sea was within our ship; nevertheless, with shaking hand I — continued to spin my verses such as they were.

Now too the ropes drawn taut by Aquilo are shrieking, and like a hill swells the curving surge. The very helmsman lifts his hands to the stars imploring aid with prayer and forgetful of his skill. Wherever I gaze there is naught but the presentment of death that with wavering mind I fear and pray for in my fear. Should I reach the harbour, the very harbour will affright me: there is more to dread upon the land than on the hostile sea. For the snares of men and of the sea unite in causing my woe; the sword and the waves produce twin fears. The one may look for booty through my blood, I fear, whilst the other may wish to win renown from my death. Wild is the shore on my left, accustomed to the greed of robbers, ever filled with bloodshed and murder and war, and though the sea is shaken by stormy billows my breast is more turbulent than the sea.

36 And so, kindly reader, you should grant me the more indulgence if these verses are — as they are — poorer than your hopes. They were not written, as of old, in my garden or while you, my familiar couch, supported my frame. I am tossing of a winter’s day on the stormy deep, and my paper is sprayed by the dark waters.

The vicious storm battles, indignant that I dare to write whilst he is brandishing against me his stern threats. Let the storm vanquish the man; but at the same time that I end my verse, let him, I pray, reach his own end.

BOOK II

THE POET'S PLEA

What have I to do with you, ye books, ill-starred object of my toil, — I, ruined and wretched through my own talent? Why do I seek once again the Muses so recently condemned, the causes of my guilt? Or is one well-earned penalty not enough? Verse gave men and women a desire to know me, but'twas no good omen for me; verse caused Caesar to brand me and my ways by commanding that my “Art” be forthwith taken away. Take away from me my pursuit and you will take away from my life also the charges against it. I lay the charge of guilt against my verse. This is the reward I have received for my work and my wakeful toil: a penalty has been found for my talent. Were I wise I should justly hate the learned sisters, the deities fatal to their own votary. But as it is — such madness accompanies my disease — I am once more bending my unfortunate steps to those crags, just as the vanquished gladiator seeks again the arena or the battered ship returns to the surging sea.

19 Perchance, as once for him who ruled the Teuthrastian kingdom, the same object will both wound and cure me, and the Muse who aroused the wrath will also soften it; song often prevails on the mighty gods. Caesar himself bade the mothers and daughters of Ausonia chant a hymn to turret-bearing Ops. He commanded a hymn to Phoebus also when he celebrated those games which each age views but once. Such precedents now form the basis of my prayer, O merciful Caesar, that my poetic gift may assuage thy wrath. Just indeed it is — I will not deny that I have deserved it, for shame has not so utterly fled my lips. But had I not sinned, what leniency were it possible for thee to display? My fate has given thee the means of mercy. If at every human error Jupiter should hurl his thunderbolts, he would in a brief space be weaponless. But as it is, when the roll of his thunder has died away, affrighting the world with its roar, he scatters the rain-clouds and clears the air. Just it is, then, to call him the father and ruler of the gods, just it is that in the spacious universe there is naught mightier than Jove. Do thou also, seeing thou art called ruler and father of our native land, follow the way of the god who has the same title. And that thou dost; no one has

ever been able to hold the reins of his power with more restraint. Thou hast often granted indulgence to a conquered foe which he would not have granted to thee had he been victor. Many even who had been enhanced in riches and in honours have I seen direct their arms against thee, and the day that ended the battle ended for thee also the wrath of battle; both sides together made their gifts to the temples; and as thy soldiery rejoice to have vanquished the enemy, so the enemy has reason to rejoice at his defeat. My cause is a better one, for none assert that I have followed arms opposed to thee, or hostile power. By sea, by earth, by the third power I swear, by thee, a present and manifest deity, that this soul of mine favoured thee, mightiest of men, and that, wherein alone I could, in heart I have been thine. I prayed that thou mightest make thy way late to the stars of heaven, and I was an humble member of the throng that uttered the same prayer; loyal incense I offered in thy behalf and with all the rest I too aided the prayers of the state with my own.

61 Why should I say that my books, even those which are my accusers, in a thousand passages hold thy name? Examine the greater work, which is still kept unfinished, the book of figures transformed in ways unbelievable; thou wilt find praises of thy name there, thou wilt find many pledges of my loyalty. Thy glory is not made mightier by song, nor has it room wherein to grow so as to be made mightier. Jupiter has more than enough of glory: yet is he pleased to have his deeds related and himself become the theme of song, and when the battles of his war with the Giants are told, we may believe that he finds pleasure in his praises. Thou art praised by others in a lofty style that befits thee; they sing thy praise with richer gifts than mine; but though a god be won by the outpoured blood of a hundred bulls, yet is he also won by the humblest offering of incense.

77 Alas! harsh was he and a more cruel enemy to me than all the rest, who read to thee my playful verse, preventing any verse that honours thee in my books from being read with a fairer judgment. But when thou wert angry, who could have been friendly to me? Scarce could I at that time refrain from being an enemy to myself. When once a battered house has begun to settle, the whole weight leans upon the yielding parts, — when fate causes the first rift, the whole gapes apart and crashes to destruction, dragged by its own

weight. So my verse has won me men's dislike; the crowd, as was right, have only guided themselves by the expression of thy face.

89 And yet, I remember, thou wert wont to approve my life and my ways when I passed before thee with the steed thou hadst granted me. If that avails me not, if no renown for what is honourable is granted me, at least I had suffered no impeachment. Nor was fate of those on trial wrongfully entrusted to me, suits to be examined by the centumvirs. Private cases also I brought to settlement, acting without criticism as referee; and even the defeated side admitted my good faith. Wretched me! were it not for the injury caused me by recent events, I might be secure through more than one judgment of thine. These last events ruin me; one blast sends to the bottom of the sea the craft that has so many times been safe.'Tis no small part of the flood that has wrought me harm, but all the billows of ocean have fallen upon my head.

103 Why did I see anything? Why did I make my eyes guilty? Why was I so thoughtless as to harbour the knowledge of a fault? Unwitting was Actaeon when he beheld Diana unclothed; none the less he became the prey of his own hounds. Clearly, among the gods, even ill-fortune must be atoned for, nor is mischance an excuse when a deity is wronged. On that day when my ruinous mistake ravished me away, my house, humble but stainless, was destroyed — humble indeed, but in our ancestors' time'tis said to have been illustrious and inferior in fame to none, though noted neither for wealth nor poverty, so that from it spring knights conspicuous for neither. But even if our house be small in wealth and in origin, at least my genius does not suffer it to be obscure. This I may have employed in too youthful exuberance, yet my name is great throughout the world; a throng of the cultured are well acquainted with Naso and venture to count him with those whom they do not despise.

121 Fallen then is my house, though pleasing to the Muses, beneath one charge albeit no small one — yet so fallen that it can rise again, if only time shall mellow the wrath of injured Caesar whose leniency in the penalty that has befallen is such that the penalty is milder than I feared. Life was granted me; thy wrath halted ere it achieved my death:

O — sire, with what restraint hast thou used thy power! Then too

there is added — for thou takest it not away — my inherited wealth, as if life were too small a gift. Thou didst not condemn my deeds through a decree of the senate nor was my exile ordered by a special court. With words of stern invective — worthy of a prince — thou didst thyself, as is fitting, avenge thine own injury. And thy command, though severe and threatening, was yet mild in naming my punishment, for it calls me *relegatus*, not *exile*, and thou dost use therein language especially adapted to my fate.

139 No punishment indeed is heavier to one in command of his senses than the displeasure of so mighty a man as thou; yet 'tis common for a deity to be appeased at times; 'tis common for clouds to scatter and the bright daylight to return. I have seen an elm laden with the tendrils of a vine even after it had been blasted by the thunderbolt of angry Jove. Though thou dost thyself forbid me to hope, I shall hope constantly; this one thing can be done in spite of thy command. Strong hope comes upon me when I regard thee, most merciful of princes, but hope fails me when I regard my own deeds. As in the winds that buffet the air there is no steady, no constant madness, but now they decrease or are lulled to silence so that one would suppose they had laid aside their power, in this wise my fears depart, return, or change, giving me or denying me hope of appeasing thee.

155 Wherefore by the gods above, who give and will give thee long years, if only they love the Roman race, by our native land which is safe and secure under thy fatherly care, of which I as one among the people was but recently a part; so, I pray, may there be duly paid thee by a grateful city that debt of love which thy constant deeds and spirit deserve; so in union with thee may Livia fill out her years — she whom no husband but thou deserved, but for whose existence an unwedded life would befit thee and there were none other whom thou couldst espouse; so, together with thy safety may thy son too be safe, and one day rule this empire, an old man with one still older; and may thy grandsons, stars of the youth, still hold their course, as now they do, through thy deeds and those of their own sire; so may Victory, always at home in thy camp, now also present herself, seeking the standards so well known to her, hovering with familiar wings about the Ausonian leader and placing the laurel wreath upon

the shining hair of him through whom thou dost wage wars, in whose person thou art now doing battle, to whom thou dost grant thy lofty auspices and thy gods and thus art half present, keeping watch o'er the city, and half far away conducting savage wars; so may he return to thee after conquering the foe, and be seen in radiance high on a garlanded car — oh spare me, I pray, and hide away thy thunderbolt, cruel weapon, alas! but too well known to wretched me! Spare me, father of our country! Do not forgetful of this name, take from me the hope that sometime I may appease thee! I pray not for return, even though we may believe that more than the prayer has oft been granted by the mighty gods. Grant me a milder and a nearer place of exile, and a large part of my punishment will be lightened.

187 I am now enduring the extreme, thrust forth into the midst of enemies; no exile is farther from his native land. I alone have been sent to the mouths of the seven-streamed Hister, I am crushed beneath the Parrhasian virgin's icy pole. The Ciziges, the Colchi, the hordes of Teretei, and the Getae are scarce fended off by the interposition of the Danube's waters. Though others have been exiled for weightier cause, a more remote land has been assigned to no one; nothing is farther away than this land except only the cold and the enemy and the sea whose waters congeal with the frost. Here is the end of Rome's domain on the ill-omened Euxine's shore; hard by the Basternae and Sauromatae hold sway. This land comes last of all beneath Ausonian law, clinging with difficulty to the very edge of thy empire.

201 And so I offer a suppliant's prayer that thou wilt banish me to a safe abode — that together with my fatherland peace also be not taken from me, that I may not fear the tribes which the Hister holds insecurely in check, that I, thy subject, be not within an enemy's power to capture. Right forbids that anyone of Latin blood should suffer barbarian bondage while Caesars live.

207 Though two crimes, a poem¹ and a blunder, have brought me ruin, of my fault in the one I must keep silent, for my worth is not such that I may reopen thy wounds, O Caesar; 'tis more than enough that thou shouldst have been pained once. The other remains: the charge that by an obscene poem I have taught foul adultery. 'Tis possible then, somehow, for divine minds to be deceived, for many

things to be beneath thy notice. As Jove who watches at once o'er the gods and the lofty heaven has not leisure to give heed to small things, so whilst thou dost gaze about upon the world that depends upon thee, things of less moment escape thy care. Shouldst thou, forsooth, the prince of the world, abandon thy post and read songs of mine set to unequal measure? That weight of the Roman name does not lay so light a burden upon thy shoulders that thou canst direct thy divine attention to silly trifles, examining with thine own eye the product of my leisure hours. Now Pannonia, now the Illyrian shore must be subdued by thee, now the wars in Raetia or Thrace bring thee anxiety; now the Armenian seeks peace, now the Parthian horseman extends to thee with timorous hand his bow and the standards once he seized; now through thy son Germany feels thy youthful vigour, and a Caesar wars for a mighty Caesar. In fine, though the body of the empire is vaster than has ever existed, no part is weak. The city also wearies thee, and the guardianship of thy laws and of the morals which thou dost desire to be like thine own, nor to thy lot falls that repose thou bestowest upon the nations, for thou art waging many wars that allow thee no rest.

237 Can I wonder, then, that under this weight of great affairs thou hast never unrolled the volume of my jests? Yet if, as I could wish, thou hadst chanced to have the leisure, thou wouldst have read no crimes in my "Art." That poem, I admit, has no serious mien, it is not worthy to be read by so great a prince; but not for that reason is it opposed to the commandments of the law, nor does it offer teaching to the daughters of Rome. And that thou may'st not doubt for whom I write, one of the three books contains these four verses: "Far from me! ye narrow fillets, badge of modesty! and thou, long ruffle 3 covering half the feet! I shall sing of naught but what is lawful, of loves which men allow. There shall be in my song no sin." Have I not strictly excluded from this "Art" all women whom the assumption of the robe and fillet of wedlock protect?

253 But, thou mayst say, the matron can use arts intended for others and draw therefrom instruction, though she be not herself the pupil. Let the matron read nothing then, for from every song she can gain wisdom for sin. From whatever she touches, be she inclined to wrongdoing, she will equip her character for vice. Let her take up the

Annals — naught is ruder than they — she will surely read by whom Ilia became a mother. So soon as she takes up the “Aeneadum genetrix,” she will ask by whom fostering Venus became the mother of the Aeneadae. I will show later, if only I may present it in order, that it is possible for the soul to be injured by every kind of poem. Yet not on that account shall every book be guilty. Nothing is useful which cannot at the same time be injurious. What more useful than fire? Yet whoever is making ready to burn a house arms his criminal hands with fire. Medicine sometimes removes, sometimes bestows safety, showing what plant is healthful, what harmful. Both the brigand and the cautious wayfarer gird on a sword, but the one carries it for treacherous attack, the other for his own defence. Eloquence is learned for the conduct of just causes; yet it protects the guilty and crushes the innocent. So then with verse: if it be read with upright mind, it will be established that it can injure nobody — even though it be mine.

277 “But there are certain women whom I deprave.” Whoever believes this is mistaken and attributes too much to my works. Even should I admit this charge, the games also furnish the seeds of wrongdoing; order the abolition of all the theatres! A pretext for sin has oft been found by many at the time when the hard earth is covered with the sand of Mars ; abolish the Circus! The license of the Circus is not safe, for here a girl may sit close to a strange man. Since certain women stroll in them, intent on meeting a lover there, why does any portico stand open? What place more dignified than the temples? But these too should be avoided by any woman whose nature inclines to fault. When she stands in Jupiter’s temple, in Jupiter’s temple it will occur to her how many that god has caused to be mothers.

291 As she worships in the neighbouring temple of Juno, the thought will come upon her that many rivals have caused this goddess wrath. When she has looked on Pallas, she will ask why the virgin brought up Erichthonius, the child of sin. If she enters the temple of mighty Mars, thine own gift, Venus stands close to the Avenger, in the guise of a man before the door. If she sit in Isis’ fane, she will ask why she was driven by Saturnia over the Ionian sea and the Bosporus. Anchises will remind her of Venus, the Latmian hero

of Luna, Iasion of Ceres. All things can corrupt perverted minds, yet all those things stand harmless in their proper places. Far from the "Art," written for courtesans alone, its first page warns the hands of upright women. Any woman who breaks away to a place forbidden by a priest, forthwith removes from him the sin and becomes herself guilty. Nevertheless it is no crime to read tender verse; the chaste may read much that they should not do. Often matrons of serious brow behold women nude, ready for every kind of lust. The eyes of Vestals behold the bodies of courtesans nor has that been the cause of punishment to their owner.

313 Yet why is my muse so wanton? Why does my book advise anybody to love? There is naught for me but confession of my error and my obvious fault: I repent of my talent and my tastes. Why rather did I not harass once again in my song Troy, which fell before the Argive arms? Why was I silent of Thebes and the mutual wounds of the brothers, and the seven gates each under command of its own leader? Warlike Rome did not refuse me a subject, and 'tis a pious task to tell the story of one's native land. In fine, since thou hast filled the world with thy great deeds, Caesar, some one part of those many should have been the theme of my song, and as the glittering rays of the sun attract the eye, so thy exploits would have drawn forth my powers. Undeservedly am I blamed. Poor is the field I plough; that was a theme mighty and fruitful. A skiff ought not to trust itself to the sea just because it ventures to disport itself in a little pool. Perhaps (even this I may doubt) I am well enough suited to lighter verse, capable of humble measures; but if thou shouldst bid me sing of the Giants conquered by Jove's lightning, the burden will weaken me in the attempt. Only a rich mind can tell the tale of Caesar's mighty deeds if the theme is not to surpass the work. Even so I made the venture, but methought I impaired the theme and — an impious thing — wrought injury to thy might.

339 I returned once more to my light task, the songs of youth, stimulating my breast with fictitious love. Would that I had not! But my fate drew me on to be clever to my own hurt. Alas that I ever acquired learning! Why did my parents teach me? Why did any letter ever beguile my eyes?

This wantonness has caused thee to hate me on account of the arts

which thou didst think disturbed unions that all were forbidden to attack. But no brides have learned deceptions through my teaching; nobody can teach that of which he knows too little. I have composed songs of pleasure and love but in such fashion that no scandal has ever touched my name. No husband exists even amid the common people who doubts his fatherhood through sin of mine. I assure you, my character differs from my verse (my life is moral, my muse is gay), and most of my work, unreal and fictitious, has allowed itself more licence than its author has had. A book is not an evidence of one's soul, but an honourable impulse that presents very many things suited to charm the ear. Else would Accius be cruel, Terence a reveller, or those would be quarrelsome who sing of fierce war.

361 Moreover, not I alone have written tales of tender love, but for writing of love I alone have been punished. What but the union of love and lavish wine was the teaching of the lyric muse of the aged Teian bard? What did Lesbian Sappho teach the girls if not love? Yet Sappho was secure, the Teian also was secure. It did not injure thee, scion of Battus, that thou didst often in verse confess to the reader thy wanton pleasures. No play of charming Menander is free from love, yet he is wont to be read by boys and girls. The very Iliad — what is it but an adulteress about whom her lover and her husband fought? What occurs in it before the flaming passion for Briseis and the feud between the chiefs due to the seizure of the girl? What is the Odyssey except the story of one woman wooed in her husband's absence for love's sake by many suitors? Who but the Maeonian tells of Venus and Mars caught in bonds of unseemly love? On whose evidence but that of great Homer should we know of two goddesses on fire with passion for a guest?

381 Every kind of writing is surpassed in seriousness by tragedy, but this also constantly deals with the theme of love. Is there aught in the Hippolytus except the blind passion of a stepmother? Canace's fame is due to her love for her brother. Again, did not the ivory scion of Tantalus, while Cupid drove the car, bear away the Pisan maiden with his Phrygian horses? The mother who stained her sword with the blood of her children was roused to the deed by the anger of slighted love. Love suddenly transformed into birds the king with his paramour, and that mother who still mourns her son Itys. If her

accursed brother had not loved Aërope we should not read about the horses of the Sun turning aside. Wicked Scylla would never have touched the tragic buskin had not love caused her to sever her father's lock. You who read of Electra and crazed Orestes are reading of the guilt of Aegisthus and Tyndareus' daughter. Why should I tell of the dread conqueror of the Chimaera whom a deceitful hostess brought near to death? Why speak of Hermione, why of thee, maiden daughter of Schoeneus, and of thee, priestess of Phoebus, beloved by the Mycenaean leader? Why of Danaë and of Danaë's daughter-in-law, of the mother of Lyaeus, of Haemon, and of her for whom two nights combined? Why speak of Pelias' son-in-law of Theseus, and of him who first of the Pelasgians touched the soil of Ilium? To these add Iole, and the mother of Pyrrhus, the wife of Hercules, Hylas, and the Ilian boy. Time will fail if I tell all the loves of tragedy, and my book will scarce hold the bare names.

409 There is too a tragedy involved in coarse laughter, containing many terms of shamelessness; and the author 10 who depicted Achilles tender with love does not suffer for having weakened by his verses deeds of valour. Aristides connected the vices of Miletus with himself, yet Aristides was not driven from his own city. Neither Eubius, who described the destruction of the mother's seed, the composer of a foul tale, nor he who recently wrote the *Sybaritica*, were exiled, nor those who have not concealed their own erotic adventures. And those things exist among the memorials of learned men and through the gifts of our leaders have become public property open to all.

421 And I need not defend myself with foreign arms only, for Roman books also contain much that is frivolous. Though Ennius lent his lips to the serious strains of war — Ennius mighty in genius, rude in art — though Lucretius sets forth the causes of scorching flame and prophesies the destruction of three elements, yet wanton Catullus sang oft of her who was falsely called Lesbia, and not content with her he noised abroad many other loves in which he admitted his own intrigues. Equal in degree and of the same kind was the licence of diminutive Calvus, who revealed his own love adventures in various metres. Why allude to the verse of Tigidas or of Memmius, in whom things are named — with names devoid of

shame? With them Cinna too belongs and Anser, more wanton than Cinna, and the light poems of Cornificius and of Cato, and those in whose books she who was but recently hidden beneath the name of Perilla is now found called after thy name, Metellus. He, too, who guided the Argo to the waters of Phasis, could not keep silent about his own adventures in love. Hortensius' verses and those of Servius are not less wanton. Who would hesitate to imitate these mighty names? Sisenna translated Aristides and was not harmed for weaving in the tale coarse jests. It was no reproach to Gallus that he gave fame to Lycoris, but that from too much wine he did not restrain his tongue. Tibullus thinks it hard to believe his lady under oath because she makes the same denials about himself to her lord. He admits, too, teaching her how to deceive her guard, saying that he is now in his wretchedness overcome by his own ruse. Often on the pretext of trying the gem and seal of his mistress he recalls that he touched her hand; he tells how oftentimes he spoke by means of his fingers or by nods and drew inarticulate marks upon the table's round; and he teaches what lotions cause to vanish from the body the bruises which are often caused by the mouth's imprint: at last he prays her all too careless partner to watch him also that so her sins may be less frequent. He knows who causes the barking, as a man strolls alone before the house, why there is so much coughing just before the closed door. He gives teachings of many sorts for such an intrigue, showing brides by what arts ladies can deceive their lords. This did not injure him, for Tibullus is still read with favour; he was famous when thou wert first called prince.

465 Thou wilt find the same teachings in alluring Propertius; yet not the least shame has touched him. I was their successor, for generosity bids me withhold the names of prominent living men. I feared not, I admit, that where so many barks plied, one only would be wrecked while all the rest were safe.

471 Others have written of the arts of playing at dice — this was no light sin in the eyes of our ancestors — what is the value of the tali, with what throw one can make the highest point, avoiding the ruinous dogs; how the tessera is counted, and when the opponent is challenged, how it is fitting to throw, how to move according to the throws; how the variegated soldier steals to the attack along the

straight path when the piece between two enemies is lost, and how he understands warfare by pursuit and how to recall the man before him and to retreat in safety not without escort; how a small board is provided with three men on a side and victory lies in keeping one's men abreast; and the other games — I will not now describe them all — which are wont to waste that precious thing, our time.

485 See, another tells in verse of the various forms of balls and the way they are thrown; this one instructs in the art of swimming, that in the art of the hoop. Others have composed works on tinting the complexion, another has laid down rules for feasts and entertaining; still another describes the clay from which bowls are fashioned, teaching what jar is adapted to the clear wine. Such playful verses as these are written in smoky December, but nobody has been ruined for composing them. Beguiled by such as these I wrote verse lacking in seriousness, but a serious penalty has befallen my jests. In fine, though so many have written, I see not one who has been ruined by his own muse; I am the one who has been sought out.

497 What if I had written foul-jesting mimes which always contain the sin of forbidden love, in which constantly a well-dressed adulterer appears and the artful wife fools her stupid husband? These are viewed by the marriageable maiden, the wife, the husband, and the child; even the senate in large part is present. Nor is it enough that the ear is outraged with impure words; the eyes grow accustomed to many shameful sights, and when the lover has deceived the husband by some novel trick, there is applause and he is presented amid great favour with the palm. Because the stage is not moral, it is profitable to the poet, and these great immoralities are bought at no small price by the praetor. Run over the expenses of thine own games, Augustus, and thou wilt read of many things of this sort that cost thee dear. These thou hast thyself viewed and oft presented to the view of others — so benign is thy majesty everywhere — and with thine eyes, by which the whole world profits, thou hast gazed undisturbed at these adulteries of the stage. If tis right to compose mimes that copy vice, to my themes a smaller penalty is due.

517 Can it be that this type of writing is rendered safe by the stage to which it belongs — that the licence of the mimes has been granted

by the theatre? My poems too have often been presented to the people with dancing, often they have even beguiled thine own eyes. Surely in our houses, even as figures of old heroes shine, painted by an artist's hand, so in some place a small tablet depicts the varying unions and forms of love; there sits not only the Telamonian with features confessing wrath and the barbarian mother with crime in her eyes, but Venus as well, wringing her damp hair with her hands and seeming barely covered by her maternal waves. Some sing of the roar of war and its bloody weapons, some of the deeds of thy race, and some of thine own. As for me — grudging nature has confined me within a narrow space, granting me but meagre powers. And yet the blessed author of thy Aeneid brought his “arms and the man” to a Tyrian couch, and no part of the whole work is more read than that union of illicit love. The same man had written as a youth playful verse of the passion of Phyllis and tender Amaryllis — all in pastoral strains. Long ago I too sinned in that style of composition — thus a fault not new is suffering a new penalty — and I had published verse when thou wert censuring our sins and I passed thee so many times, a knight uncriticized.

Thus the writings which in my youth all thoughtless I supposed would harm me not, have harmed me now that I am old. Late and overfull is the vengeance for that early book, distant is the penalty from the time of the sin.

647 Yet think not all my work trivial; oft have I set grand sails upon my bark. Six of the Fasti I have written in six books each ending with its own month. This work did I recently compose, Caesar, under thy name, dedicated to thee, but my fate has broken it off. And I wrote a poem of kings for the tragic buskin, having the style which the serious buskin demands. I sang also, though my attempt lacked the final touch, of bodies changed into new forms. Would that thou mightest recall thy temper awhile from wrath and bid a few lines of this be read to thee when thou art at leisure, the few lines in which after beginning with the earliest origin of the world I have brought the work to thy times, Caesar! Thou wilt see how much heart thou hast thyself given me, with what warmth I sing of thee and thine. I have never injured anybody with a mordant poem, my verse contains charges against nobody. Ingenuous I have shunned wit

steeped in gall — not a letter of mine is dipped in poisoned jest. Amid all the myriads of our people, many as are my writings, I shall be the only one whom my own Calliope has injured. No citizen then, I feel sure, rejoices in my woes, but many grieve. Nor can I believe that anyone has mocked my fall, if any indulgence has been granted to my open heart.

May this, I pray, and other things have power to bend thy will, O father, O protector and salvation of thy native land: not that I may return to Ausonia, unless perchance some day thou shalt be overborne by the length of my punishment; I only beg a safer, a more peaceful place of exile, slight though the change be, that the punishment may match my wrongdoing.

BOOK III

I. PROEM

“Though sent to this city I come in fear, an exile’s book. Stretch forth a kindly hand to me in my weariness, friendly reader, and fear not that I may perchance bring shame upon you; not a line on this paper teaches love. Such is my master’s fate that the wretched man ought not to conceal it with any jests. Even that work which once was his ill-starred amusement in the green of youth, too late, alas! he condemns and hates. Examine what I bring: you will see nothing here except sadness, and the verse befits its own state. If the lame couplets halt in alternate verses, ’tis due to the metre’s nature or to the length of the journey; if I am not golden with oil of cedar nor smoothed with the pumice, ’tis because I blushed to be better dressed than my master; if the letters are spotted and blurred with erasures, ’tis because the poet with tears has injured his own work. If any expressions perchance shall seem not Latin, the land wherein he wrote was a barbarian land. Tell me, readers, if it is not a trouble, whither I ought to go, what abode I, a book from foreign lands, should seek in the city.”

21 When thus I had spoken timidly, with hesitant tongue, I found with difficulty just one to show me the way.

23 “May the gods grant you what they have not vouchsafed our poet, the power to live at ease in your native land — come, lead me; I will follow, though by land and sea I come in weariness from a distant world.”

27 He obeyed, and as he guided me, said, “This is Caesar’s forum; this is the street named from the sacred rites. This is the place of Vesta guarding Pallas and the fire, here was once the tiny palace of ancient Numa. Then turning to the right,” That,” he said, “is the gate of the Palatium. Here is Stator; on this spot first was Rome founded.” While I was marvelling at one thing after another, I beheld doorposts marked out from others by gleaming arms and a dwelling worthy of a god!

35 “Is this also Jove’s abode,” I said, and for such thought an oaken wreath gave to my mind the augury. And when I learned its master, I said, “No error is mine; it is true that this is the home of

mighty Jove. But why is the door screened by the laurels before it, their dark foliage surrounding the august tresses? Can it be because that home has deserved unending triumph or because it has always been loved by the Leucadian god? Is it because the house itself is full of joy or because it fills all things with joy? Is it a mark of that peace which it has given to the world? And as the laurel is ever green with no withering leaves to be plucked away, so does that house possess an eternal glory?

47 The reason for the crowning wreath is shown by an inscription: it declares that by his aid citizens have been saved. Add, O best of fathers, to those whom thou hast saved one citizen who far on the world's edge lies in forgotten exile, the cause of whose punishment, which he admits that he has deserved, is not a deed, but his own mistake. Wretched me! I fear the spot, I fear the man of power, my script wavers with shuddering dread. See you my paper pale with bloodless colour? See you each alternate foot tremble? Sometime, I pray, mayst thou, O palace, be reconciled with him who fathered me, and may it be his lot to behold thee under the same masters!"

59 Then with even pace up the lofty steps I was conducted to the shining temple of the unshorn god, where alternating with the columns of foreign marble stand the figures of the Belids, the barbarian father with a drawn sword, and all those things which the men of old or of modern times conceived in their learned souls are free for the inspection of those who would read. I was seeking my brothers, save those indeed whom their father would he had never begot, and as I sought to no purpose, from that abode the guard who presides over the holy place commanded me to depart. A second temple I approached, one close to a theatre: this too might not be visited by my feet.

Nor did Liberty allow me to touch her halls, the first that were opened to learned books. The fate of our unfortunate sire overflows upon his offspring, and we suffer at our birth the exile which he has borne. Perhaps sometime both to us and to him Caesar conquered by long years will be less severe. O gods, or rather (for it is not meet that I should pray to a throng), Caesar, mightiest of gods, hearken to my prayer! In the meanwhile, since a public resting-place is closed to me, may it be granted me to be hidden in some private spot. You too,

hands of the people, receive, if you may, our verses dismayed by the shame of their rejection.

II. BETTER DEATH THAN EXILE

So then'twas fated for me to visit even Scythia, the land that lies beneath the Lycaonian pole; neither you, ye learned throng of Pierians, nor you, O — son of Leto, have aided your own priest. It avails me not that without real guilt I wrote playful verse, that my Muse was merrier than my life, but many are the perils by land and sea that I have undergone, and now the Pontus shrivelled with constant frost possesses me. I, who once shunned affairs, who was born for a care-free life of ease, who was soft and incapable of toil, am now suffering extremes; no harbourless sea, no far journeys by land have been able to destroy me. And my spirit has proved equal to misfortune; for my body, borrowing strength from that spirit, has endured things scarce endurable.

16 Yet while I was being driven through the perils of land and wave, there was beguilement for my cares and my sick heart in the hardship; now that the way has ended, the toil of journeying is over, and I have reached the land of my punishment, I care for naught but weeping; from my eyes comes as generous a flood as that which pours from the snow in springtime. Rome steals into my thought, my home, and the places I long for, and all that part of me that is left in the city I have lost. Ah me! that I have knocked so often upon the door of my own tomb but it has never opened to me! Why have I escaped so many swords? Why has not one of those gales that threatened so often overwhelmed an ill-starred head? Ye gods, whom I have found too steadily cruel, sharers in a wrath that one god feels, goad on my laggard fate, I beseech ye; forbid the door of my destruction to be closed!

III. TO HIS WIFE

If haply you wonder why this letter of mine is written by another's fingers, I am ill — ill in the utmost part of an unknown world, almost in doubt of my recovery. What spirit can you think is now mine, lying sick in a hideous land among Sauromatae and Getae? The climate I cannot endure, and I have not become used to such water, and even the land, I know not why, pleases me not. There is no house here well suited to a sick man, no beneficial food for him, none to relieve, with Apollo's art, his pain, no friend to comfort, none to beguile with talk the slow-moving hours. Aweary I lie among these far-away peoples in this far-away place, and thoughts come to me in my weakness of everything that is not here. All things steal into my mind, yet above all, you, my wife, and you hold more than half my heart. You I address though you are absent, you alone my voice names; no night comes to me without you, no day. Nay more, they say that when I talked strange things, 'twas so that your name was on my delirious lips. If I were to fail now and my tongue cleaving to my palate were scarcely to be revived by drops of wine, let someone announce that my lady has come, I'll rise, and the hope of you will be the cause of my strength. Am I then uncertain of life, but are you perhaps passing happy hours yonder forgetful of me? You are not; I assert it. This is clear to me, dearest, that without me you pass no hour that is not sad.

29 Still if my lot has filled out its destined years and if the end of living is come so quickly upon me, how small a thing, ye mighty gods, to show mercy to one on the eve of death so that at least I might have been covered with my native soil! Would that the penalty had been postponed to the hour of my death or that quick death had anticipated my exile! In full possession of my rights, as I was but recently, I could have been content to give up this light of day; to die an exile — for that has life now been granted me. So far away, then, on a strange shore I shall die, and the very place shall render harsh my fate; neither shall my body grow weak upon the familiar couch, nor when I am at the point of death shall there be any to weep, nor shall my lady's tears fall upon my face adding brief moments to my

life; nor shall I utter parting words, nor with a last lament shall a loved hand close my fluttering eyes, but without funeral rites, without the honour of a tomb, this head shall lie unmourned in a barbarian land!

47 Will not your whole heart be shaken, when you hear this? Will you not beat with trembling hand your loyal breast? Will you not stretch forth your arms all in vain towards this region and call upon the empty name of your wretched husband? Yet mar not your cheeks nor tear your hair: not now for the first time, light of mine, shall I have been torn from you. When I lost my native land, then must you think that I perished; that was my earlier and harder death. Now, if perchance you have the power (but you have it not, best of wives), rejoice that so many misfortunes are ended for me by death. For this you have power: lighten by bearing them with a brave soul woes in which for a long time now your heart is not untrained.

69 O that our souls might perish with the body and that so no part of me might escape the greedy pyre! For if the spirit flits aloft deathless in the empty air, and the words of the Samian sage are true, a Roman will wander among Sarmatian shades, a stranger forever among barbarians. But my bones — see that they are carried home in a little urn: so shall I not be an exile even in death. This nobody forbids: the Theban sister laid her slain brother beneath the tomb though the king forbade; and mingling with my bones the leaves and powder of the nard lay them to rest in soil close to the city, and on the marble carve lines for the wayfarer to read with hasty eye, lines in large characters:

I, WHO LIE HERE, WITH TENDER LOVES ONCE PLAYED,
NASO, THE BARD, WHOSE LIFE HIS WIT BETRAYED.
GRUDGE NOT, O LOVER, AS THOU PASSEST BY, A
PRAYER! “SOFT MAY THE BONES OF NASO LIE!”

This for the inscription; my books are a greater and more enduring memorial. These I have sure trust, although they have injured him, will give a name and a long enduring life to their author. Yet do you ever give to the dead the funeral offerings and garlands moist with your own tears. Although the fire change my body to ashes, the

sorrowing dust shall feel the pious care.

85 More would I write, but my voice worn out with speaking and my parched tongue deny the strength for dictation. Receive the last word perhaps my lips shall utter, a word which is not true of the sender: "Farewell!"

IV. (I) TO A FRIEND — IN WARNING

O — thou who wast ever dear to me, but whom I really came to know in the cruel hour when my fortunes fell in ruins, if thou dost in anything believe a friend who has been taught by experience, live for thyself, flee afar from great names! Live for thyself, and to thine utmost power shun glittering renown; cruel is the bolt that falls from the glittering citadel of renown. For though the powerful alone can help, they would rather not help if they can harm! The lowered yard-arm escapes the blast of the storm, broad sails bring more fear than small. Thou seest how the light cork floats atop the wave when the heavy burden sinks with itself the woven nets. If I who warn thee now had once myself been warned of this, perchance I should now be in that city in which I ought to be. Whilst I lived with thee, whilst the light breeze wafted me on, this bark of mine sped through calm waters. Who falls on level ground — though this scarce happens — so falls that he can rise from the ground he has touched, but poor Elpenor who fell from the high roof met his king a crippled shade. Why was it that Daedalus in safety plied his wings while Icarus marks with his name the limitless waves? Doubtless because Icarus flew high, the other flew lower; for both had wings not their own. Let me tell thee, he who hides well his life, lives well; each man ought to remain within his proper position. Eumedes would not have been childless, if in folly his son had not had a fancy for the horses of Achilles. Mcrops would not have seen his son in flames nor his daughters in the form of trees if he had been a father great enough for Phaëthon. Do thou also dread constantly that which is too lofty and furl the sails of thine intent. For thou dost deserve to finish life's race with unstumbling foot, enjoying a fairer lot than mine 35 These my prayers for thee are deserved by thy gentle affection and by that loyalty which will cling to me for all time. I saw thee lamenting my fate with such a look as I think my own face must have borne. I saw thy tears fall upon my face — tears which I drank in with thy words of loyalty. Even now thou dost defend with zeal thy banished friend, lightening woes that are scarce in any part to be lightened. Live unenvied, pass years of comfort apart from fame, unite to thee

friends like thyself, and love thy Naso's name — the only part of him
not as yet in exile: all else the Scythian Pontus possesses.

IV. (II) TO HEARTS THAT CANNOT VARY ABSENCE IS PRESENT.

47 A land next the stars of the Erymanthian bear holds me, a region shrivelled with stiffening cold. Beyond are the Bosphorus and the Tanais and the Scythian marshes and the scattered names of a region hardly known at all. Farther still is nothing but a cold that forbids habitation. Alas! how near to me is the margin of the world! But my fatherland is far away, far my dearest wife, and all that after these two was once sweet to me. Yet even so these things are present, though I cannot touch them; to my mind all are visible. Before my eyes flit my home, the city, the outline of places, the events too that happened in each place. Before my eyes is the image of my wife as though she were present. She makes my woes heavier, she makes them lighter — heavier by her absence, lighter by her gift of love and her steadfast bearing of the burden laid upon her.

63 You too are fast in my heart, my friends, whom I am eager to mention each by his own name, but cautious fear restrains the duty and you yourselves do not wish a place in my poetry, I think. Of old you wished it, for it was like a grateful honour to have your names read in my verse. Since now'tis dangerous, within my heart will I address each one and be cause of fear to none. My verse gives no hint that forces my friends from their concealment. In secret let whosoever loved me love me still. Yet know that though I am absent and far removed in space, you are ever present to my heart. Let each of you in what way he can — in some way — lighten my woes, nor refuse an outcast a trusty hand. So may good fortune abide for you nor ever may you, visited with a like fate, make the same request.

V. TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN FAITHFUL

Slight was my friendly intercourse with you so that you could without difficulty have denied it, and you would not have embraced me more closely perhaps, if my ship had been running before a favouring wind. At my fall, when all in fear fled my ruin, turning their backs upon friendship with me, you dared to touch the corpse Jove's fire had blasted and to approach the threshold of a house bemoaned. You, a recent friend, not one known through long intercourse, give me what scarcely two or three of my old friends gave in my wretchedness. I myself saw and marked your look of grief, your face wet with tears and paler than my own. And as I saw your tears falling with every word, drinking in with my lips the tears and with my ears the words, I — felt the clasp of your encircling arms about my neck and I was aware of your kisses mingled with the sound of your sobbing. I have had your strong defence also in my absence, dear one — you know that “dear one” stands for your real name — and many other clear marks of your affection I still retain that will not leave my heart. The gods grant you always the power to defend your own! May you aid them in more fortunate circumstances than mine!

23 Yet meanwhile, if you ask — and I believe that you do ask — how in my ruin I fare upon this shore, I — am led on by the slender hope — take it not from me — that the harsh will of the god can be softened. Whether my hope is groundless or whether it is vouchsafed me to attain it, do you prove to me, I pray, that my great desire is vouchsafed; whatever eloquence you have devote to this — to showing that my prayer can be accomplished. The greater a man is, the more can his wrath be appeased; a noble spirit is capable of kindly impulses. For the noble lion'tis enough to have overthrown his enemy; the fight is at an end when his foe is fallen. But the wolf, the ignoble bears harry the dying — and so with every beast of less nobility. At Troy what have we mightier than brave Achilles? But the tears of the aged Dardanian he could not endure. The quality of the Emathian leader's mercy is proved by Porus and the funeral ceremony of Darius. And not to dwell upon instances of human

wrath turned to milder ends — he is now Juno's son-in-law who was once her foe. In fine'tis possible for me to hope for some salvation since the cause of my punishment involves no stain of blood; I never sought to wreck everything by assailing the life of Caesar, which is the life of the world. I have said nothing, divulged nothing in speech, let slip no impious words by reason of too much wine: because my unwitting eyes beheld a crime, I am punished, and'tis my sin that I possessed eyes. I cannot indeed exculpate my fault entirely, but part of it consists in error. So have I still some hope that he may bring himself to lighten my punishment by changing its place. Would that such a dawn as this may be brought me by the harbinger of the gleaming sun, fair Lucifer, with his swift steed!

VI. TO AN OLD FRIEND

The bond of our friendship, dear one, you neither wish to hide nor, should you perchance so wish, have you the power, for while it was possible no other was dearer to me than you were, no one in the whole city closer to you than I; that love was so thoroughly attested by everybody that it was almost better known than you or I, and the frankness of your heart towards your dear friends — all this is known to that very man whom you love. You had no secret such that I was not aware of it, and many things you used to entrust to the guardianship of my heart. To you alone I used to tell all my secrets except that one which ruined me. If you had known that also, you would now be enjoying the safety of your comrade: through your advice I should be safe, my friend. But doubtless my fate was dragging me to punishment; it closes every road of advantage. Yet whether I could have avoided this evil by taking care or whether no planning can defeat fate, do you, close joined to me by long friendship, you almost the largest part of my longing, remember me; and if favour has given you any powers, I beg that you will test them in my behalf to soften the wrath of the injured deity and that my punishment may be lessened by changing its place — and this only on condition that no crime is in my heart but a mistake is responsible for the beginning of my sin.'Tis not a brief tale or safe to say what chance made my eyes witness a baleful evil. My mind shrinks in dread from that time, as'twere from its own wounds, and the very thought of it renews my shame; whatever can bring such sense of shame should be covered and hidden in the darkness of night. Nothing then will I say except that I have sinned, but by that sin sought no reward; folly is the proper name for my crime, if you wish to give the true title to the deed. If this is untrue, then seek a still more distant place for my exile; this place is for me a land close to the city.

VII. TO PERILLA

Go, greet Perilla, quickly written letter, and be the trusty servant of my speech. You will find her sitting in the company of her sweet mother or amid books and the Pierian maidens she loves. Whatever she be doing she will leave it when she knows of your coming and ask at once why you come or how I fare. Say that I live, but in such wise that I would not live; that my misfortunes have not been lightened by the lapse of so long a time, that nevertheless I am returning to the Muses despite their injury, forcing words to fit alternating measures.

Say to her, "Art thou too still devoted to our common pursuit of singing learned verse, though not in thy father's fashion? For with thy life nature has bestowed upon thee modest ways and a rare dower of native wit. This I was the first to guide to the stream of Pegasus lest the rill of fertile water unhappily be lost. I was the first to discern this in the tender years of thy girlhood when, as a father to his daughter, I was thy guide and comrade. So if the same fire still abides in thy breast, only the Lesbian bard will surpass thy work. But I fear that my fate may now be trammelling thee, that since my disaster thy mind may have become inactive. Whilst I could, I used often to read thy verse to myself and mine to thee; often was I thy critic, often thy teacher, now lending my ear to the verses thou hadst recently composed, now causing thee to blush when thou wert idle. Perchance from the example of the injury that verse has done me thou too mayst have experienced in thought the fate of my punishment. Lay aside thy fear, Perilla; only let no woman or any man learn from thy writings how to love.

³¹ "So put aside the causes of sloth, accomplished girl, return to a noble art and thy sacred offerings. That fair face will be marred by the long years, the wrinkles of age will come in time upon thy brow. Ruinous age that comes with noiseless step will lay her hand upon thy beauty, and when someone shall say. 'She once was fair,' thou wilt grieve and complain that thy mirror lies. Thou hast a modest fortune, though full worthy of a great one; but imagine it the equal of boundless riches, still assuredly fortune gives and takes away

whatever she pleases, and he becomes suddenly an Iru who was but now a Croesus. In brief we possess nothing that is not mortal except the blessings of heart and mind. Behold me, deprived of native land, of you and my home, reft of all that could be taken from me; my mind is nevertheless my comrade and my joy; over this Caesar could have no right. Let any you will end this life with cruel sword, yet when I am dead my fame shall survive. As long as Martian Rome shall gaze forth victorious from her hills over the conquered world, I shall be read. Do thou too — and may a happier use of thine art await thee — ever shun what way thou canst the coming pyre!”

VIII. THE EXILE'S PRAYER

Now would I crave to stand in the car of Triptolemus, who flung the untried seed on ground that had known it not; now would I bridle the dragons that Medea had when she fled thy citadel, O Corinth; now would I pray for wings to ply — thine, Perseus, or thine, Daedalus — that the yielding air might give way before my rapid flight and I might on a sudden behold the sweet soil of my native land, the faces in my lonely home, my loyal friends, and — foremost of all — the dear features of my wife.

11 Fool! why pray in vain like a child for such things as these — things which no day brings you or will bring? If only you must pray, worship Augustus's divinity; petition in due form that god whose might you have felt. He has power to grant you feathers and winged cars: let him grant return and forthwith you will have wings. Were I to pray for this (and I can ask no greater things) I fear my prayer would lack restraint. For this perchance sometime, when his wrath is sated, I shall have to pray with a heart troubled even then. Meanwhile a smaller thing, but equal to a generous boon for me — let him bid me go anywhere from this place. Neither climate nor water suit me, nor land nor air — ah me! a constant weakness possesses my frame. Whether the contagion of a sick mind affects my limbs or the cause of my ills is this region, since I reached the Pontus, I am harassed by sleeplessness, scarce does the lean flesh cover my bones, food pleases not my lips; and such a hue as in autumn, when the first chill has smitten them, shows on the leaves that young winter has marred, overspreads my body; no strength brings relief, and I never lack cause for plaintive pain. I am no better in mind than in body; both alike are sick and I suffer double hurt. Clinging and standing like a visible body before my eyes is the figure of my fate that I must scan; and when I behold the country, the ways, the dress, the language of the people, when I remember what I am and what I was, I have so great a love of death that I complain of Caesar's wrath, because he avenges not his wrongs with the sword. But since he has once exercised his hatred mildly, let him lighten my exile still further by changing its place.

IX. THE ORIGIN OF TOMIS

Here too then there are Grecian cities (who would believe it?) among the names of the wild barbarian world; hither also came from Miletus colonists to found among the Getae Grecian homes. But the ancient name, more ancient than the founding of the city, was given to this place, 'tis certain, from the murder of Absyrtus. For in the ship which was built under the care of warlike Minerva — the first to speed through the untried seas — wicked Medea fleeing her forsaken sire brought to a haven her oars, they say, in these waters. Him in the distance the lookout on the lofty hill espied and said, "A stranger approaches from Colchis; I recognize the sails!"

13 While the Minyae are all excitement, while the cable is loosed from the shore, while the anchor is being raised following their nimble hands, the Colchian maid conscious of her guilt smote her breast with a hand that had dared and was to dare many things unspeakable, and though her heart still retained its great boldness, there was a pallor of dismay upon the girl's face.

19 And so at the sight of the approaching sails, she said, "We are caught! I must delay my father by some trick!" As she was seeking what to do, turning her countenance on all things, she chanced to bend her gaze upon her brother. When aware of his presence she exclaimed, "The victory is mine! His death shall save me!" Forthwith while he in his ignorance feared no such attack she pierced his innocent side with the hard sword. Then she tore him limb from limb, scattering the fragments of his body throughout the fields so that they must be sought in many places. And to apprise her father she placed upon a lofty rock the pale hands and gory head.

Thus was the sire delayed by his fresh grief, lingering, while he gathered those lifeless limbs, on a journey of sorrow.

33 So was this place called Tomis because here, they say, the sister cut to pieces her brother's body.

X. THE RIGOURS OF TOMIS

If there be still any there who remembers banished Naso, if my name without me still survives in the city, let him know that beneath the stars which never touch the sea I am living in the midst of the barbarian world. About me are the Sauromatae, a cruel race, the Bessi, and the Getae, names how unworthy of my talent! Yet while the warm breezes blow we are defended by the interposing Hister; with the flood of his waters he repels wars. But when grim winter has thrust forth his squalid face, and the earth is marble-white with frost, while Boreas and the snow prevent life under the Great Bear, then'tis clear that these tribes are hard pressed by the shivering pole. The snow lies continuously, and once fallen, neither sun nor rains may melt it, for Boreas hardens and renders it eternal. So when an earlier fall is not yet melted another has come, and in many places'tis wont to remain for two years. So mighty is the power of Aquilo, when once he is aroused, that he levels high towers to the ground and sweeps away buildings. With skins and stitched breeches they keep out the evils of the cold; of the whole body only the face is exposed. Often their hair tinkles with hanging ice and their beards glisten white with the mantle of frost. Exposed wine stands upright, retaining the shape of the jar, and they drink, not draughts of wine, but fragments served them!

25 Why tell of brooks frozen fast with the cold and how brittle water is dug out of the pool? The very Hister, not narrower than the papyrus-bearing river, mingling with the vast deep through many mouths, freezes as the winds stiffen his dark flood, and winds its way into the sea with covered waters. Where ships had gone before now men go on foot and the waters congealed with cold feel the hoof-beat of the horse. Across the new bridge, above the gliding current, are drawn by Sarmatian oxen the carts of the barbarians. I may scarce hope for credence, but since there is no reward for a falsehood, the witness ought to be believed — I have seen the vast sea stiff with ice, a slippery shell holding the water motionless. And seeing is not enough; I have trodden the frozen sea, and the surface lay beneath an unwetted foot. If thou, Leander, hadst once had such a sea, thy death

would not have been a charge against the narrow waters. At such times the curving dolphins cannot launch themselves into the air; if they try, stern winter checks them; and though Boreas may roar and toss his wings, there will be no wave on the beleaguered flood. Shut in by the cold the ships will stand fast in the marble surface nor will any oar be able to cleave the stiffened waters. I have seen fish clinging fast bound in the ice, yet some even then still lived.

61 So whether the cruel violence of o'ermighty Boreas congeals the waters of the sea or the full waters of the river, forthwith when the Hister has been levelled by the freezing Aquilo the barbarian enemy with his swift horses rides to the attack — an enemy strong in steeds and in far flying arrows — and lays waste far and wide the neighbouring soil. Some flee, and with none to protect their lands their unguarded resources are plundered, the small resources of the country, flocks and creaking carts — all the wealth the poor peasant has. Some are driven, with arms bound behind them, into captivity, gazing back in vain upon their farms and their homes; some fall in agony pierced with barbed shafts, for there is a stain of poison upon the winged steel. What they cannot carry or lead away they destroy, and the hostile flame burns the innocent hovels. Even when peace prevails, there is timorous dread of war, nor does any man furrow the soil with down-pressed share. A foe this region either sees or fears when it does not see; idle lies the soil abandoned in stark neglect. Not here, the sweet grape lying hidden in the leafy shade nor the frothing must brimming the deep vats! Fruits are denied in this region nor here would Acontius have anything on which to write the words for his sweetheart to read. One may see naked fields, leafless, treeless — a place, alas! no fortunate man should visit. This then, though the great world is so broad, is the land discovered for my punishment!

XI. TO AN ENEMY

Whoever thou art that dost mock, wicked man, at my misfortunes, endlessly bringing an indictment against me, thirsting for my blood, born art thou of crags and fed on the milk of wild beasts, and I will assert that thy breast is made of flint. What farther point remains to which thy anger may extend? What dost thou see lacking to my woes? A barbarous land, the unfriendly shores of Pontus, and the Maenalian bear with her companion Boreas behold me. No interchange of speech have I with the wild people; all places are charged with anxiety and fear. As a timid stag caught by ravenous bears or a lamb surrounded by the mountain wolves is stricken with terror, so am I in dread, hedged about on all sides by warlike tribes, the enemy almost pressing against my side. Were it a slight punishment that I am deprived of my dear wife, my native land, and my loved ones; were I supporting no ills but the naked wrath of Caesar, is the naked wrath of Caesar too small an ill? Yet, despite this, someone there is to handle anew my raw wounds, to move eloquent lips against my character! In an easy cause anybody may be eloquent; the slightest strength is enough to break what is already shattered. To overthrow citadels and upstanding walls is valour; the worst of cowards press hard upon what is already fallen. I am not what I was. Why dost thou trample on an empty shadow? Why attack with stones my ashes and my tomb? Hector was alive whilst he fought in war, but once bound to the Haemonian steeds he was not Hector. I too, whom thou knewest in former times, no longer exist, remember; of that man there remains but this wraith. Why, cruel man, dost thou assail a wraith with bitter words? Cease, I beg, to harass my shade. Consider all my crimes real, let there be nothing in them that thou couldst think rather a mistake than a crime — lo! a fugitive I am paying (let this sate thy heart) a penalty heavy through exile and the place of that exile. To a hangman my fate might seem pitiful, yet there is one judge who thinks it sunk not deep enough!

39 Thou art more cruel than harsh Busiris, more cruel than he who heated the artificial bull over a slow fire and gave the bull, they say, to the Sicilian lord commending his work of art with the words: "In

this gift, O King, there is profit, greater than appears, for not the appearance alone of my work is worthy of praise. Seest thou on the right that the bull's flank may be opened? Through this thou must thrust whomsoever thou wouldst destroy. Forthwith shut him in and roast him over slow-burning coals: he will bellow, and that will be the voice of a true bull. For this invention pay gift with gift, and give me, I pray thee, a reward worthy of my genius." Thus he spake. But Phalaris said, "Marvellous inventor of punishment, dedicate in person thine own work!" At once roasted by the fires to which he had himself cruelly pointed the way he uttered with groaning lips sounds twofold.

55 What have I, in Scythia among the Getae, to do with Sicilians? To thee, whoever thou art, my complaint returns. That thou mayst sate thy thirst in my blood and carry as much joy as thou wilt in thy greedy heart, I have endured so many woes by land in my flight, so many by sea, that I think even thou canst feel pain at the hearing of them. I assure thee, if Ulysses should be compared with me, Neptune's wrath is less than Jove's has been. So then, whoever thou art, do not open again the charges against me, remove thy hard hands from my dangerous wound, and that forgetfulness may lessen the ill repute of my fault, permit a scar to cover my deed; remember human fate, which lifts or lowers the same men, and fear for thyself uncertain change. And since — as I never thought possible — thou dost take the greatest interest in my affairs, there is naught for thee to fear: my fate is most wretched, Caesar's wrath draws with it every ill. That this may be clearer and I be not thought to feign it, I pray that in thine own person thou mayst try my punishment.

XII. SPRINGTIME IN TOMIS

The cold is now weakening beneath the zephyr's breath and at the year's close the Maeotic winter has seemed more endless than those of old, and he who bore Helle but ill upon his back now makes equal the time of night and day. Now merry boys and girls are plucking the violets that spring up unsown in the fields, the meadows are abloom with many-coloured flowers, the chatty birds from unschooled throats utter a song of spring, and the swallow, to put off the name of evil mother, builds beneath the rafters the tiny house that cradles her young. The grain that lay in hiding beneath the furrows comes forth, unfolding from the soil its tender tips. Wherever grows the vine, the bud is just pushing from the shoot (but the vine grows far from the Getic shore!), and wherever grows the tree, the branches are just budding (but the tree grows far from the Getic shore!). In yonder land there is now rest, and the noisy wars of the wordy forum are giving place to festivals one after another; now there is sport with horses, now there is play with light arms, with the ball or the swift circling hoop; now the young men, reeking of slippery oil, are bathing wearied limbs in Virgin water. The stage is full of life, and partizanship ablaze with warring passions, and three theatres roar in the place of three forums. Ah! four times happy — yes, countless times happy — is he who may enjoy the unforbidden city!

27 But mine it is to feel the snow melted by the spring sun and water which is not dug all hard from the pool. The sea, too, is no longer solid with ice, nor as before does the Sauromatian herdsman drive his creaking wagon across the Ister. Yet spite of all some ships will begin to voyage hither, and soon there will be a friendly bark on Pont us' shore. Eagerly I shall run to meet the mariner and when I've greeted him, shall ask why he comes, who and from what place he is. It will be strange, indeed, if he is not from a neighbouring land — one who has ploughed no seas but those near by. For rarely does a sailor cross the wide seas from Italy, rarely visit this harbourless shore. Yet if he knows how to speak with the voice of Greek or Roman (this last will surely be the sweeter, for'tis possible, too, that from the mouth of the strait and the waters of far Propontis someone

has set sail hither with a steady south wind), whoever he is, he may be one to tell faithfully some rumour, one to share and pass on some report. May he, I pray, have power to tell of Caesar's triumphs and vows paid to Jupiter of the Latins; that thou, rebellious Germany, at length hast lowered thy sorrowing head beneath the foot of our leader. He who tells me such things as these — things it will grieve me that I have not seen — shall be forthwith a guest within my home. Ah me! is Naso's home now in the Scythian world, and does my punishment assign me its own land as an abode? Ye gods, give Caesar the will that not here may be my hearth and home but only the hostelry of my punishment!

XIII. A BIRTHDAY AT TOMIS

Lo! to no purpose — for what profit was there in my birth? — my birthday god attends his anniversary. Cruel one, why hast thou come to increase the wretched years of an exile? To them thou shouldst have put an end. Hadst thou any love for me or any sense of shame, thou wouldst not be following me beyond my native land, and where first I was known by thee as an ill-starred child, there shouldst thou have tried to be my last, and at the parting, like my friends, thou too in the city shouldst have said in sorrow “Farewell.”

11 What hast thou to do with Pontus? Is it that Caesar’s wrath sent thee too to the remotest land of the world of cold? Thou awaitest, I suppose, thine honour in its wonted guise: a white robe hanging from my shoulders, a smoking altar garlanded with chaplets, the grains of incense snapping in the holy fire, and myself offering the cakes that mark my birthday and framing kindly petitions with pious lips. Not such is my condition, nor such my hours, that I can rejoice at thy coming. An altar of death girdled with funereal cypress is suited to me and a flame made ready for the up-reared pyre. Nor is it a pleasure to offer incense that wins nothing from gods, nor in such misfortunes do words of good omen come to my lips. Yet if I must ask thee something on this day, return thou no more to such a land, I pray, so long as all but the remotest part of the world, the Pontus, falsely called Euxine, possesses me.

XIV. EPILOGUE — TO AN UNNAMED FRIEND

Cherisher and revered protector of learned men, what doest thou — thou that hast ever befriended my genius? As thou once wert wont to extol me when I was in safety, now too dost thou take heed that I seem not wholly absent? Dost thou harbour my verse except only that “Art” which ruined its artificer? Do so, I pray, thou patron of new bards; so far as may be, keep my body in the city. Exile was decreed to me, exile was not decreed to my books; they did not deserve their master’s punishment. Oft is a father exiled on a foreign shore, yet may the exile’s children live in the city. Pallas-fashion were my verses born from me without a mother; these are my offspring, my family. These I commend to thee; the more bereft they are, the greater burden will they be to thee their guardian.

Three of my children have caught pollution from me: make the rest of the flock openly thy care. There are also thrice five books on changing forms, verses snatched from the funeral of their master. That work, had I not perished beforehand, might have gained a more secure name from my finishing hand: but now unrevised it has come upon mens lips — if anything of mine is on their lips. Add to my books this humble bit also, which comes to you dispatched from a far-distant world. Whoever reads this (if anyone does) let him take account beforehand at what time, in what place it was composed. He will be fair-minded to writings which he knows were composed in time of exile, in the barbarian world; and amid so many adverse circumstances he will wonder that I had the heart to write with sorrowing hand any poem. Misfortunes have broken my talent whose source was even aforesaid unproductive and whose stream was meagre. But such as it was, with none to exercise it, it has shrunken and is lost, dried up by long neglect. Not here have I an abundance of books to stimulate and nourish me: in their stead is the rattle of bows and arms. There is nobody in this land, should I read my verse, of whose intelligent ear I might avail myself, there is no place to which I may withdraw. The guard on the wall and a closed gate keep back the hostile Getae. Often I am at a loss for a word, a name, a place,

and there is none who can inform me. Oft when I attempt some utterance — shameful confession! — words fail me: I have unlearned my power of speech. Thracian and Scythian tongues chatter on almost every side, and I think I could write in Getic measure. O believe me, I fear that there may be mingled with the Latin in my writings the language of the Pontus. Such as my book is, then, deem it worthy of indulgence and pardon it because of the circumstances of my fate.

BOOK IV

I. A PLEA FOR INDULGENCE

Whatever faults you may find — and you will find them — in my books, hold them absolved, reader, because of the time of their writing. I am an exile; solace, not fame, has been my object — that my mind dwell not constantly on its own woes. This is why even the ditcher, shackled though he be, resorts to song, lightening with untutored rhythm his heavy work. He also sings who bends forward over the slimy sand, towing against the stream the slow-moving barge, or he who pulls to his breast in unison the pliant oars, timing his arms with measured strokes upon the water. The weary shepherd leaning upon his staff or seated upon a rock soothes his sheep with the drone of his reeds. At once singing, at once spinning her allotted task, the slave girl beguiles and whiles away her toil. They say too that when the maid of Lyrnesus was taken from him, sad Achilles relieved his sorrow with the Haemonian lyre. While Orpheus was drawing to him the forests and the hard rocks by his singing, he was sorrowing for the wife twice lost to him.

He fears neither treachery, nor the brand of the Sintian soldier, nor sea nor winds nor the world of the barbarians. She knows also what mistake led me astray at the time of my ruin, — that there is fault in my deed, but no crime. Doubtless for this very reason is she fair to me now because she injured me before, when she was indicted with me for a joint crime. Well could I wish, since they were destined to work me harm, that I had ne'er set hand to the holy service of the Pierian ones. But now, what am I to do? The very power of that holy service grips me; madman that I am, though song has injured me, 'tis still song that I love. So the strange lotos tasted by Dulichian palates gave pleasure through the very savour which wrought harm. The lover is oft aware of his own ruin yet clings to it, pursuing that which sustains his own fault. I also find pleasure in my books though they have injured me, and I love the very weapon that made my wounds.

³⁷ Perchance this passion may seem madness, but this madness has a certain profit: it forbids the mind to be ever gazing at its woes, rendering it forgetful of present mischance. As the stricken Bacchante feels not her wound while in ecstasy she shrieks to the

accompaniment of Idaean measures, so when my heart feels the inspiring glow of the green thyrsus, that mood is too exalted for human woe; it realizes neither exile nor the shores of the Scythian sea nor the anger of the gods, and just as if I were drinking slumber-bringing Lethe's draughts, I lose the sense of evil days.

49 Tis right then for me to revere the goddesses who lighten my misfortunes, who came from Helicon to share my anxious flight, who now by sea, now by land, deigned to follow my route on ship or afoot. May they at least, I pray, be propitious to me! For the rest of the gods take sides with mighty Caesar, heaping upon me as many ills as the sands of the shore, the fishes of the sea, or the eggs of the fish. Sooner will you count the flowers of spring, the grain-ears of summer, the fruits of autumn, or the snowflakes in time of cold than the ills which I suffered driven all over the world seeking in wretchedness the shores to the left of the Euxine. Yet no lighter since my coming is the lot of my misfortunes; to this place also fate has followed my path. Here also I recognize the threads of my nativity, threads twisted for me from a black fleece. To say naught of ambushes or of dangers to my life — true they are, yet too heavy for belief in truth — how pitiable a thing is living among Bessi and Getae for him who was ever on the people's lips! How pitiable to guard life by gate and wall, and scarce to be safeguarded by the strength of one's own position! The rough contests of military service I shunned even as a youth and touched arms only with a hand intending to play; but now that I am growing old I fit a sword to my side, a shield to my left arm, and I place a helmet upon my gray head. For when the guard from the lookout has given the signal of a raid, forthwith I don my armour with shaking hands.

The foe with his bows and with arrows dipped in poison fiercely circles the walls upon his panting steed, and as the sheep which has not found shelter in the fold is carried and dragged through field, through forest by the ravening wolf, so'tis with him whom the barbarian finds not yet sheltered within the hedge of the gates, but in the fields: that man either follows into captivity and submits to the bonds cast about his throat or he dies by an envenomed missile. This is the place in which, a new colonist in an abode of anxiety, I lie secluded — alas! too long is the period of my fate!

87 Nevertheless my Muse has the heart to return to rhythm, to her old-time rites, a friendly guest amid these great misfortunes. But there is none to whom I — may read my verses, none whose ears can comprehend Latin words. I write for myself — what else can I do? — and I read to myself, and my writing is secure in its own criticism. Yet have I often said, “For whom this careful toil? Will the Sauromatae and the Getae read my writings?” Often too my tears have flowed as I wrote, my writing has been moistened by my weeping, my heart feels the old wounds as if they were fresh, and sorrow’s rain glides down upon my breast.

99 Again when I bethink me what, through change of fortune, I am and what I was, when it comes over me whither fate has borne me and whence, often my mad hand, in anger with my efforts and with itself, has hurled my verses to blaze upon the hearth. And since of the many not many survive, see thou readest them with indulgence, whoever thou mayst be! Thou too take in good part verse that is not better than my lot, O Rome forbidden to me!

II. A TRIUMPH OVER GERMANY

Already wild Germany, like the whole world, may have yielded on bended knee to the Caesars; mayhap the lofty Palatium is decked with garlands and incense is crackling in the fire, colouring the light of day, while from the white victim's throat smitten by the axe's stroke the red blood is pattering upon the ground, the gifts promised to the temples of the friendly gods are being made ready for offering by both Caesars and by the youths who are growing up under Caesar's name to give that house eternal sway over the world; with her good daughters Livia for the safety of her son is perchance offering gifts, as she will often do, to the deserving gods, and in her company the matrons also and those who without stain in eternal virginity keep watch over the hearth of purity; the loyal plebs is rejoicing, and with the loyal plebs the senate and the knights among whom but recently I had a humble part: but I driven so far away miss the common rejoicing and nothing but a slight rumour penetrates so far.

19 So then all the people will be able to view the triumph, reading the names of captured towns and the titles of leaders, beholding the kings with chains upon their captive throats marching before the garlanded horses, seeing some countenances turned to earth as becomes captives, others grim and forgetful of their lot. Some of the people will inquire the causes, the objects, the names, and others will answer though they know all too little.

This one who gleams aloft in Sidonian purple, was the leader in, that other his next in command. This who now has fixed his sad gaze upon the ground. (30) had not such countenance when he bore arms. That fierce fellow with hostile eyes still ablaze was at once the instigator and planner of the fight. This traitor here trapped our men in a treacherous place — the one who now conceals his unkempt face with his long hair. That one following him they say was the priest who sacrificed captives to a god who often refused them. This lake, these mountains, these many forts, all the rivers were filled with wild slaughter, filled with gore. Drusus once earned in this land a surname — (40) Drusus who was a noble scion, worthy of his father. This

thing with broken horns and sorry covering of green sedge was the Rhine himself, discoloured with his own blood. See! even Germany is borne along with streaming locks, seated in grief at the feet of the unconquered leader. Offering her proud neck to the Roman axe she wears chains on that hand in which she earned arms. High above them in the car of victory, thou wilt ride, O Caesar, clad in purple before the faces of they people as old rite bids. Throughout thy course thou wilt be applauded by the hands of thy subjects, (50) from all sides flowers will fall and cover thy path. With their temples all garlanded in the laurel of Phoebus the soldiers will shout “io, io triumphe” in loud voices. At the sound of their singing, the applause, the din, thou wilt thyself see the four steeds often rear. Then thou wilt seek the citadel and shrines that favour prayers and thou wilt give the votive laurel to deserving Jupiter.

67 All this I, an exile, shall see in my mind’s eye — my only way; for my mind at least has a right to that place which has been torn from me. It travels free through measureless lands, it reaches the heaven in its swift course, it leads my eyes to the city’s midst, not allowing them to be deprived of so great a blessing; and my mind will find a place to view the ivory car, — thus at least for a brief space I shall be in my native land. Yet the real sight will belong to the happy people, the throng will rejoice in the presence of their own leader.

67 But as for me — in imagination only and with ears far away I shall have perforce to realize the joy, and there will scarce be one sent far from Latium to the opposite side of the world to tell it all to eager me. Even he will tell the tale of that triumph late, when it is already of long standing; yet whenever I hear of it, I shall be glad. Then will come a day on which I may lay aside my gloom; greater than a private cause will be that of the state.

III. TO HIS WIFE

Ye two beasts,¹ great and small, one the guide of Grecian, the other of Sidonian ships, each unwetted by the waves, since from your places at the summit of the pole ye behold all things, never dipping beneath the westering waters, and since your orbit girdling heaven's heights in its embrace stands out above the earth it never touches, regard, I pray, those walls which once, they say, Remus, Ilia's son, leaped across to his undoing; turn your bright faces upon my lady and tell me whether she thinks of me or not. Ah me! Why should I fear? I am seeking that which is already clear. Why does my hope lie prostrate mingled with hesitating fear? Believe that which is even as you wish, and cease to fear for what is secure. When faith wavers not, have in it unwavering faith, and what the pole-flames cannot tell you, that tell yourself in a voice that will not lie: of you in very truth she thinks — she who is the object of your own great love; she keeps with her the only thing she can, your name. She bends over your face as if you were present, and though far away, if only she is alive, she loves you still.

²¹ When thy sick heart broods upon thy just grief, can it be that soft slumber leaves thy mindful breast? Then does woe steal upon thee, while my couch and my place touch thee, not permitting thee to forget me? Does anguish come and the night seem endless, and do the weary bones of thy tossing body ache? I doubt not that these and other things occur, that thy love gives token of sorrow's pain, that thou art tortured not less than the Theban princess when she beheld blood-stained Hector dragged by the Thessalian chariot.

³¹ Yet what prayer to utter I know not, nor can I say what feeling I wish thee to have. Art thou sad? I am angry that I am the cause of thy grief. Thou art not sad? Yet, I would have thee worthy of a lost husband. Bewail in very truth thy loss, gentlest of wives, live through a time of sorrow for my misfortunes. Weep for my woe; in weeping there is a certain joy, for by tears grief is sated and relieved. And would that thou hadst to mourn not my life but my death, that by my death thou hadst been left alone! This spirit of mine through thy aid would have gone forth to its native air, loving tears would have wet

my breast, my eyes upon the last day gazing at a familiar sky would have been closed by thy fingers, my ashes would have been laid to rest in the tomb of my fathers and the ground that I touched at birth would possess my body; as I lived, in fine, so should I have died, — without crime. Now my life must be shamed by its own punishment. Wretched am I if, when thou art called an exile's wife, thou dost avert thy gaze and a blush steals over thy face! Wretched am I if thou countest it disgrace to be thought my bride! Wretched am I if now thou art ashamed to be mine! Where is that time when thou wert wont to boast of thy husband and not conceal that husband's name? Where is that time when — unless thou wouldst not have such things recalled — thou wert glad (I remember) to be called and to be mine? As becomes a good woman thou wert pleased with every endowment I possessed and to those which were real thy partial love added many. There was no other man for thee to put before me — so important an object did I seem to thee — nor any whom thou didst prefer to be thy husband. Even now be not ashamed that thou art wedded to me; this should bring thee grief, but no shame. When fell rash Capaneus by a sudden stroke, dost thou read that Euadne blushed for her husband? Not because the king of the world quelled fire with fire was Phaëthon to be denied by his friends. Semele was not estranged from her father, Cadmus, because she perished through her ambitious prayers. Nor upon thy tender face, because I have been smitten by Jove's flame, let red shame be spread. But rather rise to the charge of my defence and be thou for me the model of a noble wife. Flood a sad theme with thy virtues: glory scales the heights by steepest paths. Who would know Hector, if Troy had been happy? By public ills was the way of virtue builded. Thy skill, Tiphys, lies inert if there be no wave upon the sea: if men be in health, thy skill, Phoebus, lies inert.

79 The virtue which lies hidden and hangs back unrecognized in times of prosperity, comes to the fore and asserts itself in adversity. My fate gives thee scope for fame and provides a chance for thy loyal love to raise a conspicuous head. Avail thyself of the crisis through whose gift a mighty field has been created, open for thy praise. —

IV. TO A NOBLE FRIEND

O — you who through ancestral names have noble birth yet surpass your birth in nobility of character, whose mind reflects your father's candour yet so that it lacks not powers all its own, in whose intellect resides the eloquence of your father's tongue which no other in the Latin forum has excelled — I have addressed you not at all as I wished, with symbols instead of a name; do you pardon these praises that are all your own. I have been to blame in naught, for your virtues are recognized and betray you. If you appear to be what you really are I am acquitted of fault.

¹¹ And yet the homage rendered to you by my verse cannot, I think, harm you with so just a prince; even the Father of his Country — for who is milder than he? — submits to frequent mention in my verse, nor can he prevent it, for Caesar is the state, and of the common good I too have a share. Jupiter offers his divinity to poets' art, permitting himself to be praised by every mouth. Your case is safeguarded by the example of two superhuman beings of whom one in men's sight, the other in their belief, is a god. Even though I have transgressed duty, yet I shall be the one accused, for my letter was not under your control. And'tis no new wrong that I commit in speaking with you, for in the time of my security I often spoke with you. You need not fear that my friendship will be laid as a charge against you; the odium, if there be any, can be assigned to him who was responsible. For from my earliest years I honoured your father — this at least desire not to conceal — and my talent, you may remember, was approved by him even more than in my own judgment I deserved; of my verse he used to speak with those lips in which lay part of his great renown. Not you then, if your house made me welcome, but your father before you was cheated Yet cheating there was none, believe me, but in all its acts, if you except the very latest, my life is worthy of protection. Even this fault which has ruined me you will say is no crime, if you should come to know the course of this great evil. Either timidity or a mistake — mistake first — has injured me. Ah, let me not remember my fate! Let me not handle and break open wounds that are not yet closed! Scarce will

rest itself relieve them.

43 So then I am justly paying a penalty, but no act or design was connected with my sin. And this the God realizes, and so life was not taken from me nor my wealth stripped away to become the property of another. Perchance this very exile, if only I live, he will sometime bring to an end when time shall soften his wrath. Now I am begging him to order me to another place, if my prayer lacks not respect and modesty. A milder place of exile, a little nearer home, I pray — a place farther from the fierce enemy; and such is Augustus's mercy that if one should ask this of him in my behalf, it may be he would grant it.

66 The cold shores of the Pontus Euxinus keep me; by men of old it was called Axenus. For its waters are tossed by no moderate winds and there are no quiet harbours visited by foreign ships. Round about are tribes eager for plunder and bloodshed, and the land is not less to be feared than the treacherous sea. They whom you hear as rejoicing in men's gore dwell almost beneath the axis of the same constellation as myself, and not far away from me is the place where the Tauric altar of the quivered goddess is sprinkled with the blood of murder. This in former times, they say, was the realm of Thoas, not envied by the wicked nor desired by the good. Here the Pelopian maid, she for whom the doe was substituted, cared for the offerings (whatever their nature!) to her goddess. Hither came Orestes, whether in loyalty or crime, I know not, driven by his own furies, and his Phocæan comrade, the model of sincere love; these twain were a single heart in two bodies. Forthwith in bonds they were brought to the harsh altar that stood reeking with blood before the double doors. Yet neither the one nor the other feared his own death: each sorrowed for the other's fate. Already had the priestess taken her stand with drawn knife, her Grecian tresses bound with a barbarian fillet, when in their talk she recognized her brother and in the stead of death Iphigenia gave him her embrace. In joy she bore away the statue of the goddess, who detested cruel rites, from that place to a better.

83 Such then is the region, almost the farthest in the vast world, fled by men and gods, that is near me. Near to my land — if a barbarian land is Naso's own — are the rites of death. O may the winds which bore Orestes away, waft my sails also homeward, under

the favour of a god appeased!

V. TO A LOYAL FRIEND

O thou who art foremost among my beloved comrades, who didst prove to be the sole altar for my fortunes, whose words of comfort revived this dying soul, as the flame is wont to wake at the touch of Pallas, thou who didst not fear to open a secure harbour of refuge for a bark smitten by the thunderbolt; through whose means I should not have felt myself in want had Caesar taken from me my inherited wealth — while my fervour hurries me on in forgetfulness of my present state, how nearly, ah me! have I let slip thy name? Yet dost thou recognize it, and touched by desire for praise thou wouldst wish thou couldst say openly, “I am the man.” Surely if thou wouldst permit, I would render honour to thee and unite rare fidelity to fame.

But I fear that my grateful verse may do thee hurt, that the unseasonable honour of renown may stand in thy light. This thou mayst do, and’tis safe: rejoice within thine own breast that I have remembered thee, and that thou hast been loyal, and as thou art doing, strain thine oars to bear me aid until the god is appeased and a gentler breeze shall come; save a life that none can save unless he who submerged it lifts it from the Stygian waters, and give thyself — a rare thing it is — to every service of unswerving friendship. So may thy fortune make constant progress, so mayst thou need no aid and mayst thou aid thine own! So may thy bride equal her husband in constant goodness and no complaint befall your union. Mayst thou have also the love of him who shares thy blood, such love as his loyal brother feels for Castor. So may thy youthful son be like thee and may his character cause all to know him as thine own. So may the marriage torch of thy daughter make thee a father-in-law and soon give thee, still in thy prime, the name of grandsire!

VI. TIME BRINGS NO ANODYNE

By time the peasant's bullock is made submissive to the plough, offering his neck to the pressure of the curving yoke; time renders the mettlesome horse obedient to the pliant bridle as he receives with gentle mouth the hard bit; time quiets the rage of Phoenician lions so that their former wildness abides not in their spirits; the Indian brute, obedient to the commands of her master, vanquished by time, submits to servitude. Time causes the grape to swell on the spreading clusters until the berries scarce hold the juice within; time develops the seed into white ears of grain and takes heed that fruits be not sour. Time thins the ploughshare as it renews the soil, it wears away hard flint and adamant; it gradually softens even fierce anger, it lessens grief and relieves sorrowing hearts. All things then can be weakened by the passing of silent-footed time save my woes. Since I have been bereft of my native land, twice has the threshing-floor been smoothed for the grain, twice has the grape burst apart beneath the pressure of naked feet. And yet the long time has not given me fortitude; my mind has the sense of a woe still fresh.

23 Assuredly even aged bullocks often shun the yoke, and the well-broken horse often fights the bit. My present woe is harsher even than of old, for though still like itself, it has grown and increased with time. Nor were my evils so well known to me as now they are; now that I know them better, they weigh the more heavily. It is something also to apply to them strength still fresh and not to have been worn out beforehand by the ills of time. Stronger is the fresh wrestler on the yellow sands than one whose arms are wearied by slow waiting. Unwounded in shining armour the gladiator is better than the one whose weapons are stained red with his own blood. The new-built ship bears well the headlong blast, even a little squall breaks up the old one. I too of old bore more submissively what I am now bearing. How have my woes been multiplied by the lapse of time!

I assure you I am failing, and so far as I can prophesy from my bodily strength, but little time remains for my sorrows. For I have neither the strength nor the colour I used to have; my thin skin scarce

covers my bones. My body is sick but my mind is worse, engrossed in gazing endlessly upon its suffering. Far from me is the sight of the city, far from me my beloved friends, far from me she who is dearer than all, my wife. Before me is a crowd of Scythians, a trousered throng of Getae. Thus what I behold and what I do not behold affect me. Yet there is one hope that consoles me in all this: my death will prevent these ills from enduring long.

VII. A REPROACH

Twice has the sun drawn near me after the cold of icy winter, twice completed his journey by touching the Fish. In so long a time why has not thy hand done its duty and completed even a few lines? Why has thy loyalty failed while they are writing with whom I had but slight companionship? Why, whenever I have removed its bonds from some letter, have I hoped that it contained thy name? May the gods grant that thou hast often written a letter but that not one of the many has been delivered to me. My prayer is true, 'tis clear. I'll sooner believe that the gorgon Medusa's face was garlanded with snaky locks, that there is a maiden with dogs below her middle, that there is a Chimaera, formed of a lioness and a fierce serpent held apart by flame, that there are fourfooted creatures whose breasts are joined to those of a man, a triple man and a triple dog, a Sphinx and Harpies and snaky-footed giants, a hundred-handed Gy as and a man who is half a bull. All these things will I believe rather than that thou, dear one, hast changed and put aside thy love for me. Countless mountains lie between thee and me, and roads, and rivers, and plains, and not a few seas. A thousand reasons can exist why the letters often sent by thee rarely reach my hands. But overcome the thousand reasons by writing often, lest I be forever making my own excuses for thee, my friend.

VIII. AN EXILE'S DECLINING YEARS

Already my temples are like the plumage of a swan, for white old age is bleaching my dark hair. Already the years of frailty and life's inactive time are stealing upon me, and already'tis hard for me in my weakness to bear up. Now'twere time that I should of right cease my toils and live with no harassing fears, to enjoy the leisure that always pleased my taste, comfortably engaged in my pursuits, devoting myself to my humble house and its old Penates, the paternal fields that are now bereft of their master, peacefully growing old in my lady's embrace, among my dear comrades and in my native land. For such consummation as this did my youth once hope; thus to pass these years did I deserve.

15 Not so have the gods decreed; they have driven me over land and sea and cast me forth in the region of Sarmatia. Battered ships are drawn into the hollow docks lest to no purpose they go to pieces in the waters' midst. Lest the steed that has won many palms should fall, dishonouring his victories, lazily now he crops the meadow grass. When the soldier after years of service is no longer useful, he lays the arms he has borne before the good old Lares. In this way, since slow old age is lessening my strength,'twere time for me also to be presented with the wooden sword. Twere time for me to breathe no foreign air nor slake my parching thirst with Getic water, but now to withdraw into the retirement of the gardens I once had, now once again to enjoy the sight of men and of the city.

29 Thus with a mind unprophetic of the future did I once pray for power to live quietly when old. The Fates opposed, for they brought comfort to my early years, to the later ones distress. Now after I have lived ten lustra unblemished, at a harder time of life I am o'erwhelmed; not far from the goal, which I seemed almost to have within my reach, my car has suffered a heavy fall. Did I then in my madness force him into rage against me who is more gracious than anything the wide world possesses? Has his very mercy been overcome by my sins, and yet has my error not denied me life? This life I must pass far from my country, beneath the pole of Boreas in the land to the left of the Euxine sea. If this had been told me by

Delphi or Dodona herself, both places would have seemed to me unworthy of belief.

45 Nothing is so strong, though it be bound with adamant, as to withstand by greater might the swift thunderbolt of Jupiter; nothing is so lofty or reaches so far above perils that it is not beneath a god and subject to him. For although by fault I drew upon me a part of my ills, yet more ruin has befallen me because of the wrath of a divine power. But be ye warned by my fate also that ye make yourselves worthy of the man who is like unto the gods!

IX. A THREAT

If I may and you allow it, I will keep silent your name and deed, consigning your acts to Lethe's waters, and my mercy shall be won by tears that are late in coming, if only you make it clear that you have repented, if only through self-condemnation you show yourself eager to erase from your life, if but you can, that period of Tisiphone. But if not, if your heart still burns with hate for me, unhappy rage shall don perforce its arms. Though I be banished, as I have been, to the edge of the world, from thence shall my wrath stretch forth its hands. All my rights, if you know it not, Caesar has left me, and my only punishment is to be parted from my country. Even my country, if only he lives on, I hope as a boon from him; often the oak scorched by the bolt of Jove becomes green once more. In fine if I should have no opportunity for vengeance, the daughters of Pieria will give me strength and their own weapons. What though I dwell so far removed on the Scythian shores with the constellations that are ever dry close to my eyes, my herald-call shall pass through limitless peoples, my complaint shall be known wherever the world extends. Whatever I say shall pass to the setting sun from its rising and the East shall bear witness to the voice of the West. Across the land, across deep waters I shall be heard, and mighty shall be the cry of my lament. Not alone your own age shall know you guilty; to everlasting posterity you shall be a criminal. Already I am rushing into battle though I have not yet taken up arms, and I would I had no cause to take them up. The arena is still quiet, but the grim bull is already tossing the sand, already pawing the ground with angry hoof. Even this is more than I wished: Muse, sound the retreat, while this man still has the power to conceal his name.

X. THE POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

That thou mayst know who I was, I that playful poet of tender love whom thou readest, hear my words, thou of the after time. Sulmo is my native place, a land rich in ice-cold streams, thrice thirty miles from the city. There first I saw the light, and if thou wouldst know the date, 'twas when both consuls fell under stress of like fate. I was heir to rank (if rank is aught) that came from forefathers of olden time — no knight fresh made by fortune's gift. I was not the first born, for my birth befell after that of a brother, thrice four months my senior. The same day-star beheld the birth of us both: one birthday was celebrated by the offering of our two cakes — that day among the five sacred to armed Minerva which is wont to be the first stained by the blood of combat. While still of tender age we began our training, and through our father's care we came to attend upon men of the city distinguished in the liberal arts. My brother's bent even in the green of years was oratory: he was born for the stout weapons of the wordy forum. But to me even as a boy service of the divine gave delight and stealthily the Muse was ever drawing me aside to do her work. Often my father said, "Why do you try a profitless pursuit? Even the Maeonian left no wealth." I was influenced by what he said and wholly forsaking Helicon I tried to write words freed from rhythm, yet all unbidden song would come upon befitting numbers and whatever I tried to write was verse.

27 Meanwhile as the silent-pacing years slipped past we brothers assumed the toga of a freer life and our shoulders put on the broad stripe of purple while still our pursuits remained as before. And now my brother had seen but twice ten years of life when he passed away, and thenceforth I was bereft of half myself. I advanced so far as to receive the first office granted to tender youth, for in those days I was one third of the board of three. The senate house awaited me, but I narrowed my purple stripe : that was a burden too great for my powers. I had neither a body to endure the toil nor a mind suited to it; by nature I shunned the worries of an ambitious life and the Aonian sisters were ever urging me to seek the security of a retirement I had ever chosen and loved.

41 The poets of that time I fondly revered: all bards I thought so many present gods. Ofttimes Macer, already advanced in years, read to me of the birds he loved, of noxious snakes and healing plants. Ofttimes Propertius would declaim his flaming verse by right of the comradeship that joined him to me. Ponticus famed in epic, Bassus also, famed in iambics, were pleasant members of that friendly circle. And Horace of the many rhythms held in thrall our ears while he attuned his fine-wrought songs to the Ausonian lyre. Vergil I only saw, and to Tibullus greedy fate gave no time for friendship with me. Tibullus was thy successor, Gallus, and Propertius his; after them came I, fourth in order of time. And as I revered older poets so was I revered by the younger, for my Thalia was not slow to become renowned. When first I read my youthful songs in public, my beard had been cut but once or twice. My genius had been stirred by her who was sung throughout the city, whom I called, not by a real name, Corinna. Much did I write, but what I thought defective I gave in person to the flames for their revision. Even when I was setting forth into exile I burned certain verse that would have found favour, for I was angry with my calling and with my songs.

65 My heart was ever soft, no stronghold against Cupid's darts — a heart moved by the slightest impulse. And yet, though such my nature, though I was set aflame by the littlest spark, no scandal became affixed to my name. When I was scarce more than a boy a wife unworthy and unprofitable became mine — mine for but a short space. Into her place came one, blameless, but not destined to remain my bride. And last is she who remained with me till the twilight of my declining years, who has endured to be the mate of an exile husband. My daughter, twice fertile, but not of one husband, in her early youth made me grandsire. And already had my father completed his allotted span adding to nine lustra a second nine. For him I wept no otherwise than he would have wept for me had I been taken. Next for my mother I made the offerings to death. Happy both! and laid to rest in good season! since they passed away before the day of my punishment. Happy too am I that my misery falls not in their lifetime and that for me they felt no grief. Yet if for those whose light is quenched something besides a name abides, if a

slender shade escapes the high-heaped pyre, if, O spirits of my parents, report of me has reached you and the charges against me live in the Stygian court, know, I beg you — and you 'tis impious for me to deceive — that the cause of the exile decreed me is an error, and no crime. Be these my words to the shades. To you, fond hearts, that would know the events of my life, once more I turn.

93 Already had white hairs come upon me driving away my better years and mottling my ageing locks; ten times since my birth had the victorious rider, garlanded with Pisan olive, borne away the prize, when the wrath of an injured prince ordered me to Tomis on the left of the Euxine sea. The cause of my ruin, but too well known to all, must not be revealed by evidence of mine. Why tell of the disloyalty of comrades, of the petted slaves who injured me? Much did I bear not lighter than exile itself. Yet my soul, disdaining to give way to misfortune, proved itself unconquerable, relying on its own powers. Forgetting myself and a life passed in ease I seized with unaccustomed hand the arms that the time supplied: on sea and land I bore misfortunes as many as are the stars that lie between the hidden and the visible pole. Driven through long wanderings at length I reached the shore that unites the Sarmatians with the quiver-bearing Getae. Here, though close around me I hear the din of arms, I lighten my sad fate with what song I may; though there be none to hear it, yet in this wise do I employ and beguile the day. So then this living of mine, this stand against the hardness of my sufferings, this bare will to view the daylight's woes, I owe, my Muse, to thee! For thou dost lend me comfort, thou dost come as rest, as balm, to my sorrow. Thou art both guide and comrade: thou leadest me far from Hister and grantest me a place in Helicon's midst; thou hast given me while yet alive (how rare the boon!) a lofty name — the name which renown is wont to give only after death. Nor has jealousy, that detractor of the present, attacked with malignant tooth any work of mine. For although this age of ours has brought forth mighty poets, fame has not been grudging to my genius, and though I place many before myself, report calls me not their inferior and throughout the world I am most read of all. If then there be truth in poets' prophecies, even though I die forthwith, I shall not, O earth, be thine. But whether through favour or by very poetry I have gained this

fame, 'tis right, kind reader, that I render thanks to thee.

BOOK V

I. A PROEM AND AN APOLOGY

Add this book also to the four I have already sent, my devoted friend, from the Getic shore. This too will be like the poet's fortunes: in the whole course of the song you will find no gladness. Mournful is my state, mournful therefore is my song, for the work is suited to its theme. Unhurt and happy with themes of happiness and youth I played (yet now I regret that I composed that verse); since I have fallen I act as herald of my sudden fall, and I myself provide the theme of which I write. As the bird of Cayster is said to lie upon the bank and bemoan its own death with weakening note, so I, cast far away upon the Sarmatian shores, take heed that my funeral rites pass not off in silence.

15 If any seeks the amusement of wanton verse, I forewarn him, there is no warrant for reading such verse as this. Gallus will be better suited for such a one, or Propertius of the alluring lips, better that winning genius Tibullus. And would I were not counted among them! Alas! why did my Muse ever jest? But I have paid the penalty, for in the lands of the Scythian Hister he who played with quiver-bearing Love is an exile. And besides I have turned men's minds to public song and bidden them remember my name. Yet if someone of you asks why I sing so many grievous things — many grievous things have I borne. This verse I compose not by inspiration, not by art; the theme is filled with inspiration by its own evils. And how small a portion of my lot appears in my verse? Happy he who can count his sufferings! As many as the twigs of the forest, as many as the grains of Tiber's yellow sands, as many tender grass-blades as the field of Mars possesses, so many ills have I endured for which there is no cure, no relief save in whiling away my time in devotion to the Pierians.

35 "What limit, Naso, to your mournful song?" you say. The same that shall be the limit to this state of mine. For my complaining that state serves me from a full spring, nor are these words mine; they belong to my fate. But should you restore to me my country and my dear wife, my face would be gay, and I should be what I once was. Should unconquerable Caesar's wrath be milder to me, forthwith will

I offer you verse filled with joy. Yet no writings of mine shall again wanton as once they wanted; let them have rioted with my jests but once — I will compose something which he will himself approve, if only a part of my punishment be removed and I escape the barbarian world and the stern Getae. Meanwhile what should be the theme of my verse except sorrow? Such is the pipe whose notes befit this funeral of mine.

49 “But,” you say, “you might better endure your sorrows by keeping silent, and in silence hide your misfortunes.” Do you demand that no groans should ensue upon torture, and when a deep wound has been received, do you forbid weeping? Even Phalaris allowed Perillus within the bronze to utter bellows of torture through the mouth of the bull. When Priam’s tears did not offend Achilles, do you, more cruel than an enemy, restrain me from weeping? Though Latona’s children made Niobe childless, yet they did not bid her cheeks be dry. ’Tis something to lighten with words a fated evil; to this are due the complaints of Procne and Halcyone. This was why the son of Poeas in his chill cave wearied with his outcries the Lemnian rocks. A suppressed sorrow chokes and seethes within, multiplying perforce its own strength.

65 Indulge me rather, or else away with all my books, if that, reader, which helps me harms you. Yet it cannot harm you, for none has suffered hurt from my writings save their own author. “But,” you say, “they are poor stuff.” I admit it. Who forces you to take up such poor stuff, or who forbids you, when you find yourself deceived, to lay it aside? Even I do not revise them, but as they have here been written, so let them be read; they are not more barbarous than the place of their origin. Rome ought not to compare me with her own poets; ’tis among the Sauromatae that I am a genius!

76 In fine I court no renown nor that fame which usually sets the spur to talent; I would not have my soul waste away with continual woes, which nevertheless break in upon me, entering where they are forbidden. Why I write I have told you. Why do I send my writings to you, you ask. I am eager to be with you all in some fashion — no matter how.

II. TO HIS WIFE

What? When a fresh letter has come from Pontus, do you grow pale, do you open it with anxious hand? Put aside your fear: I am well, and my frame, which before could endure no toils and had no strength, now bears up and under the very harassings of experience has become hardened — or is it rather that I have no leisure to be weak? But my mind lies ill, nor has time given it strength; my feelings remain the same as of old. The wounds that I thought would close with passing time pain me no otherwise than if they had been freshly made. Yes, little troubles are helped by the flight of years; with great ones time but increases the ruin they cause. For almost ten whole years the son of Poeas nursed the baneful wound given him by the venom-swollen snake. Telephus would have died, destroyed by his eternal disease, had not the hand that harmed him borne him aid. My wounds also, if I have committed no crime, may their maker, I pray, desire to heal, and now at length satisfied with a portion of my suffering, may he draw off a little of the water from a brimming sea. Though he draw much, much bitterness will remain, and a part of my penalty will be as good as the whole. As many as are the shells on the shore, the flowers in the lovely rose gardens, the seeds of the sleep-producing poppy? as many beasts as the forest supports, as many as the fishes that swim in the sea, or the feathers with which a bird beats the yielding air — by so many sorrows am I overwhelmed. Should I essay to include them all, as well essay to tell the tale of the Icarian waters. The dangers of the road, the bitter perils of the sea, the hands raised to slay me — to say naught of these, a barbarian land the most remote in the vast world, a place girt by cruel enemies, holds me. From here might I pass — for my fault has no taint of blood — if you had the love for me which is my due. That god, on whom the power of Rome hath found happy stay, to his own enemy hath often been a gentle victor. Why hesitate and fear what has no peril? Approach, entreat him! the vast world holds naught more lenient than Caesar. Wretched me! What am I to do if all that is nearest abandons me? Do you too break the yoke and withdraw your neck? Whither shall I rush? Whence seek comfort for my weary lot?

No anchor now holds my bark. You shall see! Even I, hated though I am, will seek refuge at the holy altar; no hands does the altar repel.

The Suppliant's Prayer

Lo! I an absent suppliant address an absent deity, if'tis right for a human being to have power of converse with Jupiter.

⁴⁷ Lord of the empire, whose safety assures the protection of all the gods for the Ausonian race, thou glory, thou image of a fatherland that hath success through thee, hero not less mighty than the very world thou rulest (so mayst thou dwell on earth and heaven long for thee, so mayst thou be late in passing to thy promised stars) spare me, I beseech thee, and take but the least part from thy lightning's stroke; sufficient will be the penalty that remains. Thine anger is indeed moderate, for thou hast granted me life, I lack neither the right nor the name of citizen, nor has my fortune been granted to others, and I am not called "exile" by the terms of thy decree. All these things I feared because I saw that I had deserved them, but thy wrath is lighter than my sin. "Relegated" didst thou bid me come to view the fields by the Pontus, cleaving the Scythian sea in a fleeing bark. By thy command I have come to the formless shores of the Euxine water — this land lies beneath the frigid pole — nor am I so much tortured by a climate never free from cold and a soil ever shrivelled by white frost, by the fact that the barbarian tongue knows not a Latin voice and Greek is mastered by the sound of Getic, as that I am surrounded and hard pressed on every side by war close at hand and that a low wall scarce gives me safety from the foe. Yet peace there is at times, confidence in peace never: so does this place now suffer, now fear attack. If I may but exchange this place for another, let even Zanclean Charybdis swallow me, sending me by her waters to the Styx, or let me be resigned to burn in the flames of scorching Aetna or hurled into the deep sea of the Leucadian god. What I seek is punishment, for I do not reject suffering, but I beg that I may suffer in greater safety!

III. AN APPEAL TO BACCHUS

This is the day, if only I do not mistake the time, on which poets are wont to praise thee, Bacchus, binding their brows with sweet-scented garlands, and singing thy praises over thine own wine. Among them, I remember, whilst my fate allowed, oft did I play a part not distasteful to thee, but now I lie beneath the stars of the Cynosurian Bear, in the grip of the Sarmatian shore, close to the uncivilized Getae. I who before led a life of ease, toil-free, amid studies in the band of the Pierians, now far from my country am surrounded by the clash of Getic arms, after many sufferings on the sea, many on land. Whether chance brought this upon me or the wrath of the gods, or whether a clouded Fate attended my birth, thou at least shouldst have supported by thy divine power one of the worshippers of thine ivy. Or is it true that whatever the sisters, mistresses of fate, have ordained, ceases wholly to be under a god's power? Thou thyself wast borne by thy merit to the citadel of heaven, and the path thither was made by no slight toil. Thou didst not dwell in thy native country, but all the way to snowy Strymon thou hast gone and the Mars-worshipping Getae, Persia, and the broad-flowing Ganges, and all the waters that the swarthy Indian drinks. Such doubtless was the law twice ordained for thee by the Parcae who spun the fated threads at thy double birth. I too (if'tis right to make comparison with the gods) am crushed by an iron and a difficult lot. I have fallen no more lightly than he whom Jupiter, for his overweening utterance, drove back from Thebes with his lightning. Yet when thou didst hear that a poet had been smitten by the bolt, remembering thy mother, thou mightest have felt sympathy and gazing upon the bards about thine altar thou mightest have said, "Some worshipper of mine is missing."

35 Bring aid to me, kind Liber! So may a second vine weigh down the elm and the grape-clusters be filled with prisoned wine, so may the Bacchae and the young vigour of the Satyrs attend thee and may their frenzied cries keep not silent thy name; so may the bones of axe-bearing Lycurgus be heavily weighed down, nor may the wicked shade of Pentheus ever be free of punishment, so may the crown of thy spouse bright in the sky glitter for ever, surpassing the stars close

at hand — hither come and lighten my misfortunes, fairest of gods, remembering that I am one of thine own. Gods deal with gods; do thou, O — Bacchus, seek to sway Caesar's power divine by thine own. Do ye, too, O poets who share in my pursuit, loyal throng, take each of you unmixed wine and make this same petition. And let someone of you, uttering Naso's name, pledge him in a bowl mingled with his own tears, and in thought of me, when he has gazed around upon all, let him say, "Where is Naso, who was but now a part of our company?" — and this only if I have earned your approval by my sincerity, if no book was ever injured by verdict of mine, if in deserved reverence for the writings of men of old I yet consider not inferior those most recent. As then I pray ye may compose under Apollo's favour: keep — for this is lawful — my name among you.

IV. THE POET'S LETTER GREETES A TRUE FRIEND

From the Euxine shore have I come, a letter of Naso's, wearied by the sea, wearied by the road. Weeping he said to me, "Do thou, who art allowed, look on Rome. Alas! how much better is thy lot than mine!" Weeping too he wrote me, and the gem with which I was sealed, he lifted first, not to his lips, but to his tear-drenched cheeks.

Whoever seeks to learn the cause of his sorrow is asking that the sun be shown to him; he sees not the leaves in the wood, the soft grass in the open meadow, or the water in the full stream; he will wonder why Priam grieves at the ravishing of Hector, why Philoctetes groans after the snake has struck. Would that the gods might bring to pass such lot for him that he had no cause of sorrow to lament! Yet spite of all he bears, as he ought, with patience his bitter misfortunes, nor, like an unbroken horse, does he refuse the bit. He hopes that not forever will the god's wrath endure, aware that in his fault there is no crime. Often he recalls how great is the god's mercy, of which he is wont to count himself also as an example; for that he retains his father's wealth, the name of citizen — in fine his very life he holds as a gift of the god.

23 But thee — O, if thou believest me in anything, dearer than all to him — thee he holds constantly in his whole heart. Thee he calls his Menoetiades, thee his Orestes' comrade, thee his Aegides, or his Euryalus. He longs not more for his country and the many things with his country whose absence he feels, than for thy face and eyes, O thou who art sweeter than the honey stored in the wax by the Attic bee.

Often too in his grief he remembers that time, which to his sorrow was not anticipated by death, when others were fleeing the pollution of sudden disaster, unwilling to approach the threshold of the stricken house, thou with a few others didst remain faithful — if anybody terms three or two "a few." Though sore smitten, yet he realized everything — that thou not less than himself didst grieve over his misfortunes. Thy words, thy face, thy laments he is wont to recall, and his own bosom wet with thy tears; how thou didst support

him, with what resource thou didst comfort him, although thou wert thyself at the same time in need of comfort.

43 For this he assures thee that he will be mindful and loyal, whether he behold the light of day or be covered by earth, swearing it by his own life and by thine which I know he counts not cheaper than his own. Full recompense for these many great acts shall be rendered; he will not suffer thine oxen to plough the shore. Only see thou dost constantly protect the exile! What he, who knows thee well, asketh not, that I ask.

V. MY LADY'S BIRTHDAY

The year has flown and the birthday of my lady exacts its customary honour; go, hands of mine, perform affection's rites. Thus of old did the Laërtian hero pass, perhaps at the world's edge, his wife's gala day. Let me have a tongue of good omen forgetful of my misfortunes (my tongue has, I think, unlearned ere now its utterance of propitious words!) and the garb that I put on only once in the whole year let me now put on — the white garb that matches not my fate. Let there be made a green altar of grassy turf, the warm hearth veiled with a braided garland. Give me incense, boy, that produces rich flame, and wine that hisses when poured in the pious fire.

13 Best of birthdays! though am far away, I pray thou mayst come hither bright and unlike my own. If any wretched wound is threatening my lady may she have done with it forever by means of my misfortunes, and may the bark which but recently was more than shaken by a violent blast pass in future over an untroubled sea. May she continue to enjoy her home, her daughter, and her native land (let it suffice that these things have been taken from me alone), and in as much as she is not blessed in the person of her dear husband, may all the other part of her life be free from gloomy cloud. Long life to her! and may she in absence, since to this she is forced, love her husband, and pass — but late! — to the end of her years. I would add my own too, but I fear the pollution of my fate would infect those which she herself is living.

27 Naught is certain for man. Who would have thought it possible that I should be performing these rites amidst the Getae? Yet look how the breeze wafts the smoke that rises from the incense in the direction of Italy and places of good omen. Sentience, then, resides in the vapour thrown off by the fire; designedly it flees thy sky, O Pontus. Designedly, when the common offering is made on the altar to the brothers who died by each other's hands, the very ashes, in dissension as if at their command, separate blackly into two parts. This, I remember, I once said could not be, and in my opinion Battus' son was mistaken. Now I believe all, since thou, O vapour, hast in wisdom turned from Adrctos and seekest Ausonia.

41 This then is the dawn in defect of whose rising there would have been no gala day to be seen by wretched me. This brought forth a character equalling those famed heroines whose fathers were Eëtion and Icarus. Chastity was born on this day of thine, virtue and uprightness, and loyalty; but no joys — rather woe and cares and a fortune unfitted to thy character, and a plaint all but just about thy widowed couch. Assuredly uprightness schooled by adversity in time of sorrow affords a theme for praise. Had sturdy Ulysses seen no misfortune, Penelope would have been happy but unpraised. Had her husband pressed victoriously into the citadel of Echion, perchance Euadne would scarce have been known to her own land. Though Pelias had so many daughters, why is one only famed? Doubtless because she alone wedded an ill-starred husband. Let but another be first to touch the sands of Ilium and there will be no reason why Laodamia should be remembered. Thy loyalty, too, as thou wouldst prefer, would remain unknown, if favouring winds filled my sails. Yet, O gods and Caesar destined to be one of the gods — but at that time when thy life shall have equalled the days of the Pylian — spare, not me, who confess that I have deserved a punishment, but her who grieves albeit she deserves not grief.

VI. BE FAITHFUL

Do you too, once the stay of my fortunes, my refuge, my harbour — do you too dismiss your love for the friend you took unto yourself? Do you so speedily lay aside the loyal burden of duty? I am a burden, I confess, but one which you should not have taken up if you meant to put it off at a time unfavourable for me. In the midst of the waves, Palinurus, do you desert the ship? Flee not; let not your faith be inferior to your skill. Did Automedon waver in his faith and abandon in the fierceness of the fight the steeds of Achilles? When once he had accepted the charge never did Podalirius fail to bring to the sick man the promised aid of his healing art. Tis baser to thrust forth than not to receive a guest: let the altar, once open, be a steady support for my right hand.

15 Nothing but myself alone did you at first preserve; but now preserve alike me and your own judgment, if only I have not some new fault and my wrongdoings have not suddenly altered your loyalty. May this breath which I draw not easily in the Scythian air leave my body — this is my desire — before your heart is wounded by sin of mine and I seem deservedly cheaper in your sight.

23 Not so utterly overwhelmed am I by unjust fate that my mind also has been unbalanced by my long continued woes. Yet suppose it unbalanced — how many times, think you, Agamemnon's son uttered violent words against Pylades? Nor is it far from truth that he even struck his friend; yet that friend stood fast in his loyalty. This is the only thing in common between the wretched and the fortunate that regard is wont to be rendered to both. We make way both for the blind and for those whom the praetexta and the imperious rods with their cries make reverend. If you have no consideration for me, you ought to show consideration for my fate; in my case there is no room for anger. Choose the very least of my woes; it will be greater than what you imagine. As many as are the reeds which hide the wet ditches, as many as are the bees which flowery Hybla guards, as many as are the ants that are wont to carry by tiny paths to underground stores the grain they find, so crowded is the throng of woes about me; believe me, my complaint is short of the truth.

Whoever is not content with these, let him pour sands upon the shore, grain ears into the field, or water into the sea. Wherefore restrain your unseasonable anger and abandon not my bark in the midst of the sea.

VII. "AMONG THE GOTHs"

The letter which you are reading has come to you from that land where the broad Hister adds his waters to the sea. If you are blessed with life and the sweetness of safety, bright is still one spot in my life. Doubtless you are asking, as ever, dearest one, how I fare, though this you can know even if I speak not. I am wretched — this is the brief sum of my woes — and so will all be who live subject to Caesar's wrath.

9 What the people of the land of Tomis are like, amid what customs I live, are you interested to know? Though upon this coast there is a mixture of Greeks and Getae, it derives more from the scarce pacified Getae. Greater hordes of Sarmatae and Getae go and come upon their horses along the roads. Among them there is not one who does not bear quiver and bow, and darts yellow with viper's gall. Harsh voices, grim countenances, veritable pictures of Mars, neither hair nor beard trimmed by any hand, right hands not slow to stab and wound with the knife which every barbarian wears fastened to his side. Among such men, alas! your bard is living, forgetful of the loves with which he played: such men he sees, such men he hears, my friend. Would he might not live, but die among them, and yet so that his shade might leave this hated place!

25 As for your news that my songs are being presented with dancing in a crowded theatre, my friend, and that my verses are applauded — I have indeed composed nothing (you yourself know this) for the theatre; my Muse is not ambitious for hand-clappings. Yet I am not ungrateful for anything which hinders oblivion of me, which brings back the exile's name to men's lips. Although at times I curse the poems whose injury to me I recall, and my Pierians, yet when I have cursed them well I cannot live without them; I still seek the weapons that are bloody from my wounds, and the Grecian bark that but now was shattered by the Euboean waves dares to skim the waters of Caphereus. And yet I do not work o' nights for praise, toiling for the future life of a name which had better have lain unnoticed. I busy my mind with studies beguiling my grief, trying to cheat my cares. What else am I to do, all alone on this forsaken

shore, what other resources for my sorrows should I try to seek? If I look upon the country, tis devoid of charm, nothing in the whole world can be more cheerless; if I look upon the men, they are scarce men worthy the name; they have more of cruel savagery than wolves. They fear not laws; right gives way to force, and justice lies conquered beneath the aggressive sword. With skins and loose breeches they keep off the evils of the cold; their shaggy faces are protected with long locks. A few retain traces of the Greek tongue, but even this is rendered barbarous by a Getic twang. There is not a single man among these people who perchance might express in Latin any common words whatsoever. I, the Roman bard — pardon, ye Muses! — am forced to utter most things in Sarmatian fashion. Lo! I am ashamed to confess it; now from long disuse Latin words with difficulty occur even to me! And I doubt not there are even in this book not a few barbarisms, not the fault of the man but of the place. Yet for fear of losing the use of the Ausonian tongue and lest my own voice grow dumb in its native sound, I talk to myself, dealing again with disused words and seeking again the ill-omened currency of my art.

65 Thus do I drag out my life and my time, thus do I withdraw myself from the contemplation of my woes. Through song I seek oblivion from my wretchedness. If such be the rewards I win by my pursuit, 'tis enough.

VIII. TO A DETRACTOR

I have not fallen so low, low though I am, that I am beneath you too, for beneath you there can be nothing. What stirs your spirit up against me, shameless man? Why do you mock at misfortunes which you yourself may suffer? My woes do not soften you and placate you towards one who is prostrate — woes over which wild beasts might weep, nor do you fear the power of Fortune standing on her swaying wheel, or the haughty commands of the goddess who hates. Avenging Rhamnusia exacts a penalty from those who deserve it; why do you set your foot and trample upon my fate? I have seen one drowned in the waves who had laughed at shipwreck, and I said, "Never were the waters more just." The man who once denied cheap food to the wretched now eats the bread of beggary. Changeable Fortune wanders abroad with aimless steps, abiding firm and persistent in no place; now she comes in joy, now she takes on a harsh mien, steadfast only in her own fickleness. I too had my day, but that day was fleeting; my fire was but of straw and short-lived. Nevertheless that you may not fill all your soul with cruel joy, not wholly gone is my hope of appeasing the god, because my mistake fell short of crime, and though my fault is not free from shame, yet 'tis free from odium, or because the wide world from the rising sun to its setting holds nothing more merciful than him whom it obeys. Indeed though no force can overcome him, yet he has a tender heart for the petitions of the timid, and after the example of the gods whom he himself is destined to join, with the remission of my penalty he will grant me further boons. If you count the suns and the clouds throughout a year you will find that the day has more often passed brightly.

33 So then that you rejoice not overmuch in my ruin, consider that even I may some day be restored; consider that, if the prince is appeased, it may come to pass that you may be dismayed to see my face in the midst of the city, and I may see you exiled for a weightier cause. This, after that first wish, is the second prayer that I put forth.

IX. IN GRATITUDE

O — hadst thou but allowed thy name to be set in my verse, how oft wouldst thou have been named! Of thee alone would I have sung in memory of thy service; in my books no page would have been completed without thee. My debt to thee would be known throughout the city — if I, an exile, am still read in the city I have lost. Thy kindness the present, thy kindness later time would know, if only my writings endure age, nor would the accomplished reader cease to bless thee; this honour would abide with thee for having preserved a poet. Caesar's gift — that I draw breath — comes first; after the mighty gods it is to thee that I must render thanks. He gave me life; thou dost preserve the life he gave, lending me power to enjoy the boon I have received. When most men shrank with dread at my fall — some even would have it believed that they had feared it — and gazed from a safe height upon my shipwreck, extending no hand to him who swam in the savage seas, thou alone didst recall me half lifeless from the Stygian waters. My very power to remember this is due to thee.

21 May the gods and Caesar ever grant thee their friendship! Prayer of mine could not be fuller than this. These things, if thou wouldst permit, my toil would place in eloquent books in a bright light to be seen of all: even now, though my Muse has been constrained to silence, she scarce refrains from naming thee against thy will. As a hound that has scented the trail of a timorous hind, baying all in vain, is held in check by the unyielding leash, as upon the door of the barrier as yet unlocked the eager steed frets now with his hoof, now with his very brow, so my Thalia, fettered and confined by the law thou hast imposed, longs to course o'er the glory of thy forbidden name. Yet that thou mayst not be injured by the homage of a grateful friend, I will obey thy commands, fear not. But I would not obey, if thou didst not think me grateful; this, which thy word does not forbid, I shall be — grateful; and so long as I behold the light of life — and may the time be short! — that life shall be a slave to thy service.

X. THE EVILS OF TOMIS

Since I have been by the Pontus' shore, thrice has Hister halted with the cold, thrice has the water of the Euxine sea grown hard. Yet already I seem to have been absent from my country as many years as Dardanian Troy was besieged by the Grecian foe. One would think that time stood still, so slowly does it move, and the year completes its journey with lagging pace. For me the solstice lessens not the nights, and winter shortens not the days. In my case surely nature has been made anew and she makes all things as tedious as my own sorrows. Or does time in general run its wonted course, and is it rather that the time of my own life is cruel? For I am held by the shore of the false-named Euxine and the land, in truth ill-omened, of the Scythian sea. Countless tribes round about threaten cruel war, thinking it base to live if not by plunder. Without, nothing is secure: the hill itself is defended by meagre walls and by its skilful site. When least expected, like birds, the foe swarms upon us and when scarce well seen is already driving off the booty. Often within the walls when the gates are closed, we gather deadly missiles in the midst of the streets. Rare then is he who ventures to till the fields, for the wretch must plough with one hand, and hold arms in the other. The shepherd wears a helmet while he plays upon his pitch-cemented reeds, and instead of a wolf the timorous ewes dread war. Scarce with the fortress's aid are we defended; and even within that the barbarous mob mingled with the Greeks inspires fear. For with us dwell without distinction the barbarians, occupying even more than half of the dwellings. Even should you not fear them, you may loathe the sight of their chests covered with hides and with their long hair. Even these who are believed to derive their descent from the Greek city wear Persian trousers instead of the dress of their fathers. They hold intercourse in the tongue they share; I must make myself understood by gestures. Here it is I that am a barbarian, understood by nobody; the Getae laugh stupidly at Latin words, and in my presence they often talk maliciously about me in perfect security, perchance reproaching me with my exile. Quite naturally they think me somehow pretending whenever I have nodded no or yes to their

speech. And besides unjustly the hard sword dispenses justice, for wounds are often given in the midst of the market-place.

45 Ah! cruel Lachesis, when my star is so ill-fated, not to have granted my life a shorter thread! That I am separated from the sight of my country and of you, my friends, that I must lament my abode among these Scythian tribes — each is a heavy penalty. Yet I deserved exile from the city; I did not perchance deserve to be in such a place. What am I saying? Madman that I am! Even my very life I deserved to lose by offending the divine will of Caesar.

XI. TO HIS WIFE

Someone by way of insult has said that thou art “an exile’s wife” — of this thy letter complains. I was hurt, not so much that my fate is spoken of with malice — for I am now used to bear my wretchedness with fortitude — as that I am the cause of shame to thee to whom I would wish it least of all, and to think that thou must have blushed for my misfortunes.

Endure, harden thy heart; much heavier things didst thou bear when the wrath of the prince tore me from thee. Yet is that judge mistaken who calls me “exile”: a milder penalty befell my fault. My greatest penalty consists in having offended Him: I would the hour of death had come upon me first! Yet my bark was but shattered, not submerged and overwhelmed, and though it is deprived of a harbour, yet even so it floats upon the waters. Neither life nor property nor civil rights did he take from me, although by my fault I deserved to lose all. But since no deed accompanied my sin, he ordained naught save that I should leave my native hearth. As to others, whose number may not be counted, so to me Caesar’s power was mild. He himself uses in my case the term “relegatus,” not exile. My cause is secure by reason of him who judged it.

23 Rightly then, Caesar, do my verses, however humble, sing to the best of their power thy praises: rightly do I pray the gods to keep their threshold still closed to thee, and to will that thou be a god apart from them. The people offer the same prayer; but as rivers run into the wide sea, so runs a brook with its meagre stream.

29 But thou, whose lips call me “exile,” cease to burden my fate with a lying name.

XII. ONCE A POET —

You write bidding me amuse my tearful hours with my pursuit, that my wits be not ruined through unseemly sloth. My friend, your advice is hard, for verse, being the work of joy, would have the mind at peace. My fate is driven on by hostile blasts; nothing could be more gloomy. You are requiring Priam to disport himself at the death of his sons, Niobe in her bereavement to lead a gay dance. Is it mourning or poetry, think you, that should occupy him who was bidden to go alone to the land of the distant Getae? You may give me a heart supported by the mighty power which they say he possessed who was accused by Anytus, but wisdom will fall with a crash under the mass of such a mighty ruin, for the wrath of a god overpowers human strength. That famous old man, called a sage by Apollo, would have had no power in this misfortune to write a single work. Though forgetfulness of country should come, though forgetfulness of you should come, though all realization of what I have lost could leave me, yet very fear forbids the peaceful performance of the task, for I dwell in a place girt about by countless foes. And besides my talent, injured by long neglect, is dull, much inferior to what it was before. A fertile field, if it be not renewed by constant ploughing, will produce nothing but grass and thorns. The horse which has stood for a long time will run but poorly and will be last among those released from the barrier. Any skiff falls into frail rottenness, yawning with cracks, if it has been long separated from its accustomed waters. For me also feel despair that, little as I was even before, I can become once more the man I was. My talent has been crushed by my long endurance of woes: no part of my former vigour remains. Yet if, as now, I have taken up some tablet and sought to force words into proper feet, no verses are written by me or only such as you see — worthy of their master's state, worthy of his place. In short desire for fame lends no small strength to the mind, love of praise makes the heart fertile. Once I was drawn on by the glamour of name and fame while the favouring breeze bore on my yards. 'Tis not so well with me now that I care for renown; if'twere possible I would have none know of me.

43 Or is it because at first my verse went well that you advise me to write — to follow up my success? By your leave, sisters nine, would I say it: you are the chief cause of my exile. As the maker of the bronze bull paid the just penalty, so I am paying the penalty for my art. I ought to have nothing more to do with verse, for once shipwrecked I rightly shun every sea. But, forsooth, if I should be mad enough to try once more the fatal pursuit, will this place afford me the equipment for song! There is not a book here, not a man to lend ear to me, to know what my words mean. All places are filled with barbarism and cries of wild animals, all are filled with the fear of a hostile sound. I myself, I think, have already unlearned my Latin, for I have learned how to speak Getic and Sarmatian.

69 And yet, to confess the truth to you, my Muse cannot be restrained from composing verses. I write poems which once written I consume in the fire; a few ashes are the result of my toil. I have not the power and yet I long to compose some verse; hence my labour is placed in the fire, and nothing but a bit of my effort, saved by chance or by craft, reaches you. In such wise I would that my “Art,” which ruined a master who feared nothing of the kind, had been turned to ashes!

XIII. SICK AND REPROACHFUL

This "Health" thy Naso sends thee from the Getic land, if anyone can send what he himself has not. For being sick at heart I drew the contagion into my body — that no part of me may be free from torture! — and for many days I have been tortured by an aching side; thus has the excessive cold of the winter injured me. Yet if thou art well, I am well in some degree, for my ruin was supported by thy shoulders. Why, when thou hast given me mighty proofs of love, when thou dost in every fashion guard this life of mine, dost thou err in rarely comforting me with a letter, supplying me the fact of loyalty but denying me the words? Correct this, I beg of thee; if thou amend one thing, there will be no blemish on the perfect body.

16 I should bring more accusations against thee were it not possible that though no letter reaches me, yet that one has been sent. God grant that my complaint be groundless — that I am wrong in believing thou hast forgotten me. What I pray for is true, 'tis clear; for it is not right for me to believe the steadfast strength of thy heart can change. Sooner would the white wormwood fail the icy Pontus, sooner would Trinacrian Hybla lack its sweet thyme than anyone could convict thee of forgetting a friend. Not so black as that are the threads of my fate. But that thou mayst repel the charge (false though it is) of fault, beware of seeming what thou art not. As we were wont to pass long hours in converse, till daylight failed our talk, so now should our letters bring and return our voiceless words, and the paper and our hands should perform the office of our tongues. Lest I seem to distrust overmuch that this shall be so (and may a few lines suffice to have given this reminder), receive that word with which every letter is ended — that thy fate may differ from mine! — the word "farewell"!

XIV. TO HIS WIFE

What a memorial I have reared to thee in my books, O my wife, dearer to me than myself, thou seest. Though fate may take much from their author, thou at least shalt be made illustrious by my powers. As long as men read me thy fame shall be read along with me; nor canst thou utterly pass away into the sad pyre. Although thy husband's fate may cause thee to seem worthy of pity, thou wilt find some who wish to be what thou art, who in that thou dost share my woes, will call thee fortunate and envy thee. Not by giving thee riches could I have given thee more: nothing will the rich mans shade carry to its ghostly realm. I gave thee enjoyment of an immortal name, and thou hast a boon than which I could give none greater. And besides, as thou art the sole guardian of my fortunes, an honour of no small moment has come to thee, for my voice is never silent about thee and thou shouldst be proud of thy husband's testimony. That none may think it rashly given, stand thou firm; preserve me and thy loyal devotion alike. For thy goodness, whilst I stood secure, remained free from accusation's taint, at best uncriticized, but now by my fall a space has been cleared for thee; here let thy virtue build a structure clear to see.'Tis easy to be good when that which forbids it has been removed and a wife has nothing opposing her duty. When the god thunders, not to avoid the cloud — that is loyalty indeed, that is wedded love. Rare indeed is the virtue not piloted by Fortune, which remains on steady feet when Fortune flees. Yet whenever virtue is herself her own coveted reward and remains upright in adversity, though you count all time, she is passed over in silence by no age, she is given homage wherever the world's highway extends. Seest thou how Penelope's faith is praised in the long reaches of time and how her name never dies? How Admetus' wife and Hector's are sung, and the daughter of Iphis, who dared to mount the lighted pyre? How the wife of the hero of Phylacos lives, whose husband touched with his swift foot the soil of Ilium? I need not thy death, but thy love, thy faith; not by hard ways hast thou to seek for fame. Nor believe that I am reminding thee because thou art not acting: I am but giving sails to a bark that is already using the oars. He who reminds

thee to do what thou art already doing, by so reminding praises thy acts and by his very exhortation approves them.

EPISTULAE EX PONTO



Translated by Arthur Leslie Wheeler

Epistulae ex Ponto is a collection of four books of exile poetry, written in the poet's last years at Tomis. The 'letters' are each addressed to a different friend, urging their help in securing Ovid's recall from exile. Written in a more desperate tone than the *Tristia*, the poems deal with requests for friends to speak to members of the imperial family, literary discussions and entertaining descriptions of life in exile.

[*Link for the Latin texts*](#)



'Ovid Banished from Rome' by J. M. W. Turner, 1838

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BOOK I

I. TO BRUTUS

NASO, no recent dweller now in the land of Tomis, sends to you this work from the Getic shore. If you have leisure, entertain and harbour, Brutus, these poems from a foreign land; hide them away where you will, yet somewhere. They venture not to enter a public memorial for fear their master has closed for them this way. Ah, how often have I said, "Surely you give no base instruction! Go! Clean verse may freely enter that place!" Yet these verses go not thither, but as you see they deem it safer to lie in the seclusion of a private household. Do you ask where you can lay them without injuring anybody? Where once stood my "Art" there you have a vacant space.

13 What they come for, perchance you may ask while their novelty is still fresh. Take them, whatever it is, so only it be not love. You will find, though the title implies no sorrow, that this work is not less sad than that which I sent before — in theme the same, in title different, and each epistle reveals the recipient without concealing his name. You are all averse to this but cannot prevent it; my Muse comes to you with homage even against your will. Whatever it be then, add it to my writings. Nothing hinders an exile's offspring, if they observe the law, from enjoying the city. There is naught for you to fear; Antony's writings are still read, and the accomplished Brutus finds book-cases in readiness for him. I am not so mad as to compare myself with such great names, yet I have borne no hostile arms against the gods. In fine Caesar, though he needs it not, lacks not homage in any book of mine. If about me you doubt, admit a eulogy of the gods: receive my song after removing the name. In war the peaceful olive branch is useful; shall it profit me nothing that my song contains the author of peace? When Aeneas bore a father upon his shoulders, the very flames, they say, made a path for the hero. If a book bears upon its pages the descendant of Aeneas, shall not every path be open to it? Yet the one is father of his country, the other only of his bearer!

37 Is there any so brazen as to force from his door one who shakes the ringing sistra of Pharos in his hand? When before the mother of the gods the piper plays upon his curved horn, who denies him a few

coppers? No such thing results, we know, by Diana's command, yet the prophet has the wherewithal to live. The very power of the celestials stirs our hearts and there is nothing disgraceful in yielding to such credulity. Lo, I, in place of sistrum or hollow shaft of Phrygian boxwood, come bearing the Isis which made a sharp metallic click. Pharos, an island near Alexandria, represents this Egyptian cult.

I am a prophet, a monitor! Give place to one who bears holy objects! Not by me, but by a mighty god that place is claimed. Because I have earned or felt the Prince's wrath, do not suppose that I would not worship the Prince himself. I have seen one who confessed to have outraged the deity of linen-wearing Isis sitting before Isis's shrine. Another bereft of sight for a like cause was crying out in the midst of the street that he had deserved it. The gods rejoice in such heraldings that witnesses may attest their power. Often do they mitigate penalties and restore the sight they have taken away when they behold sincere repentance for sin. I too repent! O, if any wretched man is believed in anything, I too repent! I feel the torture of my own deed! Though exile is anguish, greater anguish is my fault and it is a smaller thing to suffer the punishment than to have deserved it. What though the gods and he who is more conspicuous than the gods should favour me, my punishment can be removed, my fault will remain forever. Death at least by his coming will put an end to my exile, my sin even death will not remove.

67 'Tis then no marvel if my heart has softened and melts as water runs from snow. It is gnawed as a ship is injured by the hidden borer, as the briny sea water hollows out the crags, as stored iron is eaten by corroding rust, as the book when laid away is nibbled by the worm's teeth, so my heart feels the constant gnawing of sorrow which will finish its work — never! These stings will not leave my mind sooner than life; he who suffers will perish more quickly than the suffering itself. If the celestials, to whom in all things I belong, believe me in this, perchance I shall be deemed worthy of a little succour and they will change my abode to one free from the Scythian bow; should I pray for more than that, my lips will be bold indeed.

II. TO MAXIMUS

Maximus, you who fill out the measure of a mighty name doubling nobility of birth by that of soul, you for whose birth, though three hundred fell, one day did not destroy all the Fabii — perchance you may ask by whom this letter is sent and wish to be told who am I that talk with you. Ah me! what am I to do? I fear that when you read the name you will grow stern and read what remains with heart averse. Look you to that. I shall venture the confession that I have written to you.... I, who admitting that I have deserved a worse punishment, can scarce endure one worse. I live in the midst of enemies, in the midst of perils — as if, with my native land, peace had been taken from me — enemies who, to double with a cruel wound the causes of death, smear every dart with viper's gall. Equipped with these the horseman circles the frightened walls as a wolf runs about the fenced sheep. The light bow once bent with its horsehair string remains with its bonds ever unrelaxed. The roofs bristle with implanted arrows as if shrouded in a veil, and the gate scarce repels attack with sturdy bar.

23 Add to this the aspect of a land protected by neither leaf nor tree, and that lifeless winter without break runs into winter. Here am I fighting with cold, with arrows, with my own fate, in the weariness of the fourth winter. My tears are limitless save when a lethargy checks them, and a deathlike stupor possesses my breast. Happy Niobe, though she saw so many deaths, for she lost sensation when she was turned to stone by her misfortunes. Happy you also whose lips, in the act of calling upon your brother, the poplar clothed with new bark. I am one who am transformed into no wood, I am one who in vain wish to be a stone. Should Medusa herself come before my eyes, even Medusa will lose her power. My life is such that I never lose the bitterness of sensation and my punishment becomes worse through its long duration. So Tityus's liver unconsumed and ever growing anew perishes not, in order that it may have the power to be ever perishing.

41 "But," I suppose, "when rest and sleep, the common healer of cares, attend me, night comes free from the usual woes!" Dreams affright me that mimic real dangers, and my senses wake to my own

hurt. Either I think myself avoiding Sarmatian arrows or offering a captive's hands to cruel bonds or, when I am beguiled by the semblance of a happier dream, I behold the buildings of the native city I have left, I hold long converse now with you, my friends, whom I once revered, now with my dear wife. Thus when I have had this short and unreal joy, the remembrance of happiness renders this state of mine all the worse.

53 So whether day beholds this wretched being or whether Night is driving her frosty steeds, my heart melts from unending sorrows as fresh wax is wont to do when fire is brought near. Often I pray for death, yet I even beg off from death for fear that the Sarmatian soil may cover my bones. When I remember Augustus's mercy, I believe it possible that a kindly shore may be offered for my shipwreck. When I see how persistent is my fate, I break down and my slight hope falls away vanquished by a mighty fear. Yet I neither hope nor pray for anything further than the power even by a wretched change to be rid of this place. 'Tis either this or nothing that your favour can attempt in moderation for me without impairing your self-respect. Maximus, eloquence of the Roman tongue, take upon yourself the merciful pleading of a difficult case. A bad case, I admit, but it will become a good one if you plead it; only utter some words of sympathy in behalf of wretched exile. For Caesar knows not, though a god knows all things, the nature of this remote place. Great undertakings engross his divine mind; this is a matter too small for his godlike heart. He has no leisure to inquire where the Tomitae are situated, a region hardly known to the neighbouring Getan; or what the Sauromatae are doing, or the fierce Iazyges, and the Tauric land watched over by Orestes' goddess, or what other tribes, when cold halts the Hister's flow, wind along the icy back of the stream on swift horses. The most of these people neither care for thee, fair Rome, nor fear the arms of Ausonian soldiery. Bows and full quivers lend them courage, and horses capable of marches however lengthy and the knowledge how to endure for long both thirst and hunger, and that a pursuing enemy will have no water. The wrath of a merciful man would not have sent me to such a land if he had known it well. Nor is he pleased that I or any Roman be taken by an enemy — I least of all, to whom he himself granted life. He would not, as he could have

done, destroy me with the slightest nod. There is no need of any Getae to bring about my death. But he found no act on my part worthy of death, and 'tis possible that he is less incensed against me than he was. Even then he did nothing save what I forced him to do; his wrath is almost more moderate than I deserve. May then the gods, of whom he is himself the most just, cause the nourishing earth to bring forth nothing greater than Caesar, and as it has been long under Caesar's sway, so may it continue, passing on through the hands of his family.

101 But do you open your lips in behalf of my tears at a time when the judge is as mild as I found him. Ask not that I may be happy, but that I may be safer in my unhappiness, that my place of exile may be distant from the cruel enemy; that the life granted me by a very present deity may not be taken from me by the drawn sword of some filthy Getan; in fine, if I should die, that I may be buried in a more peaceful land and my bones be not crushed down by Scythian soil, nor my ashes, meanly buried, as doubtless an exile deserves, be trampled by the hoof of a Bistonian horse; and if there be some feeling that survives after death, that no Sarmatian shade terrify even my spirit.

113 This tale, Maximus, might move the soul of Caesar, yet only if it had first moved yours. Let your voice, I pray, soften in my behalf the ears of Caesar, for it is wont to aid frightened defendants, and with the usual sweetness of your accomplished tongue influence the heart of a hero whom we must liken to the gods. You will have to appeal to no Theromedon, no cruel Atreus, or to him who made human beings fodder for his horses, but to a prince, slow to punish, quick to reward, who sorrows whenever he is forced to be severe, who has ever conquered that he might have power to spare the conquered, who has shut in civil war with an everlasting bar, who controls many things by the fear of punishment, few by punishment itself, hurling the thunderbolt rarely and with unwilling hand.

127 So then since you are sent to plead in such merciful ears ask that my place of exile may be nearer my native land. I am he who attended upon you, whom the festal board used to see among your guests, I am he who led Hymenaeus to your wedding torches and sang a lay worthy of your propitious union, whose books, I

remember, you used to praise with the exception of those which harmed their master; who used to admire the writings that you sometimes read to him, to whom a bride was given from your household. She has the respect of Marcia, who has loved her from her early years and given her a place among her companions; earlier still Caesar's aunt so regarded her, and any woman approved in their judgment is indeed approved. Even she who was better than her own fame, even Claudia, had such women praised her, would have needed no divine aid.

¹⁴³ I, too, lived the years that are past without a blemish; the most recent part of my life must be passed over in silence. But to say naught of myself, my wife is a charge upon you; you cannot deny her and maintain your loyalty. She flees to you for refuge, embracing your altar (rightly does each come to the gods whom he himself worships) and in tears she begs that you may soften Caesar by your prayers and bring the tomb of her husband nearer.

III. TO RUFINUS

This greeting, Rufinus, your friend Naso sends you — if a wretched man can be anyone's friend.

The consolation that but now you sent to my distressed heart brought aid and hope to my woes. As the Poeantian hero through the art of Machaon felt in his soothed wound the healing aid, so I, prostrate in soul and wounded by a bitter blow, began to grow stronger through your admonition when I was just on the point of failing; I was as much restored by your words as the pulse is wont to revive when wine is administered. Yet your eloquence had not such power that my heart is whole through your words. You may take much from my flood of woe, but there will remain not less than you have drained away. Perhaps in long time a scar will form; a raw wound quivers at the touch of a hand. 'Tis not always in a physician's power to cure the sick; at times the disease is stronger than trained art. You see how the blood emitted from a tender lung leads by an unerring path to the waters of the Styx. Let the Epidaurian in person bring holy herbs, he will have no skill with which to heal wounds in the heart. The healing art knows not how to remove crippling gout, it helps not the fearful dropsy. Sorrow too can find at times no skill that will cure it or else to be cured it must be worn away by long time. When your admonitions have strengthened my prostrate soul and I have put on the armour of your heart, once again my love for the fatherland, stronger than any reasoning, undoes the work that your writings have wrought. Whether you call this loyal or womanish, I admit that in my wretchedness my heart is soft. None doubt the Ithacan's wisdom, but yet he prays that he may see the smoke from his native hearth. By what sweet charm I know not the native land draws all men nor allows them to forget her. What is better than Rome? What worse than the cold of Scythia? Yet hither the barbarian flees from that city. Though Pandion's daughter may be well off in her cage, she strives to return to her own forests. Bullocks seek their familiar pastures, lions in spite of their wild nature their familiar lairs. Nevertheless you hope that the gnawing pangs of exile can be made by your soothing to leave my breast. See to it that you

and yours be not yourselves so dear to me; so will it be a slighter misfortune to be deprived of you. "But," I suppose, "though I am separated from the land of my birth, I have yet had the good fortune to be in a place where men dwell!" At the edge of the world I lie abandoned on the strand, where the buried earth supports constant snows. No fields here produce fruit, nor sweet grapes, no willows are green upon the bank, nor oaks upon the hill. Nor can you praise the sea more than the land, for the sunless waters ever heave beneath the madness of the winds. Wherever you gaze, lie plains with no tillers, vast steppes which no man claims. Close at hand on the right and left is a dreaded enemy terrifying us with imminent fear on both sides. One side is on the eve of feeling the Bistonian spears, the other the darts sped by the hand of the Sarmatian. Now then go and cite for me the example of men of old who bore danger with strong mind; admire the impressive strength of great-souled Rutilius who would not avail himself of the proffered offer of return home! Smyrna held him, not the Pontus or a hostile land — Smyrna, than which scarce any place is more to be desired. It grieved not the cynic of Sinope to be far from his native city, for he chose a home in the land of Attica. Neocles' son, who with arms beat down the arms of Persia, first experienced exile in the city of Argos. Aristides expelled from his native city found refuge in Sparta — and it was doubtful which of these two excelled. Young Patroclus, having slain a man, left Opus and became the guest of Achilles in Thessaly. From Haemonia to Pirene's spring fled the exile under whose guidance the sacred ship skimmed the waters of Colchis. Agenor's son Cadmus left the battlements of Sidon to establish walls in a better place. Tydeus came to Adrastus when exiled from Calydon, Teucer found refuge in the land that Venus loves. Why need I tell of the men of olden Roman race with whom the remotest land of exile was Tibur? Though I should enumerate every exile, none in any age has ever been assigned to a more forbidding place so far from his native land.

85 And so let your wisdom pardon one in grief; what he does that is in accord with your words is not much. Yet I do not deny that could my wounds heal, 'tis through your teaching they could heal. But I fear that it is in vain you strive to save me, and that I shall not be helped in my desperate sickness by the aid you bring. And this I

say, not because I have the greater wisdom, but I know myself better than any doctor can. Yet in spite of this, your good will has come to me as a great boon and I take it in good part.

IV. TO HIS WIFE

Now is the worse period of life upon me with its sprinkling of white hairs, now the wrinkles of age are furrowing my face, now energy and strength are weakening in my shattered frame. On a sudden shouldst thou see me, thou couldst not recognize me; such havoc has been wrought with my life. I admit that this is the work of the years, but there is yet another cause — anguish and constant suffering. For should my misfortunes be distributed by anybody through a long series of years, I shall be older, I assure thee, than Pylian Nestor, — Thou seest how in the stubborn fields the sturdy bullocks — and what is stronger than a bullock? — are broken in body with toil. The land which has never been wont to rest as idle fallow, grows weary and old with constant production. That horse will fall which enters every contest of the Circus without omission. Strong though she be, the ship will break up in the sea which never is hauled from the clear waters to dry. I too am weakened by the measureless series of my woes and am perforce an old man before my time.

21 Leisure nourishes the body, the mind too feeds upon it, but excessive toil impairs both. Behold what praise the son of Aeson, because he came to this region, receives from late posterity. Yet his toil was lighter and smaller than mine, if only mighty names do not keep down the truth. He set forth to Pontus dispatched by Pelias who was scarce dreaded as far as the bounds of Thessaly. Caesar's anger wrought my ruin at whom the world of sunrise and of sunset alike tremble. Haemonia is closer to ill-omened Pontus than Rome, and he completed a shorter journey than I. He had as comrades the leaders of the Achaean land, but I was abandoned of all on my journey. In a frail bark I ploughed the vast sea; the one that carried Aeson's son was a staunch ship. I had no Tiphys for a pilot nor did Agenor's son teach me what ways to avoid and what to follow. He was safeguarded by Pallas and queenly Juno; no deities defended my life. He was aided by the wily arts of Cupid; would that Love had not learned them from me! He came back to his home; I shall die in this land, if the weighty wrath of the injured god persists. Harder then is my task, my faithful wife, than that which Aeson's son endured.

47 Thou too, whom I left in youth when I set out from the city, doubtless hast aged in consequence of my misfortunes. O, may the gods grant that I can see thee thus, lovingly kiss thy altered locks, and folding thy slender body in my arms say, "Love for me hath wasted thee so," and amid mutual tears tell thee of my sufferings, enjoying a talk I have never hoped for, and offering to the Caesars and the wife who is worthy of Caesar the incense due from my grateful hand. Would that Memnon's mother, when the Prince is softened, might with rosy lips call forth this day as soon as may be!

V. TO MAXIMUS

‘Tis he who was once not last among your friends—’tis Naso, asks you, Maximus, to read his words. Seek not in them my native wit lest you seem unaware of my banishment. You see how inactivity spoils an idle body, how water acquires a taint unless it is in motion. For me, too, whatever skill I had in shaping song is failing, diminished by inactive sloth. Even this that you read, Maximus, if in anything you believe me, I write forcing it with difficulty from an unwilling hand. There is no pleasure in straining the mind to such a task, nor does the Muse come at one’s call to the stern Getae. Yet, as you see, I am struggling to weave verses, but the fabric is not softer than my fate. When I read it over I am ashamed of my work because I note many a thing that even in my own, the maker’s judgment, deserves to be erased. Yet I do not correct it. This is a greater labour than the writing, and my sick mind has not the power to endure anything hard. Am I forsooth to use the file more biting, subjecting single words to criticism? Does fortune indeed torture me too little without my making the Lixus flow into the Hebrus and Athos add leaves to the Alps? One must spare a soul that has a wretched wound; oxen withdraw their chafed necks from a burden. “But,” I suppose, “a reward is at hand, the most justifiable reason for toil, and the field is returning the seed with much usury!” To the present no work of mine, though you enumerate them all, has brought me profit — would that none had harmed me!

29 Why then do I write, you wonder? I too wonder, and with you I often ask what I seek from it. Or do the people say true that poets are not sane and am I the strongest proof of this maxim — I who though so many times deceived by the barrenness of the soil, persist in sowing my seed in ground that ruins me? Clearly each man shows a passion for his own pursuits, taking pleasure in devoting time to his familiar art. The wounded gladiator forswears the fight, yet forgetting his former wound he dons his arms. The shipwrecked man declares that he will have nothing to do with the waves of the sea, yet plies the oar in the water in which but recently he swam. In the same way I continually hold to a profitless pursuit, returning to the goddesses

whom I would I had not worshipped. What rather shall I do? I am not one to lead a life of idle leisure; I regard idleness as death. I take no pleasure in steeping myself in wine until daylight, and the alluring dice attract not my shaking hands. When I have devoted to sleep what hours my frame demands, how am I to spend the long period of wakefulness? Forgetting the ways of my native land shall I learn how to bend the Sarmatian bow, attracted by the accomplishment of the country? Even this pursuit my strength prevents me from adopting, for my mind is stronger than my slender body.

63 When you have pondered well what I am to do, nothing is more useful than this art which has no use. From it I win forgetfulness of my misfortune; this harvest is enough if my ground but yields it. As for you — your goad may be renown; to read your poems and win approval, devote your wakeful hours to the Pierian band. 'Tis enough for me to compose what comes easily; I lack a reason for too earnest toil. Why should I refine my verse with anxious labour? Should I fear that the Getan will not approve them? Perchance 'tis bold of me, and yet I — boast that the Hister has no greater talent than mine. In this land where I must live 'tis enough if I succeed in being a poet among the uncivilized Getae. Why should I attempt to reach with fame the opposite side of the world? Let that place be Rome which fortune has given me. With this theatre my unhappy Muse is content: so have I deserved, so have the great gods willed.

71 And I think that my books cannot journey from this place to your region whither Boreas comes on failing wing. We are separated by the heavens' space, and the She Bear who is far from the city of Quirinus gazes close at hand upon the shaggy Getae. Over so vast a stretch of land, so many waters I can scarce believe it possible that a hint of my work has leaped. Suppose it is read, and — marvellous indeed — suppose it finds favour; that fact surely helps its author not at all. What profit to you if you should be praised in hot Syene, or where the Indian waves dye Tabropanes? Would you go further? If the far distant stars of the Pleiads should praise you, what would you gain? But I do not penetrate by virtue of my commonplace writings to that place of yours; the author's fame was banished with him from his own city. And you in whose eyes I died when my fame was buried, now also, I think, are silent about my death.

VI. TO GRAECINUS

Is it true that when you heard of my disaster, for you were then in a different land, your heart was sad? You may try to hide it and shrink from the admission, Graecinus, but if I know you well, 'tis certain it was sad. Revolting cruelty does not square with your character and is no less at variance with your pursuits. The liberal arts, for which you care above all things, soften the heart and expel harshness. Nobody embraces them with greater faith than you — so far as duty and the toil of a soldier's life permit. For my part as soon as I realized what I was — for long was I stunned and had no powers of thought — I felt in this also my fate that you, my friend, were absent, — you who were sure to be my great support. With you at that time were absent all that solaces a sick mind, and a great part of my courage and my counsel.

17 But as it is, for this alone remains, bring me one aid, I beseech you, from afar; help with your comforting words a heart which, if you believe at all a friend who does not lie, should be called foolish rather than wicked. It would be long and not safe to tell the story of my sin, and my wounds fear to be touched. However I came by those wounds, cease to ask about them: disturb them not, if you wish them to heal. Whatever that is, though it does not deserve the term "crime," yet it should be called a "fault." Or is every fault against the great gods a crime?

27 Hope therefore of lessening my punishment, Graecinus, has not altogether forsaken my soul. That goddess, when all other deities abandoned the wicked earth, remained alone on the god-detested place. She causes even the ditcher to live in spite of his shackles and to think that his limbs will be freed from the iron. She makes the shipwrecked man, seeing no land on any side, move his arms in the midst of the waves. Oft has a man been abandoned by the skill and care of physicians, but hope leaves him not though his pulses fail. Those who are shut in prison hope for release, they say, and many a one hanging on the cross still prays. How many this goddess has prevented in the act of fastening the noose about their throats from perishing by the death they had purposed! Me also as I was

attempting to end my grief with the sword she rebuked, checking me with a touch of her hand and saying, "What are you about? There is need of tears, not blood; often by tears the wrath of a prince may be turned aside." And so although I do not deserve it, yet I have strong hope in the kindness of the god. Pray, Graecinus, that he be not hard for me to win; add too some words of your own to my supplication. May I lie entombed in the sands of Tomis if it is not clear that you are a suppliant in my behalf. For sooner will the pigeons avoid the towers, the wild beasts the forest glades, the cattle the grass, and the gull the waters than Graecinus will weakly support an old friend. Not so utterly have all things been changed by my fate.

VII. TO MESSALINUS

Letters, instead of spoken words, Messalinus, have brought you the greeting which you read all the way from the fierce Getae. Is the place a token of the author? Or unless you have read the name are you unaware that I who write these words am Naso? Does any one of your friends except myself — who pray that I am your friend — lie at the very edge of the world? May the gods will that all who show you respect and love may have no knowledge of this race! Enough that I should live midst ice and Scythian arrows — if a kind of death must be considered life. Let me be hard pressed by war on the earth or by the chill of heaven, the wild Getae fighting with arms and the winter with its hail; let me be held in a country that produces neither fruit nor grape, that has no side free from an enemy: but safe be all the other throng of your clients, among whom, as mid a host, I was but one of many. Alas for me if you take offence at such words as these and deny that I have been connected with you in any respect. For even though that were true, you ought to pardon my falsehood; your praise loses nothing through this boast of mine. What acquaintance of the Caesars does not imagine himself a friend! Pardon me the confession; you have ever been in my eyes a Caesar. And yet I do not force my way where I am not allowed to go, and'tis enough if you do not deny that your halls were open to me. Though you had nothing more to do with me, surely you are saluted by one voice less than of old. Your father did not deny my friendship, he who was at once the encourager, the cause, and the guiding light of my pursuit. For him I gave tears which are the final meed of death, and I wrote verses to be chanted in the midst of the forum. You have also a brother united to you with as great a love as that which joined the Atridae or the Tyndaridae: he has not disdained me as companion or as friend, yet only if you deem these words will not harm him. Else will I confess a falsehood in this particular also; rather let that whole house be closed to me. Yet it ought not to be closed to me, for no power has strength to guarantee that a friend will do no wrong. And yet even as I could crave the power to deny my fault, so everybody knows that mine is no crime. And unless a part of my sin

were pardonable, exile would have been a small punishment. But he himself saw this, he who sees all things — Caesar — that my crimes might be termed folly. So far as I permitted, so far as circumstances allowed, he spared me, making but a mild use of his flaming thunderbolt. He took from me neither life nor property nor the possibility of return — if his wrath should be conquered by your prayers.

49 Yet heavy was my fall. What wonder if one smitten by Jupiter has no slight wound? Even should Achilles restrain his power, the Pelian spear he hurled dealt heavy strokes. Inasmuch then as I have the judgment of him who punishes me in my favour, there is no reason why your doorway should deny knowledge of me. I admit I paid less court to it than I ought, but that too was fated for me, I believe. Yet the other house did not experience my attentions thus: in that I was constantly beneath the protection of your common Lar, and such is your loyalty that though he court not you in person, your brother's friend has on you some claim. What too of this that as thanks should be rendered to those who have done service so it becomes your position to deserve them? And if you permit us to advise what you should desire, pray that you may give more than you repay. This you are doing and, as I remember, you used to be a source of attention because you gave more yourself. In whatever class you will, Messalinus, place me, if only I be no alien member of your household. As for Naso's misfortunes — since it seems that he has deserved them — if you are not grieved that he endures them, yet grieve that he has deserved them.

VIII. TO SEVERUS

Severus, my soul's larger part, receive the greeting sent by Naso whom you used to love, nor ask how I fare. Should I tell the whole tale, it will bring you tears; 'tis enough if you know the sum of my misfortune. I live deprived of peace amid constant strife while the quiver-bearing Getan rouses stern war. Of so many exiled I alone am both exile and soldier; the rest — nor do I grudge it them — are safe in their retirement. And that you may grant my work greater indulgence, you will read here verses composed on the field of battle. An old city lies hard by the bank of Hister of the double name, scarce accessible because of its walls and the site. Aegisos, the Caspian, if we may believe the native tale, founded it and gave it his own name. The wild Getae took it after they had destroyed the Odrysii in a warfare of surprise, and raised their arms against the king. He, mindful of the mighty race which his own valour enhances, at once approached with a following of countless warriors. Nor did he depart until with deserved slaughter of the guilty he beat down the presumptuous spirit of the people. May it be granted thee, bravest monarch of our time, ever to sway the sceptre with thy honoured hand. Mayst thou, even as she grants it now — for what fuller prayer could I make for thee — find approval with warlike Rome along with mighty Caesar.

25 But mindful of my beginning, my dear comrade, I complain of the addition of cruel warfare to my misfortunes. Since I have been separated from you, thrust down to the very shores of the Styx, the rising of the Pleiads is now bringing on the fourth autumn. Yet believe not thou that 'tis the joys of city life that Naso seeks — and yet even them he seeks — for at times I have memories of you, my pleasant friends, at times thoughts of my daughter and my dear wife steal over me, and from my own house I am once again visiting the localities of the beautiful town, my mind surveying everything with eyes of its own. Now the fora, now the temples, now the theatres sheathed in marble, now every portico with its levelled ground comes before me; now the greensward of the Campus that looks towards the lovely gardens, the pools, the canals, and the water of the

Virgo.

³⁹ But, I suppose, the delights of the city have been taken from me in my wretchedness in such fashion that I may have at least what country joys I will! It is not for the fields lost to me that my heart longs, the fair lands in the Paelignian country, nor for those gardens lying on the pine-clad hills which the Clodian and Flaminian roads survey — them I tilled for I know not whom, in them I used in person to guide (nor am I ashamed to say it) the spring water upon the plants; somewhere, if they still live, there are certain trees also planted by my hand, but never is my hand destined to gather their fruit. For all these losses would that it could be my lot even here to have in my exile a plot to till! I would in person, if only I might, pasture the goats as they hang upon the crags, I would pasture the sheep as I leaned upon my staff; that my breast might not dwell upon its usual cares I would myself lead the plough - oxen beneath the curving yoke, teaching myself the words which the Getic bullocks know, hurling at them the familiar threats. In person would I control the handle of the down-pressed plough and try to scatter seed in the furrowed earth. I would not shrink from clearing away the weeds with the long hoe and supplying the water for the thirsty garden to drink. But whence shall all this come to me between whom and the enemy there is only the breadth of a wall and a closed gate? For you at birth — my whole heart rejoices at this — the fateful goddesses spun strong threads. You may stroll now in the Campus, now in the dusky shade of some portico, now in the forum, though you spend but little time there; Umbria now calls you home, or as you seek your Albana, the Appian road takes you to the country on glowing wheels. There perchance you may wish that Caesar would abate his just wrath and that your villa may entertain me. Alas!'tis too much that you ask, my friend; utter a more modest wish, furl the sails of your prayer, I beg. My wish is for a land nearer home, one not exposed to war; then a large part of my woes will be removed.

IX. TO MAXIMUS

Your letter with its news of Celsus' death was forthwith wetted by my tears: and though'tis an impious thing to say and, as I thought, impossible, a letter of yours was read with unwilling eyes. Nothing more grievous has reached my ears since I have been in the Pontus, and I pray that nothing more bitter will come. His image lingers before my eyes as if he were present; he is gone, but love imagines him still alive. Often my heart recalls his gaiety freed from solemnity, often his serious tasks performed with transparent fidelity. But no hours come to my mind more frequently than those — would they had been the latest of my life — when my house on a sudden collapsed in utter ruin and fell upon its master's head. He stood by me when the greater part abandoned me, Maximus, and when he was not a partner in my fate. I saw him weeping my death as if perforce he had to lay his own brother in the flames. He clung to my embrace, he consoled me as I lay prostrate, he mingled his tears constantly with mine. How often did he, the then hated guardian of my bitter life, check the hands ready to bring about my death! How often did he say, "The wrath of the gods may be appeased. Live, and do not say that you cannot be pardoned"! But his most frequent words were, "Think how great a help Maximus ought to be to you. Maximus will make every effort and, such is his loyalty, will beg that Caesar's wrath persist not to the end. Together with his own power he will employ that of his brother; he will try every resource to lighten your pain."

³¹ These words diminished the weariness I felt in my unfortunate life. Maximus, see to it that they were not empty. He was wont to swear that he would come to me even here and that no other but yourself would afford him the right to make the long journey. For he revered your house not otherwise than you worship the gods who are lords of the world. Believe me, although you possess deservedly many friends, he was in no degree inferior to any of them, if only'tis true that not property nor the illustrious names of ancestors, but uprightness and character render men great.

⁴¹ Rightly then do I grant the meed of tears to Celsus dead which

he granted to me in life as I set forth to exile. Rightly do I bestow verses bearing witness to a rare character that those about to come may read of thy name, Celsus. This is all that I can send thee from the Getic land, this is the only thing there that I may have for mine own. I had not the power to follow thy funeral or anoint thy body: I am separated by the whole world from thy tomb. He who had the power, that Maximus whom thou didst in life regard as a god, bestowed upon thee every service. He conducted for thee a funeral with ceremonials of great honour, pouring the balsam upon thy cold breast. In grief he mingled with the unguents falling tears, laying thy bones to rest in the protection of neighbouring ground. He, since to dead friends he pays the debt he owes, may reckon me also with the dead.

X. TO FLACCUS

Exiled Naso sends you a “Health,” Flaccus, if one can send a thing that he himself lacks. For long continued lassitude has impaired my frame with bitter cares and suffers it not to possess its proper strength. I have no pain, I do not burn and gasp with fever, my pulse continues its normal beat. But my mouth lacks taste, I feel aversion for the courses set before me, and complain whenever the hour for hateful eating comes. Serve me with any product of sea or land or air; nothing will excite my hunger. Let nectar and ambrosia, the food and drink of the gods, be offered me by the shapely hand of busy Juventas, yet that savour will not stimulate my sluggish palate and a weight will long remain in my inactive stomach.

15 All this I should not venture to write to everybody, despite its truth, lest he should term my woes mere daintiness. Such in sooth is my condition, such is the nature of my circumstances that there is even the possibility of being dainty! I pray such daintiness as this may be the lot of any who fears that Caesar’s wrath may rest too lightly upon me!

21 Even that sleep which is food to a slender frame does not support as it should my impoverished body, but I am wakeful, my endless woes are wakeful too, for the place in which I am supplies them with material. Scarce could you recognize my features should you see them, and you would ask what has become of my former colour. But little vigour pervades my emaciated limbs; I am paler than fresh wax. These troubles I have not brought upon myself by immoderate drinking — you know that water is almost my only drink — nor do I overload myself with food; even if I had a passion for it, there is no opportunity in the Getic country. My strength is not impaired by Venus’ ruinous passion; she is not wont to approach the couch of sorrow. Tis the water and the country that injure me together with a cause still stronger — the mental worry which ever attends me.

37 Unless you and, like you, your brother were mitigating these woes, scarce would my mind have borne the burden of my sorrow. You are like a kindly land to a shattered boat; you bring me the aid

which many deny. Give it me always, I beseech you, for I shall always need it as long as divine Caesar shall feel anger against me. That he may lessen, not end, his deserved wrath, let each of you as suppliants implore your gods.

BOOK II.

I. TO GERMANICUS CAESAR

Even to this place has the fame of Caesar's triumph penetrated, whither scarce comes the weak breath of weary Notus. No pleasant news have I ever looked for in the Scythian land, but now this place is less hateful than it was before. At last the clouds of care have burst asunder and I have glimpsed a bit of clear sky; I have cheated my fate. E'en though Caesar may be unwilling that any joys befall me, yet this one joy it may be he wishes to have granted to everybody. Even the gods, to secure joyous worship from all, command men to lay aside sorrow throughout their feast days. In fine, though 'tis outright madness to dare the confession, this is a joy that I would make my own were he in person to forbid it.

13 Whenever Jupiter floods the fields with helpful showers the tough burs are wont to grow mingled with the crops. I, too, useless weed though I am, feel the fructifying power, and am often benefited against his will. The joys of Caesar's heart are mine to the extent of my capacity; that house has nothing that is private. Thanks, Fame, to thee through whom I, prisoned among the Getae, have seen the splendour of the triumph. By thy evidence I learned that recently countless races assembled to see their leader's face; and Rome, that embraces the measureless world within her vast walls, scarce had room for her guests. Thou didst tell me how, though for many days before the cloudy Auster poured forth constant rain, the sun through heavenly power shone bright, the day matching the looks of the people; how the victor, honouring them with a loud voice, bestowed the warlike gifts upon the heroes he praised; how as he was about to don the embroidered vestments, the marks of glory, first he sprinkled incense on the sacred hearth, appeasing in purity the justice of his father which ever has a shrine in that breast; how wherever he went, he received the happy omen of applause and the pavement blushed with dewy roses. Before him, silver counterparts of the conquered walls, barbarian towns were carried with pictured men upon them, rivers and mountains and battles in deep forests, shields and spears in a confused pile, and from the gold of the trophies kindled by the sun, the buildings of the Roman forum turned to gold. So many chieftains

bore chains upon their vanquished necks that they could almost suffice to be the enemy. The greater part received life and pardon, among them even Bato, head and front of the war. Why should I deny that for me the wrath of the deity cannot diminish when I see the gods merciful to an enemy?

⁴⁹ The same report told me, Germanicus, that towns moved on under the title of thy name; that against thee they had been secure neither by massive walls nor arms nor skilful site. Gods grant thee years! Thou thyself wilt supply all else, so but time enough be vouchsafed thy worth. My prayer shall be fulfilled; the prophecies of poets are of some worth, for the god has given favourable sign in answer to my prayer. Thou too shalt climb as victor the Tarpeian citadel, a joyful sight for Rome, with garlanded steeds. Thy father shall see the ripe honours of his son, himself feeling the joy that he has given to his own. Even now, greatest of our youth in war and peace, mark these words of prophecy from me. That triumph also perchance I shall relate in song if only my life proves equal to my misfortunes, if I do not first stain Scythian arrows with my blood, if a fierce Getan does not take life from me with the sword. In my lifetime should thy laurel be dedicated in the temple thou wilt say that my prophecies have twice come true.

II. TO MESSALINUS

He who revered your house from his earliest years, Naso, the exile on Euxine's left-hand shore, sends to you, Messalinus, from the land of the unconquered Getae this greeting which he used to offer face to face. Alas! if at the reading of his name you have not the countenance you had of old and hesitate to read what remains. Yet read to the end, nor banish my words along with myself; my verses are permitted to dwell in your city. I never imagined that should Ossa uphold Pelion, my hand could touch the bright stars; I have not joined the mad camp of Enceladus and aroused war against the gods who rule the world; I have not, like the rash hand of Tydeus' son, aimed my spear against the gods. My fault is heavy, but 'tis one which has dared to destroy me alone, attempting no greater crime. No term save "senseless" and "timid" can be applied to me; these are the two true words for my soul. It is indeed, I admit, after I deserved Caesar's anger, with justice that you are hard to my entreaties; such is your devotion to all of the Iulean name that you are injured too if you think any of them is injured. But though you take arms and threaten me with cruel wounds, yet will you not make me fear you. The ship of a Trojan succoured Achaemenides, Greek though he was; the Pelian spear helped the Mysian chieftain. Sometimes the violator of a temple takes refuge at the altar, not dreading to seek the aid of the angered god. Someone may say this is not safe. I admit it; but it is not through calm waters that my bark sails. Let safety be the quest of others; uttermost misery is safe, for it lacks fear of an outcome still worse. One who is being hurried along by the foaming sea stretches out his arms and grasps at thorns and hard rocks; in fear of the hawk a bird on trembling wings ventures in weariness to come to man's protection; the doe hesitates not to trust herself to a house hard by when she flees in terror from her enemies, the hounds.

29 Grant, I beseech you, gentle friend, comfort to my tears, shut not an unyielding door upon my timid plea, favour me and carry my words to the Roman gods whom you worship no less than the Tarpeian thunderer; be the envoy of my message and undertake my cause, though no cause in my name is good. Already nearly dead, at

least a sick man who already feels death's chill, I shall be saved by you if only I am saved at all. Now in behalf of weakness let that influence struggle which the love of the eternal Prince bestows upon you. Now employ the brilliant eloquence of your house with which you have been able to bring aid to trembling accused. For in you both lives the eloquent tongue of your father, which has found in you its heir. To this I turn, not that it may try to defend me; one should not defend the cause of an accused who makes confession. Yet consider whether you may palliate my act through the source of my mistake or if it would be well to stir up no such matter. The wound is of such sort that, since it is past healing, I deem it safer that it be not touched. Silence, tongue! Nothing further can be told! Would I could bury my own ashes!

61 So then, as if I had been beguiled by no mistake, frame your plea that I may enjoy the life he granted me. When he is serene, when there is peace upon those lineaments whose motion stirs the empire and the world, beg him not to permit me to be a poor spoil for the Getae, to grant a peaceful land for my wretched exile. A fitting time is at hand for petitions: well is he and well, he sees, is it with the work of his hands — thy strength, O Rome. In safety his consort guards her divine couch; his son is pushing out the bounds of the Ausonian empire; the spirit of Germanicus outruns his years, and the energy of Drusus is not unequal to his noble birth. Add too that his daughters-in-law, his loyal granddaughters, the sons of his grandsons — all the members of the Augustan house — are well. Add the triumph over Paeonia, add the right arms of mountainous Dalmatia constrained to peace. Illyria has not disdained to throw aside her arms and submit her enslaved head to a Caesar's foot. He himself, conspicuous with calm aspect in his car, bore his temples garlanded by Phoebus' maid. His loyal sons in your company attended him as he advanced, worthy of their parent and of the names conferred upon them, like unto the brethren dwelling in the neighbouring temple whom the divine Julius beholds from his lofty shrine. To these to whom all things ought to yield Messalinus refuses not the foremost place in rejoicing: all that these do not claim is matter for affection's rivalry; therein to no man will he take second place. Before all else he will venerate this day on which the laurel decreed for merit has

been worthily placed upon honoured locks.

91 Oh happy they to whom it has been vouchsafed to view the triumph, to enjoy the godlike countenance of the general! But I must gaze upon the Sauromatae in place of Caesar's face, upon a land devoid of peace, and waters in the bonds of frost. Yet if you hear my words, if my voice can reach so far, let your winning influence work to change my abode. This is the request of your famed father whom I worshipped from my earliest youth, if his shade, still eloquent, has aught of sentience. This is the request of your brother too, though perchance he may fear that care in saving me may bring you harm. All your house ask this, nor can you yourself say that I too was not once a member of your throng. At least my talent, which, as I have learned to feel, I have used but ill, was oft, except only my "Art," the subject of your praise. Nor can my life, so you but take away its latest sins, bring shame upon your house. So, therefore, may the home of your race thrive, so may those above, together with the Caesars, watch over you — on condition that you implore that deity, so merciful yet justly angry with me, to remove me from the wildness of the Scythian land. 'tis hard, I admit, yet virtue aims at what is hard, and gratitude for such a service will be all the greater. No Polyphemus in the lonely caverns of Aetna, no Anti-phates will receive your words, but a calm and lenient father ready to pardon, who often thunders without the aid of the fiery lightning, who after a harsh decision is himself saddened, who usually lays a penalty upon himself whenever he exacts one. Yet his mercy was defeated by my fault, his wrath by compulsion reached its full strength. But I am separated from my country by the whole world's span, cannot throw myself before the deity's feet. You worship him: be my priest and carry to him my message, but add your own prayers to my words. Yet try this only if you feel it will not injure me. Pardon! I am a shipwrecked man who fears every sea.

III. TO MAXIMUS

Maximus, you who match your name with illustrious virtues nor permit your nature to be eclipsed by your noble birth, I have revered you — for in what does my condition differ from death? — even unto my life's latest day. In not disowning an unfortunate friend you perform an act than which none is rarer in the age in which you live. Shameful it is to say, yet the common herd, if only we admit the truth, value friendships by their profit. They care more for advantage than for honour, and their loyalty stands or falls with fortune: nor can one easily find among many thousands a single man who considers virtue its own reward. The very glory of a good deed, if it lacks rewards, affects men not; unrewarded uprightness brings them regret. Nothing but profit is prized; only take from the greedy mind hope of gain and nobody will be the object of attentions. Nowadays everybody loves his own income and reckons on anxious fingers what is of service to himself. That once revered goddess of friendship is exposed for sale, awaiting gain like a courtesan.

21 So my admiration is the greater that you too are not carried away, as by a torrent, by the corruption of a common vice. There is love for none except him whom fortune favours; when once she thunders she puts all around to flight. Behold me! once supported by many friends — while a favouring breeze filled my sails — now that the wild seas have been swelled by the stormy wind, I am abandoned on a shattered bark in the midst of the waters. While others would not even seem to know me, there were but two or three of you who aided me when I was cast forth. And you were foremost; for you were suited not to be their comrade, but their leader, not to seek an example, but to offer one. You who admit that I, the exiled one, did naught but “err,” take pleasure in uprightness and duty for their own sakes. In your judgment worth is dissevered from reward and is to be sought for herself, even unaccompanied by outward goods. You think it base to drive away a friend because he is to be pitied, to forbid him your friendship because he is ill-starred. ‘tis more merciful to support his weary chin even with a finger than to thrust the swimmer’s face beneath the clear waves.

41 See what the scion of Aeacus does for his friend after death, and remember that this life of mine also is like unto death! Pirithous had Theseus company to the waves of the Styx; how far is my death from the Stygian water? Crazy Orestes was helped by the Phoecean youth; my fault too involves no little madness. Do you also accept the praise meet for mighty heroes, as you are doing, and bring what aid you can to one who is fallen. If I know you well, if even now you are what you used to be, and your courage has not failed you, the greater Fortune's rage, the more do you resist her, taking care, as is fitting, that she does not conquer you; and your own fight is rendered strong by the strong battling of the foe. Thus the same thing both helps and injures me. Yea, 'tis an unworthy thing in your sight, dear youth, to become a companion of the goddess who stands on the sphere. You are steadfast and since the sails of the battered ship are not what you would wish, you control them, such as they are. The craft is so shattered that men expect it to founder at once, but your shoulders still support the wreck. At first indeed your wrath was just nor milder than his who was rightly angered against me. The feeling which had touched the breast of lofty Caesar — that feeling you swore forthwith was yours. Yet when you heard the cause of my disaster, they say you groaned over my mistake. At that time your letter was the first to comfort me, bringing the hope that the injured god could be moved. Then you were stirred by the constancy of long friendship that began before your birth, because for others you had become, for me you had been born, a friend, because I gave you the first kisses in your cradle. This, since I have constantly revered your house from my earliest years, makes me perforce a burden of long standing upon you. That famed father of yours, the eloquence of the Latin tongue, not inferior to his noble birth, first urged me to venture upon the publication of my verse: he was the guide of my genius. Nor can your brother, I maintain, recall the time of my first honour to him. But to you above all I clung so close that you alone, whate'er befell, were my source of favour. Aethalian Ilva last saw us together and received the tears as they fell from our sorrowing cheeks. Then at your question whether the news was true which the ill repute of my sin had brought, I wavered between dubious confession and dubious denial, fear telling the tale of my timidity, and like the snow

which rainy Auster melts tears of dismay welled up and coursed along my cheeks. And so as you recall this, seeing that 'tis possible for my sin, by condoning my original mistake, to lie unnoticed, you take thought of your old friend in his misfortunes, you soothe and help my wounds. For this, should full petition be granted me, I should invoke a thousand blessings upon you for your kindly service, but if I be allowed only your own vows, I will pray, after Caesar's weal, for that of your mother. This, when you enriched the altar with incense, you were wont to ask first of all, I remember, of the gods.

IV. TO ATTICUS

Let Naso converse with you from the freezing Hister, Atticus, friend whom my judgment should not doubt. Do you still remain at all mindful of your unhappy friend or has your regard grown weak and abandoned its role? The gods are not so harsh to me that I can believe and deem it just that you no longer think of me. Before my eyes your image ever stands; I seem in thought to see your features. I recall many serious talks that we have had and not a few hours given over to pleasant jest. Oft did the hours seem too swift for our long talks, oft the day was too short for my words. Oft came to your ears a poem I had just composed; a new effort was subjected to your criticism. What you had praised I considered had already pleased the public; this was the pleasant reward of my critic's care. To have my book touched by the file of a friend I have more than once made an erasure at your suggestion.

The fora saw us side by side, every portico, every street; the hollow theatre found us in adjoining seats. In short our affection, dear friend, was always as strong as that of the scions of Aeacus and Nestor. Not even were you drinking draughts of care-dispelling Lethe, could I believe that all this could fall from your heart. Sooner shall the long days come to pass in winter, sooner shall the nights of summer be longer than those of winter, Babylon have no heat, Pontus no cold, sooner shall the lily surpass the Paestan rose in perfume than you shall forget your relations with me. Not so black is any part of my fate. But beware lest this trust of mine be called fallacious or my belief foolish; with steadfast faith defend your old comrade in what way you can and in so far as I shall not be burdensome.

V. TO SALANUS

A poem framed in unequal numbers I, Naso, send to my Salanus, prefaced by a wish for his weal. May this be so, I earnestly desire, and I pray that you, my friend, to prove the omen in fact, may be able to read it safe and sound. Your noble nature, a thing almost at the point of death in this age, requires such prayer from me. For though I was joined to you by only moderate association, they say that you have grieved over my exile; when you read verses sent from the Euxine Pontus, your kindness helped them whatever their worth; you wished that Caesar's wrath might soon be relaxed in my favour — a wish that he himself would permit if he knew it. To your character was due so kind a wish, and it is none the less pleasing to me for that reason. You are all the more affected by my misfortunes, accomplished friend, because, I believe, of the character of my place of exile. You will scarce find in the whole world, I assure you, a land that enjoys so little the Augustan Peace.

19 Yet you are reading here verses composed amid fierce battles, and when you have read, your favouring lips approve them. My talent, trickling now in so impoverished a stream, wins your applause and from a rivulet you make a mighty river. Gratifying indeed to my soul is this suffrage of yours, even though one might think that the wretched can scarce be pleased with themselves. Still so long as I attempt verse on humble themes my talent is equal to the meagre subject. Recently when the report of a mighty triumph reached me, I ventured to undertake a work of great difficulty. My venture was overwhelmed by the grandeur and splendour of the theme; I was not able to bear up under the weight of my task. Therein you will find worthy of praise the will to do my duty; all else lies overpowered by the subject. If perchance that composition has reached your ear, I direct that it may know your protection. To you, who would do this even if I did not ask it in person, let your favour to me contribute as a slight incentive. I do not deserve your praise, but your heart is whiter than milk, than untrodden snow; you feel admiration for others, though you are worthy of it yourself since your accomplishments and your eloquence are open to the view of all.

41 You are wont to share the studies of the leader of the youth, that Caesar on whom Germany bestows a name. You have been for long his companion, you have been in union with him from his earliest years, finding favour with him by virtue of a talent that equals your character. Under your guidance as a speaker he forthwith attains fiery eloquence, in you he has one to lure forth his words by your own. When you have finished and mortal lips have become quiet, closed in silence for a short space, then arises the youth worthy of the Iulean name, as rises Lucifer from the eastern waters, and as he stands in silence, his posture, his countenance are those of an orator, and his graceful robe gives hope of eloquent words. Then after a pause he opens his godlike lips and one might take oath that the gods above speak in this fashion. One might exclaim, "This is eloquence worthy of a prince," such nobility is in his utterance.

67 Though you find favour with this youth, touching the very stars with your head, yet you consider the writings of an exiled bard worthy of consideration. Surely there is some bond of harmony between kindred spirits, each keeping the compacts that belong to his pursuit. The peasant loves the farmer, the soldier him who wages war, the sailor the pilot of the swaying ship. You too are possessed with devotion to the Pierians, studious one; you, talented yourself, look with favour on my talent. Our work differs, but it derives from the same sources; we are both worshippers of liberal art. You have no thyrsus, I have tasted the laurel; but there should be fire in us both: as my numbers receive vigour from your eloquence, so I lend brilliance to your words.

By right then you think my poetry connected with your pursuit and you believe that the rites of our common warfare should be preserved. Therefore may the friend through whom you win esteem remain, I pray, yours unto the last moment of your life, and may he come to the control of the world with his own reins. This is at once my prayer and that of the people.

VI. TO GRAECINUS

In verse, Graecinus, that Naso who used to greet you face to face in spoken words, greets you sadly from the Euxine waters. An exile's voice is this; letters furnish me a tongue, and if I may not write, I shall be dumb.

You reprove as in duty bound the sins of your foolish friend, showing me that the evils that I suffer are less than my deserts. You are right, but too late is your reproof of my fault: relax the harshness of your words for an accused who has confessed. At the time when I could have passed Ceraunia with standing sails, so as to avoid the cruel reefs, then it was that I should have had your warning. Now after my shipwreck how does it profit me to learn what course my bark should have run? Rather extend an arm to the weary swimmer's grasp; repent not of supporting his chin with your hand. That you are doing and, I pray, will continue to do: so may your mother and wife, so may your brothers and all your house be free from harm, and — as you are wont to pray with heart, with voice — so for all your acts may you find the Caesars' approval. Base will it be if you have aided in his misery an old friend in no way; base to step back, not standing with steadfast foot; base to abandon a ship in distress; base to follow chance, to surrender a friend to fortune, and should he prosper not, to disclaim him as your own. Not such was the life of the sons of Strophius and Agamemnon; not such was the loyalty of Aegeus' son and Pirithous. Them past ages have admired, and ages to come will admire; to applaud them the whole theatre roars. You too who have held to your friend through times of stress deserve to have a name among such great men. You deserve it — yes, and since praise is the just reward of your loyalty, my gratitude for your service shall never be dumb. Trust me, if my song is not destined to die, you shall be often on the lips of posterity. Only see that you remain faithful to your weary friend, Graecinus, and let your impulse endure for long. Though you do me this service, yet I use the oar while I have the breeze, nor is it harmful to spur on the galloping steed.

VII. TO ATTICUS

My letter sent from the scarce pacified Getae wishes first to salute you, Atticus; close follows the wish to hear how you fare and whether, no matter what your occupation, you have any interest in me. I doubt not you have, yet the very dread of misfortunes often forces me to feel empty fears. Grant me indulgence, I pray, pardon my excessive dread: the shipwrecked man shrinks even from calm waters.

The fish once wounded by the treacherous hook fancies the barbed bronze concealed in every bit of food. Ofttimes the lamb flees the distant sight of a dog in the belief that it is a wolf, unwittingly avoiding its own protector. A wounded body shrinks from even a delicate touch; an empty shadow inspires the anxious with fear. So I, pierced by the unjust shafts of Fortune, fashion in my breast naught but gloomy thoughts. Already it is clear to me that fate, keeping to the course begun, will continue always to run in a familiar path; the gods are watching that no kind concession be made me and I think Fortune can scarcely be cheated. She is working to destroy me — she who used to be fickle, is now steadfastly and with determination injuring me. O believe, if I have been known to you as a speaker of truth, (and though my misfortunes are clear I may not be thought so,) you will more quickly count the ears of a crop by the Cinyphus, or the many blooms of thyme upon lofty Hybla, or count the number of birds floating in air on vibrant wings or the fishes swimming in the waters, than reckon the sum of woes I have borne on land, on sea.

³¹ No race in the wide world is grimmer than the Getae, yet they have lamented over my misfortunes. Should I attempt to a full record of them in verse, there will be a long Iliad of my fate. I fear, therefore, not that I think I need have fear of you of whose love I have received a thousand pledges, but because every unfortunate is a thing full of fear, because for a long time the door of joy has been closed for me.

My grief has already become a habit; as the falling drops by their constant force hollow the rock, so am I wounded by the steady blows

of fate until now I have scarce space upon me for a new wound. The ploughshare is not more thinned by constant use, the Appia more worn by the curving wheels than my heart is worn by the hoof-beats of my continuous misfortunes; nothing have I found to bring me aid.

47 By liberal arts many have sought renown; I, unhappy that I am, have been ruined by my own dower. My earlier life was free from fault, was lived without blemish, but it has brought me no succour in my misfortune. Serious fault is often pardoned to the prayers of one's friends; on my behalf all favour has been mute. Some are helped in their difficulties by the fact that they are present; I was absent when this mighty tempest overwhelmed me. Who would not dread even the unspoken wrath of Caesar? My punishment was enhanced by harsh words. The season makes exile lighter; I, driven forth upon the sea, endured Arcturus and the Pleiads' threats. Ships are often wont to experience a mild winter; not the Ithacan ship had a fiercer sea. The upright loyalty of comrades could have alleviated my misfortunes, but a treacherous crowd grew rich on my spoils. Places render exile milder; a more dismal land than this lies not under either pole. 'tis something to be near the confines of one's native land; the remotest land, the remotest world possesses me. Thy laurel, Caesar, assures peace even to exiles; the Pontic land lies exposed to a neighbouring foe. 'tis pleasant to spend one's time in tilling the fields; the barbarian foe permits no sod to be turned. By a mild climate body and mind are helped; eternal cold freezes the Sarmatian coast. There is in sweet water a pleasure that stirs no envy; I drink marshy water mingled with the salt of the sea. I lack all things, but courage conquers all things; it even causes the body to have strength. To support the burden you must struggle with head held stiff or else, if you allow your sinews to yield, you will fall. Even the hope that 'tis possible time may soften the prince's wrath, prevents me from aversion to life and utter breakdown. And you give me no small comfort — the few whose fidelity has been tested by my misfortunes. Keep on as you have begun, I pray, do not abandon the ship upon the sea; preserve me and with me your own conviction.

VIII. TO COTTA MAXIMUS

I have recently received a Caesar in company of a Caesar — the gods whom you sent me, Cotta Maximus; and that your gift might be complete, Livia appeared there united with her Caesars. Happy silver! more blessed than any gold! For though but recently rough metal 'tis now divine! Not by the gift of riches could you have given me a greater present than the three deities whom you have sent to my shores.

So far as you could effect it, I have returned, I am no more in a remote land; as of old I am safe in the midst of the city. I see the faces of the Caesars as I used before to see them; of this prayer's fulfilment I have scarce had any hope. I salute the deity of heaven as I used to do: even should I return, no greater gift, I think, have you to bestow upon me. What do my eyes lack save only the Palatine? And that place, if Caesar is removed, will be worthless. As I gaze on him I seem to look on Rome, for he embodies the likeness of our fatherland. Am I wrong or do the features of his portrait show anger against me? Is his form somehow grim and threatening? Spare me, thou who art mightier in thy virtues than the measureless world, check the reins of thy just vengeance. Spare me, thou imperishable glory of our age, lord of the world because of thine own care. By the name of our country which is dearer to thee than thyself, by the gods who are never deaf to thy prayers, by thy consort who alone has been found equal to thee, who feels not thy majesty a burden, by thy son like thee a model of virtue whose character causes him to be recognized as thine, by thy grandsons worthy of their grand-sire or their sire, who advance with mighty stride along the path of thy command, lighten in but the least degree and restrict my punishment: grant me an abode far from the Scythian enemy.

³⁷ And if 'tis right, O Caesar nearest to Caesar, — let not thy divinity be hostile to my prayers. So may wild Germany soon be borne with fear-stricken countenance a slave before thy triumphant steeds; so may thy father attain the years of the Pylion and thy mother those of the Cumaean and mayst thou be for long a son. Thou, too, spouse suited to a mighty husband, listen with no cruel ear

to the prayers of a suppliant. So may thy husband be safe, so thy grandsons and their offspring, so thy good sons' wives and their children. So may that Drusus, whom cruel Germany tore away from thee, be the only one of thy descendants to fall. So in the near future may the avenger of his brother's death drive, in purple clad, the snow-white steeds. Assent to my timorous prayers, ye kind deities! Let it profit me somewhat to have gods present before me. At Caesar's coming the gladiator leaves the arena in safety, for his countenance brings no slight aid. I too am helped because, so far as I am allowed, I gaze upon the features of you all, because three of the celestials have entered one home. Happy they who see not likenesses, but the reality, the real persons of the gods face to face. This has been begrudged me by hostile fate, and so I cherish the countenances and figures which art has produced. Thus it is that men know the gods whom the lofty aether conceals; they worship in Jupiter's stead the likeness of Jupiter. In fine make it your care that these your likenesses, which are with me and shall ever be with me, be not in a hateful place. For my head shall sooner leave my neck, sooner will I gouge out my eyes from my cheeks, than be deprived, O deities of the state, of you. You shall be the harbour, the altar of my exile.

You will I embrace when I am circled about by Getic arms; you will I follow as my eagles, as my standards.

⁷¹ Either I am self-deceived or mocked by excessive longing, or else the hope of a more comfortable exile is at hand. For less and less stern are the features of the portrait — the lips seem to consent at my words.

I — pray that the premonitions of my fearful heart may become the truth, that although the god's wrath is just, it may grow less.

IX. TO KING COTYS

Cotys, scion of kings, whose noble line extends even to the name of Eumolpus, if talkative report has already come to your ears that I am lying in a neighbouring land, hear the voice of a suppliant, gentle youth, and bear what aid thou canst — and thou hast the power — to an exile. Fortune — of whom in this one thing I complain not — has given me over to thee; in this alone she is not hostile to me. Harbour my shipwreck on no cruel shore; let not the waters prove safer than thy land. 'tis a royal deed, I assure thee, to help the fallen, it befits a man as mighty as thou art. This becomes thy position which, great though it is, can scarce be equal to thy spirit. Power is never seen in a better cause than when it does not permit prayers to be vain. This that brilliant birth of thine desires, this is the task of a nobility sprung from those above. This Eumolpus, the illustrious founder of thy race, and before Eumolpus Erichthonius, enjoin. This thou hast in common with a god: that ye are both wont to aid your petitioners. Will there be any reason for us to grant their usual honour to the gods, if one robs them of their will to help? If Jupiter should turn deaf ears to prayer, why should a victim fall in sacrifice before Jupiter's temple? If the sea should offer no calm for my journey, why should I offer vain incense to Neptune? Should she cheat the ineffectual prayers of the toiling husbandman, why should Ceres receive the entrails of a gravid sow? The goat will not offer his throat in sacrifice to unshorn Bacchus, if no must flows from beneath the tread of feet. We pray that Caesar may guide the reins of the empire because he plans so wisely for his fatherland!

35 Utility, then, renders great both men and gods, if each bestows in favour his own peculiar aid. Do thou also avail him who lies within thy camp, Cotys, son worthy of thy father. Tis a fitting pleasure for man to save man; there is no better way of seeking favour. Who does not curse Antiphates the Lae-strygonian? Who disapproves the character of generous Alcinous? Thou hast for a father no Cas-sandrian or man of Pheraean race, or him who burned the inventor by his own craft, but one who though fierce in war and unacquainted with defeat in arms, was yet never fond of blood when

peace was made. Note too that a faithful study of the liberal arts humanizes character and permits it not to be cruel. No king has been better trained by them or given more time to humane studies. Thy verse bears witness; shouldst thou remove thy name, I should deny that a Thracian youth was the composer; and that beneath this sky Orpheus might not be the only bard, by thy talent is the Bistonian land made proud. As thou hast the courage, when need arises, to take arms and stain thy hand with enemy's blood, and as thou hast been trained to hurl the javelin with a sweep of thine arm, or to guide the neck of the swift horse, so when just time has been given to thy sire's pursuits and the task testing thy might in all its parts has come to rest, that thy leisure may not waste away in idle sleep, thou dost press on the Pierian path towards the bright stars.

63 This also brings me a certain union with thee: each is a worshipper at the same shrine. As bard to bard I extend my arms in prayer that thy land may be loyal to me in exile. I was not guilty of murder when I came to Pontus' shores, no baneful poison was mixed by my hand; my seal was not convicted by a fraudulent tablet of having imprinted on the linen a lying mark. I have done naught that the law forbids. Yet must I confess a weightier sin. Ask not what it is. But I have composed a foolish "Art"; 'tis this prevents my hands from being clean. Have I sinned further? Do not inquire — that my wrongdoing may hide beneath my "Art" alone. Whatever it is, the avenger's wrath was moderate. He took from me nothing but my native land. Since I am deprived of that, let now thy nearness warrant that I can be secure in a place I hate.

X. TO MACER

Does any inkling come to you, Macer, from the figure pressed upon the wax that Naso writes these words to you? If the ring be not an informant of its master, do you recognize the letters formed by my hand? Or is recognition of these things stolen from you by length of time, and do your eyes not recall the symbols of long ago? You may forget alike seal and hand if only interest in me has not dropped from your mind. This you owe to the association of long years, to my wife's kinship with you, or to the poetic studies which you have employed more wisely than I; and (as 'tis fitting), no Art" has made you guilty. You sing whatever immortal Homer left unsung, that the wars of Troy may not lack the final hand. Naso thoughtlessly imparts the art of love and the teacher has the harsh reward of his teaching. There are, nevertheless, rites common to all poets — though we may each go our own separate way — which I believe in my heart that you remember, even though we are far apart, and wish to lighten my misfortunes. Under your guidance I beheld the splendid cities of Asia, under your guidance I saw the Trinacrian land: you and I saw the sky agleam with Aetna's flame vomited forth by the giant lying beneath the mountain, the lakes of Henna, the pools of sulphurous Palicus, and the spot where Anapus joins Cyane to his own waters. Hard by is the nymph who fleeing the Elean stream runs even now covered beneath the waters of the sea. Here it was that I passed the greater part of a quickly gliding year — alas! how unlike that land to this of the Getae! and how small a part are these of the things that we saw together while you made every road pleasant for me! Whether we furrowed the blue waves in a gaily painted boat or drove in a swift-wheeled carriage, often the way seemed short through our interchange of talk, and our words, could you count them, outnumbered our steps; often the day was not long enough for our talk — even the long hours of summer did not suffice. 'tis something to have feared together the perils of the sea, together to have paid our vows to the water gods, to have done deeds in common and again after those deeds to be free to utter jests which bring no shame. When these thoughts steal upon you, absent though I

be, I shall be before your eyes as if you had just seen me. And as for me, though I dwell beneath the pivot of the heavens which is ever high above the clear waters yet I behold you in my heart — my only way — and often talk with you beneath the icy axle. You are here and know it not, you are full often by my side though far away, and you come at my bidding from the midst of the city to the land of the Getae. Make me recompense, and since yours is the happier land, there keep me ever in a remembering heart.

XI. TO RUFUS

This work, Rufus, hastily composed in a brief space, Naso sends to you — Naso, the author of the ill-starred “Art” — that despite our separation by the whole world’s width you may know that I remember you.

Sooner shall I forget my own name than allow your loyalty to be driven from my mind; sooner shall I give back this life to the empty air than gratitude for your service become as naught. A great service I call the tears which streamed over your face when my own was dry with chilling grief. A great service I call the consolation of my sorrow when you bestowed it at once upon me and upon yourself. By her own will and of herself my wife deserves all praise, yet she is the better because of your admonitions: for what Castor was to Hermione, Hector to Iulus, this you are, I rejoice to say, to my wife. She strives to be not unlike you in probity, she proves herself by her life to be of your blood, and so that which she would have done with no urging, she does more fully because you are her sponsor. The mettlesome steed who will of his own accord race for the honour of the palm will nevertheless, if you urge him, run with greater spirit. And besides you perform with faithful care the directions of one who is absent; there is no burden that you object to carrying. O may the gods recompense you, since I have not the power; and they will recompense if they but see deeds of loyalty. May you long have health to uphold your character, Rufus, chief glory of Fundi’s land!

BOOK III

I. TO HIS WIFE

O sea first lashed by Jason's oars, O land never free from cruel enemies and snows, will a time ever come when I, Naso, shall leave you, bidden to an exile in a place less hostile? Or must I ever live in such a barbaric land, am I destined to be laid in my grave in the soil of Tomis? With peace from thee — if any peace thou hast — O land of Pontus, ever trodden by the swift horses of a neighbouring foe, — with peace from thee would I say: thou art the worst element in my hard exile, thou dost increase the weight of my misfortunes. Thou neither feelest spring girt with wreaths of flowers nor beholdest the reaper's naked bodies; to thee autumn extends no clusters of grapes; but all seasons are in the grip of excessive cold. Thou holdest the flood ice-bound, and in the sea the fishes often swim in water enclosed beneath a roof. Thou hast no springs except those almost of sea water; quaff them, and doubt whether thirst is allayed or increased. Seldom is there a tree — and that unproductive — rising in the open fields, and the land is but the sea

in another guise. No note is there of any bird save such as remote in the forests drink the brackish water with raucous throat. Bitter wormwood bristles throughout the empty plains, a crop suited in harshness to its site. Add fears too — the wall assailed by the enemy, the darts soaked in death-dealing corruption, the distance of this spot from all traffic, to which none can penetrate in safety either on foot or by boat.

²⁹ No wonder then if I seek an end of this and beg constantly for another land. Tis a greater wonder that thou, my wife, dost not prevail in this, that thou canst restrain thy tears at my misfortunes. What art thou to do, thou askest? Ask thyself this very question; thou wilt discover, if thou hast true will to find it out. To wish is not enough; thou shouldst have a passion to win thy end, and this care should make thy slumber brief. Many, I think, wish it; for who can be so hard upon me as to desire my place of exile to be severed from peace? With thy whole heart, with every sinew thou shouldst work and strive for me night and day. And to have others aid me thou shouldst win our friends, my wife, and come foremost thyself to

support thy part. —

43 Great is the rôle imposed upon thee in my books: thou art called the model of a good wife. Beware thou fallest not from that: that I may have proclaimed the truth, look to the work that fame has wrought and guard it well. Though I myself make no complaint, whilst I am dumb fame will complain, as she ought, shouldst thou not have regard for me. Fortune has set me forth to be viewed of all the people, she has given me more celebrity than I had of yore.

Capaneus was made more famous by the lightning's shock; Amphiarus achieved fame when his steeds were swallowed up in the earth. If Ulysses had wandered less, he would have been less famous; Philoctetes' great name is due to his wound. If there is some place among such mighty names for the humble, I too am become a man of mark by reason of my fall.

57 And thou art not permitted by my pages to be unknown; thou hast a name not inferior to that of Coan Bittis. Whatever therefore thou shalt do, thou shalt be viewed upon a mighty stage, thou shalt be to many witnesses a loyal wife. I assure thee, as often as thou art praised in my verse, he who reads the praise asks whether thou dost deserve it. And just as many, I think, approve such virtues, so women not a few will seek shortcomings in thy deeds. 'tis for thee to make sure their jealousy can never say, "This is she who is indifferent to her wretched husband's safety!"

67 Since I am failing, no longer able to draw the car, see that thou dost alone support the weakening yoke. I am a sick man, gazing with failing pulse upon the doctor; while the last of life remains to me, stand by to help; and what I would myself supply, were I stronger than thou, that grant to me since thou art thyself the stronger. This is demanded by our united love and marriage compact; this, my wife, thou dost demand by virtue of thine own character. This thou dost owe to the house by which thou hast thy esteem, that thou mayst cherish it not more in duty than in uprightness. Thou mayst do all things, but unless thou shalt be a praiseworthy wife, it will not be believed that thou hast honoured Marcia.

78 Nor am I unworthy, and if thou art willing to confess the truth, some return is owed to my services. That return thou dost indeed make to me with usury, nor could rumour, even if she should wish,

injure thee. But none the less add this one thing to thy previous deeds: be the canvasser for my misfortunes. Toil that I may rest in a less hostile region and no part of thy duty will halt. Great is my request, yet not one that brings odium on the petitioner; shouldst thou not attain it, thy defeat involves no danger. And be not wroth with me if so many times in my song I ask thee to do what thou art already doing and to imitate thyself. The brave have often been helped by the trumpeter, and the general urges on with his own lips men who are fighting well. Thy probity is known and witnessed for all time; let thy courage too be not inferior to thy probity. Thou hast not to take up in my behalf the Amazon's battle-axe nor bear with thy frail hand the indented target. Thou has to implore a deity, not to become friendly to me, but less angry than heretofore. If grace thou findest not, tears shall win thee grace; by this or by no means canst thou move the gods. That they will not fail thee is well assured by my misfortunes; with me as husband of tears thou hast rich store; and as things are with me thou wilt weep, I think, at all times — these are the means that my fortune renders to thee. If thou hadst to redeem my death at the price of thine own — away with the thought! — Admetus' wife would be a model to follow. Thou wouldst become a rival of Penelope if by chaste deceit thou, a bride, shouldst wish to beguile insistent suitors. If thou shouldst follow thy dead husband to the shades Laodamia would guide thee in thy deed. Iphias would have to be kept before thine eyes, shouldst thou wish to hurl thyself bravely upon the kindled pyre. But thou hast no need of death, no need of the Icarian woman's web; thy lips must pray to Caesar's spouse, who by her virtue gives surety that the olden time conquers not our age in praise of chastity; who, with the beauty of Venus, the character of Juno, has been found alone worthy to share the divine couch. Why dost tremble and fear to approach her? No impious Procne nor daughter of Aeëtes must needs be touched by thy words, nor daughter-in-law of Aegyptus, nor cruel wife of Agamemnon, nor Scylla, terrifying with her loins the waters of Sicily, nor mother of Telegonus, born with the power to transform human shape, nor Medusa, with locks bound and snarled with serpents, but the foremost of women, who proves that Fortune has the power of sight and has falsely borne the charge of blindness; than whom the

universe holds nothing more illustrious from the sun's rising to his setting, save only Caesar. Choose well the time, already oft essayed, to make thy petition, lest thy bark put forth into an adverse sea. Not always do oracles give forth their holy prophecies, not at all times are even the shrines open. When the condition of the city shall be such as I divine it now to be, and no sorrow brings a frown upon the people's brow, when Augustus's house, to be revered as it were the Capitol, shall be happy — as now, I pray, and ever — and filled with peace, then may the gods grant thee an opportunity to approach, then thou mayst believe that thy words will be of some avail. If she is busy with something of greater import, put off thy purpose and beware of ruining my hope through haste. Nor again do I bid thee seek a time when she is wholly idle — she scarce has leisure for the care of her own person... thou too shouldst follow amid the throng of affairs.

145 When it shall befall thee to approach the countenance of Juno, see that thou dost maintain the part thou hast to play. Defend not my deed: an ill cause admits no speech. Let thy words be naught but sorrowing petitions. Then must thou release the barrier of tears, sink to the earth, and stretch forth thy arms towards those immortal feet. Then ask nothing except that I may withdraw from the neighbourhood of a fierce enemy; let Fortune for me be enemy enough. More comes into my mind, but confused with fear even this thou wilt scarce be able to utter with stammering voice. This I think will not harm thee. She will perceive thy dread of her majesty and if thy words are broken by sobbing it will do no harm; for tears sometimes have the weight of spoken words.

169 See also that thou hast a lucky day for such an enterprise and a suitable hour and favouring omens. But first kindle a fire upon the holy altar, offer incense and pure wine to the great gods. Of them all and before all worship the deity of Augustus, his loyal offspring and his consort. May they be propitious to thee in their wonted fashion, and view thy tears with kindly countenances.

II. TO COTTA

The "Health," Cotta, of my sending which you read here, may it, I pray, be sent in truth and reach you. For your weal takes away much from my sufferings, causing a good part of me to be well. When many fall away and abandon the storm-blown sails, you remain the sole anchor of the shattered bark. Grateful, therefore, is your loyalty. I pardon those who along with Fortune have betaken themselves to flight. Though they smite but one, not one alone do the lightnings affright, and the throng around the stricken ever quakes with fear. When a wall has given warning of its coming fall, anxiety and fear empty the place. What timid man does not avoid contact with the sick, fearing lest he contract a disease so near? I too because of the excessive dread and alarm of my friends, not because of their hatred, was abandoned by some. They lacked not loyalty, nor the will to duty; they dreaded the hostile gods. They can be deemed too cautious and timid, yet they have not deserved to be called wicked. Or else my charity pardons friends who are dear to me and favours them so much that from me they bear no blame. Let them be content with this indulgence and they shall be free to boast that their act is justified even by my testimony.

25 But you few are a better group, who in my straits thought it base to offer me no aid. So then will my gratitude for your merit die when my body shall be consumed to ashes — I am wrong: it will outlive the span of my life, if after all posterity shall remember and read me. The bloodless body is destined for the mournful tomb; name and honour escape the high-built pyre. Death befell even Theseus and him who accompanied Orestes, but yet each still lives to his own renown. You too shall oft be praised by late-born descendants and bright shall be your fame by reason of my writings. Even here the Sauromatians and the Getae already know you; such a spirit as yours finds favour with the barbarian throng. And when of late I was telling of your uprightness (for I have learned how to speak Getic and Sarmatian), it chanced that an aged man, standing in the circle, made this reply upon hearing my words, "We too, good stranger, are acquainted with friendship's name — we whom the

Pontus and the Hister separate from you and your people. There is a place in Scythia — men before us called it Tauri — not so far from the Getic soil. In that land was I born and I am not ashamed of my country. The people worship Phoebus's companion goddess. The temple exists to-day with its huge columns; by two score steps one enters. The story goes that there was once an image of the deity and, to remove your doubts, still stands the pedestal bereft of the goddess, and the altar, once white from the natural colour of the stone, is discolored and red with stains from outpoured blood. A woman who has not known the torch of marriage, offers the sacrifices — who surpasses in birth the daughters of Scythia. The nature of the sacrifice — so our forefathers ordained — is that strangers fall, slain by the maiden's sword. Thoans ruled the kingdom, illustrious in the Maeotian land; no other was better known to the Euxine's waters. Whilst he held the sceptre they say that a certain Iphigenia journeyed through the clear air. Her, carried by light breezes through the ether, beneath the shelter of a cloud, Phoebe established, so it is believed, in this region. Duly had she presided over the temple for many years, carrying out the gloomy rites with unwilling hand, when on a sail-bearing ship two youths arrived and set foot on our shores. Equal they were in youth and love, one Orestes, the other Pylades: fame holds fast their names. Forthwith were they led to Trivia's cruel altar, hands bound behind their backs. With lustral water the Grecian priestess sprinkled the captives that the long fillet might encircle their yellow locks. While she prepared the sacrifice, while she veiled their temples with the bands, while she found pretexts for lingering delay, 'It is not I,' she said, 'youths, who am cruel; grant me pardon. I perform sacrifices more barbarous than the land to which they belong. 'tis the rite of the people. Yet — from what city come ye? On what journey have ye come in your ill-starred ship?' Thus spake the pious girl, and when she heard the name of her native land, she discovered that they were dwellers in her own city. 'Let one of you,' she said, 'fall as a victim in these rites, let the other go a messenger to the home of his fathers.' Pylades, bent on death, bade his Orestes go. He refuses, and each in turn fights to die. On this alone they did not agree: on all else those twain were at one and free from dispute. Whilst the fair youths carry on their contest of love, to her brother

she traces written letters. To her brother she was sending the missive and he to whom it was given — behold the fate of man! — was in fact her brother!

93 “With no delay they snatch from the temple the statue of Diana, and stealthily they are borne over the trackless waters in their ship. A marvel was the love of the youths: though so many years have passed, in Scythia even now they have a great name.”

97 After the telling of this well-known tale, all praised acts of loyal devotion. Tis clear that even on this shore, than which none is wilder, the name of friendship affects barbarian hearts. What ought ye to do, born in the Ausonian city, when such deeds move the stern Getae? And besides you have ever a gentle soul and, a token of your lofty birth, a character which Volesus, the founder of your father’s name, would recognize, which Numa on your mother’s side would not refuse to own, and the Cottae, who have been added to your natal name — a line that but for your life would die out. O worthy of such a line, deem it in harmony with such character to succour a fallen friend!

III. TO MAXIMUS

If you have a little leisure to devote to an exiled friend, listen, Maximus, star of the Fabian race, while I relate what I have seen, whether it was the shadow of a body, the appearance of a reality, or merely a dream.

‘Twas night. The moon was entering the double-shuttered windows with all her accustomed midmonth brightness. Sleep, the common rest from cares, possessed me, my inert limbs stretched about

the couch, when on a sudden the air was vibrant with the movement of wings and a slight creaking sound arose as the window was moved. Startled I raised myself upon my left elbow, and sleep was driven from my trembling breast. There stood Love, not with the face he used to have, sadly resting his left hand upon the maple post, no necklace on his throat, no ornament in his hair, his locks not carefully arranged as of old. Over his unkempt face the soft hair was drooping; his feathers seemed to my eyes all unkempt, like those on the back of a soaring dove which many hands have touched and handled. As soon as I recognized him — and none other is better known to me — my tongue became free and addressed him in these words. “Boy, cause of thy master’s exile, whom it had been better for me not to teach, hast thou come even hither where peace exists at no time, where the waters of the wild Hister feel the bonds of frost? What reason hast thou for thy journey except to view my misfortunes? These, if thou knowest it not, bring reproach upon thee. Thou wert the first to dictate my youthful verse to me; it was under thy guidance that I set five feet after six. Thou didst not allow me to reach the height of Maeonian song or to sing the deeds of mighty chieftains. Slight perhaps, yet something, was the strength of my talent, but thy bow and thy fires brought weakness. For whilst I sang thy sway and that of thy mother, my mind had room for no great work. Nor was this all: by a foolish poem as well, by my” Art,” I caused thee to lose thy inexperience. For this the reward of exile was meted out to wretched me, and that too in a land far away and never at peace. Not so did Chionian Eumolpus treat Orpheus, nor Olympus

treat the Phrygian Satyr, nor did Chiron receive such a reward from Achilles, and they say that Numa did no harm to Pythagoras. Not to repeat the names amassed through the long ages — I am the only one who has been ruined by his own pupil. Whilst give arms to thee, whilst I teach thee, wanton one, this is the reward, with thee as pupil, that thy master has. Yet thou knowest, and thou couldst swear it with a clear conscience, that I have not disturbed lawful wedlock. This I wrote for those who have no modest locks to be touched with the fillet nor a long stole descending to their feet. Speak, I beg thee — hast thou at any time learned to deceive brides, rendering descent uncertain by my precepts? Or has not every we nan been strictly excluded from these books whom the law protects from stealthy paramours? Yet of what avail is this if men believe that I have composed directions for that adultery which is forbidden by stern laws? But do thou — so mayst thou possess arrows that smite all, so may thy torches never lose their swift flame, so may Caesar, who through thy brother Aeneas is thy kin, guide his realm and control all lands — cause his wrath to be not implacable against me, cause him to be willing that I be punished in a better place.”

65 Thus methought I spoke to the winged boy, in these words methought he answered me, “By my weapons, the torch and arrows, by my mother I swear, and by Caesar’s head, that I have learned naught but what is lawful from thy mastership, that there resides no crime in thine ‘Art.’ As I defend thee on this score, would I could on the rest! Thou knowest there is another thing that has injured thee more. Whatever this is (for neither should the painful tale itself be repeated nor canst thou say that thou art free from guilt), though thou dost veil thy crime under the guise of ‘error’ the wrath of the judge was not too severe. However, to look upon thee, to console thee downcast, my wings have glided over measureless ways. This region I first saw when at my mother’s request I pierced the Phasian maiden with my darts. The reason for my second visit now, after long ages, is in thee, friendly soldier of my own camp. So put aside thy fears; Caesar’s wrath will soften, a gentler hour will be vouchsafed to thy prayers. Fear not delay; the time we seek is close at hand; the triumph fills everything with joy. While the house and the children, while their mother Livia rejoices, while thou, great father of our land

and of our leader, dost rejoice, while the people congratulate themselves, and throughout the city every altar burns with fragrant flames, while the holy temple affords an easy approach, we may hope that our prayers can have some effect.”

93 He spoke and glided away into thin air or else my own senses began to awaken.

95 Were I to doubt your favour for these words, Maximus, I should believe that swans are the colour of Memnon. But milk is not changed to black pitch nor does shining ivory become terebinth.

Birth suited to your spirit is yours, for you have a noble breast, with the candour of Hercules. Envy, the vice of cowardice, enters not into lofty character, but creeps like a hidden snake along the ground. Your mind towers aloft above even your birth, for your name is not greater than your character. So let others injure the wretched and desire to be feared; let them carry missiles dipped in corroding poison; your house at least is used to assisting suppliants. In their number, I beseech you, count me also.

IV. TO RUFINUS

These words that bring no empty greeting your Naso sends from the town of Tomis, and he entrusts to you the fostering of his "Triumph," Rufinus, if after all it has reached your hands. 'Tis a humble work, not equal to your preparations, yet such as it is, he requests for it your guardianship. Strong things have powers of their own, and need no Machaon; the sick man in his danger has recourse to the art of healing. Great poets need no favouring reader: they hold even the unwilling or him who is hard to please. I, whose talent has been diminished by long sorrows — or perhaps even of old I had no talent — weakened now, am strong in your generosity; if you take that from me, I should deem all else torn away. And though all my work rests upon kindly favour, that poem has a special right to indulgence.

Other bards have seen the triumph they have described—'tis something to note with faithful hand what one has seen — I have described what I have caught with difficulty in an eager ear from common hearsay; rumour has been for me my eyes. Forsooth the same passion, the same vigour comes from what has been heard and from what has been seen! Not the absence of the gleaming silver or gold that you have seen causes my complaint; but the places, the peoples in a thousand forms, the very battles would have fed my verse — the countenances of the kings, the surest indication of their souls, would have aided, somehow perchance, that work.

²⁹ From the very applause and glad approval of the people any talent can catch the flame; I should have won vigour from such acclaim even as the raw recruit when he hears the trumpet call to arms. Though my breast be colder than snow or ice — colder even than this land which I endure — the aspect of that general standing in the ivory car would drive all cold from my senses.

³⁷ Lacking all this and using vague sources, rightly do I resort to the aid of your favour. I know not the names of the chieftains, I know not the names of the places; there was no material for my hands. How small a part of such mighty events could rumour bring me or some friend write! The more then, my reader, ought you to grant me pardon if I have erred or omitted anything therein. Add too that my

lyre for ever conning its master's complaints could scarcely turn to a song of rejoicing. Happy words after so long a time responded with difficulty to my quest; to rejoice at anything seemed to me a new thing, and as eyes shrink before the sun to which they have been unaccustomed, so towards joyousness my mind moved slowly. Timeliness also is the most precious of all things, and that homage which is delayed receives no favour. Others have vied in writing of the mighty triumph and for a long time now, I suppose, the people have been reading them. These things thirsty readers have drunk; to my bowls they come with thirst already slaked: that drink is fresh, mine will be stale.

57 I have not dallied, idleness has not made me slow; I am living on the most remote coast of the vast sea. While news is coming to me and hasty verse is being composed and when composed is travelling to you, a year may pass. It matters not a little whether one is first in the untouched rose-garden or with late hand plucks blooms which have been almost passed by. What wonder, when the flowers have been gathered until the garden is stripped, if a chaplet has been twined not worthy of your leader!

65 This I disavow: let no poet think these words uttered in derogation of his verse; my Muse has but spoken in her own behalf. I have rites in common with you, ye poets — if you allow the unfortunate a place in your guild. Your life with me was a great part of my soul, my friends; even now in absence I continue thus to cherish you. Do you then grant the favour of your commendation to verse for which I cannot plead myself. Writings oft find favour after death, since malice is wont to injure the living, gnawing with unjust tooth. If to live in wretchedness is a kind of death, then earth is a loiterer and my fate lacks only the tomb. In fine though the result of my toil be everywhere disapproved, none will there be to blame my loyalty. Even though I lack the strength, yet the will is praiseworthy; with this, I divine, the gods are content. This it is which makes even the poor man well received when he approaches the altar, and a lamb receives no less favour than a slaughtered ox.

83 The theme too was great enough to have formed a heavy burden even for the mighty bard of the Aeneadae. Moreover frail couplets could not support the weight of so vast a triumph upon their uneven

wheels. What metre I am now to use I am in doubt: for a second triumph is close at hand over thee, O Rhine. The prophecies of inspired bards are not empty: a laurel wreath is destined to be given to Jupiter while that other is still green. Tis not my words you read — I am far away by the Hister whose waters the wild Getae drink — 'tis the voice of a god: a god is in my breast; under a god's inspiration I make this prophecy. Why dost thou hesitate, Livia, to make ready a car and a procession for a triumph? Already the war grants thee no delay. Traitorous Germany is casting away the spears she has learned to hate. Soon thou wilt say that my prophecy has weight. O believe; soon shall the proof be at hand. Thy son shall double his honour and shall advance, as before, with yoked steeds. Bring forth the purple to throw upon the victor's shoulders; the chaplet of itself can recognize the familiar brow; but let shield and greaves glitter with jewels and gold, and trophies stand upreared above the enchained men. Let towns of ivory be girdled with turreted walls, and the pretence be so real as to seem true. Let squalid Rhenus with locks trailing beneath broken rushes display waters dyed with blood. Already captive kings are calling for barbarian adornment, for a garb too rich to become their fate, and all the other things which the unconquered valour of thy sons has caused thee often to prepare, and will cause thee often to prepare.

113 Ye gods, whose admonition inspires my prophecy of events to come, justify my words, I pray, with a speedy proof.

V. TO MAXIMUS COTTA

Whence comes the letter that you read, you ask? From this place where Hister unites with the blue waves. Soon as the place is named the writer too should come before you — he whose own talent injured him, Naso the poet. To you, Maximus Cotta, to whom he would rather offer it face to face, he sends a greeting from the land of the shaggy Getae.

I have read, O youth not untrue to your inherited oratory, the eloquent words you uttered in a crowded forum, and though my hurrying tongue has read them for many an hour, yet is it my complaint that they were few. But I have multiplied them by frequent reading, and ever have they been more pleasing to me than at first, and though they lose by so much reading nothing of their sweetness, 'tis by their force, not their novelty, that they please. Happy they who were vouchsafed to hear them at their delivery, and to enjoy utterance so eloquent! For albeit water that is brought to one tastes sweet, more grateful is that which is drunk from the spring itself.

To draw down the branch and pluck the fruit gives more pleasure than to take it from an engraved salver. If I had not erred, if my Muse had never exiled me, your own voice would have delivered to me the work that I have read; as I was wont, I should perchance have sat as one of those hundred judges intent upon your words, and a greater joy would have filled my breast when I was drawn on and with nods approved each phrase. But since Fate has wished rather that I, leaving my country and you, should dwell among the uncivilized Getae, that I may seem the more to be with you — send for my reading (this is possible) continual proofs, I beseech you, of your study; follow my example, unless you disdain it, an example which you yourself with greater right might give to me. For I, Maximus, who have long been dead, strive by my talent to prove myself not to be dead to you. Recompense me, and at no rare intervals let the monuments of your toil come into my hands to give me joy.

³⁷ But tell me, my youthful friend, you who are inspired with my own studies, if these very studies bring you any remembrance of me. Whenever you read to your friends a poem newly composed or, as

you are often wont to do, urge them to read, do you miss me so that at times your mind, though forgetful of what is lacking, yet feels at least some part of it is gone? As you used to talk often of me in my presence, is Naso's name now also on your lips? As for me, may I die outraged by a Getic bow — and you see how close my penalty if I prove false — if I do not see you at almost every moment, absent though I am. Grateful must we be that the heart may go whithersoever it will. When in this way I have entered the city though none can see me, I often converse with you, often enjoy your converse. Then 'tis hard to say how happy I am, how bright I think that hour. Then, if you can credit it, I conceive myself harboured in heaven's abode, dwelling with the blessed gods. Again when I have returned hither I leave behind heaven and the gods above; the land of the Pontus is hard by the Styx. If my struggle to return from it is against the behest of fate, then, Maximus, take from me a fruitless hope.

VI. TO A FRIEND

Naso sends to his friend — how nearly did he name him! — this bit of verse from the waters of the Euxine. But if with too little caution his hand had written who you were, perchance the tribute would have earned a complaint. Yet why, when others believe it safe, do you alone ask me not to address you in my verse? How great is Caesar's clemency even in the midst of wrath, if you know it not, you may learn from my case. From this punishment that I suffer I could myself take away naught, were I forced to be the judge of my own deserts. He does not forbid anybody to mention a friend nor does he prevent me from writing to you nor you to me. You would commit no crime should you comfort your friend, lightening with gentle words his harsh fate. Why, fearful where no fear is, do you by such homage bring discredit upon the Augustan gods? Men smitten by the lightning's bolt we have seen at times live and recover, nor did Jupiter prevent. Because Neptune had wrecked Ulysses' ship, Leucothea did not refuse to aid him as he swam. O believe me, the deities of heaven are merciful to the wretched; nor do they always and endlessly oppress the stricken. And no god is milder than our Prince, for Justice tempers his strength. Her Caesar but recently installed in a marble temple; long ago he enshrined her in his heart. Jupiter hurls at haphazard his bolts against many who have by no fault deserved to suffer a penalty. Albeit the god of the sea has o'erwhelmed so many in the cruel waves, how small the number deserving to be drowned! When the bravest die in battle, Mars' levy will be unjust even in his own judgment. But if perchance you wish to question each one of us, there is not one who would deny that he had deserved his suffering. And those who have died at sea, in war, by fire no day can restore. But Caesar has restored many or lightened a part of their punishment; may it be his will that I too be one of these many.

39 But you, when we, his people, live under such an emperor — do you believe that comforting an exile is dangerous? Perhaps under the dominion of Busiris you might rightly fear this or under him who was wont to burn men within the bronze. Cease to defame a

tender heart with idle fear. Why fear cruel reefs in a calm sea? Even I, for having written at first to you without your name, think that I can scarcely be excused. But I was so stunned that fear had taken away the use of reason, and all power of thought had given way to the new misfortune; fearful of my own fate, not of the avenger's wrath, I was filled with dread by the superscription of my own name.

⁵¹ Now that I have admonished you thus far, permit the poet who remembers you to place in his pages names that are dear to him. It will shame us both if you, so close to me through long intimacy, are mentioned nowhere in my book. Yet I would not have your slumbers broken by that dread of yours; I will not display my devotion beyond your wishes, and I will conceal who you are save when you shall yourself grant leave; none shall be forced to receive my tribute. Only do you, though you might with safety have loved me openly, if that seems dangerous — love me in secret.

VII. TO FRIENDS

Words fail me to make the same request so many times; and at last it shames me that my idle prayers are endless. You are all weary of my monotonous verses, and my request you have learned by heart, I think. What message my letter bears you know already, although the wax has not been broken from its bonds. So let me change the purport of my writing that my course be not so often against the hurrying stream.

9 For my good hopes of you, pardon me, my friends: of such error now there shall be an end. Nor will I be called a trouble to my wife who in sooth is as true to me as she is timid and backward in her efforts. This also, Naso, thou shalt bear, and thou hast borne worse things; no burden can affect thee now. The bull when he is taken from the herd objects to the plough and wrenches his inexperienced neck from the hard yoke: I, beneath the practised cruelty of fate, have for long found no misfortune with which I am not familiar. I have come to the Getic shores; let me die there and let my Fate continue to the end the course she has begun. Tis good to embrace a hope — though it bring no good and be ever vain — and whatever you long for that you may deem will happen. The next stage is utterly to give up hope of salvation, to know once and for all with full assurance that one is lost. Some wounds are made worse by treatment, as we see: it had been better not to touch them. More merciful is his death who is suddenly overwhelmed by the waters than his who wearies his arms in the heaving seas. Why did I conceive it possible for me to leave the Scythian land and enjoy a happier one? Why did I ever hope any mercy for myself? Was it thus that I had come to know my fate? Lo! my torture is all the worse, and the repeated description of this place but renews and freshens the harshness of my exile. Yet 'tis better that the zeal of my friends should cease than that the petitions they have brought should have had no weight. Serious indeed, my friends, is the thing you dare not: but if anybody were to ask, there is one who would be willing to grant. If only Caesar's wrath does not deny me this, I shall bravely die on the shores of the Euxine sea.

VIII. TO MAXIMUS

I was pondering what gift to witness my unforgetting love of you the land of Tomis could send you

Worthy are you of silver, of tawny gold still more, but such things are wont to please you when you are the giver. Nor are these lands enriched by any mine: scarce does the enemy allow the farmer to dig there. Often has the gleam of purple bordered your robe, but there is no such dye as that by the Sarmatian sea. The flocks produce a coarse fleece and the daughters of Tomis have not learned the craft of Pallas. Instead of working the wool they grind Ceres' gifts or carry heavy burdens of water supported on their heads. Here no clustering vines cloak the elms, no fruits bend the branches with their weight. Harsh wormwood is the product of the unsightly plains, and by this fruit the land proclaims its own bitterness.

¹⁷ Nothing there was, then, in the whole region of ill-omened Pontus that all my pains could send. Yet I am sending some Scythian arrows enclosed in their quiver; may they be stained, I pray, in the blood of your enemies! Such are the pens on this shore, such the books! Such is the Muse who flourishes, Maximus, in this place of mine! I am ashamed to send them because they seem poor gifts; yet I pray you to take them in good part.

IX. TO BRUTUS

Because these compositions of mine contain the same thought, Brutus, you report that somebody is carping at my verse: nothing (he says) but petitioning that I may enjoy a land nearer home, and talk of the throng of enemies encircling me. Ah, how the critic seizes on but one of many shortcomings! If this is the only blemish of my Muse, 'tis well. I myself perceive the defects of my own books despite the fact that every man is all too fond of his own verse. A creator finds praise for his own work: so perchance of old Agrius may have called Thersites fair. Yet my judgment is not distorted by this failing: whatever I beget does not forthwith please me. Why then, you ask, if I perceive my mistakes, should I continue to err, permitting faults to remain in my writing? 'tis not the same story to feel and to cure a disease; all men can feel, skill must remove the trouble. Often when I am desirous of changing some word I leave it, and my strength forsakes my judgment. Often — why should I hesitate to confess to you the truth? — it irks me to emend and endure the burden of long toil. While writing the very toil gives pleasure and itself is lessened, and the growing work glows along with the writer's heart. But to emend — even as it is a thing as much harder as great Homer was greater than Aristarchus, so it wears down the mind with a slow chill of worry, curbing the steed all eager for the race. As truly as I hope that the merciful gods may lessen Caesar's wrath and allow my bones to rest in peaceful soil, when I attempt to work carefully, sometimes the bitter vision of my lot confronts me and I think myself hardly sane in composing verses or in troubling to emend them among the wild Getae.

33 And yet there is nothing more deserving of excuse in what I write than that in it all there is one single thought. Gay was oft my song when I was gay, sad it is now that I am sad: each period has a type of work that befits it. Of what am I to write save the evils of a bitter country and to pray that I may die in a pleasanter region? I write so often of the same things that scarce any listen, and my words, which they feign not to understand, are without result. And yet though the words are always the same, I have not written to the

same persons: my cry, always the same, seeks aid through many. Should I — that some reader might not twice find the same sense — petition you alone, Brutus, among my friends? It was not worth the price; pardon the confession, ye men of taste! Cheaper in my eyes is the reputation of my work than my own weal. In fine the subject which anyone may have fashioned for himself, he varies in many ways to suit his own taste — if he be a poet. My Muse is but too true an index of my misfortunes; she has all the weight of an incorruptible witness. Not to produce a book, but to send a letter to each has been the object of my care. Later I collected them and put them together somehow, without order — not to have you think perchance that for this work I have made selections. Grant indulgence to my writings, for their purpose has been not my renown but my advantage, and to do homage to others.

BOOK IV

I. TO SEXTUS POMPEY

Deign to receive a poem, Sextus Pompey, composed by him who is indebted to you for his life. If you do not prevent me from uttering your name this also will be added to the sum of your deserts: or if you frown, I shall indeed confess my mistake, but its cause must nevertheless win approval. My heart could not be restrained from gratitude; let not your anger be heavy, I beseech you, upon my loyal service. Ah, how often have I thought myself ungrateful in these books because nowhere was your name read! Ah, how often, when I wished to write to another, has my hand all unconsciously placed your name upon the wax! The very mistake I made in such slips gave me pleasure and my hand was scarce willing to make the erasure. "Let him see it!" I said, "though he may indeed complain! Ashamed am I not to have earned this blame earlier!" Give me, if such thing there be, the waters of Lethe that benumb the heart, yet I shall not be able to forget you. I beg you will permit this nor reject in contempt my words, nor think that in my tribute there is a sin. Let this slight gratitude be rendered to all your services; if you do not, I shall be grateful even against your will.

²³ Never has your grace been slow to meet my need nor has your coffer ever denied me generous aid. Even now your clemency, not at all deterred by my sudden misfortune, offers and will continue to offer succour to my life. Whence, perchance you ask, have I so much confidence in the future? Every man watches over the work he has wrought. Just as Venus is at once the work and glory of the Coan artist, as she presses her locks damp with the spray of the sea; as the war goddess who guards the Actaeon citadel stands in ivory or bronze wrought by the hand of Phidias, as Calamis claims renown for the steeds he has made, as the lifelike cow is Myron's work, so I am not the last of your possessions, Sextus; I am known as the gift, the work of your guardianship.

II. TO SEVERUS

That which you are reading, Severus, mightiest bard of mighty kings, comes all the way from the land of the unshorn Getae, and that as yet my books have made no mention of your name — if you will permit me to speak the truth — brings me shame. Yet letters not in metre have never ceased to go on their mission of friendship between us. Verse alone, bearing witness to your thoughtful care, I have not given you: why should I give what you yourself compose? Who would give honey to Aristaeus, Falernian wine to Bacchus, grain to Triptolemus, fruit to Alcinous? You have a productive heart; of those who cultivate Helicon, none displays a richer crop. To send verse to such a one were to add leaves to the forest: this has caused my delay, Severus. Yet my talent does not answer the call as of old, for I am furrowing a barren shore with an ineffective plough. Surely just as silt clogs the veins in springs and the outraged water halts in the choked fountain, so my mind has been injured by the silt of misfortune, and my verse flows with a scantier vein. If anyone had set in this land Homer himself, let me assure you, even he would have become a Getan. Pardon one who confesses, but in my pursuit I have relaxed the rein, my fingers rarely trace a letter. That inspired impulse, the nurse of poets' thoughts, which once was mine, is gone. My Muse scarce takes her part, and when I have taken up my tablets scarce does she lay upon them an inert hand, almost under coercion. I have little pleasure, or none at all, in writing, no zest in joining words to metre, whether it is that I have so reaped from it no profit that this very thing is the source of my misfortune, or that making rhythmic gestures in the dark and composing a poem which you may read to nobody are one and the same thing. A hearer rouses zeal, excellence increases with praise, and renown possesses a mighty spur. In this place who is there to whom I can read my compositions except the yellow-haired Coralli, or the other tribes of the wild Hister? But what shall I do in my loneliness, with what occupation shall I pass my ill-starred leisure and beguile the day? For since neither wine nor treacherous dice attract me, which oft cause time to steal quietly away, nor — although I should like it if fierce war permitted — can I

take pleasure in renewing the earth by cultivation, what remains except the Pierians, a cold solace, — the goddesses who have not deserved well of me? But you, who quaff more happily the Aonian spring, continue your love for the pursuit which yields you profit; worship as is right the cult of the Muses and for my reading send hither some work over which you have recently toiled.

III. TO A FAITHLESS FRIEND

Complaint or silence? Shall I make a nameless charge, or should I wish all to know who you are? I will not employ your name lest my complaint bring you favour and through my verse you win renown.

5 As long as my bark rested firmly upon its keel among all who wished to sail with me you were first. Now that Fortune has frowned you withdraw upon discovering that your assistance is needed. You play the dissembler, too, and wish not to be thought to know me; when you hear the name you ask who Naso is! 'tis I, although you will not hear it, who have been united to you in friendship almost boy with boy; 'tis I who used first to hear your serious thoughts, first to listen to your pleasant jests; 'tis I — who lived in close union with you in the same household; 'tis I who in your judgment was the one and only Muse; 'tis I of whom you know not, traitor, whether I am now alive, about whom you have been at no pains to inquire. If I was never dear to you, you confess pretence; if you were not feigning, you will be proved faithless. Or else come now, tell me of some reason for anger that has altered you; for if your complaint is not just, then mine is just. What crime of mine prevents you from being what you once were? Or do you term it a crime that I have become unfortunate? If you brought me no aid in fact, in deeds, you might have sent me three words on a sheet of paper. I can scarce believe it — but rumour says that you are even insulting me in my fall, that you do not spare words. Ah, why do you do this, madman? Why, in case Fortune should leave you, do you thus rob your own shipwreck of tears? She is a goddess who admits by her unsteady wheel her own fickleness; she always has its crest beneath her swaying foot. She is less stable than any leaf, than any breeze; to match her fickleness, base man, there is only yours!

35 All human affairs hang by a slender thread; chance on a sudden brings to ruin what once was strong. Who has not heard of Croesus's wealth? Yet of a truth he was captured and received his life from an enemy. He who but now was dreaded in the city of Syracuse, scarce kept hunger at bay by a lowly calling. What was mightier than Magnus? Yet in his flight he asked with humble voice a client's aid.

The man whom the whole world obeyed... he who was famed for his triumphs over Jugurtha and the Cimbri, under whom as consul Rome was so often victorious, lay, Marius though he was, in the slime and marsh grass, enduring many things shameful for so great a man.

49 Divine power plays with human affairs, and sure trust can scarce be placed in the present hour. If anybody had said to me, "You shall go to the Euxine shore and you shall fear wounds from a Getic bow, I would have said," Go, drink a potion that clears the brain — everything that Anticyra produces." Yet have I suffered this. Though I might have guarded against the weapons of mortals, yet I could not protect myself against those of a supreme god. See that you too feel afraid and remember that what seems happiness to you has power, while you speak, to change into sorrow.

IV. TO SEXTUS POMPEIUS

NO day is so drenching wet from the southern clouds that the rain pours in uninterrupted flood. No place is so barren that it has no useful plant, oft-times intermixed with the tough brambles. Heavy fortune has rendered nothing so wretched that no joys lessen in some part its sorrow. Behold how I, reft from home and country and the sight of my own, driven like a wreck to the waters of the Getic land, have yet found means to brighten my face and to forget my fate. For as I strolled alone upon the yellow sand, behind me, it seemed, wings rustled. I looked back; there was no form that I could see, but my ear caught these words, "Lo, I come to bear thee a message of gladness; I am Report, and I have flown through measureless distances of air. Through the consulship of Pompey, who is dearer to you than any other, the coming year will be bright and blessed."

She spoke, and having filled the Pontus with the glad tidings the goddess turned her course to other peoples. But for me care fell away amidst my new joys, the cruel harshness of this land vanished. And so, two-faced Janus, when thou hast unsealed the long year, when December is driven out by the holy month, Pompey will assume the purple of highest office — that to his titles of honour he may leave no debt undischarged. Already I seem to behold your halls almost bursting with the crowd, the people bruised for lack of space, the temples of Tarpeia's abode visited by you as your first act, the gods becoming propitious to your prayers, the snowy oxen which Falerii has nourished in her own meadows offering their throats to the unerring axe; and while from all the gods you will earnestly seek favour, those of your more eager desire shall be Jupiter and Caesar. The senate-house will receive you and the fathers summoned in the wonted fashion will lend attentive ear to your words. When they have been delighted by the words that will fall from your eloquent lips, when according to custom the day shall offer words of good omen, and you have rendered due thanks to the gods above and to Caesar, who will give you cause to repeat them often, you will return home escorted by the whole senate, the house scarce finding room for the people's homage. Wretched am I that I shall not be seen in

that throng, that my eyes will not be able to enjoy that sight! But this I may do: in your absence I can see you in my mind; that will behold the features of its loved consul. May the gods grant that at some moment my name may come into your mind, that you may say, "Alas! what is that miserable man doing now?" If such words of yours be reported to me by any, I shall at once confess that my exile is easier to bear.

V. TO SEXTUS POMPEIUS

On! light couplets, to the consul's learned ears, and bear a message for the honoured man to read. Long is the way, nor do you advance with even steps, and a mantle of winter snow conceals the land. Crossing frozen Thrace with Haemus hidden in clouds and the waters of the Ionian sea, on the tenth day or before you will reach the imperial city though you make no hurried journey. Forthwith then seek the house of Pompeius; none is closer to the forum of Augustus. If any, as may happen in the crowd, asks who you are and whence you come, beguile his ear with any name you will. For even though it should be safe, as I think it is, to make confession, surely fictitious words involve less danger. Nor will you have the power unhindered to see the consul, even though you reach the threshold: either he will be ruling his citizens by the law's word while he sits high upon an ivory chair splendid with carving, or beside the implanted spear he will be ordering the people's revenues, not allowing the wealth of the mighty city to suffer loss; or when the fathers have been summoned to Julius's temple, he will be debating matters worthy of a great consul; or he will be bringing to Augustus and his son the accustomed greeting, seeking advice about an unfamiliar duty.

All the time left from these offices Germanicus Caesar will claim: him he reverences next after the great gods.

²⁷ Yet when he finds rest from this crowd of affairs, he will extend to you his kindly hands, and he will ask perhaps how I, your parent, am faring. In such words as these I wish you to reply: "He still lives, confessing that he owes the life to you which first he holds as the gift of Caesar's mercy. He is wont to say with grateful lips that upon his journey to exile you made the ways of the barbarian world safe for him: that his blood stained no Bistonian sword was owing to your heartfelt care; that you gave him besides many gifts to preserve his life that his own resources might not be impaired. To thank you for these services he swears to be your slave for all time. For the mountains will sooner be stripped of their shady trees and the seas of their sailing ships, the rivers will turn and flow backward to their sources before he can cease to be grateful for your service."

⁴⁶ When you have spoken thus, ask him to preserve his own gift; so will the purpose of your journey be accomplished.

VI. TO BRUTUS

The letter that you are reading, Brutus, has come from that land in which you would not wish Naso to be. Yet what you would not wish, wretched fate has willed for me. Alas! fate is stronger than your prayers. In Scythia I have passed the five years of an Olympiad; the time is now passing to a second lustrum. For obstinate fortune persists and craftily opposes a malicious foot to my desires. Thou, Maximus, glory of the Fabian race, hadst resolved to appeal for me to the deity of Augustus with the voice of a suppliant. Thou didst die before the prayer was uttered, and I count myself, Maximus — though I am not worth so much — the cause of thy death. Now I fear to entrust my salvation to any; help itself has perished with thy death.

15 Augustus had begun to pardon the fault I committed in error; my hopes at once and the world he left desolate. Yet from my distant abode I sent for your reading a poem — such poem as I could, Brutus, about the new god. May this act of reverence aid me, let there now be an end to my sorrows, a gentler wrath on the part of the sacred household. I can swear with a clear conscience that you too utter the same prayer, Brutus — you whom I know from indubitable proof. For although you have ever granted me sincere love, yet this love has increased in my time of adversity. One who saw your tears that matched with mine would have believed that both were about to suffer punishment. Nature bore you kind to the wretched; to none, Brutus, has she given a kinder heart, so that he who knows not your power in the wars of the forum would scarce suppose that your lips can prosecute defendants. In truth the same man, although such qualities seem to battle with each other, is able to be gentle with suppliants, but harsh to the guilty. When you have taken it upon yourself to champion the strict law, every word is as though it were steeped in poison. May it befall enemies to feel how impetuous you are in arms, to suffer the missiles of your tongue! On these you use the file with such extreme care that none would recognize in them your real nature. But if you see any injured by unjust Fortune, no woman is more tender than your heart. This I felt above all when the most of my friends denied knowledge of me. I shall forget them, but

you I shall never forget, who lighten the woes of my trouble. Sooner shall the Hister, all too near me, turn his march back from the Euxine sea towards its source and, as if the age of Thyestean banquets should return, the chariot of the sun shall sooner be driven towards the eastern waters than that any one of you who have mourned my exile shall call me a forgetful ingrate.

VII. TO VESTALIS

Seeing that you have been sent to the Euxine waters, Vestalis, to dispense justice to those lands which lie beneath the pole, you behold face to face in what manner of country I am cast and you will bear witness that I am not wont to utter false complaints. My words will receive through you, young scion of Alpine kings, no idle support. You yourself see the Pontus stiffen with ice, you yourself see the wine standing rigid with the frost; you yourself see how the fierce Iazygian herdsman guides his loaded wagon over the middle of Hister's waters. You behold how poison is hurled on the barbed steel and the missile possesses two causes of death. And would that this region had merely met your sight, that you had not also experienced it, in a battle of your own!

Through crowding perils is a way won to the first rank, a deserved honour which has recently fallen to your lot. Even though this honour be filled with rewards for you, yet your great worth will be greater than your rank. This the Hister acknowledges, whose water your hand once empurpled with Getic blood. Aegisos acknowledges it, which retaken at your approach, came to know that the nature of its site availed nothing. For 'tis uncertain whether it was better defended by its situation or by force — the city that towered to the clouds upon a lofty ridge. A fierce foe had cut it off from the Sithonian king, and in victory held its captured treasure, until Vitellius, borne adown the stream, disembarked his soldiers and advanced his standards against the Getae. But you, bravest descendant of lofty Donnus, were impelled to rush upon the confronting foe. At once far seen in glittering arms, you take heed that brave acts may not be hidden; with mighty stride you charge the steel, the hill, and stones greater in number than winter's hail. Neither the crowding missiles hurled from above halt you nor those steeped in viper's blood. Arrows with painted feathers cling to your helmet, scarce any part of your shield lacks a wound. Your body has not the luck to escape every stroke, but your pain is less than your keen love of glory. Such at Troy was Danaan Ajax when, they say, in defence of the Grecian ships he bore the brunt of Hector's firebrands.

When you came nearer, hand meeting hand, and the battle could be fought at close quarters with the fierce

sword, 'tis hard to tell of your martial deeds there, how many you gave to death, who they were and how they fell. Upon heaps of dead, the work of your sword, you trod in victory; many a Getan lay beneath your planted foot. The soldiers of lesser rank fought after the model of their centurion, enduring many wounds, giving many. But your valour as far surpassed all others as Pegasus distances a swift steed. Aegisos is conquered, and for all time, Vestalis, my song bears witness to your deeds.

VIII. TO SUILLIUS

Your letter, accomplished Suillius, has been late in reaching me, yet has it brought me pleasure. Therein you say that so far as friendly loyalty can soften the gods by petition you will bring me aid. Though you should give me nothing more, your friendly purpose has placed me in your debt, for I term the will to aid a service. Let only that impulse of yours endure for long ages and let not your loyalty be worn out by my misfortunes. Some claim our bonds of kinship make and I pray that these may ever last unweakened. For she who is your wife is almost my daughter; she who calls you son-in-law, calls me husband. Woe is me if when you read these verses you frown and feel shame that you are my kinsman! Yet you will be able to discover in me nothing to shame you save only Fortune, who to me has proved blind. If you examine our lineage, we shall be found knights from our earliest origins all through a line of countless ancestors, or if you wish to ask what is my character, remove my blunder and my character is spotless.

21 Do you, if you hope that anything can be accomplished by petition, beseech with a suppliant's prayer the gods you worship. Your gods are — the young Caesar. Propitiate your divinity. No altar surely is more familiar to you than this. That altar never permits the supplications of its priest to be in vain: seek from it succour for my fate. No matter how slight the breeze with which it aids me, my bark now o'erwhelmed will rise once more from the midst of the waters. Then will I offer to the devouring flames holy incense bearing witness to the power of the divinity. I will rear no temple of Parian marble for thee, Germanicus; that disaster tore away my wealth; temples will be built for thee and thine by rick houses and cities; Naso will show gratitude with verse, his only wealth. Poor indeed, I confess, is the gift that is rendered for great service, if I give words in return for the grant of salvation. But he who gives his utmost, is lavishly grateful and that loyal service has reached its goal. The incense offered by the poor man from his humble censer has not less effect than that given from a huge platter. The nursling lamb as well as the victim fed on Faliscan grass dyes in sacrifice the Tarpeian

altar. Yet than the proffered tribute of poets' verse naught else more befits the leaders of men. Verse heralds abroad your praises and sees to it that the glory of your deeds falls not to the ground. By verse virtue lives on and, avoiding the tomb, becomes known to late posterity. Wasting time consumes both steel and stone; no thing has a strength greater than that of time. But writing endures the years. Through writing you know Agamemnon and everyone who bore arms with him or against him. Who would know of Thebes and the seven leaders, were it not for verse, or of all that went before and after? Even the gods, if 'tis right to say this, are created by verse; their mighty majesty needs the bard's voice. By this it is that we know that Chaos became separated from that mass of earlier nature and took on his divisions; by this that the Giants aiming at the sovereignty of heaven were hurled to the Styx by the cloud-bearing thunderbolt of the avenger; by this that victorious Liber won renown from the conquering of the Indies, Alcides from the capture of Oechalia. And but now, O Caesar, thy grandsire, whom his virtue has sent to the starry heaven, owed in some measure his sanctity to verse. If there be still any life, Germanicus, in my genius, it shall wholly serve thee. Thou canst not as a poet despise the tribute of a poet, for that has a value in thy judgment. Wherefore if a great name had not called thee to greater things, thou wert destined to be the supreme glory of the Pierians. But 'tis a greater thing to furnish themes for us than thyself to compose; yet verse thou canst not wholly leave neglected. Now thou art waging war, now to numbers thou art confining words; what is toil for others will for thee be play. Just as Apollo is no sluggard either with lyre or bow but either string is obedient to his sacred hands, so thou lackest the arts neither of the scholar nor the prince, but in thy mind the Muse and Jupiter are wedded. And since the Muse has not removed me from that spring which the hollow hoof of the Gorgonean steed created, may it profit me and aid me that I maintain the same rites as thyself, that I have set my hand to the same pursuit. This shore all too exposed to the skin-clad Coralli and the savage Getae — may I at last escape it; and if my country is closed against such a wretch, may I be set in any place less distant than this from the Ausonian city, whence I can celebrate thy fresh praises and relate thy mighty deeds with least delay.

89 That this petition, dear Suillius, may touch the heavenly powers, utter a prayer for him who is all but the father of thy wife.

IX. TO GRAECINUS

Whence he may, not whence he would, Graecinus, this greeting Naso sends you from the Euxine waters. 'tis sent, and the gods grant that it may come to you on that dawn which shall first bring to you the twice six fasces. For since without my presence you will reach the Capitol as consul, and I shall form no part of your retinue, let my missive take its master's place and bestow the homage of a friend on the appointed day. Had I been born with a better fate, did my wheels run on a true axle, that duty of greeting which my hand now performs in writing my tongue would have performed; and along with pleasant words of congratulation I should give you kisses, nor would that honour be less mine than yours. On that day, I confess, I should be so proud that scarce any house would contain my haughtiness While the throng of holy senators surrounded you, I as a knight would be bidden to go before you, and though I should be very eager to be always near you, I should rejoice to have no place at your side. Nor should I complain, though I were bruised by the crowd; at such time'twere pleasant to feel the crush of the populace. I should behold with joy the long line of the procession and the dense throng on its long route. And that you may know how trivial things interest me — I should examine the texture of your mantling purple. I should inspect even the outline of the figures on your eurule chair — all the carved work of Numidian ivory. And after you had been escorted to the Tarpeian rock, while the consecrated victim was falling at your command, me also as I rendered him thanks in secret would the mighty god have heard who is enthroned in the middle of the temple. I would have offered incense with full heart rather than a full censer, thrice and four times rejoicing in your sovereign honour. There should I be counted among your attending friends if only kindly fate granted me of right to be present in the city, and the pleasure which now only my mind can catch would then be wholly grasped by my eyes also.

³⁰ Not so have the gods decided, and perhaps they are just. For how can the denial of the cause of my punishment aid me? Yet will I use my mind, which alone is not exiled, to behold your robe and

fascēs. This shall see you now dispensing justice to the people, and shall fancy itself present unseen at your actions; now it shall believe that you are bringing beneath the spear the revenues of the long lustrum and contracting for everything with minute good faith; now that you are uttering eloquent words before the senate, seeking what the interest of the state demands; now that you are proposing thanks on behalf of the godlike Caesars, or smiting for them the white throats of choice oxen. Would that, when you have finished your prayer for more important things, you might ask on my behalf the assuagement of an emperor's wrath! At your words may the holy fire spring up from the full altar and a bright tongue of flame offer a good omen for the prayer.

55 Meanwhile so far as I may — let me not complain of everything — even here I will have a festival for your consulship. There is a second cause for joy that yields not to the first; your brother will follow you in so great an honour. For the power which is ended for you with late December he assumes on Janus's day. Such is the affection of you twain that you will receive mutual joy, you in his office and he in yours. Thus you will be twice consul, he twice consul; a double honour will be seen in your household.

65 Though mighty the honour and Martian Rome sees no loftier power than that of the supreme consul, yet it is multiplied by the dignity of its sponsor and the gift possesses all the majesty of the giver. Therefore may it be your lot and that of Flaccus to enjoy for all time such verdicts of Augustus. But in his leisure from the more pressing cares of state add both your prayers, I beseech you, to mine, and if the breeze shall belly any sail, loosen the cables that my bark may set forth from the Stygian waters. The commander of this region, Graecinus, was till recently Flaccus, under whose charge the turbulent banks of the Hister were safe. He held the Mysian tribes to loyal peace, he cowed with his sword the Getae who trust in the bow. He recovered with swift valour captured Troesmis, dyeing the Danube with barbarian blood. Question him about the face of this land, the rigours of the Scythian climate; ask him about the terror that I suffer from the foe so close at hand — whether the slender arrows are dipped in serpent's gall, whether the human head becomes a hideous offering; whether I am a liar or the Pontus does indeed

freeze with the cold and ice covers many acres of the sea. When he has told you these things, then ask in what repute I am, how I pass my hours of suffering. Here I am not hated, and indeed I do not deserve to be, and my mind has not changed along with my fate. That tranquillity which you were wont to praise, that wonted modesty still abides as of old upon my countenance. Such is my bearing in this far land, where the barbarian foe causes cruel arms to have more power than law, that 'tis impossible now these many years, Graecinus, for woman or man or child to make complaint of me. This it is which brings me the kindly attentions of the Tomitae in my wretchedness — since this land I must needs call as witness. Because they see that it is my wish they would like to have me depart; yet for their own sake are eager to have me remain. And trust not me for this: there are extant upon the wax decrees praising me and granting me immunity. And though 'tis not fitting for the unfortunate to boast, the neighbouring towns grant me the same favour. Nor is my piety unknown: a strange land sees a shrine to Caesar in my house. Beside him stand the pious son and priestess wife, deities not less important than himself now that he has become a god. To make the household group complete, both of the grandsons are there, one by the side of his grandmother, the other by that of his father. To these I offer incense and words of prayer as often as the day rises from the east. The whole land of Pontus — you are free to inquire — will say that I am not fabricating this and will bear witness to my devotion. The land of Pontus knows that on this altar I celebrate with what festivals I can the birthday of the god, nor is such service less known to whatsoever strangers the distant Propontis sends to these waters. Even your brother, who had charge of ill-omened Pontus, may perhaps have heard of it. My means are unequal to my wishes, but in such service gladly, though poor, do I expend my scant resources. Nor do I bring all these things before your eyes, far removed as I am from the city, but I am content with an unspoken loyalty, and nevertheless this shall sometime reach the ear of Caesar from whom nothing which occurs in the whole world is hidden. Thou at least knowest this, O Caesar, now one with the gods, and seest it, since now the world is placed beneath thine eyes. Thou hearest from thy place among the stars of heaven's vault the prayers of my

anxious lips. Perchance even those poems may reach thee there which I have composed and sent about thee, a new divinity. And so I prophesy that thy holy will is yielding to these prayers, for not undeservedly hast thou the gracious name of “Father.”

X. TO ALBINOVANUS

Now is the sixth summer wearing away which I must pass on the Cimmerian shore among the skin-clad Getae. Can you compare any flint, Albinovanus, any iron to my endurance? Drops of water hollow out a stone, a ring is worn thin by use, the hooked plough is rubbed away by the soil's pressure. So devouring time destroys all things but me: even death keeps aloof defeated by my endurance. The type of a heart suffering to excess is Ulysses, who was tossed for two lustra on the perilous sea. Yet not all his hours were hours of troubled fate, for oft came intervals of peace. Or was it a hardship to fondle for six years the fair Calypso and share the couch of a goddess of the sea? Hippotes' son harboured him and gave him the winds, that a favouring breeze might fill and drive his sails. And 'tis not a sorrow to hear maidens singing beautifully, nor was the lotos bitter to one who tasted it. Such juices, which cause forgetfulness of one's native land, I would purchase, if only they were offered, at the price of half my life. Nor could you compare the city of the Laestrygonian with the tribes which the Hister touches in its winding course. Cyclops will not surpass in cruelty Piaeches — and what mere fraction of my dread is he wont to be! Though Scylla's misshapen loins may send forth the barkings of cruel monsters, the Heniochian ships have done more harm to mariners. You cannot compare Charybdis, though she thrice drinks in, thrice spews forth the flood, with the hostile Aehaei who though they roam with larger licence in the eastern lands, yet allow not this shore to be safe. Here there are lands without a leaf, here are darts dyed in poison, here the winter makes even the sea a highway for one on foot, so that where the oar had but just now beaten a way through the waves, the traveller proceeds dryshod, despising boats.

³⁵ Those who come from your land report that you scarce believe all this. How wretched is he who endures what is too harsh for credence! Yet believe you must, nor shall I permit you to remain in ignorance of the reason why dread winter freezes the Sarmatian sea. Very near us are the stars having the form of a wain, possessing extreme cold. Here is the source of Boreas; this coast is his home,

and he takes on strength from a place nearer to him. On the other hand Notus, whose breath comes warm from the opposite pole, is far away; he comes but rarely and without energy. Moreover, here the rivers mingle in the landlocked Pontus, and the sea loses its own power because of many a stream. Here the Lycus, here the Sagaris, the Penius, the Hypanis, the Cales flow in and the Halys twisting in many an eddy, the destroying Parthenius, and the Cynapses glides along tumbling his boulders, and the Tyras inferior to no stream in swiftness, and thou, Thermodon, familiar to the bands of women, and thou, Phasis, sought by Grecian heroes, and with the Borysthenes the clear Dyrapses, and the Melanthus, quietly completing his gentle course, and the river which separates two lands, Asia and Cadmus's sister, making its way between them, and countless others of which mightiest of all the Danube refuses, O — Nile, to yield to thee. The wealth of so many waters corrupts the waves which it augments, not allowing the sea to keep its own strength. Nay, like to a still pool or a stagnant swamp its colour is scarce blue and is washed away. The fresh water floats upon the flood, being lighter than the sea-water which possesses weight of its own from the mixture of salt.

65 If somebody ask why I have told all this to Pedeo, what profit there has been in speaking so precisely, I would say, "I have given pause to my cares and beguiled the time; this is the profit the present hour has brought me. I have gained release in writing this from my accustomed grief and have lost the feeling that I am among the Getae."

71 But you, I doubt not, since you are singing in verse the praises of Theseus, are doing honour to the subject and imitating the hero whom you describe. Surely he forbids fidelity to be the companion only of happy moments. His deeds are great and he is described by you in a vein grand enough for a hero, yet there is one thing in him that we can imitate: in fidelity anybody can be a Theseus. You do not have to subdue with sword and club the foe who rendered the Isthmos scarce passable for anyone, but you must make good your love, a thing not hard for one who has the wish. What trouble is it to refrain from outraging unblemished fidelity? You, who stand unswervingly by your friend, must not think that these words have been uttered by a complaining tongue.

XI. TO GALLIO

Gallio, it will be a sin which I can scarce palliate if your name proves not to have found a place in my verse. For you too, I remember, when I was smitten by the divine spear, bathed my wounds with your tears.

And would that injured by the loss of your ravished friend you had felt no further blow to stir lament. Not so has it pleased the gods, for in their cruelty they have not thought it wrong to despoil you of your pure wife. I have but just received a letter which told me your sorrow, and I read of your loss with tears. But I should not venture in folly to console one who is wiser than I, to repeat to you the familiar words of the wise men; your grief has been for some time ended, I suppose, if not by reasoning, then by the lapse of time. While your letter has been on its way, while mine in answer is traversing so many lands and seas, a year has passed. The service of consolation belongs to a definite period while grief is still in progress and the stricken one is seeking aid. But after long time has quieted the soul's wounds, he who touches them out of season, only reopens them. Moreover — and may this omen be true when it reaches you! — you may already be happy through a new marriage.

XII. TO TUTICANUS

The bar, my friend, that prevents your finding a place in my verse, is set up by the nature of your name. For my part I should deem no other more worthy of the honour — if only my verse involves any honour. 'tis my metre's law and your unfortunate name that oppose the compliment, and there is no method by which you can enter my rhythm. For I should be ashamed to separate your name between two lines, ending the first with a part and beginning the second with another part, and I should be equally ashamed if, where a syllable is long, I should shorten it and address you as Tuticanus. Nor can you enter onto the verse as Tuticanus, so that the first long syllable is shortened; or so that the second syllable, which is now short, should be long by extending its time. If by such faults as these I should venture to distort your name, I should be laughed at and they would say rightly that I had no taste.

17 This was my reason for putting off this service, but my love shall render it with added interest, and I will sing of you under some symbol or other; I will send you verses — you whom I knew when we were almost boys, whom through the succession of all the years of our lives I have loved no less dearly than a brother. You gave me kindly encouragement, you were my guide and comrade, whilst with youthful hand I was guiding the novel reins. Often I revised my work in deference to your criticism, often on your advice I made erasures, while you the Pierian goddesses taught to compose a Phaeacis worthy of the Maeonian pages. This constancy, this harmony of tastes begun in the green of youth, has continued unweakened to the time when our hair is white. If this should not affect you, I should believe that you had a heart encased in iron or unconquerable adamant. But sooner would this land lack war and cold — the two things which hated Pontus holds for me — sooner would Boreas become warm and Auster chilly, and my fate less harsh, than would your heart be hard to your weary friend. Let this final blow be absent — and it is absent — from my woes.

89 Only do you — by the gods of whom He is most trustworthy under whose lead your honour has steadily increased — see to it by

watching over an exile with steadfast devotion that the breeze of hope does not forsake my bark. What are my directions, you ask? May I die if it is not hard to say — if only he who is already dead can die. I find nothing to do or to wish or not wish, nor do I quite know what is to my advantage. Believe me, foresight is the first thing to abandon the wretched, and along with fortune sense and reason flee. Seek in person, I beg you, how you ought to aid me, and over what shallows you may construct a way to accomplish my wishes.

XIII. TO CARUS

To you who must be counted among my undoubted friends — to you who are in very truth what you are called, Carus,¹ — greetings! Whence comes this salutation, the tone of this letter and the structure of the verse can tell you, not that it is excellent, but 'tis at least not commonplace; for whatever be its merit, 'tis clear to see that it is mine. I, too, though you should tear the title from the head of your pages, could tell, I think, what work is yours. No matter how many the books among which you may be placed you will be recognized, discovered by signs I have observed. The author will be betrayed by the vigour which we know to be worthy of Hercules and suited to him of whom you yourself sing. My Muse too, detected by her own complexion, can perhaps be distinguished by her very blemishes. Ugliness prevented Thersites from escaping notice as much as beauty made Nireus conspicuous.

¹⁷ Nor should you wonder if my verse prove faulty, for I am almost a Getic poet. Ah! it brings me shame! I have even written a poem in the Getic tongue, setting barbarian words to our measures: I even found favour — congratulate me! — and began to achieve among the uncivilized Getae the name of poet. You ask my theme? you would praise it: I sang of Caesar. My novel attempt was aided by the god's will. For I told how the body of father Augustus was mortal, but his spirit had passed to the abodes of heaven; that equal in virtue to his father was he who, when importuned, accepted the guidance of the empire which he had often refused; that thou, Livia, wert the Vesta of pure matrons, it is uncertain whether more worthy of thy son or thy husband; that there were two sons, strong supports of their father, who have given sure proofs of their spirit.

³³ When I read all this, written not in the language of my native Muse, and the last page felt the touch of my fingers, all moved their heads and their full quivers, and there was a long murmur on the lips of the Getae. And one of them said, "Since you write this about Caesar, it were fitting that you be restored by Caesar's command." He said this, yes, but, Carus, already the sixth winter sees me banished beneath the icy pole. My verse avails me naught; my verse

once wrought me harm and was the first cause of this wretched exile. But do you, by the common pledges of our sacred calling, by the name of friendship which is not cheap in your eyes — so may Germanicus lead the enemy captive in Latin chains and provide a subject for your abilities; so may the youths be well, the source of universal prayers to the gods, whose training to your great praise has been made your trust — do you to your utmost power advance that weal of mine which I shall never have, unless the place be changed.

XIV. TO TUTICANUS

These words are sent to you whose name but recently I complained in verse was not suited to my metre: here — except that I am still in some sort well — you will find nothing else that brings me pleasure. My very health is hateful to me, and 'tis my final prayer to go anywhere, be it only from this place. I care not whither I am sent from such a land, because any land will please me better than this upon which I look. Cause me to sail to the midst of the Syrtes, or Charybdis, provided I escape this present soil. Even the Styx, if such thing there be, will be well exchanged for the Hister, or what-ever the world has that is lower than the Styx. The tilled field feels less hate for the grass, the swallow for the cold, than Naso hates the region near the war-loving Getae.

15 For such words the anger of the Tomitae rises against me, the wrath of the town is stirred by my verse. Shall I then never cease to be injured by verse, shall I always suffer from my indiscreet talent? Do I then hesitate to cut my fingers that I may not write, do I still in madness trail after the weapons which have harmed me? Am I being driven once more upon the old reef and into those waters in which my bark was wrecked? But I have committed no crime, I — am not at fault, Tomitae, for you I esteem, though. I detest your land. Let anyone you will examine the memorials of my toil, my letters have uttered no complaints about you. Of the cold, of the raids to be feared from every side, of the assaults by the enemy upon the wall I complain. Against the land, not the people, I have uttered true charges; even you often criticize your own soil. How his own Ascra was constantly to be avoided the old farmer poet dared to sing, and he who wrote had been born in that land, yet Ascra grew not angry with her bard. Who loved his native land more than the wily Ulysses? Yet its roughness has been learned through his own evidence. Not the land, but the ways of Ausonia were attacked in bitter writing by the Sceptian, and Rome was indicted, yet she bore the false abuse calmly, and the author's wild tongue did him no harm. But against me a perverse interpreter rouses the popular wrath, bringing a new charge against my verse. Would I were as happy as

my heart is clean! Nobody to this day lives whom my lips have wounded. And besides if I were now blacker than Illyrian tar, a loyal people would not be attacked by me. Your gentle harbouring of my fate, Tomitae, shows how kindly are men of Grecian stock. My own people, the Paeligni, my home country of Sulmo could not have been gentler to my woes. An honour which you would scarcely grant to one who was without blemish and secure, that you have recently granted to me: I am as yet the only one immune upon your shores, those only excepted who have the boon by law. My brow has been veiled with a sacred chaplet which the popular favour placed there all against my will. Wherefore dear as is to Latona the land of Delos, which alone offered her a safe place in her wandering, so dear is Tomis to me; to me exiled from my native abode it remains hospitable and loyal to the present time. Would that the gods had only made it possible for it to have the hope of calm peace and to be farther away from the icy pole!

XV. TO SEXTUS POMPEIUS

If there be still anywhere one who has not forgotten me or who asks how exiled Naso fares, let him know that I owe my life to the Caesars, my wellbeing to Sextus. After those above he in my eyes shall stand first. For though I should include all the hours of my wretched life, none is lacking in services from him. These are as many as in the orchard of a fertile farm are the seeds of the pomegranate, red beneath their slow-growing husk, as the grain of Africa, as the grape clusters of the Tmolian land, as the olives of Sicyon, or the honey-cells of Hybla. This is my confession; you may witness it; put your seal upon it, Quirites. It needs not the force of the law; I myself declare it. Set me too, an humble chattel, amongst your inherited wealth; I am a part, no matter how small, of your estate. As Trinacrian lands are yours or those once ruled over by Philip, as the home next the forum of Augustus, as your Campanian lands, an estate dear to your eyes, or whatever you hold by inheritance, Sextus, or by purchase, so am I yours, and by reason of this sad gift you cannot say that you own naught in the Pontus. Would that you could and that a more pleasant estate might be given you, that you might establish your property in a better place! Since this rests with the gods, try to soften by prayer those deities whom you worship with constant devotion. For 'tis hard to distinguish whether you are more the proof of my mistake or the relief.

27 Nor do I plead because I doubt; but oft adown the stream the oars hasten the voyage over the flowing waters. I feel shame and apprehension always to be making the same request, lest your heart grow justly weary. But what am I to do? My desire is measureless. Pardon my fault, gentle friend. Though I often wish to write in a different vein, I pass imperceptibly to the same theme; my very letters of their own accord seek the opportunity. Yet whether your influence shall win its end or whether a cruel fate bids me die beneath the freezing pole, I shall always recall your services with unforgetting heart and my land shall hear that I belong to you. It shall be heard by every land under any sky — if only my Muse passes the confines of the wild Getae — that you are the cause and saviour of

my weal; that I am yours almost as if the scales and bronze had bought me.

XVI. TO AN ENEMY

Jealous man, why do you wound the verse of ravished Naso? The final day is not wont to injure genius, and fame is greater after one is ashes. I too had a name even at the time when I was counted with the living, when Marsus lived and Rabirius of the mighty voice, the Ilian Macer, and Pedo towering to the stars, and Carus, who in his Hercules had angered Juno if that hero were not already Juno's son-in-law; and he who gave to Latium a regal poem, Severus, and both Prisci together with tasteful Numa; and thou, Montanus, master of metres whether even or uneven, whose fame rests upon two kinds of verse, and he who bade Ulysses write home to Penelope as he wandered for two lustra over the savage sea, Sabinus, who in untimely death abandoned his Troesmis, the uncompleted work of many days; Largus, called by the surname of his own genius, who guided the aged Phrygian to the fields of Gaul; and Camerinus who sings of Troy after the vanquishing of Hector; and Tuscus, renowned for his Phyllis; the bard of the sail-covered sea, whose verse one might believe composed by the sea-coloured gods; and he who sang of the armies of Libya and Rome's battles; and Marius, skilled in every style of composition, and Trinacrius who wrote of the Perseid he knew so well, and Lupus, author of the homecoming of Tyndarus's daughter with the scion of Tantalus; and he who translated the Maeonian Phaeacis, and thou too, Rufus, unique player on Pindar's lyre; and Turranius's Muse wearing the tragic buskin, and thine, Melissus, with her light slippers. While Varius and Graccus furnished cruel words to tyrants, Proculus followed the tender path of Callimachus, Passer returned to Tityrus and the familiar meadows, and Grattius supplied weapons suited to the hunter; while Fontanus sang of Naiads beloved by Satyrs, while Capella prisoned words in unequal measures; and while there were others all of whose names it were long for me to mention, whose songs the people possess; while there were youths also whose work unpublished gives me no right to name them — yet amid the throng, of thee, Cotta Maximus, I should not venture to be silent, light of the Pierians and guardian of the forum, to whom a twofold noble lineage

has given on thy mother's side the Cottas, on the father's the Messallas — my Muse was famed, if 'tis right to speak thus, and she was one who was read among so many of the great.

⁴⁷ So, Malice, cease to tear one banished from his country; scatter not my ashes, cruel one! I have lost all; life alone remains, to give me the consciousness and the substance of sorrow. What pleasure to thee to drive the steel into limbs already dead? There is no space in me now for a new wound.

The Latin Texts



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I. Penelope Vlixī

Haec tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulixē
nil mihi rescribas attinet: ipse veni!
Troia iacet certe, Danaīs invisa puellis;
vix Priamus tanti totaque Troia fuit.
o utinam tum, cum Lacedaemona classe petebat, 5
obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis!
non ego deserto iacuissem frigida lecto,
nec quererer tardos ire relictā dies;
nec mihi quaerenti spatiosam fallere noctem
lassaret viduas pendula tela manus. 10
Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?
res est solliciti plena timoris amor.
in te fingebam violentos Troas ituros;
nomine in Hectoreo pallida semper eram.
sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab hoste revictum, 15
Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat;
sive Menoetiaden falsis cecidisse sub armis,
flebam successu posse carere dolos.
sanguine Tlepolemus Lyciam tepefecerat hastam;
Tlepolemi leto cura novata mea est. 20
denique, quisquis erat castris iugulatus Achivis,
frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.
Sed bene consuluit casto deus aequus amor.
versa est in cineres sospite Troia viro.
Argolici rediere duces, altaria fumant; 25
ponitur ad patrios barbara praeda deos.
grata ferunt nymphae pro salvis dona maritis;
illi victa suis Troica fata canunt.
mirantur iustique senes trepidaeque puellae;
narrantis coniunx pendet ab ore viri. 30
atque aliquis posita monstrat fera proelia mensa,
pingit et exiguo Pergama tota mero:
‘hac ibat Simois; haec est Sigeia tellus;
hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

illic Aeacides, illic tendebat Ulixes; 35
hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos.
Omnia namque tuo senior te quaerere misso
rettulerat nato Nestor, at ille mihi.
rettulit et ferro Rhesumque Dolonaque caesos,
utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo. 40
ausus es — o nimium nimiumque oblite tuorum! —
Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo
totque simul mactare viros, adiutus ab uno!
at bene cautus eras et memor ante mei!
usque metu micuere sinus, dum victor amicum 45
dictus es Ismariis isse per agmen equis.
Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disiecta lacertis
Ilios et, murus quod fuit, esse solum,
si maneo, qualis Troia durante manebam,
virque mihi dempto fine carendus abest? 50
diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant,
incola captivo quae bove victor arat.
iam seges est, ubi Troia fuit, resecandaque falce
luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus;
semisepulta virum curvis feriuntur aratris 55
ossa, ruinosas occulit herba domos.
victor abes, nec scire mihi, quae causa morandi,
aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet!
Quisquis ad haec vertit peregrinam litora puppim,
ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit, 60
quamque tibi reddat, si te modo viderit usquam,
traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.
nos Pylon, antiqui Neleia Nestoris arva,
misimus; incerta est fama remissa Pylo.
misimus et Sparten; Sparte quoque nescia veri. 65
quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes?
utilius starent etiamnunc moenia Phoebi —
irascor votis, heu, levis ipsa meis!
scirem ubi pugnares, et tantum bella timerem,
et mea cum multis iuncta querela foret. 70
quid timeam, ignoro — timeo tamen omnia demens,

et patet in curas area lata meas.
quaecumque aequor habet, quaecumque pericula tellus,
tam longae causas suspicor esse morae.
haec ego dum stulte metuo, quae vestra libido est, 75
esse peregrino captus amore potes.
forsitan et narres, quam sit tibi rustica coniunx,
quae tantum lanas non sinat esse rudes.
fallar, et hoc crimen tenues vanescat in auras,
neve, revertendi liber, abesse velis! 80
Me pater Icarius viduo discedere lecto
cogit et immensas increpat usque moras.
increpet usque licet — tua sum, tua dicar oportet;
Penelope coniunx semper Ulixis ero.
ille tamen pietate mea precibusque pudicis 85
frangitur et vires temperat ipse suas.
Dulichii Samiique et quos tulit alta Zacynthos,
turba ruunt in me luxuriosa proci,
inque tua regnant nullis prohibentibus aula;
viscera nostra, tuae dilacerantur opes. 90
quid tibi Pisandrum Polybumque Medontaque dirum
Eurymachique avidas Antinoique manus
atque alios referam, quos omnis turpiter absens
ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis?
Irus egens pecorisque Melanthius actor edendi 95
ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.
Tres sumus inbelles numero, sine viribus uxor
Laertesque senex Telemachusque puer.
ille per insidias paene est mihi nuper adeptus,
dum parat invitis omnibus ire Pylon. 100
di, precor, hoc iubeant, ut euntibus ordine fati
ille meos oculos conprimat, ille tuos!
hac faciunt custosque boum longaevaeque nutrix,
Tertius inmundae cura fidelis harae;
sed neque Laertes, ut qui sit inutilis armis, 105
hostibus in mediis regna tenere potest —
Telemacho veniet, vivat modo, fortior aetas;
nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris —

nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis.
tu citius venias, portus et ara tuis! 110
est tibi sitque, precor, natus, qui mollibus annis
in patrias artes erudiendus erat.
respice Laerten; ut tu sua lumina condas,
extremum fati sustinet ille diem.
Certe ego, quae fueram te discedente puella, 115
protinus ut venias, facta videbor anus.

II. Phyllis Demophoonti

Hospita, Demophoon, tua te Rhodopeia Phyllis
ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.
cornua cum lunae pleno semel orbe coissent,
litoribus nostris ancora pacta tua est —
luna quater latuit, toto quater orbe recrevit; 5
nec vehit Actaeas Sithonis unda rates.
tempora si numeres — bene quae numeramus amantes —
non venit ante suam nostra querela diem.
Spes quoque lenta fuit; tarde, quae credita laedunt,
credimus. invita nunc es amante nocens. 10
saepe fui mendax pro te mihi, saepe putavi
alba procellosos vela referre Notos.
Thesea devovi, quia te dimittere nollet;
nec tenuit cursus forsitan ille tuos.
interdum timui, ne, dum vada tendis ad Hebri, 15
mersa foret cana naufraga puppis aqua.
saepe deos supplex, ut tu, scelerate, valeres,
cum prece turicremis sum venerata sacris;
saepe, videns ventos caelo pelagoque faventes,
ipsa mihi dixi: 'si valet ille, venit.' 20
denique fidus amor, quidquid properantibus obstat,
finxit, et ad causas ingeniosa fui.
at tu lentus abes; nec te iurata reducunt
numina, nec nostro motus amore redis.
Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti; 25
vela queror reditu, verba carere fide.
Dic mihi, quid feci, nisi non sapienter amavi?
crimine te potui demeruisse meo.
unum in me scelus est, quod te, scelerate, recepi;
sed scelus hoc meriti pondus et instar habet. 30
iura fidesque ubi nunc, commissaque dextera dextrae,
quique erat in falso plurimus ore deus?
promissus socios ubi nunc Hymenaeus in annos,
qui mihi coniugii sponsor et obses erat?

per mare, quod totum ventis agitur et undis, 35
per quod nempe ieras, per quod iturus eras,
perque tuum mihi iurasti — nisi fictus et ille est —
concita qui ventis aequora mulcet, avum,
per Venerem nimiumque mihi facientia tela —
altera tela arcus, altera tela faces — 40
Iunonemque, toris quae praesidet alma maritis,
et per taediferae mystica sacra deae.
si de tot laesis sua numina quisque deorum
vindictet, in poenas non satis unus eris.
Ah, laceras etiam puppes furiosa refeci — 45
ut, qua desererer, firma carina foret! —
remigiumque dedi, quod me fugiturus haberes.
heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis!
credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis;
credidimus generi nominibusque tuis; 50
credidimus lacrimis — an et hae simulare docentur?
hae quoque habent artes, quaque iubentur, eunt?
dis quoque credidimus. quo iam tot pignora nobis?
parte satis potui qualibet inde capi.
Nec moveor, quod te iuvi portuque locoque — 55
debuit haec meriti summa fuisse mei!
turpiter hospitium lecto cumulassem iugali
paenitet, et lateri conseruisse latus.
quae fuit ante illam, mallem suprema fuisset
nox mihi, dum potui Phyllis honesta mori. 60
speravi melius, quia me meruisse putavi;
quaecumque ex merito spes venit, aequa venit.
Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam
gloria. simplicitas digna favore fuit.
sum decepta tuis et amans et femina verbis. 65
di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuae!
inter et Aegidas, media statuaris in urbe,
magnificus titulis stet pater ante suis.
cum fuerit Sciron lectus torvusque Procrustes
et Sinis et tauri mixtaque forma viri 70
et domitae bello Thebae fusique bimembres

et pulsata nigri regia caeca dei —
 hoc tua post illos titulo signetur imago:
 hic est, cuius amans hospita capta dolo est.
 de tanta rerum turba factisque parentis 75
 sedit in ingenio Cressa relictā tuo.
 quod solum excusat, solum miraris in illo;
 heredem patriae, perfide, fraudis agis.
 illa — nec invideo — fruitur meliore marito
 inque capistratis tigribus alta sedet; 80
 at mea despecti fugiunt conubia Thraces,
 quod ferar externum praeposuisse meis.
 atque aliquis 'iam nunc doctas eat,' inquit, 'Athenas;
 armiferam Thracen qui regat, alter erit.
 exitus acta probat.' careat successibus, opto, 85
 quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat!
 at si nostra tuo spumescant aequora remo,
 iam mihi, iam dicar consuluisse meis —
 sed neque consului, nec te mea regia tanget
 fessaque Bistonia membra lavabis aqua! 90
 Illa meis oculis species abeuntis inhaeret,
 cum premeret portus classis itura meos.
 ausus es amplecti colloque infusus amantis
 oscula per longas iungere pressa moras
 cumque tuis lacrimis lacrimas confundere nostras, 95
 quodque foret velis aura secunda, queri
 et mihi discedens suprema dicere voce:
 'Phylli, fac expectes Demophoonta tuum!'
 Expectem, qui me numquam visurus abisti?
 expectem pelago vela negata meo? 100
 et tamen expecto — redeas modo serus amanti,
 ut tua sit solo tempore lapsa fides!
 Quid precor infelix? te iam tenet altera coniunx
 forsitan et, nobis qui male favit, amor;
 iamque tibi excidimus, nullam, puto, Phyllida nosti. 105
 ei mihi! si, quae sim Phyllis et unde, rogas —
 quae tibi, Demophoon, longis erroribus acto
 Threicios portus hospitiumque dedi,

cuius opes auxere meae, cui dives egenti
munera multa dedi, multa datura fui; 110
quae tibi subieci latissima regna Lycurgi,
nomine femineo vix satis apta regi,
qua patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Haemum,
et sacer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas,
cui mea virginitas avibus libata sinistris 115
castaque fallaci zona recincta manu!
pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,
et cecinit maestum devia carmen avis;
adfuit Allecto brevibus torquata colubris,
suntque sepulchrali lumina mota face! 120
Maesta tamen scopulos fruticosaque litora calco
quaeque patent oculis litora lata meis.
sive die laxatur humus, seu frigida lucent
sidera, prospicio, quis freta ventus agat;
et quaecumque procul venientia lintea vidi, 125
protinus illa meos auguror esse deos.
in freta procuro, vix me retinentibus undis,
mobile qua primas porrigit aequor aquas.
quo magis accedunt, minus et minus utilis adsto;
linquor et ancillis excipienda cado. 130
Est sinus, adductos modice falcatus in arcus;
ultima praerupta cornua mole rigent.
hinc mihi suppositas inmittere corpus in undas
mens fuit; et, quoniam fallere pergis, erit.
ad tua me fluctus proiectam litora portant, 135
occurramque oculis intumulata tuis!
dedit ferrum ut superes adamantaque teque,
'non tibi sic,' dices, 'Phylli, sequendus eram!'
saepe venenorum sitis est mihi; saepe cruenta
traiectam gladio morte perire iuvat. 140
colla quoque, infidis quia se nectenda lacertis
praeberunt, laqueis implicuisse iuvat.
stat nece matura tenerum pensare pudorem.
in necis electu parva futura mora est.
Inscribere meo causa invidiosa sepulcro. 145

aut hoc aut simili carmine notus eris:
phyllida demophoon leto dedit hospes amantem;
ille necis causam praebuit, ipsa manum.

III. Briseis Achilli

Quam legis, a rapta Briseide littera venit,
vix bene barbarica Graeca notata manu.
quascumque adspicies, lacrimae fecere lituras;
sed tamen et lacrimae pondera vocis habent.
Si mihi pauca queri de te dominoque viroque 5
fas est, de domino pauca viroque querar.
non, ego poscenti quod sum cito tradita regi,
culpa tua est — quamvis haec quoque culpa tua est;
nam simul Eurybates me Talthybiousque vocarunt,
Eurybati data sum Talthybioque comes. 10
alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultum
quaerebant taciti, noster ubi esset amor.
differri potui; poenae mora grata fuisset.
ei mihi! discedens oscula nulla dedi;
at lacrimas sine fine dedi rupique capillos — 15
infelix iterum sum mihi visa capi!
Saepe ego decepto volui custode reverti,
sed, me qui timidam prenderet, hostis erat.
si progressa forem, caperer ne, nocte, timebam,
quamlibet ad Priami munus itura nurum. 20
Sed data sim, quia danda fui — tot noctibus absum
nec repeto; cessas, iraque lenta tua est.
ipse Menoetiades tum, cum tradebar, in aurem
‘quid fles? hic parvo tempore,’ dixit, ‘eris.’
Nec repetisse parum; pugnas ne reddar, Achille! 25
i nunc et cupidi nomen amantis habe!
venerunt ad te Telamone et Amyntore nati —
ille gradu propior sanguinis, ille comes —
Laertaque satus, per quos comitata redirem
(auxerunt blandas grandia dona preces) 30
viginti fulvos operoso ex aere lebetas,
et tripodas septem pondere et arte pares;
addita sunt illis auri bis quinque talenta,
bis sex adsueti vincere semper equi,

quodque supervacuum est, forma praestante puellae 35

Lesbides, eversa corpora capta domo,
cumque tot his — sed non opus est tibi coniuge — coniunx
ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus.

si tibi ab Atride pretio redimenda fuisset,
quae dare debueras, accipere illa negas! 40

qua merui culpa fieri tibi vilis, Achille?
quo levis a nobis tam cito fugit amor?
An miseros tristis fortuna tenaciter urget,
nec venit inceptis mollior hora malis?
diruta Marte tuo Lyrnesia moenia vidi — 45

et fueram patriae pars ego magna meae;
vidi consortes pariter generisque necisque
tres cecidisse, quibus, quae mihi, mater erat;
vidi, quantus erat, fusum tellure cruenta
pectora iactantem sanguinolenta virum. 50

tot tamen amissis te compensavimus unum;
tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras.
tu mihi, iuratus per numina matris aquosae,
utile dicebas ipse fuisse capi —

scilicet ut, quamvis veniam dotata, repellas 55

et mecum fugias quae tibi dantur opes!
quin etiam fama est, cum crastina fulserit Eos,
te dare nubiferis lintea velle Notis.

Quod scelus ut pavidas miserae mihi contigit aures,
sanguinis atque animi pectus inane fuit. 60

ibis et — o miseram! — cui me, violente, relinquis?
quis mihi desertae mite levamen erit?

devorer ante, precor, subito telluris hiatu
aut rutilo missi fulminis igne cremar,

quam sine me Pthiis canescant aequora remis, 65
et videam puppes ire relictas tuas!

si tibi iam reditusque placent patriique Penates,
non ego sum classi sarcina magna tuae.

victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum;
est mihi, quae lanas molliat, apta manus. 70

inter Achaeiadas longe pulcherrima matres

in thalamos coniunx ibit eatque tuos,
digna nurus socero, Iovis Aeginaeque nepote,
cuique senex Nereus prosocer esse velit.
nos humiles famulaeque tuae data pensa trahemus, 75
et minuent plenas stamina nostra colos.
exagitet ne me tantum tua, deprecor, uxor —
quae mihi nescio quo non erit aequa modo —
neve meos coram scindi patiare capillos
et leviter dicas: ‘haec quoque nostra fuit.’ 80
vel patiare licet, dum ne contempta relinquo —
hic mihi vae! miserae concutit ossa metus.
Quid tamen expectas? Agamemnona paenitet irae,
et iacet ante tuos Graecia maesta pedes.
vince animos iramque tuam, qui cetera vincis! 85
quid lacerat Danaas inpiger Hector opes?
arma cape, Aeacide, sed me tamen ante recepta,
et preme turbatos Marte favente viros!
propter me mota est, propter me desinat ira,
simque ego tristitiae causa modusque tuae. 90
nec tibi turpe puta precibus succumbere nostris;
coniugis Oenides versus in arma prece est.
res audita mihi, nota est tibi. fratribus orba
devovit nati spemque caputque parens.
bellum erat; ille ferox positus secessit ab armis 95
et patriae rigida mente negavit opem.
sola virum coniunx flexit. felicius illa!
at mea pro nullo pondere verba cadunt.
nec tamen indignor nec me pro coniuge gessi
saepius in domini serva vocata torum. 100
me quaedam, memini, dominam captiva vocabat.
‘servitio,’ dixi, ‘nominis addis onus.’
Per tamen ossa viri subito male tecta sepulcro,
semper iudiciis ossa verenda meis;
perque trium fortes animas, mea numina, fratrum, 105
qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent;
perque tuum nostrumque caput, quae iunximus una,
perque tuos enses, cognita tela meis —

nulla Mycenaeum sociasse cubilia mecum
iuro; fallentem deseruisse velis! 110
si tibi nunc dicam, fortissime: 'tu quoque iura
nulla tibi sine me gaudia capta!' neges.
at Danai maerere putant — tibi plectra moventur,
te tenet in tepido mollis amica sinu!
et quisquam quaerit, quare pugnare recuses? 115
pugna nocet, citharae voxque Venusque iuvant.
tutius est iacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam,
Threiciam digitis increpuisse lyram,
quam manibus clipeos et acutae cuspidis hastam,
et galeam pressa sustinuisse coma. 120
Sed tibi pro tutis insignia facta placebant,
partaque bellando gloria dulcis erat.
an tantum dum me caperes, fera bella probabas,
cumque mea patria laus tua victa iacet?
di melius! validoque, precor, vibrata lacerto 125
transeat Hectoreum Pelias hasta latus!
mittite me, Danai! dominum legata rogabo
multaque mandatis oscula mixta feram.
plus ego quam Phoenix, plus quam facundus Ulixes,
plus ego quam Teucri, credite, frater agam. 130
est aliquid collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,
praesentisque oculos admonuisse sui.
sis licet inmitis matrisque ferocior undis,
ut taceam, lacrimis conminuere meis.
Nunc quoque — sic omnes Peleus pater inpleat annos, 135
sic eat auspiciis Pyrrhus ad arma tuis! —
respice sollicitam Briseida, fortis Achille,
nec miseram lenta ferreus ure mora!
aut, si versus amor tuus est in taedia nostri,
quam sine te cogis vivere, coge mori! 140
utque facis, coges. abiit corpusque colorque;
sustinet hoc animae spes tamen una tui.
qua si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque —
nec tibi magnificum femina iussa mori.
cur autem iubeas? stricto pete corpora ferro; 145

est mihi qui fosso pectore sanguis eat.
me petat ille tuus, qui, si dea passa fuisset,
ensis in Atridae pectus iturus erat!
A, potius serves nostram, tua munera, vitam!
quod dederas hosti victor, amica rogo. 150
perdere quos melius possis, Neptunia praebent
Pergama; materiam caedis ab hoste pete.
me modo, sive paras inpellere remige classem,
sive manes, domini iure venire iube!

IV. Phaedra Hippolyto

Quam nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.
perlege, quodcumque est — quid epistula lecta nocebit?
te quoque in hac aliquid quod iuvet esse potest;
his arcana notis terra pelagoque feruntur. 5
inspicit acceptas hostis ab hoste notas.
Ter tecum conata loqui ter inutilis haesit
lingua, ter in primo restitit ore sonus.
qua licet et sequitur, pudor est miscendus amor;
dicere quae puduit, scribere iussit amor. 10
quidquid Amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum;
regnat et in dominos ius habet ille deos.
ille mihi primo dubitanti scribere dixit:
‘scribe! dabit victas ferreus ille manus.’
adsit et, ut nostras avido foveat igne medullas, 15
figat sic animos in mea vota tuos!
Non ego nequitia socialia foedera rumpam;
fama — velim quaeras — crimine nostra vacat.
venit amor gravius, quo serius — urimur intus;
urimur, et caecum pectora vulnus habent. 20
scilicet ut teneros laedunt iuga prima iuvencos,
frenaque vix patitur de grege captus equus,
sic male vixque subit primos rude pectus amores,
sarcinaque haec animo non sedet apta meo.
ars fit, ubi a teneris crimen condiscitur annis; 25
cui venit exacto tempore, peius amat.
tu nova servatae capies libamina famae,
et pariter nostrum fiet uterque nocens.
est aliquid, plenis pomaria carpere ramis,
et tenui primam delegere ungue rosam. 30
si tamen ille prior, quo me sine crimine gessi,
candor ab insolita labe notandus erat,
at bene successit, digno quod adurimur igni;
peius adulterio turpis adulter obest.

si mihi concedat Iuno fratremque virumque, 35
Hippolytum videor praepositura Iovi!
Iam quoque — vix credes — ignotas mittor in artes;
est mihi per saevas impetus ire feras.
iam mihi prima dea est arcu praesignis adunco
Delia; iudicium subsequor ipsa tuum. 40
in nemus ire libet pressisque in retia cervis
hortari celeris per iuga summa canes,
aut tremulum excusso iaculum vibrare lacerto,
aut in graminea ponere corpus humo.
saepe iuvat versare leves in pulvere currus 45
torquentem frenis ora fugacis equi;
nunc feror, ut Bacchi furiis Eleleides actae,
quaeque sub Idaeo tympana colle movent,
aut quas semideae Dryades Faunique bicornes
numine contactas attonuere suo. 50
namque mihi referunt, cum se furor ille remisit,
omnia; me tacitam conscius urit amor.
Forsitan hunc generis fato reddamus amorem,
et Venus ex tota gente tributa petat.
Iuppiter Europen — prima est ea gentis origo — 55
dilexit, tauro dissimulante deum.
Pasiphae mater, decepto subdita tauro,
enixa est utero crimen onusque suo.
perfidus Aegides, ducentia fila secutus,
curva meae fugit tecta sororis ope. 60
en, ego nunc, ne forte parum Minoia credar,
in socias leges ultima gentis eo!
hoc quoque fatale est: placuit domus una duabus;
me tua forma capit, capta parente soror.
Thesides Theseusque duas rapuere sorores — 65
ponite de nostra bina tropaea domo!
Tempore quo nobis inita est Cerealis Eleusin,
Gnosia me vellem detinuisset humus!
tunc mihi praecipue (nec non tamen ante placebas)
acer in extremis ossibus haesit amor. 70
candida vestis erat, praecincti flore capilli,

flava verecundus tinxerat ora rubor,
quemque vocant aliae vultum rigidumque trucemque,
pro rigido Phaedra iudice fortis erat.
sint procul a nobis iuvenes ut femina compti! — 75
fine coli modico forma virilis amat.
te tuus iste rigor positique sine arte capilli
et levis egregio pulvis in ore decet.
sive ferocis equi luctantia colla recurvas,
exiguo flexos miror in orbe pedes; 80
seu lentum valido torques hastile lacerto,
ora ferox in se versa lacertus habet,
sive tenes lato venabula cornea ferro.
denique nostra iuvat lumina, quidquid agis.
Tu modo duritiam silvis depone iugosis; 85
non sum militia digna perire tua.
quid iuvat incinctae studia exercere Dianae,
et Veneri numeros eripuisse suos?
quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est;
haec reparat vires fessaque membra novat. 90
arcus — et arma tuae tibi sunt imitanda Dianae —
si numquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.
clarus erat silvis Cephalus, multaeque per herbas
conconsiderant illo percutiente ferae;
nec tamen Aurorae male se praebebat amandum. 95
ibat ad hunc sapiens a sene diva viro.
saepe sub ilicibus Venerem Cinyraque creatum
sustinuit positos quaelibet herba duos.
arsit et Oenides in Maenalia Atalanta;
illa ferae spolium pignus amoris habet. 100
nos quoque quam primum turba numeremur in ista!
si Venerem tollas, rustica silva tua est.
ipsa comes veniam, nec me latebrosa movebunt
saxa neque obliquo dente timendus aper.
Aequora bina suis obpugnant fluctibus isthmon, 105
et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.
hic tecum Troezena colam, Pittheia regna;
iam nunc est patria carior illa mea.

tempore abest aberitque diu Neptunius heros;
illum Pirithoi detinet ora sui. 110
praeposuit Theseus — nisi si manifesta negamus —
Pirithoum Phaedrae Pirithoumque tibi.
sola nec haec ad nos iniuria venit ab illo;
in magnis laesi rebus uterque sumus.
ossa mei fratris clava perfracta trinodi 115
sparsit humi; soror est praeda relictā feris.
prima securigeras inter virtute puellas
te peperit, nati digna vigore parens;
si quaeras, ubi sit — Theseus latus ense peregit,
nec tanto mater pignore tuta fuit. 120
at ne nupta quidem taedaeque accepta iugali —
cur, nisi ne caperes regna paterna nothus?
addidit et fratres ex me tibi, quos tamen omnis
non ego tollendi causa, sed ille fuit.
o utinam nocitura tibi, pulcherrime rerum, 125
in medio nisu viscera rupta forent!
i nunc, sic meriti lectum reverere parentis —
quem fugit et factis abdicat ipse suis!
Nec, quia privigno videar coitura noverca,
terruerint animos nomina vana tuos. 130
ista vetus pietas, aevo moritura futuro,
rustica Saturno regna tenente fuit.
Iuppiter esse pium statuit, quodcumque iuvaret,
et fas omne facit fratre marita soror.
illa coit firma generis iunctura catena, 135
inposuit nodos cui Venus ipsa suos.
nec labor est celare, licet peccemus, amorem.
cognato poterit nomine culpa tegi.
viderit amplexos aliquis, laudabimur ambo;
dicar privigno fida noverca meo. 140
non tibi per tenebras duri reseranda mariti
ianua, non custos decipiendus erit;
ut tenuit domus una duos, domus una tenebit;
oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta dabis;
tutus eris mecum laudemque merebere culpa, 145

tu licet in lecto conspiciare meo.
tolle moras tantum properataque foedera iunge —
qui mihi nunc saevit, sic tibi parcat Amor!
non ego dedignor supplex humilisque precari.
heu! ubi nunc fastus altaque verba iacent? 150
et pugnare diu nec me submittere culpae
certa fui — certi siquid haberet amor;
victa precor genibusque tuis regalia tendo
bracchia! quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.
depudui, profugusque pudor sua signa reliquit. 155
Da veniam fassae duraque corda doma!
quod mihi sit genitor, qui possidet aequora, Minos,
quod veniant proavi fulmina torta manu,
quod sit avus radiis frontem vallatus acutis,
purpureo tepidum qui movet axe diem — 160
nobilitas sub amore iacet! miserere priorum
et, mihi si non vis parcere, parce meis!
est mihi dotalis tellus Iovis insula, Crete —
serviat Hippolyto regia tota meo!
Flecte, ferox, animos! potuit corrumpere taurum 165
mater; eris tauro saevior ipse truci?
per Venerem, parcas, oro, quae plurima mecum est!
sic numquam, quae te spernere possit, ames;
sic tibi secretis agilis dea saltibus adsit,
silvaeque perdendas praebeat alta feras; 170
sic faveant Satyri montanaque numina Panes,
et cadat adversa cuspide fossus aper;
sic tibi dent Nymphae, quamvis odisse puellas
diceris, arentem quae levet unda sitim!
Addimus his precibus lacrimas quoque; verba precantis 175
qui legis, et lacrimas finge videre meas!

V. Oenone Paridi

Nympha suo Paridi, quamvis suus esse recuset,
mittit ab Idaeis verba legenda iugis.

Perlegis? an coniunx prohibet nova? perlege! non est
ista Mycenaea littera facta manu.

Pedasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima silvis,
laesa queror de te, si sinis, ipse meo.

Quis deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis?
ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest?
leniter, e merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est;
quae venit indignae poena dolenda venit.

Nondum tantus eras, cum te contenta marito
edita de magno flumine nympha fui.

qui nunc Priamides (absit reverentia vero)
servus eras; servo nubere nympha tuli!
saepe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti
mixtaque cum foliis praebuit herba torum.

saepe super stramen fenoque iacentibus alto
defensa est humili cana pruina casa.

quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos
et tegeret catulos qua fera rupe suos?
retia saepe comes maculis distincta tetendi,
saepe citos egi per iuga longa canes.

incisae servant a te mea nomina fagi
et legor Oenone falce notata tua;
et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt;
crescite et in titulos surgite recta meos!

[Populus est, memini, fluviali consita rivo,
est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.]

popule, vive, precor, quae consita margine ripae
hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:

“cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relictā,
ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.”

Xanthe, retro propera versaeque recurrite lymphae!
sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.
Illa dies fatum miserae mihi dixit, ab illa
pessima mutati coepit amoris hiems,
qua Venus et Iuno sumptisque decentior armis
venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.
attoniti micuere sinus gelidusque cucurrit,
ut mihi narrasti, dura per ossa tremor.
consului (neque enim modice terrebar) anusque
longaevosque senes: constitit esse nefas.
Caesa abies sectaeque trabes et classe parata
caerula ceratas accipit unda rates.
flesti discedens. hoc saltem parce negare;
praeterito magis est iste pudendus amor.
et flesti et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos;
miscuimus lacrimas maestus uterque suas.
non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.
ah quotiens, cum te vento quererere teneri,
riserunt comites — ille secundus erat.
oscula dimissae quotiens repetita dedisti!
quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua “vale!”
Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
suscitat et remis eruta canet aqua.
prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,
qua licet, et lacrimis umet arena meis,
utque celer venias, virides Nereidas oro —
scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.
votis ergo meis, alii rediture, redisti?
ei mihi, pro dira paelice blanda fui!
Adspicit immensum moles nativa profundum
(mons fuit), aequoreis illa resistit aquis;
hinc ego vela tuae cognovi prima carinae
et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora.
pertimui: cultus non erat ille tuus.
fit propior terrasque cita ratis attigit aura:

femineas vidi corde tremante genas.
non satis id fuerat — quid enim furiosa morabar? —
haerebat gremio turpis amica tuo!
tunc vero rupique sinus et pectora planxi
et secui madidas ungue rigente genas
implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden
illuc has lacrimas in mea saxa tuli.
sic Helene doleat defectaque coniuge ploret,
quaeque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat!
Nunc tibi conveniunt, quae te per aperta sequantur
aequora legitimos destituantque viros.
at cum pauper eras armentaque pastor agebas,
nulla nisi Oenone pauperis uxor erat.
non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit
nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus,
non tamen ut Priamus nymphae socer esse recuset
aut Hecubae fuerim dissimulanda nurus.
dignaque sum et cupio fieri matrona potentis;
sunt mihi quas possint sceptrum decere manus.
nec me, faginea quod tecum fronde iacebam,
despice; purpureo sum magis apta toro.
Denique tutus amor meus est; ibi nulla parantur
bella nec ultrices advehit unda rates.
Tyndaris infestis fugitiva repositur armis;
hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.
quae si sit Danais reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,
vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga;
quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse,
consule, quis aetas longa magistra fuit.
turpe rudimentum, patriae praeponere raptam.
causa pudenda tua est; iusta vir arma movet.
Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Lacaenam,
quae sit in amplexus tam cito versa tuos.
ut minor Atrides temerati foedera lecti
clamat et externo laesus amore dolet,
tu quoque clamabis. nulla reparabilis arte
laesa pudicitia est; deperit illa semel.

ardet amore tui; sic et Menelaon amavit;
nunc iacet in viduo credulus ille toro.
felix Andromache certo bene nupta marito;
uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui.
tu levior foliis, tum cum sine pondere suci
mobilibus ventis arida facta volant.
et minus est in te quam summa pondus arista,
quae levis adsiduis solibus usta riget.
Hoc tua (nam recolo) quondam germana canebat
sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis:
“quid facis, Oenone? quid arenae semina mandas?
non profecturis litora bubus aras!
Graia iuvenca venit, quae te patriamque domumque
perdat! io prohibe! Graia iuvenca venit!
dum licet, obscenam ponto demergite puppim!
heu! quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vehit!”
dixerat; in cursu famulae rapuere furem,
at mihi flavescentes diriguere comae.
ah, nimium miserae vates mihi vera fuisti;
possidet en saltus Graia iuvenca meos!
sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certe est;
deseruit socios hospite capta deos.
illam de patria Theseus, nisi nomine fallor,
nescioquis Theseus abstulit ante sua.
a iuvene, et cupido, credatur reddita virgo?
unde hoc compererim tam bene quaeris? amo!
vim licet appelles et culpam nomine veles;
quae totiens rapta est, praebuit ipsa rapi.
at manet Oenone fallenti casta marito —
et poteras falli legibus ipse tuis:
Me Satyri celeres (silvis ego tecta latebam)
quaesierunt rapido, turba proterva, pede
cornigerumque caput pinu praecinctus acuta
Faunus, in immensis qua tumet Ida iugis.
me fide conspicuus Troiae munitor amavit;
ille meae spoliū virginitatis habet.
id quoque luctando; rupi tamen ungue capillos

oraeque sunt digitis aspera facta meis.
nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumque poposci;
turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt.
Ipse ratus dignam medicas mihi tradidit artes
admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.
quaecumque herba potens ad opem radixque medendi
utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.
me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!
deficior prudens artis ab arte mea.
ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheraeas
fertur et e nostro saucius igne fuit.
Quod nec graminibus tellus fecunda creandis
nec deus, auxilium tu mihi ferre potes.
et potes et merui. dignae miserere puellae!
non ego cum Danaïs arma cruenta fero.
sed tua sum tecumque fui puerilibus annis
et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor.

VI. Hypsipyle Iasoni

Lemnias Hypsipyle Bacchi genus Aesone nato
dicit: et in verbis pars quota mentis erat?

Litora Thessaliae reduci tetigisse carina
diceris auratae vellere dives ovis.
gratulor incolumi quantum sinis; hoc tamen ipso
debueram scripto certior esse tuo.
nam ne pacta tibi praeter mea regna redires,
cum cuperes, ventos non habuisse potes:
quamlibet adverso signatur epistula vento,
Hypsipyle missa digna salute fui!
Cur mihi fama prior quam littera nuntia venit:
isse sacros Martis sub iuga panda boves,
seminibus iactis segetes adolesse virorum
inque necem dextra non eguisse tua,
pervigilem spolium pecudis servasse draconem,
rapta tamen forti vellera fulva manu?
hoc ego si possem timide credentibus “ista
ipse mihi scripsit” dicere, quanta forem!
Quid queror officium lenti cessasse mariti?
obsequium, maneo si tua, grande tuli.
barbara narratur venisse venefica tecum
in mihi promissi parte recepta tori.
credula res amor est. utinam temeraria dicar
criminibus falsis insimulasse virum!
nuper ab Haemoniis hospes mihi Thessalus oris
venerat et tactum vix bene limen erat,
“Aesonides,” dixi, “quid agit meus?” ille pudore
haesit in opposita lumina fixus humo.
protinus exilui tunicisque a pectore ruptis
“vivit? an,” exclamo, “me quoque fata vocant?”
“vivit,” ait timidus; timidum iurare coegi.
vix mihi teste deo credita vita tua est.
Utque animus rediit, tua facta requirere coepi:

narrat aeripedes Martis arasse boves,
vipereos dentes in humum pro semine iactos
et subito natos arma tulisse viros,
terrigenas populos civili Marte peremptos
inplesse aetatis fata diurna suae.
devictus serpens. iterum, si vivat Iason,
quaerimus; alternant spesque timorque fidem.
Singula dum narrat, studio cursuque loquendi
detegit ingenio vulnera nostra suo.
heus, ubi pacta fides? ubi conubialia iura
faxque sub arsueros dignior ire rogos?
non ego sum furto tibi cognita. pronuba Iuno
affuit et sertis tempora vinctus Hymen.
at mihi nec Iuno nec Hymen, sed tristis Erinys
praetulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.
Quid mihi cum Minyis? quid cum Tritonide pinu?
quid tibi cum patria, navita Tiphy, mea?
non erat hic aries villo spectabilis aureo,
nec senis Aeetae regia Lemnos erat.
certa fui primo — sed me mala fata trahebant —
hospita feminea pellere castra manu
Lemniadesque viros — nimium quoque! — vincere norunt:
milite tam forti vita tuenda fuit!
Urbe virum vidi tectoque animoque recepi.
hic tibi bisque aestas bisque cucurrit hiems.
tertia messis erat, cum tu dare vela coactus
inplesti lacrimis talia verba tuis:
“abstrahor, Hypsipyle. sed dent modo fata recursus;
vir tuus hinc abeo, vir tibi semper ero.
quod tamen e nobis gravida celatur in alvo,
vivat et eiusdem simus uterque parens!”
Hactenus. et lacrimis in falsa cadentibus ora
cetera te memini non potuisse loqui.
Ultimus e sociis sacram conscendis in Argon;
illa volat, ventus concava vela tenet.
caerula propulsae subducitur unda carinae:
terra tibi, nobis adspiciuntur aquae.

in latus omne patens turris circumspicit undas;
huc feror et lacrimis osque sinusque madent.
per lacrimas specto cupidaeque faventia menti
longius adsueto lumina nostra vident.
adde preces castas inmixture vota timori
nunc quoque te salvo persoluenda mihi!
Vota ego persolvam? votis Medea fruatur!
cor dolet atque ira mixtus abundat amor.
dona feram templis, vivum quod Iasona perdo?
hostia pro damnis concidat icta meis?
Non equidem secura fui semperque verebar,
ne pater Argolica sumeret urbe nurum.
Argolidas timui — nocuit mihi barbara paelex!
non expectato vulnus ab hoste tuli.
nec facie meritisque placet, sed carmina novit
diraque cantata pabula falce metit.
illa reluctantem cursu deducere Lunam
nititur et tenebris abdere Solis equos;
illa refrenat aquas obliquaque flumina sistit,
illa loco silvas vivaque saxa movet.
per tumulos errat passis discincta capillis
certaque de tepidis colligit ossa rogis.
devovet absentis simulacraque cerea figit
et miserum tenues in iecur urget acus.
et quae nescierim melius: male quaeritur herbis
moribus et forma conciliandus amor.
Hanc potes amplecti thalamoque relictus in uno
inpavidus somno nocte silente frui?
scilicet ut tauros, ita te iuga ferre coegit:
quaque feros angues, te quoque mulcet ope.
adde quod adscribi factis procerumque tuisque
se favet et titulo coniugis uxor obest.
atque aliquis Peliae de partibus acta venenis
inputat et populum qui sibi credat habet:
non haec Aesonides, sed Phasias Aeetine
aurea Phrixeae terga revellit ovis.
non probat Alcimedea mater tua — consule matrem! —

non pater, a gelido cui venit axe nurus.
illa sibi a Tanai Scythiaeque paludibus udae
quaerat et a patria Phasidis usque virum.
Mobilis Aesonide vernaque incertior aura,
cur tua polliciti pondere verba carent?
vir meus hinc ieras, vir non meus inde redisti —
sim reducis coniunx, sicut euntis eram.
si te nobilitas generosaque nomina tangunt:
en ego Minoo nata Thoante feror.
Bacchus avus: Bacchi coniunx redimita corona
prae-radiat stellis signa minora suis.
dos tibi Lemnos erit, terra ingeniosa colenti;
me quoque dotalis inter habere potes.
Nunc etiam peperit. gratare ambobus, Iason —
dulce mihi gravidae fecerat auctor onus.
felix in numero quoque sum prolemque gemellam
pignora Lucina bina favente dedi.
si quaeris, cui sint similes, cognosceris illis:
fallere non norunt, cetera patris habent;
legatos quos paene dedi pro matre ferendos;
sed tenuit coeptas saeva noverca vias.
Medeam timui — plus est Medea noverca —
Medeae faciunt ad scelus omne manus.
Spargere quae fratris potuit lacerata per agros
corpora, pignoribus parceret illa meis?
hanc, tamen o demens Colchisque ablate venenis,
diceris Hypsipyles praeposuisse toro?
turpiter illa virum cognovit adultera virgo,
me tibi teque mihi taeda pudica dedit.
prodidit illa patrem — rapui de caede Thoanta.
deseruit Colchos — me mea Lemnos habet.
Quid refert, scelerata piam si vincit? et ipso
crimine dotata est emeruitque virum.
Lemniadum facinus culpo, non miror, Iason!
quamlibet ignavis ipse dat arma dolor.
dic age, si ventis ut oportuit actus iniquis
intrasses portus tuque comesque meos

obviaque exissem fetu comitante gemello —
hiscere nempe tibi terra roganda fuit! —
quo vultu natos, quo me scelerate videres?
perfidiae pretio qua nece dignus eras?
ipse quidem per me tutus sospesque fuisses,
non quia tu dignus, sed quia mitis ego.
paelicis ipsa meos implessem sanguine vultus,
quosque veneficiis abstulit illa suis.
Medeae Medea forem. quod si quid ab alto
iustus adest votis Iuppiter ipse meis,
quod gemit Hypsipyle, lecti quoque subnuba nostri
maereat et leges sentiat ipsa suas
utque ego destituor coniunx materque duorum,
a totidem natis orba sit aque viro!
nec male parta diu teneat peiusque relinquat:
exulet et toto quaerat in orbe fugam.
quam fratri germana fuit miseroque parenti
filia tam natis, tam sit acerba viro!
cum mare, cum terras consumpserit, aera temptet;
erret inops, exspes, caede cruenta sua.
haec ego, coniugio fraudata Thoantias, oro.
vivite devoto nuptaque virque toro!

VII. Dido Aeneae

Accipe, Dardanide, moriturae carmen Elissae;
quae legis a nobis ultima verba legi.

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis
ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor.
Nec quia te nostra sperem prece posse moveri,
alloquor: adverso movimus ista deo!
sed meriti famam corpusque animumque pudicum
cum male perdiderim, perdere verba leve est.

Certus es ire tamen miseramque relinquere Didon
atque idem venti vela fidemque ferent.
certus es, Aenea, cum foedere solvere naves
quaeque ubi sint nescis, Italia regna sequi.
nec nova Karthago, nec te crescentia tangunt
moenia nec sceptro tradita summa tuo.
facta fugis, facienda petis; quaerenda per orbem
altera, quaesita est altera terra tibi.
ut terram invenias, quis eam tibi tradet habendam?
quis sua non notis arva tenenda dabit?
alter habendus amor tibi restat et altera Dido
quamque iterum fallas, altera danda fides.
quando erit, ut condas instar Karthaginis urbem
et videas populos altus ab arce tuos?
omnia ut eveniant, nec di tua vota morentur,
unde tibi, quae te sic amet, uxor erit?
Uror ut inducto ceratae sulphure taedae,
ut pia fumosis addita tura rogis.
Aeneas oculis vigilantis semper inhaeret;
Aenean animo noxque diesque refert.
ille quidem male gratus et ad mea munera surdus
et quo, si non sim stulta, carere velim.
non tamen Aenean, quamvis male cogitat, odi,
sed queror infidum questaque peius amo.

parce, Venus, nurui, durumque amplectere fratrem,
frater Amor; castris militet ille tuis.
aut ego quem coepi — neque enim dedignor — amare,
materiam curae praebeat ille meae.
Fallor et ista mihi falso iactatur imago:
matris ab ingenio dissidet ille suae.
te lapis et montes innataque rupibus altis
robora, te saevae progenuere ferae
aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis:
qua tamen adversis fluctibus ire paras?
quo fugis? obstat hiems. hiemis mihi gratia prosit!
adspice ut eversas concitet Eurus aquas.
quod tibi malueram, sine me debere procellis;
iustior est animo ventus et unda tuo.
Non ego sum tanti, quod non cessaris, inique,
ut pereas, dum me per freta longa fugis.
exerces pretiosa odia et constantia magno,
si, dum me careas, est tibi vile mori.
iam venti ponent, strataque aequaliter unda
caeruleis Triton per mare curret equis.
tu quoque cum ventis utinam mutabilis esses
et, nisi duritia robora vincis, eris.
quid, si nescires, insana quid aequora possunt,
expertae totiens tam male credis aquae?
ut, pelago suadente etiam, retinacula solvas,
multa tamen latus tristia pontus habet.
nec violasse fidem temptantibus aequora prodest;
perfidiae poenas exigit ille locus,
praecipue cum laesus amor, quia mater Amorum
nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis.
Perdita ne perdam, timeo, noceamve nocenti
neu bibat aequoreas naufragus hostis aquas.
vive, precor! sic te melius quam funere perdam,
tu potius leti causa ferere mei.
finge, age, te rapido — nullum sit in omine pondus! —
turbine deprendi; quid tibi mentis erit?
protinus occurrent falsae periuria linguae

et Phrygia Dido fraude coacta mori;
coniugis ante oculos deceptae stabit imago
tristis et effusis sanguinolenta comis.
quidquid id est “tantum merui! concedite!” dicas,
quaeque cadent in te fulmina missa putes!
Da breve saevitiae spatium pelagique tuaeque;
grande morae pretium tuta futura via est.
nec mihi tu curae; puero parcatur Iulo!
te satis est titulum mortis habere meae.
quid puer Ascanius, quid di meruere Penates?
ignibus ereptos obruet unda deos?
sed neque fers tecum, nec, quae mihi, perfide, iactas,
presserunt umeros sacra paterque tuos.
omnia mentiris; neque enim tua fallere lingua
incipit a nobis, primaque plector ego:
si quaeras ubi sit formosi mater Iuli —
occidit a duro sola relictā viro!
haec mihi narraras, at me movere merentem.
inde minor culpa poena futura mea est.
Nec mihi mens dubia est, quin te tua numina damnent:
per mare, per terras septima iactat hiems.
fluctibus eiectum tuta statione recepi
vixque bene audito nomine regna dedi.
his tamen officiis utinam contenta fuisset
nec mea concubitu fama sepulta foret!
illa dies nocuit, qua nos declive sub antrum
caeruleus subitis compulit imber aquis.
audieram vocem; nymphas ululasse putavi:
Eumenides fati signa dedere meis.
Exige, laese pudor, poenas, violataque lecti
iura neque ad cineres fama retenta meos!
vosque mei manes animaeque cinisque Sychaei,
ad quas, me miseram, plena pudoris eo.
est mihi marmorea sacratus in aede Sychaeus;
oppositae frondes velleraque alba tegunt.
hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari;
ipse sono tenui dixit “Elissa, veni!”

Nulla mora est: venio, venio tibi debita coniunx, —
sum tamen admisso tarda pudore meo!
da veniam culpae; decepit idoneus auctor;
invidiam noxae detrahit ille meae.
diva parens seniorque pater, pia sarcina nati,
spem mihi mansuri rite dedere viri.
si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas:
adde fidem, nulla parte pigendus erit.
Durat in extremum vitaeque novissima nostrae
prosequitur fati, qui fuit ante, tenor:
occidit internas coniunx mactatus ad aras
et sceleris tanti praemia frater habet,
exul agor cineresque viri patriamque relinquo
et feror in dubias hoste sequente vias;
adplicor ignotis fratrique elapsa fretoque;
quod tibi donavi, perfide, litus emo.
urbem constitui lateque patentia fixi
moenia finitimis invidiosa locis.
bella tument. bellis peregrina et femina temptor
vixque rudis portas urbis et arma paro.
mille procis placui, qui me coiere querentes
nescio quem thalamis praeposuisse suis.
quid dubitas vinctam Gaetulo tradere Iarbae?
praeberim sceleri bracchia nostra tuo.
est etiam frater, cuius manus impia poscit
respergi nostro sparsa cruore viri.
pone deos et quae tangendo sacra profanas!
non bene caelestis impia dextra colit.
si tu cultor eras elapsis igne futurus,
paenitet elapsos ignibus esse deos.
Forsitan et gravidam Didon, scelerate, relinquo
parsque tui lateat corpore clausa meo.
accedet fati matris miserabilis infans
et nondum nato funeris auctor eris.
cumque parente sua frater morietur Iuli,
poenaque conexos auferet una duos.
“Sed iubet ire deus.” vellem, vetuisset adire

Punica nec Teucris pressa fuisset humus.
hoc duce nempe deo ventis agitaris iniquis
et teris in rapido tempora longa freto?
Pergama vix tanto tibi erant repetenda labore,
Hectore si vivo quanta fuere forent.
non patrium Simoenta petis, sed Thybridis undas,
nempe ut pervenias quo cupis hospes eris.
utque latet vitatque tuis obtrusa carinis,
vix tibi continget terra petita seni.
Hos potius populos in dotem ambage remissa
accipe et advectas Pygmalionis opes.
Ilion in Tyriam transfer felicius urbem
resque loco regis sceptraque sacra tene!
si tibi mens avida est belli, si quaerit Iulus,
unde suo partus Marte triumphus eat,
quem superet, nequid desit praebebimus hostem;
hic pacis leges, hic locus arma capit.
tu modo — per matrem fraternaue tela, sagittas,
perque fugae comites, Dardana sacra, deos! —
sic superent, quoscumque tua de gente reportas
Mars ferus et damni sit modus ille tui
Ascaniusque suos feliciter inpleat annos
et senis Anchisae molliter ossa cubent! —
parce, precor, domui, quae se tibi tradit habendam!
quod crimen dicis praeter amasse meum?
non ego sum Pthias magnisque oriunda Mycenis,
nec steterunt in te virque paterque meus.
si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospita dicar;
dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.
Nota mihi freta sunt Afrum plangentia litus;
temporibus certis dantque negantque viam:
cum dabit aura viam, praebebis carbasa ventis;
nunc levis eiectam continet alga ratem.
tempus ut observem, manda mihi: certius ibis,
nec te, si cupies, ipsa manere sinam.
et socii requiem poscunt, laniataque classis
postulat exiguas semirefecta moras.

pro meritis et siqua tibi debebimus ultra,
pro spe coniugii tempora parva peto:
dum freta mitescunt et amor, dum temperat usum,
fortiter edisco tristia posse pati.
Si minus, est animus nobis effundere vitam;
in me crudelis non potes esse diu.
adspicias utinam, quae sit scribentis imago;
scribimus, et gremio Troicus ensis adest;
perque genas lacrimae strictum labuntur in ensem,
qui iam pro lacrimis sanguine tinctus erit.
quam bene conveniunt fato tua munera nostro!
instruis impensa nostra sepulcra brevi.
nec mea nunc primum feriuntur pectora telo:
ille locus saevi vulnus amoris habet.
Anna soror, soror Anna, meae male conscia culpaе,
iam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.
nec consumpta rogis inscribar Elissa Sychaei,
hoc tantum in tumuli marmore carmen erit:
praebuit aeneas et causam mortis et ensem.
ipsa sua Dido concidit usa manu.

VIII. Hermione Oresti

Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque
nunc fratrem. nomen coniugis alter habet.

Pyrrhus Achillides, animosus imagine patris,
inclusam contra iusque piumque tenet.
quod potui renui, ne non invita tenerer,
cetera femineae non valere manus.

“quid facis, Aeacidae? non sum sine vindice!” dixi
“haec tibi sub domino est, Pyrrhe, puella suo!”

surdior ille freto clamantem nomen Orestis
traxit inornatis in sua tecta comis.

quid gravius capta Lacedaemone serva tulissem,
si raperet Graias barbara turba nurus?
parcius Andromachen vexavit Achaia victrix,
cum Danaus Phrygias ureret ignis opes.

At tu, cura mei si te pia tangit, Oreste,
inice non timidas in tua iura manus!
an si quis rapiat stabulis armenta reclusis,
arma feras, rapta coniuge lentus eris?

sit socer exemplo nuptae repetitor ademptae,
cui pia militiae causa puella fuit;
si pater ignavus vidua plorasset in aula,
nupta foret Paridi mater, ut ante fuit.

Nec tu mille rates sinuosaque vela pararis
nec numeros Danai militis: ipse veni!
sic quoque eram repetenda tamen, nec turpe marito
aspera pro caro bella tulisse toro.

quid, quod avus nobis idem Pelopeius Atreus,
et si non esses vir mihi, frater eras.
vir, precor, uxori, frater succurre sorori;
instant officio nomina bina tuo.

Me tibi Tyndareus, vita gravis auctor et annis
tradidit; arbitrium neptis habebat avus.

at pater Aeacidae promiserat inscius acti;
plus patre, quo prior est ordine, posset avus.
cum tibi nubebam, nulli mea taeda nocebat;
si iungar Pyrrho, tu mihi laesus eris.
et pater ignoscet nostro Menelaus amori;
succubuit telis praepetis ipse dei.
quem sibi permisit, genero concedet amorem.
proderit exemplo mater amata suo.
tu mihi, quod matri pater est. quas egerat olim
Dardanius partes advena, Pyrrhus agit.
ille licet patriis sine fine superbiat actis;
et tu quae referas facta parentis habes.
Tantalides omnes ipsumque regebat Achillem;
hic pars militiae, dux erat ille ducum.
tu quoque habes proavum Pelopem Pelopisque parentem;
si melius numeres, a Iove quintus eris.
Nec virtute cares. arma invidiosa tulisti;
sed tu quid faceres? induit illa pater.
materia vellem fortis meliore fuisses;
non lecta est operi, sed data causa tuo.
hanc tamen implesti; iuguloque Aegisthus aperto
tectis cruentavit, quae pater ante tuus.
increpat Aeacides laudemque in crimina vertit;
et tamen aspectus sustinet ille meos.
rumpor et ora mihi pariter cum mente tumescunt
pectoraque inclusis ignibus usta dolent.
Hermione coram quisquamne obiecit Oresti,
nec mihi sunt vires, nec ferus ensis adest!
flere licet certe; flendo diffundimus iram,
perque sinum lacrimae fluminis instar eunt.
has semper solas habeo semperque profundo;
ument incultae fonte perenne genae.
Num generis fato, quod nostros errat in annos,
Tantalides matres apta rapina sumus?
non ego fluminei referam mendacia cygni
nec querar in plumis delituisse Iovem.
qua duo porrectus longe freta distinet Isthmos,

vecta peregrinis Hippodamia rotis.
Castori Amyclaeo et Amyclaeo Polluci
reddita Moposia Taenaris urbe soror;
Taenaris Idaeο trans aequor ab hospite rapta
Argolicas pro se vertit in arma manus.
vix equidem memini. memini tamen: omnia luctus,
omnia solliciti plena timoris erant.
flebat avus Phoebeque soror fratresque gemelli,
orabat superos Leda suumque Iovem.
ipsa ego non longos etiam tunc scissa capillos
clamabam “sine me, me sine, mater abis?”
nam coniunx aberat. ne non Pelopeia credar,
ecce Neoptolemo praeda parata fui.
Pelides utinam vitasset Apollinis arcus!
damnaret nati facta proterva pater.
nec quondam placuit nec nunc placuisset Achilli
abducta viduum coniuge flere virum.
quae mea caelestes iniuria fecit iniquos?
quodve mihi miserae sidus obesse querar?
parva mea sine matre fui; pater arma ferebat;
et duo cum vivant, orba duobus eram.
non tibi blanditias primis, mea mater, in annis
incerto dictas ore puella tuli.
non ego captavi brevibus tua colla lacertis,
nec gremio sedi sarcina grata tuo.
non cultus tibi cura mei, nec pacta marito
intravi thalamos matre parante novos.
obvia prodieram reduci tibi — vera fatebor —
nec facies nobis nota parentis erat!
te tamen esse Helenen, quod eras pulcherrima, sensi;
ipsa requirebas quae tua nata foret.
Pars haec una mihi, coniunx bene cessit Orestes;
is quoque, ni pro se pugnet, ademptus erit.
Pyrrhus habet captam reduce et victore parente;
munus et hoc nobis diruta Troia dedit!
cum tamen altus equis Titan radiantibus instant,
perfruo infelix liberiore malo;

nox ubi me thalamis ululantem et acerba gementem
 condidit in maesto procubuique toro,
pro somno lacrimis oculi funguntur abortis
 quaque licet fugio sicut ab hoste viro.
saepe malis stupeo rerumque oblita locique
 ignara tetigi Scyria membra manu;
utque nefas sensi, male corpora tacta relinquo
 et mihi pollutas credor habere manus.
saepe Neoptolemi pro nomine nomen Orestis
 exit, et errorem vocis ut omen amo.
Per genus infelix iuro generisque parentem,
 qui freta, qui terras et sua regna quatit;
per patris ossa tui, patrui mihi, quae tibi debent,
 quod se sub tumulo fortiter ulta iacent:
aut ego praemoriar primoque exstinguar in aevo,
 aut ego Tantalidae Tantalus uxor ero!

IX. Deianira Herculi

Mittor ad Alciden a coniuge conscia mentis
littera si coniunx Deianira tua est.

Gratulor Oechaliam titulis accedere nostris,
victorem victae succubuisse queror.
fama Pelasgiadas subito pervenit in urbes
decolor et factis infitianda tuis,
quem numquam Iuno seriesque inmensa laborum
fregerit, huic Iolen inposuisse iugum.
hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc germana Tonantis,
laetaque sit vitae labe noverca tuae.
at non ille velit, cui nox (si creditur) una
non tanti, ut tantus conciperere, fuit.
Plus tibi quam Iuno nocuit Venus: illa premendo
sustulit, haec humili sub pede colla tenet.
respice vindicibus pacatum viribus orbem,
qua latam Nereus caerulus ambit humum.
se tibi pax terrae, tibi se tuta aequora debent;
implesti meritis Solis utramque domum.
quod te laturum est, caelum prius ipse tulisti:
Hercule supposito sidera fulsit Atlans.
quid nisi notitia est misero quaesita pudori,
si cumulas sturpi facta priora nota?
tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,
cum tener in cunis iam Iove dignus eras?
coepisti melius quam desinis; ultima primis
cedunt: dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.
quem non mille ferae, quem non Stheneleius hostis,
non potuit Iuno vincere, vincit Amor.
At bene nupta feror, quia nominer Herculis uxor,
sitque socer, rapidis qui tonat altus equis.
quam male inaequales veniunt ad aratra iuvenci,
tam premitur magno coniuge nupta minor.
non honor est sed onus species laesura ferentes:

siqua voles apte nubere, nube pari.
vir mihi semper abest, et coniuge notior hospes
monstraque terribiles persequiturque feras.
ipsa domo vidua votis operata pudicis
torqueor, infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat;
inter serpentes aprosque avidosque leones
iactor et haesuros terna per ora canes.
me pecudum fibrae simulacraque inania somni
ominaque arcana nocte petita movent.

aucupor infelix incertae murmura famae
speque timor dubia spesque timore cadit.
mater abest queriturque deo placuisse potenti,
nec pater Amphitryon nec puer Hyllus adest.
arbiter Eurystheus astu Iunonis iniquae
sentitur nobis iraque longa deae.
Haec mihi ferre parum; peregrinos addis amores,
et mater de te quaelibet esse potest.
non ego Partheniis temeratam vallibus Augen
nec referam partus, Ormeni nympha, tuos;
non tibi crimen erunt, Teuthrantia turba, sorores,
quarum de populo nulla relictæ tibi est.
una, recens crimen, referetur adultera nobis,
unde ego sum Lydo facta noverca Lamo.
Maeandros, totiens qui terris errat in isdem,
qui lassas in se saepe retorquet aquas,
vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo,
illo, cui caelum sarcina parva fuit.
non puduit fortes auro cohibere lacertos
et solidis gemmas opposuisse toris?
nempe sub his animam pestis Nemeaea lacertis
edidit, unde umerus tegmina laevus habet.
ausus es hirsutos mitra redimire capillos!
aptior Herculeae populus alba comae.
nec te Maeonia lascivæ more puellæ
incingi zona dedecuisse pudet?
non tibi succurrit crudi Diomedis imago,

efferus humana qui dape pavit equas?
si te vidisset cultu Busiris in isto,
huic victor victo nempe pudendus eras!
detrahat Antaeus duro redimicula collo,
ne pigeat molli succubuisse viro!
Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
diceris et dominae pertimuisse minas.
non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum
rasilibus calathis inposuisse manum
crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila
aequaque formosae pensa rependis erae?
a! quotiens, digitis dum torques stamina duris,
praevalidae fusos conminuere manus!
[Credetis infelix scuticae tremefactis habenis
ante pedes dominae pertimuisse minas ...
eximiis pompis, immania semina laudim]
factaque narrabas dissimulanda tibi:
scilicet: immanes elisis faucibus hydros
infantem caudis involuisse manum;
ut Tegeaeus aper cupressifero Erymantho
incubet et vasto pondere laedat humum;
non tibi Threiciis adfixa penatibus ora,
non hominum pingues caede tacentur equae,
prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Hiberi
Geryones, quamvis in tribus unus erat;
inque canes totidem trunco digestus ab uno
Cerberos implicitis angue minante comis;
quaeque redundabat fecundo vulnere serpens
fertilis et damnis dives ab ipsa suis,
quique inter laevumque latus laevumque lacertum
praegrave compressa fauce pependit onus,
et male confisum pedibus formaque bimembri
pulsum Thessalicis agmen equestre iugis.
Haec tu Sidonio potes insignitus amictu
dicere? non cultu lingua retenta silet?
se quoque nympha tuis ornavit Dardanis armis
et tulit a capto nota tropaea viro.

i nunc, tolle animos et fortia gesta recense:
quo tu non esses, iure vir illa fuit.
qua tanto minor es, quanto te, maxime rerum,
quam quos vicisti, vincere maius erat.
illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum,
cede bonis: heres laudis amica tuae.
o pudor! hirsuti costis exuta leonis
aspera texerunt vellera molle latus!
falleris et nescis: non sunt spolia illa leonis,
sed tua, tuque feri victor es, illa tui.
femina tela tulit Lernaëis atra venenis,
ferre gravem lana vix satis apta colum,
instruxitque manum clava domitrice ferarum
vidit et in speculo coniugis arma sui.
Haec tamen audieram; licuit non credere famae,
et venit ad sensus mollis ab aure dolor.
ante meos oculos adducitur advena paelex,
nec mihi, quae patior, dissimulare licet!
non sinis averti: mediam captiva per urbem
invitis oculis adspicienda venit.
nec venit incultis captarum more capillis:
fortunam vultu fassa decente suam
ingreditur late lato spectabilis auro,
qualiter in Phrygia tu quoque cultus eras;
dat vultum populo sublimis ut Hercule victo:
Oechaliæ vivo stare parente putes;
forsitan et pulsa Aetolide Deianira
nomine deposito paelicis uxor erit,
Eurytidosque Ioles Atque Aonii Alcidae
turpia famosus corpora iunget Hymen.
mens fugit admonitu, frigusque perambulat artus,
et iacet in gremio languida facta manus.
Me quoque cum multis, sed me sine crimine amasti;
ne pigeat, pugnae bis tibi causa fui.
cornua flens legit ripis Achelous in udis
truncaque limosa tempora mersit aqua;
semivir occubuit in letifero Eueno

Nessus et infecit sanguis equinus aquas.
sed quid ego haec refero? scribenti nuntia venit
fama virum tunicae tabe perire meae.
ei mihi! quid feci? quo me furor egit amantem?
impia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
An tuus in media coniunx lacerabitur Oeta,
tu sceleris tanti causa superstes eris?
siquid adhuc habeo facti, cur Herculis uxor
credar, coniugii mors mea pignus erit.
tu quoque cognosces in me, Meleagre, sororem!
impia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
Heu devota domus! solio sedet Agrios alto;
Oenea desertum nuda senecta premit;
exulat ignotis Tydeus germanus in oris;
alter fatali vivus in igne fuit;
exegit ferrum sua per praecordia mater.
impia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
Deprecor hoc unum per iura sacerrima lecti,
ne videar fatis insidiata tuis.
Nessus, ut est avidum percussus harundine pectus,
“hic,” dixit, “vires sanguis amoris habet.”
illita Nesseo misi tibi texta veneno.
impia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
Iamque vale, seniorque pater germanaque Gorge
et patria et patriae frater adempte tuae
et tu lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris
virque — sed o possis! — et puer Hylle, vale!

X. Ariadne Theseo

Illa relicta feris etiam nunc, improbe Theseu
vivit. Et haec aequa mente tulisse velis?

Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum;
credita non ulli quam tibi peius eram.

quae legis, ex illo, Theseu, tibi litore mitto
unde tuam sine me vela tulere ratem,
in quo me somnusque meus male prodidit et tu,
per facinus somnis insidiate meis.

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
spargitur et tectae fronde queruntur aves;
incertum vigilans ac somno languida movi

Thesea prensuras semisupina manus:
nullus erat. referoque manus iterumque retempto
perque torum moveo bracchia: nullus erat.

excussere metus somnum; conterrita surgo
membraque sunt viduo praecipitata toro.

protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis
utque erat e somno turbida, rupta coma est.

Luna fuit; specto siquid nisi litora cernam;
quod videant oculi, nil nisi litus habent.

nunc huc, nunc illuc et utroque sine ordine, curro,
alta puellares tardat harena pedes.

interea toto clamanti litore “Theseu!”

reddebant nomen concava saxa tuum
et quotiens ego te, totiens locus ipse vocabat;
ipse locus miserae ferre volebat opem.

Mons fuit; apparent frutices in vertice rari;
hinc scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.

adscendo; vires animus dabat; atque ita late
aequora prospectu metior alta meo.

inde ego — nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa —
vidi praecipiti carbasa tenta Noto.

aut vidi aut fuerant quae me vidisse putarem;
frigidior glacie semianimisque fui.
nec languere diu patitur dolor. excitor illo,
excitor et summa Thesea voce voco.
“quo fugis?” exclamo “scelerate revertere Theseu!
flecte ratem! numerum non habet illa suum!”
Haec ego. quod voci deerat, plangore replebam;
verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.
si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses:
iactatae late signa dedere manus.
candidaque imposui longae velamina virgae
scilicet oblitos admonitura mei.
iamque oculis ereptus eras. tum denique fleui;
torpuerant molles ante dolore genae.
quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina flerent,
postquam desieram vela videre tua?
aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,
qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha deo;
aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi,
quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.
saepe torum repeto qui nos acceperat ambos,
sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat
et tua quae possum pro te vestigia tango
strataque quae membris intepuere tuis.
incumbo lacrimisque toro manante profusis
“pressimus” exclamo “te duo, redde duos!
venimus huc ambo; cur non discedimus ambo?
perfide, pars nostri, lectule, maior ubi est?”
Quid faciam? quo sola ferar? vacat insula cultu;
non hominum video, non ego facta boum.
omne latus terrae cingit mare; navita nusquam.
nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.
finge dari comitesque mihi ventosque ratemque,
quid sequar? accessus terra paterna negat.
ut rate felici pacata per aequora labar,
temperet ut ventos Aeolus; exul ero.
non ego te, Crete, centum digesta per urbes,

adspiciam, puero cognita terra Iovi.
at pater et tellus iusto regnata parenti
 proditum sunt factum, nomina cara, meo,
cum tibi, ne victor tecto morerere recurvo,
 quae regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi.
tum mihi dicebas: “per ego ipsa pericula iuro
 te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meum.”
Vivimus, et non sum, Theseu, tua, si modo vivis,
 femina periuri fraude sepulta viri.
me quoque, qua fratrem mactasses, improbe, clava!
 esset, quam dederas, morte soluta fides.
nunc ego non tantum, quae sum passura, recordor,
 sed quaecumque potest ulla relictum pati.
occurrunt animo pereundi mille figurae,
 morsque minus poenae quam mora mortis habet.
iam iam venturos aut hac aut suspicor illac,
 qui lanient avido viscera dente lupos.
forsitan et fulvos tellus alat ista leones?
 quis scit an et saevas tigridas insula habet.
et freta dicuntur magnas expellere phocas;
 quis vetat et gladios per latus ire meum?
Tantum ne religer dura captiva catena,
 neve traham serva grandia pensa manu,
cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phoebi,
 quodque magis memini, quae tibi pacta fui!
si mare, si terras porrectaque litora vidi,
 multa mihi terrae, multa minantur aquae.
caelum restabat; timeo simulacra deorum;
 destituor rapidis praeda cibusque feris.
sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis;
 externos didici laesa timere viros.
Viveret Androgeos utinam, nec facta luisses
 impia funeribus, Cecropi terra, tuis;
nec tua mactasset nodoso stipite, Theseu,
 ardua parte virum dextera, parte bovem;
nec tibi, quae reditus monstrarent, fila dedissem,
 fila per adductas saepe recepta manus.

non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum
strataque Cretaeam belua planxit humum.
non poterant figi praecordia ferrea cornu;
ut te non tegeres, pectore tutus eras.
illic tu silices, illic adamanta tulisti,
illic, qui silices, Thesea, vincat, habes.
Crudeles somni, quid me tenuistis inertem?
aut semel aeterna nocte premenda fui.
vos quoque crudeles venti, nimiumque parati
flaminaque in lacrimas officiosa meas;
dextera crudelis, quae me fratremque necavit,
et data poscenti, nomen inane, fides:
in me iurarunt somnus ventusque fidesque:
proditum sum causis una puella tribus.
Ergo ego nec lacrimas matris moritura videbo
nec mea qui digitis lumina condant, erit.
spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras
nec positos artus unguet amica manus.
ossa superstabunt volucres inhumata marinae;
haec sunt officiis digna sepulcra meis.
ibis Cecropios portus patriaque receptus,
cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tuae
et bene narraris letum taurique virique
sectaque per dubias saxea tecta vias;
me quoque narrato sola tellure relictam;
non ego sum titulis subripienda tuis!
nec pater est Aegeus, nec tu Pittheidos Aethrae
filius; auctores saxa fretumque tui.
Di facerent ut me summa de puppe videres,
movisset vultus maesta figura tuos.
nunc quoque non oculis, sed qua potes, adspice mente
haerentem scopulo quem vaga pulsant aquae;
adspice demissos lugentis more capillos
et tunicas lacrimis sicut ab imbre graves!
corpus ut impulsae segetes aquilonibus horret
litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat.
non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adoro;

debita sit facto gratia nulla meo.
sed ne poena quidem. si non ego causa salutis,
non tamen est cur sis tu mihi causa necis.
Has tibi plangendo lugubria pectora lassas
infelix tendo trans freta lata manus;
hos tibi qui superant ostendo maesta capillos;
per lacrimas oro, quas tua facta movent:
flecte ratem, Theseu, versoque relabere vento;
si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa feres.

XI. Canace Macareo

Aeolis Aeolidae quam non habet ipsa salutem
mittit et armata verba notata manu.

Siqua tamen caecis errabunt scripta lituris,
oblitus a dominae caede libellus erit.
dextra tenet calamus, strictum tenet altera ferrum
et iacet in gremio charta soluta meo.
haec est Aeolidos fratri scribentis imago;
sic videor duro posse placere patri.

Ipse necis cuperem nostrae spectator adesset
auctorisque oculis exigeretur opus
ut ferus est multoque suis truculentior euris,
spectasset siccis vulnera nostra genis.
scilicet est aliquid cum saevis vivere ventis;
ingenio populi convenit ille sui.

ille Noto Zephyroque et Sithonio Aquiloni
imperat et pinnis, Eure proterve, tuis.
imperat heu! ventis; tumidae non imperat irae
possidet et vitiis regna minora suis.

quid iuvat admotam per avorum nomina caelo
inter cognatos posse referre Iovem?
num minus infestum, funebria munera, ferrum
feminea teneo, non mea tela, manu?

O utinam, Macareu, quae nos commisit in unum,
venisset leto senior hora meo!

cur umquam plus me, frater, quam frater amasti
et tibi, non debet quod soror esse, fui?

ipsa quoque incalui, qualemque audire solebam,
nescio quem sensi corde tepente deum.

fugerat ore color, macies adduxerat artus,
sumebant minimos ora coacta cibos;

nec somni faciles et nox erat annua nobis
et gemitum nullo laesa dolore dabam.

nec cur haec facerem, poteram mihi reddere causam
nec noram quid amans esset; at illud eram.
Prima malum nutrix animo praesensit anili;
prima mihi nutrix “Aeoli,” dixit, “amas!”
erubui gremioque pudor deiecit ocellos;
haec satis in tacita signa fatentis erant.
iamque tumescebant vitiati pondera ventris
aegraque furtivum membra gravabat onus.
quas mihi non herbas, quae non medicamina nutrix
attulit audaci supposuitque manu,
ut penitus nostris — hoc te celavimus unum —
visceribus crescens excuteretur onus!
a! nimium vivax admotis restitit infans
artibus et tecto tutus ab hoste fuit.
iam noviens erat orta soror pulcherrima Phoebi
et nova luciferos Luna movebat equos;
nescia, quae faceret subitos mihi causa dolores,
et rudis ad partus et nova miles eram.
nec tenui vocem. “quid” ait “tua crimina prodis?”
oraeque clamantis conscia pressit anus.
quid faciam infelix? gemitus dolor edere cogit,
sed timor et nutrix et pudor ipse vetant.
contineo gemitus elapsaeque verba rependo
et cogor lacrimas combibere ipsa meas.
mors erat ante oculos et opem Lucina negabat
et grave si morerer mors quoque crimen erat;
cum super incumbens scissa tunicaque comaque
pressa refovisti pectora nostra tuis,
et mihi “vive, soror, soror o carissima,” aisti
“vive nec unius corpore perde duos.
spes bona det vires; fratri nam nupta futura es.
illius de quo mater et uxor eris.”
Mortua, crede mihi, tamen ad tua verba revixi
et positum est uteri crimen onusque mei.
quid tibi grataris? media sedet Aeolus aula;
crimina sunt oculis subripienda patris.
frugibus infantem ramisque albentis olivae

et levibus vittis sedula celat anus
fictaque sacra facit dicitque precantia verba;
dat populus sacris, dat pater ipse viam.
iam prope limen erat. patrias vagitus ad aures
venit et indicio proditur ille suo.
eripit infantem mentitaque sacra revelat
Aeolus. insana regia voce sonat.
ut mare fit tremulum, tenui cum stringitur aura,
ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga Noto,
sic mea vibrari pallentia membra videres;
quassus ab imposito corpore lectus erat.
inruit et nostrum vulgat clamore pudorem
et vix a misero continet ore manus.
ipsa nihil praeter lacrimas pudibunda profudi.
torpuerat gelido lingua retenta metu.
Iamque dari parvum canibusque avibusque nepotem
iusserat in solis destituique locis.
vagitus dedit ille miser — sensisse putares —
quaque suum poterat voce rogabat avum.
quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse
(nam potes ex animo colligere ipse tuo)
cum mea me coram silvas inimicus in altas
viscera montanis ferret edenda lupis?
exierat thalamo. tunc demum pectora plangi
contigit inque meas unguibus ire comas.
Interea patrius vultu maerente satellites
venit et indignos edidit ore sonos:
‘Aeolus hunc ense mittit tibi’ — tradidit ense —
‘et iubet ex merito scire, quid iste velit.’
scimus et utemur violento fortiter ense;
pectoribus condam dona paterna meis.
his mea muneribus, genitor, conubia donas?
hac tua dote, pater, filia dives erit?
tolle procul, decepte, faces, Hymenaeae, maritas
et fuge turbato tecta nefanda pede!
ferte faces in me quas fertis, Erinyes atrae,
et meus ex isto luceat igne rogos!

nubite felices Parca meliore sorores;
amissae memores sed tamen este mei!
Quid puer admisit tam paucis editus horis?
quo laesit facto vix bene natus avum?
si potuit meruisse necem, meruisse putetur;
a! miser admisso plectitur ille meo!
nate, dolor matris, rapidarum praeda ferarum,
ei mihi! natali dilacerate tuo,
nate, parum fausti miserabile pignus amoris,
haec tibi prima dies, haec tibi summa fuit.
non mihi te licuit lacrimis perfundere iustis,
in tua non tonsas ferre sepulcra comas;
non super incubui, non oscula frigida carpsi;
diripiunt avidae viscera nostra ferae.
Ipsa quoque infantis cum vulnere prosequar umbras;
nec mater fuero dicta nec orba diu.
tu tamen, o frustra miserae sperate sorori,
sparsa, precor, nati collige membra tui
et refer ad matrem socioque impone sepulcro
urnaue nos habeat quamlibet arta duos!
vive memor nostri lacrimasque in vulnera funde,
neve reformida corpus amantis amans.
tu, rogo, dilectae nimium mandata sororis
perfer! mandatum persequar ipsa patris.

XII. Medea Iasoni

Exul inops contempta novo Medea marito
dicit, an a regnis tempora nulla vacant?

At tibi Colchorum, memini, regina vacavi,
ars mea cum peteres ut tibi ferret opem!
tunc quae dispensant mortalia fila sorores,
debuerant fusos evoluisse meos;
tum potui Medea mori bene! quidquid ab illo
produxi vitae tempore, poena fuit.
Ei mihi! cur umquam iuvenalibus acta lacertis
Phrixeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?
cur umquam Colchi Magnetida vidimus Argon
turbaque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam?
cur mihi plus aequo flavi placuere capilli
et decor et linguae gratia ficta tuae?
aut, semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis harenas
venerat audacis attuleratque viros,
isset anhelatos non praemedicatus in ignes
inmemor Aesonides oraue adusta boum!
semina iecisset totidem sevisset et hostes,
ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo!
quantum perfidiae tecum, scelerate, perisset!
dempta forent capiti quam mala multa meo!
Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas;
hac fruar, haec de te gaudia sola feram.
iussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim
intrasti patriae regna beata meae.
hoc illic Medea fui, nova nupta quod hic est;
quam pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.
hic Ephyren bimarem, Scythia tenus ille nivosa
omne tenet, Ponti qua plaga laeva iacet.
Accipit hospitio iuvenes Aeeta Pelasgos,
et premitis pictos corpora Graia toros.

tunc ego te vidi, tunc coepi scire, quid esses;
illa fuit mentis prima ruina meae.
et vidi et perii! nec notis ignibus arsi,
ardet ut ad magnos pinea taeda deos.
et formosus eras et me mea fata trahebant:
abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.
perfide, sensisti! quis enim bene celat amorem?
eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.
Dicitur interea tibi lex, ut dura ferorum
insolito premeres vomere colla boum.
Martis erant tauri plus quam per cornua saevi,
quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat,
aere pedes solidi praetentaque naribus aera,
nigra per adflatus haec quoque facta suos.
semina praeterea populos genitura iuberis
spargere devota lata per arva manu,
qui peterent natis secum tua corpora telis:
illa est agricolae messis iniqua suo.
lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno
ultimus est aliqua decipere arte labor.
Dixerat Aeetes: maesti consurgitis omnes,
mensaque purpureos deserit alta toros.
quam tibi tunc longe regnum dotale Creusae
et socer et magni nata Creontis erat?
tristis abis. oculis abeuntem prosequor udis
et dixit tenui murmure lingua: “vale!”
ut positum tetigi thalamo male saucia lectum,
acta est per lacrimas nox mihi quanta fuit.
ante oculos taurique meos segetesque nefandae,
ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat.
hinc amor, hinc timor est — ipsum timor auget amorem.
mane erat et thalamo cara recepta soror
disiectamque comas aversaque in ora iacentem
invenit et lacrimis omnia plena meis.
orat opem Minyis, alter petit, impetrat alter,
Aesonio iuveni quod rogat illa, damus.
Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum,

vix illuc radiis solis adire licet;
sunt in eo — fuerant certe — delubra Dianae:
aurea barbarica stat dea facta manu.
noscis an exciderunt mecum loca? venimus illuc;
orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui:
“ius tibi et arbitrium nostrae fortuna salutis
tradidit inque tua est vitaque morsque manu.
perdere posse sat est, siquem iuuet ipsa potestas;
sed tibi servatus gloria maior ero.
per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen,
per genus et numen cuncta videntis avi,
per triplices vultus arcanaque sacra Dianae
et si forte aliquos gens habet ista deos:
o virgo, miserere mei, miserere meorum,
effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum!
quodsi forte virum non dedignare Pelasgum —
sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque deos? —
spiritus ante meus tenues vanescet in auras,
quam thalamo, nisi tu, nupta sit ulla meo.
conscia sit Iuno sacris praelecta maritis
et dea marmorea cuius in aede sumus!”
Haec animum — et quota pars haec sunt? — movere puellae
simplicis et dextrae dextera iuncta meae.
vidi etiam lacrimas — an pars est fraudis in illis?
sic cito sum verbis capta puella tuis.
iungis et aripedes inadusto corpore tauros
et solidam iusso vomere findis humum.
arva venenatis pro semine dentibus imples,
nascitur et gladios scutaque miles habet.
ipsa ego, quae dederam medicamina, pallida sedi,
cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros,
donec terrigenae — facinus mirabile! — fratres
inter se strictas conseruere manus.
Insopor ecce vigil squamis crepitantibus horrens
sibilat et torto pectore verrit humum.
dotis opes ubi erant? ubi erat tibi regia coniunx
quique maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas?

illa ego, quae tibi sum nunc denique barbara facta,
nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens,
flammea subduxi medicato lumina somno
et tibi quae raperes vellera tuta dedi.
proditus est genitor, regnum patriamque reliqui,
munus in exilio quod licet esse tuli,
virginitas facta est peregrini praeda latronis,
optima cum cara matre relictasoror.
At non te fugiens sine me, germane, reliqui.
deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco:
quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere dextra.
sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui!
nec tamen extimui — quid enim post illa timerem? —
credere me pelago femina iamque nocens.
numen ubi est? ubi di? meritas subeamus in alto,
tu fraudis poenas, credulitatis ego.
Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent
nostraque adhaererent ossibus ossa tuis!
aut nos Scylla rapax canibus misisset edendos!
debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris.
quaeque vomit totidem fluctus totidemque resorbet,
nos quoque Trinacriae subposuisset aquae!
sospes ad Haemonias victorque reverteris urbes;
ponitur ad patrios aurea lana deos.
Quid referam Peliae natas pietate nocentes
caesaque virginea membra paterna manu?
ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est,
pro quo sum totiens esse coacta nocens.
ausus es — o iusto desunt sua verba dolori! —
ausus es “Aesonia” dicere “cede domo!”
iussa domo cessi natis comitata duobus
et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.
ut subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures
venit et accenso lampades igne micant
tibiaque effundit socialia carmina vobis,
at mihi funerea flebiliora tuba,
pertimui, nec adhuc tantum scelus esse putabam,

sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.
turba ruunt et “Hymen” clamant “Hymenae!” frequenter;
quo propior vox haec, hoc mihi peius erat.
diversi flebant servi lacrimasque tegebant —
quis vellet tanti nuntius esse mali?
me quoque quidquid erat potius nescire iuvabat,
sed tamquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat,
cum minor e pueris iussus studione videndi
constitit ad geminae limina prima foris:
“hinc” mihi “mater adi! pompam pater” inquit “Iason
ducit et adiunctos aureus urget equos!”
protinus abscissa planxi mea pectora veste
tuta nec a digitis ora fuere meis.
ire animus mediae suadebat in agmina turbae
sertaque conpositis demere rapta comis.
vix me continui, quin sic laniata capillos
clamarem “meus est!” iniceremque manus.
Laese pater, gaude! Colchi gaudete relict!
inferias umbrae fratris habete mei!
deseror amissis regno patriaque domoque
coniuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat.
serpentes igitur potui taurosque furentes,
unum non potui perdomuisse virum.
quaeque feros pepuli doctis medicatibus ignes,
non valeo flammam effugere ipsa meas.
ipsi me cantus herbaeque artesque relinquunt
nil dea, nil Hecates sacra potentis agunt.
non mihi grata dies, noctes vigilantur amarae
et tener a misero pectore somnus abit.
quae me non possum, potui sopire draconem.
utilior cuivis quam mihi cura mea est.
quos ego servavi, paelex amplectitur artus
et nostri fructus illa laboris habet.
Forsitan et, stultae dum te iactare maritae
quaeris et iniustis auribus apta loqui,
in faciem moresque meos nova crimina fingas.
rideat et vitiis laeta sit illa meis.

rideat et Tyrio iaceat sublimis in ostro —
flebit et ardores vincet adusta meos.
dum ferrum flammaeque aderunt sucusque veneni,
hostis Medae nullus inultus erit.
Quod si forte preces praecordia ferrea tangunt,
nunc animis audi verba minora meis.
tam tibi sum supplex, quam tu mihi saepe fuisti,
nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes.
si tibi sum vilis, communis respice natos:
saeviet in partus dira noverca meos.
et nimium similes tibi sunt, et imagine tangor
et quotiens video, lumina nostra madent.
per superos oro, per avitae lumina flammae,
per meritum et natos, pignora nostra, duos,
redde torum, pro quo tot res insana reliqui!
adde fidem dictis auxiliumque refer!
non ego te imploro contra taurosque virosque,
utque tua serpens victa quiescat ope;
te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti,
cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.
Dos ubi sit, quaeris? campo numeravimus illo,
qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat.
aureus ille aries villo spectabilis alto,
dos mea: “quam” dicam si tibi “redde,” neges.
dos mea tu sospes, dos est mea Graia iuventus.
i nunc, Sisypbias, inprobe, confer opes.
quod vivis, quod habes nuptam socerumque potentes,
hoc ipsum, ingratus quod potes esse, meum est.
quos equidem actutum — sed quid praedicere poenam
attinet? ingentis parturit ira minas.
quo feret ira sequar. facti fortasse pigebit;
et piget infido consuluisse viro.
viderit ista deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat.
nescio quid certe mens mea maius agit.

XIII. Laodamia Protesilao

Mittit et optat amans, quo mittitur, ire salutem
Haemonis Haemonio Laodamia viro.
Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari:
a! me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat?
tum freta debuerant vestris obsistere remis;
illud erat saevis utile tempus aquis.
oscula plura viro mandataque plura dedissem
et sunt quae volui dicere multa tibi.
raptus es hinc praeceps et qui tua vela vocaret,
quem cuperent nautae, non ego, ventus erat.
ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti;
solvor ab amplexu, Protesilae, tuo
linguaque mandantis verba imperfecta reliquit;
vix illud potui dicere triste “vale.”
Incubuit Boreas abreptaque vela tetendit,
iamque meus longe Protesilaus erat.
dum potui spectare virum, spectare iuvabat
sumque tuos oculos usque secuta meis;
ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre,
vela diu vultus detinere meos.
at postquam nec te nec vela fugacia vidi,
et quod spectarem, nil nisi pontus erat,
lux quoque tecum abiit, tenebrisque exanguis abortis
succiduo dicor procubuisse genu.
vix socer Iphiclus, vix me grandaevus Acastus,
vix mater gelida maesta refecit aqua.
officium fecere pium, sed inutile nobis:
indignor miserae non licuisse mori.
Ut rediit animus, pariter rediere dolores;
pectora legitimus casta momordit amor.
nec mihi pectendos cura est praebere capillos
nec libet aurata corpora veste tegi.
ut quas pampinea tetigisse Bicorniger hasta
creditur, huc illuc, qua furor egit, eo.

conveniunt matres Phylleides et mihi clamant:
“Indue regales, Laodamia, sinus!”
scilicet ipsa geram saturatas murice lanas,
bella sub Iliacis moenibus ille gerat?
ipsa comas pectar? galea caput ille premetur?
ipsa novas vestes, dura vir arma ferat?
qua possum, squalore tuos imitata labores
dicar et haec belli tempora tristis agam.
Dyspari Priamide, damno formose tuorum,
tam sis hostis iners quam malus hospes eras!
aut te Taenariae faciem culpasse maritae
aut illi vellem displicuisse tuam.
tu, qui pro rapta nimium, Menelae, laboras,
ei mihi! quam multis flebilis ultor eris.
di, precor, a nobis omen removete sinistrum
et sua det reduci vir meus arma Iovi!
sed timeo, quotiens subiit miserabile bellum;
more nivis lacrimae sole madentis eunt.
Ilion et Tenedos Simoisque et Xanthus et Ide
nomina sunt ipso paene timenda sono.
nec rapere ausurus, nisi se defendere posset,
hospes erat: vires noverat ille suas.
venerat, ut fama est, multo spectabilis auro
quique suo Phrygias corpore ferret opes,
classe virisque potens, per quae fera bella geruntur —
et sequitur regni pars quota quemque sui?
his ego te victam, consors Ledaeva gemellis,
suspikor, haec Danais posse nocere puto.
Hectora nescio quem timeo; Paris Hectora dixit
ferrea sanguinea bella movere manu;
Hectora, quisquis is est, si sum tibi cara, caveto:
signatum memori pectore nomen habe!
hunc ubi vitaris, alios vitare memento
et multos illic Hectoras esse puta
et facito ut dicas, quotiens pugnare parabis:
“parcere me iussit Laodamia sibi.
si cadere Argolico fas est sub milite Troiam,

te quoque non ullum vulnus habente cadat.
pugnet et adversos tendat Menelaus in hostes,
hostibus e mediis nupta petenda viro est.
causa tua est dispar: tu tantum vivere pugna,
inque pios dominae posse redire sinus!
Parcite, Dardanidae, de tot, precor, hostibus uni,
ne meus ex illo corpore sanguis eat!
non est quem deceat nudo concurrere ferro
saevaue in oppositos pectora ferre viros.
fortius ille potest multo, quam pugnat, amare.
bella gerant alii; Protesilaus amet!
Nunc fateor: volui revocare, animusque ferebat;
substitit auspicii lingua timore mali.
cum foribus velles ad Troiam exire paternis,
pes tuus offenso limine signa dedit.
ut vidi, ingemui, tacitoque in pectore dixi:
“signa reversuri sint, precor, ista viri!”
haec tibi nunc refero, ne sis animosus in armis.
fac, meus in ventos hic timor omnis eat!
Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,
qui primus Danaum Troada tangat humum:
infelix, quae prima virum lugebit ademptum!
di faciant, ne tu strenuus esse velis!
inter mille rates tua sit millensima puppis
iamque fatigatas ultima verset aquas!
hoc quoque praemoneo: de nave novissimus exi!
non est, quo properas, terra paterna tibi.
cum venies, remoque move veloque carinam
inque tuo celerem litore siste gradum!
Sive latet Phoebus seu terris altior exstat,
tu mihi luce celer, tu mihi nocte venis:
nocte tamen quam luce magis. nox grata puellis,
quarum suppositus colla lacertus habet.
aucupor in lecto mendaces caelibe somnos;
dum careo veris gaudia falsa iuvant.
Sed tua cur nobis pallens occurrit imago?
cur venit a labris multa querela tuis?

excitior somno simulacraque noctis adoro;
nulla caret fumo Thessalis ara meo:
tura damus lacrimamque super, qua sparsa relucet,
ut solet adfuso surgere flamma mero.
quando ego te reducem cupidis amplexa lacertis
languida laetitia solvar ab ipsa mea?
quando erit, ut lecto mecum bene iunctus in uno
militiae referas splendida facta tuae?
quae mihi dum referes, quamvis audire iuvabit,
multa tamen capies oscula, multa dabis.
semper in his apte narrantia verba resistunt;
promptior est dulci lingua relecta mora.
Sed cum Troia subit, subeunt ventique fretumque;
spes bona sollicito victa timore cadit.
hoc quoque, quod venti prohibent exire carinas,
me movet: invitis ire paratis aquis.
quis velit in patriam vento prohibente reverti?
a patria pelago vela vetante datis!
ipse suam non praebet iter Neptunus ad urbem.
quo ruitis? vestras quisque redite domos!
quo ruitis, Danaï? ventos audite vetantes!
non subiti casus — numinis ista mora est.
quid petitur tanto nisi turpis adultera bello?
dum licet, Inachiae vertite vela rates!
sed quid ago? revoco? revocaminis omen abesto
blandaue compositas aura secundet aquas!
Troasin invideo, quae si lacrimosa suorum
funera conspicient, nec procul hostis erit;
ipsa suis manibus forti nova nupta marito
imponet galeam Dardanaque arma dabit;
arma dabit, dumque arma dabit, simul oscula sumet —
hoc genus officii dulce duobus erit —
producetque virum dabit et mandata reverti
et dicet: “referas ista fac arma Iovi!”
ille ferens dominae mandata recentia secum
pugnabit caute respicietque domum.
exuet haec reduci clipeum galeamque resolvat

excipietque suo corpora lassa sinu.
Nos sumus incertae, nos anxius omnia cogit,
 quae possunt fieri, facta putare timor.
dum tamen arma geres diverso miles in orbe,
 quae referat vultus est mihi cera tuos:
illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba
 dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos.
crede mihi, plus est, quam quod videatur, imago;
 adde sonum cerae, Protesilaus erit.
hanc specto teneoque sinu pro coniuge vero
 et tamquam possit verba referre, queror.
Per reditus corpusque tuum, mea numina, iuro
 perque pares animi coniugiiue faces
perque quod ut videam canis albere capillis,
 quod tecum possis ipse referre, caput,
me tibi venturam comitem, quocumque vocaris,
 sive — quod heu! timeo — sive superstes eris.
ultima mandato claudetur epistula parvo:
 si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui!

XIV. Hypermestra Lynceo

Mittit Hypermestra de tot modo fratribus uni;
cetera nuptarum crimine turba iacet.
clausa domo teneor gravibusque coercita vinclis;
est mihi supplicii causa fuisse piam.
quod manus extimuit iugulo demittere ferrum,
sum rea; laudarer, si scelus ausa forem.
esse ream praestat, quam sic placuisse parenti;
non piget immunes caedis habere manus.
me pater igne licet, quem non violavimus, urat,
quaeque aderant sacris, tendat in ora faces
aut illo iugulet, quem non bene tradidit ensem,
ut qua non cecidit vir nece, nupta cadam, —
non tamen ut dicant morientia “paenitet!” ora,
efficiet. non est, quam piget esse piam!
paeniteat sceleris Danaum saevasque sorores;
hic solet eventus facta nefanda sequi.
Cor pavet admonitu temeratae sanguine noctis
et subitus dextrae praepedit ossa tremor.
quam tu caede putes fungi potuisse mariti,
scribere de facta non sibi caede timet!
Sed tamen experiar. modo facta crepuscula terris,
ultima pars lucis primaque noctis erat.
ducimur Inachides magni sub tecta Pelasgi
et socer armatas accipit ipse nurus.
undique conlucent praecinctae lampades auro;
dantur in invitos impia tura focos.
vulgus “Hymen, Hymenae!” vocant. fugit ille vocantes;
ipsa Iovis coniunx cessit ab urbe sua.
ecce mero dubii comitum clamore frequentes
flore novo madidas impediante comas,
in thalamos laeti — thalamos sua busta — feruntur
strataque corporibus funere digna premunt.
Iamque cibo vinoque graves somnoque iacebant
securumque quies alta per Argos erat.

circum me gemitus morientum audire videbar
et tamen audibam quodque verebar, erat.
sanguis abit, mentemque calor corpusque relinquit
inque novo iacui frigida facta toro.
ut leni Zephyro graciles vibrantur aristae,
frigida populeas ut quatit aura comas,
aut sic, aut etiam tremui magis. ipse iacebas
quaeque tibi dederant vina, soporis eras.
Excussere metum violenti iussa parentis;
erigor et capio tela tremante manu.
non ego falsa loquar. ter acutum sustulit ense,
ter male sublato reccidit ense manus.
admovi iugulo sine me tibi vera fateri;
[tandem victa mei saeva formidine patris]
admovi iugulo tela paterna tuo;
sed timor et pietas crudelibus obstitit ausis
castaque mandatum dextra refugit opus.
purpureos laniata sinus, laniata capillos
exiguo dixi talia verba sono:
“saevus, Hypermestra, pater est tibi; iussa parentis
effice; germanis sit comes iste suis!
femina sum et virgo, natura mitis et annis;
non faciunt molles ad fera tela manus.
quin age dumque iacet, fortis imitare sorores;
credibile est caesos omnibus esse viros.

si manus haec aliquam posset committere caedem,
morte foret dominae sanguinolenta suae.
at meruere necem patruelia regna tenendo;
quae tamen externis danda forent generis
finge viros meruisse mori: quid fecimus ipsae?
quo mihi commissio non licet esse pia?
quid mihi cum ferro? quo bellica tela puellae?
aptior est digitis lana colusque meis.”
Haec ego. dumque queror, lacrimae sua verba sequuntur
deque meis oculis in tua membra cadunt.
dum petis amplexus sopitaque bracchia iactas,

paene manus telo saucia facta tua est.
iamque patrem famulosque patris lucemque timebam.
expulerunt somnos haec mea dicta tuos:
“surge age, Belide, de tot modo fratribus unus!
nox tibi, ni properas, ista perennis erit!”
territus exurgis, fugit omnis inertia somni,
adspicis in timida fortia tela manu.
quaerenti causam “dum nox sinit, effuge!” dixi,
dum nox atra sinit, tu fugis, ipsa moror.
Mane erat et Danaus generos ex caede iacentes
dinumerat. summae criminis unus abes.
fert male cognatae iacturam mortis in uno
et queritur facti sanguinis esse parum.
abstrahor a patriis pedibus raptamque capillis
— haec meruit pietas praemia? — carcer habet.
Scilicet ex illo Iunonia permanet ira,
cum bos ex homine est, ex bove facta dea —
at satis est poenae teneram mugisse puellam
nec modo formosam posse placere Iovi.
adstitit in ripa liquidi nova vacca parentis
cornuaque in patriis non sua vidit aquis
conatoque queri mugitus edidit ore
territaque est forma, territa voce sua.
quid furis, infelix? quid te miraris in unda?
quid numeras factos ad nova membra pedes?
illa Iovis magni paelex metuenda sorori
fronde levas nimiam caespitibusque famem;
fonte bibis spectasque tuam stupefacta figuram
et, te ne feriant quae geris arma, times.
quaeque modo, ut posses etiam Iove digna videri,
dives eras, nuda nuda recumbis humo.
per mare, per terras cognataque flumina curris;
dat mare, dant amnes, dat tibi terra viam.
quae tibi causa fugae? quid, io! freta longa pererras?
non poteris vultus effugere ipsa tuos.
Inachi, quo properas? eadem sequerisque fugisque;
tu tibi dux comiti, tu comes ipsa duci.

Per septem Nilus portus emissus in aequor
exuit insana paelicis ora bove.
ultima quid referam, quorum mihi cana senectus
auctor? dant anni quod querar, ecce, mei.
bella pater patruusque gerunt; regnoque domoque
pellimur; eiectos ultimus orbis habet.
Ille ferox solus solio sceptroque potitur;
cum sene nos inopi turba vagamur inops.
de fratrum populo pars exiguiissima restat;
quique dati leto, quaeque dedere, fleo.
nam mihi quot fratres, totidem periire sorores;
accipiat lacrimas utraque turba meas.
en ego, quod vivis, poenae crucianda reservor:
quid fiet sonti, cum rea laudis agar?
et consanguineae quondam centesima turbae
infelix uno fratre manente cadam.
At tu, siqua piae, Lynceu, tibi cura sororis
quaeque tibi tribui munera, dignus habes,
vel fer opem vel dede neci; defunctaque vita
corpora furtivis insuper adde rogis
et sepeli lacrimis perfusa fidelibus ossa
sculptaque sint titulo nostra sepulcra brevi:
“exul Hypermestra, pretium pietatis iniquum,
quam mortem fratri depulit, ipsa tulit.”
Scribere plura libet, sed pondere lapsa catenae
est manus et vires subtrahit ipse timor.

XV. Sappho Phaoni

Ecquid, ut adspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
an, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
hoc breve nescires unde veniret opus?
Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras
carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis:
flendus amor meus est; elegiae flebile carmen;
non facit ad lacrimas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror ut indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris
fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager.
arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Aetnae;
me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne tenet.
nec mihi, dispositis quae iungam carmina nervis,
proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellae,
nec me Lesbiadum cetera turba iuvant.
vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydro,
non oculis grata est Atthis ut ante meis
atque aliae centum, quas non sine crimine amavi.
improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes!
Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni,
o facies oculis insidiosa meis!
sume fidem et pharetram — fies manifestus Apollo;
accedant capiti cornua — Bacchus eris.
et Phoebus Daphnen, et Cnosida Bacchus amavit
nec norat lyricos illa vel illa modos.
at mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
iam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum;
nec plus Alcaeus, consors patriaeque lyraeque
laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit,
ingenio formae damna repende meae.
sum brevis. at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
est mihi: mensuram nominis ipsa fero.

candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo
Andromede patriae fusca colore suae.
et variis albae iunguntur saepe columbae
et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
si nisi quae facie poterit te digna videri,
nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est!
At mea cum legerem, sat iam formosa videbar:
unam iurabas usque decere loqui.
cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
hoc quoque laudabas, omni tibi parte placebam
sed tunc praecipue, cum fit Amoris opus.
tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra iuvabat
crebraque mobilitas aptaque verba ioco
et quod, ubi amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae.
quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
o vos erronem tellure remittite vestra,
Nisiades matres Nisiadesque nurus!
nec vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae:
quod vobis dicit, dixerat ante mihi.
tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos
(nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuae!
an gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem
et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
ante diem lacrimas ossa bibere meas.
arsit inops frater meretricis captus amore
mixtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
factus inops agili peragit freta caerula remo,
quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes.
me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit;
hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
et tamquam desit, quae me sine fine fatiget,
accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis;

non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
ecce iacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli
nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
veste tegor vili, nullum est in crinibus aurum,
non Arabum noster dona capillus habet.
cui colar infelix aut cui placuisse laborem?
ille mei cultus unicus auctor abes.
molle meum levibusque cor est violabile telis
et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem,
sive ita nascenti legem dixere Sorores
nec data sunt vitae fila severa meae,
sive abeunt studia in mores artisque magistra
ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas
abstulit atque anni quos vir amare potest?
hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam!
(et faceres sed te prima rapina tenet!)
hunc si conspiciat, quae conspicit omnia, Phoebe,
iussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.
hunc Venus in caelum curru vexisset eburneo,
sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
o nec adhuc iuvenis, nec iam puer, utilis aetas,
o decus atque aevi gloria magna tui,
huc ades inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros:
non ut ames oro, me sed amare sinas!
Scribimus et lacrimis oculi rorantur obortis;
adspice quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
et modo dixisses “Lesbi puella, vale!”
non tecum lacrimas, non oscula nostra tulisti;
denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum iniuria. nec tu,
admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
non mandata dedi. neque enim mandata dedissem
ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei.
per tibi qui numquam longe discedit Amorem
perque novem iuro, numina nostra, deas,

cum mihi nescio quis “fugiunt tua gaudia” dixit
nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;
et lacrimae deerant oculis et verba palato,
adstrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
postquam se dolor invenit nec pectora plangi
nec puduit scissis exululare comis,
non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
portet ad exstructos corpus inane rogos.
gaudet et e nostro crescit maerore Charaxus
frater et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris,
“quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit!” ait.
non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor; omne videbat
vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt —
somnia formoso candidiora die.
illic te invenio, quamvis regionibus absis;
sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos.
oscula cognosco, quae tu committere lingua
aptaque consueras accipere, apta dare.
blandior interdum verisque simillima verba
eloquor et vigilant sensibus ora meis; —
ulteriora pudet narrare, sed omnia fiunt —
et iuvat — et siccae non licet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit et omnia secum,
tam cito me somnos destituisse queror;
antra nemusque peto, tamquam nemus antraque prosint:
conscia deliciis illa fuere meis.
illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Enyo
attigit, in collo crine iacente feror.
antra vident oculi scabro pendentia tofo,
quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant:
invenio silvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis
praebuit et multa texit opaca coma.
at non invenio dominum silvaeque meumque.

vile solum locus est — dos erat ille loci.
cognovi pressas noti mihi caespitis herbas;
de nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
incubui tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
grata prius lacrimas combibit herba meas.
quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur
frondibus et nullae dulce queruntur aves.
sola virum non ulta pie maestissima mater
concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores;
hactenus, ut media cetera nocte, silent.
Est nitidus vitroque magis perlucidus omni
fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
una nemus, tenero caespite terra viret.
hic ego cum lassos posuissem flebilis artus,
constitit ante oculos Naias una meos;
constitit et dixit: “quoniam non ignibus aequis
ureris, Ambracia est terra petenda tibi.
Phoebus ab excelso, quantum patet, adspicit aequor:
Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore
misit, et illaeso corpore pressit aquas.
nec mora, versus amor fugit lentissima mersi
pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
hanc legem locus ille tenet. pete protinus altam
Leucada nec saxo desiluisse time!”
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. ego frigida surgo
nec lacrimas oculi continuere mei.
ibimus, o nymphe, monstrataque saxa petemus;
sit procul insano victus amore timor.
quidquid erit, melius quam nunc erit. aura, subito —
et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
tu quoque, mollis Amor, pinnas suppose cadenti,
ne sim Leucadiae mortua crimen aquae.
inde chelyn Phoebo, communia munera, ponam,
et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt:

“grata lyram posui tibi, Phoebe, poetria Sappho:
convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.”

Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda;
et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.

an potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior omni,
si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?

a quanto melius tecum mea pectora iungi,
quam saxis poterant praecipitanda dari!

haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas
visaque sunt totiens ingeniosa tibi.

nunc vellem facunda forem! dolor artibus obstat
ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.

non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires;
pectra dolore tacent muta, dolore lyra est.

Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles,
Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra,

Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae,
desinite ad citharas turba venire meas!

abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat,
me miseram! dixi quam modo paene: “meus.”

efficite ut redeat. vates quoque vestra redibit.
ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.

Ecquid ago precibus pectusve agreste movetur,
an riget et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent;
hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus.

sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
munera, quid laceras pectora nostra mora?

solve ratem! Venus orta mari mare praestat amanti.
aura dabit cursum — tu modo solve ratem!

ipse gubernator residens in puppe Cupido;
ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

sive iuvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho
(nec tamen invenies, cur ego digna fugi)

hoc saltem miserae crudelis epistula dicat,

ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.

XVI. Paris Helenae

Hanc tibi Priamides mitto, Ledaean, salutem,
 quae tribui sola te mihi dante potest.
eloquar, an flammae non est opus indice notae,
 et plus quam vellem, iam meus extat amor?
ille quidem lateat malim, dum tempora dentur
 laetitiae mixtos non habitura metus.
sed male dissimulo; quis enim celaverit ignem,
 lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo?
si tamen expectas, vocem quoque rebus ut addam:
 uror — habes animi nuntia verba mei.
parce, precor, fasso, nec vultu cetera duro
 perlege, sed formae conveniente tuae.
iamdudum gratum est, quod epistula nostra recepta
 spem facit, hoc recipi me quoque posse modo.
quae rata sit; nec te frustra promiserit, opto,
 hoc mihi quae suasit, mater Amoris, iter.
namque ego divino monitu — ne nescia pecces —
 advehor et coepto non leve numen adest.
praemia magna quidem, sed non indebita posco:
 pollicita est thalamo te Cytherea meo.
hac duce Sigeo dubias a litore feci
 longa Phereclea per freta puppe vias.
illa dedit faciles auras ventosque secundos —
 in mare nimirum ius habet orta mari.
perstet et ut pelagi, sic pectoris adiuvet aestum,
 deferat in portus et mea vota suos.
attulimus flammam, non hic invenimus, illas.
 hae mihi tam longae causa fuere viae.
nam neque tristis hiems neque nos huc appulit error;
 Taenaris est classi terra petita meae.
nec me crede fretum merces portante carina
 findere — quas habeo, di tueantur opes.
nec venio Graias veluti spectator ad urbes;
 oppida sunt regni divitiora mei.

te peto, quam pepigit lecto Venus aurea nostro;
te prius optavi quam mihi nota fores.
ante tuos animo vidi quam lumine vultus;
prima tulit vulnus nuntia fama tui.
nec tamen est mirum, si sicut oportuit arcu,
missilibus telis eminus ictus amo.
sic placuit fatis; quae ne convellere temptes,
accipe cum vera dicta relata fide.
matris adhuc utero partu remorante tenebar;
iam gravidus iusto pondere venter erat.
illa sibi ingentem visa est sub imagine somni
flammi feram pleno reddere ventre facem.
territa consurgit metuendaque noctis opacae
visa seni Priamo, vatibus ille refert.
arsurum Paridis vates canit Ilion igni —
pectoris, ut nunc est, fax fuit illa mei.
forma vigorque animi, quamvis de plebe videbar,
indiciu tectae nobilitatis erat.
est locus in mediis nemorosae vallibus Idae
devius et piceis ilicibusque frequens,
qui nec ovis placidae nec amantis saxa capellae
nec patulo tardae carpitur ore bovis;
hinc ego Dardaniae muros excelsaque tecta
et freta prospiciens arbore nixus eram —
ecce, pedum pulsu visa est mihi terra moveri —
vera loquar veri vix habitura fidem —
constitit ante oculos actus velocibus alis
Atlantis magni Pleionesque nepos —
fas vidisse fuit, fas sit mihi visa referre —
inque dei digitis aurea virga fuit.
tresque simul divae, Venus et cum Pallade Iuno,
graminibus teneros inposuere pedes.
obstupui, gelidusque comas erexerat horror,
cum mihi ‘pone metum!’ nuntius ales ait:
‘arbiters es formae; certamina siste dearum,
vincere quae forma digna sit una duas.’
neve recusarem, verbis Iovis imperat et se

protinus aetheria tollit in astra via.
mens mea convaluit, subitoque audacia venit
nec timui vultu quamque notare meo.
vincere erant omnes dignae iudexque querebar
non omnes causam vincere posse suam.
sed tamen ex illis iam tunc magis una placebat,
hanc esse ut scires, unde movetur amor.
tantaque vincendi cura est; ingentibus ardent
iudicium donis sollicitare meum.
regna Iovis coniunx, virtutem filia iactat;
ipse potens dubito fortis an esse velim.
dulce Venus risit; 'nec te, Pari, munera tangant
utraque suspensi plena timoris,' ait;
'nos dabimus, quod ames, et pulchrae filia Leda
ibit in amplexus pulchrior illa tuos.'
dixit, et ex aequo donis formaque probata
victorem caelo rettulit illa pedem.
interea, credo, versis ad prospera fatis
regius agnoscor per rata signa puer.
laeta domus nato per tempora longa recepto,
addit et ad festos hunc quoque Troia diem.
utque ego te cupio, sic me cupiere puellae;
multarum votum sola tenere potes.
nec tantum regum natae petiere ducumque,
sed nymphis etiam curaque amorque fui.
quas super Oenonen facies mutarer in orbem
nec Priamo est a te dignior ulla nurus.
sed mihi cunctarum subeunt fastidia, postquam
coniugii spes est, Tyndari, facta tui.
te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte videbam,
lumina cum placido victa sopore iacent.
quid facies praesens, quae nondum visa placebas?
ardebam, quamvis hic procul ignis erat.
nec potui debere mihi spem longius istam,
caerulea peterem quin mea vota via.
Troia caeduntur Phrygia pineta securi
quaeque erat aequareis utilis arbor aquis;

ardua proceris spoliantur Gargara silvis,
innumerasque mihi longa dat Ida trabes.
fundatura citas flectuntur robora naves
textitur et costis panda carina suis.
addimus antennas et vela sequentia malo
accipit et pictos puppis adunca deos;
qua tamen ipse vehor, comitata Cupidine parvo
sponsor coniugii stat dea picta sui.
imposita est factae postquam manus ultima classi,
protinus Aegaeis ire lubebat aquis.
at pater et genetrix inhihent mea vota rogando
propositumque pia voce morantur iter;
et soror effusis ut erat Cassandra capillis,
cum vellent nostrae iam dare vela rates,
‘quo ruis?’ exclamat, ‘referes incendia tecum!
quanta per has nescis flamma petatur aquas!’
vera fuit vates; dictos invenimus ignes
et ferus in molli pectore flagrat amor.
portubus egredior ventisque ferentibus usus
applicor in terras, Oebali nympha, tuas.
excipit hospitio vir me tuus: hoc quoque factum
non sine consilio numinibusque deum.
ille quidem ostendit, quidquid Lacedaemone tota
ostendi dignum conspicuumque fuit;
sed mihi laudatam cupienti cernere formam
lumina nil aliud quo caperentur erat.
ut vidi, obstipui praecordiaque intima sensi
attonitus curis intumuisse novis.
his similes vultus, quantum reminiscor, habebat,
venit in arbitrium cum Cytherea meum.
si tu venisses pariter certamen in illud,
in dubium Veneris palma futura fuit.
magna quidem de te rumor praeconia fecit,
nullaque de facie nescia terra tua est;
nec tibi par usquam Phrygia nec solis ab ortu
inter formosas altera nomen habet!
credis et hoc nobis? — minor est tua gloria vero

famaque de forma paene maligna tua est.
plus hic invenio, quam quod promiserat illa,
et tua materia gloria victa sua est.
ergo arsit merito, qui noverat omnia, Theseus,
et visa es tanto digna rapina viro,
more tuae gentis nitida dum nuda palaestra
ludis et es nudis femina mixta viris.
quod rapuit, laudo; miror quod reddidit umquam.
tam bona constanter praeda tenenda fuit.
ante recessisset caput hoc cervice cruenta,
quam tu de thalamis abstraherere meis.
tene manus umquam nostrae dimittere vellent?
tene meo paterer vivus abire sinu?
si reddenda fores, aliquid tamen ante tulissem
nec Venus ex toto nostra fuisset iners.
vel mihi virginitas esset libata vel illud
quod poterat salva virginitate rapi.
da modo te, quae sit Paridis constantia nosces:
flamma rogi flammis finiet una meas.
praeposui regnis ego te, quae maxima quondam
pollicita est nobis nupta sororque Iovis,
dumque tuo possem circumdare bracchia collo,
contempta est virtus Pallade dante mihi.
nec piget aut umquam stulte legisse videbor;
permanet in voto mens mea firma suo.
spem modo ne nostram fieri patiari caducam,
deprecor, o tanto digna labore peti!
non ego coniugium generosae degener opto,
nec mea, crede mihi, turpiter uxor eris.
Pliada, si quaeres, in nostra gente Iovemque
invenies, medios ut taceamus avos.
sceptra parens Asiae, qua nulla beatior ora est,
finibus immensis vix obeunda, tenet.
innumeras urbes atque aurea tecta videbis
quaeque suos dicas templa decere deos.
Ilion adspicies firmataque turribus altis
moenia, Phoebeae structa canore lyrae.

quid tibi de turba narrem numeroque virorum?
vix populum tellus sustinet illa suum.
occurrent denso tibi Troades agmine matres
nec capient Phrygias atria nostra nurus.
o quotiens dices: 'quam pauper Achaia nostra est!'
una domus quaevis urbis habebit opes.
nec mihi fas fuerit Sparten contemnere vestram:
in qua tu nata es, terra beata mihi est.
parca sed est Sparte, tu cultu divite digna;
ad talem formam non facit iste locus.
hanc faciem largis sine fine paratibus uti
deliciisque decet luxuriare novis.
cum videas cultus nostra de gente virorum,
qualem Dardanias credis habere nurus?
da modo te facilem nec dedignare maritum,
rure Therapnaeo nata puella, Phrygem.
Phryx erat et nostro genitus de sanguine, qui nunc
cum dis potando nectare miscet aquas.
Phryx erat Aurorae coniunx, tamen abstulit illum
extremum noctis quae dea finit iter.
Phryx etiam Anchises, volucrum cui mater Amorum
gaudet in Idaeis concubuisse iugis.
nec, puto, conlatis forma Menelaus et annis
iudice te nobis antefendus erit.
non dabimus certe socerum tibi clara fugantem
lumina, qui trepidos a dape vertat equos;
nec Priamo pater est soceri de caede cruentus
et qui Myrtoas crimine signat aquas;
nec proavo Stygia nostro captantur in unda
poma, nec in mediis quaeritur umor aquis.
quid tamen hoc refert, si te tenet ortus ab illis?
cogitur huic domui Iuppiter esse socer.
heu facinus! totis indignus noctibus ille
te tenet amplexu perfruiturque tuo;
at mihi conspiceris posita vix denique mensa
multaque quae laedant hoc quoque tempus habet.
hostibus eveniant convivia talia nostris,

experior posito qualia saepe mero.
paenitet hospitii, cum me spectante lacertos
imponit collo rusticus iste tuo.
rumpor et invideo — quid ni tamen omnia narrem? —
membra superiecta cum tua veste fovet.
oscula cum vero coram non dura daretis,
ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos;
lumina demitto cum te tenet artius ille,
crescit et invito lentus in ore cibus.
saepe dedi gemitus; et te, lasciva, notavi
in gemitu risum non tenuisse meo.
saepe mero volui flammam compescere, at illa
crevit, et ebrietas ignis in igne fuit.
multaque ne videam, versa cervice recumbo;
sed revocas oculos protinus ipsa meos.
quid faciam, dubito; dolor est meus illa videre,
sed dolor a facie maior abesse tua.
qua licet et possum, luctor celare furorem,
sed tamen apparet dissimulatus amor.
nec tibi verba damus; sentis mea vulnera, sentis;
atque utinam soli sint ea nota tibi.
a, quotiens lacrimis venientibus ora reflexi,
ne causam fletus quaereret ille mei.
a, quotiens aliquem narravi potus amorem,
ad vulnus referens singula verba tuos,
indiciumque mei ficto sub nomine feci;
ille ego, si nescis, verus amator eram.
quin etiam ut possem verbis petulantius uti,
non semel ebrietas est simulata mihi.
Prodita sunt, memini, tunica tua pectora laxa
atque oculis aditum nuda dedere meis
pectora vel puris nivibus vel lacte tuamve
complexo matrem candidiora Iove.
dum stupeo visis — nam pocula forte tenebam —
tortilis a digitis excidit ansa meis.
oscula si natae dederas, ego protinus illa
Hermiones tenero laetus ab ore tuli.

et modo cantabam veteres resupinus amores
et modo per nutum signa tegenda dabam.
et comitum primas Clymenen Aethramque, tuarum
ausus sum blandis nuper adire sonis;
quae mihi non aliud, quam formidare locutae
orantis medias deseruere preces.
di facerent, pretium magni certaminis esses,
teque suo posset victor habere toro,
ut tulit Hippomenes Schoeneida praemia cursus,
venit ut in Phrygios Hippodamia sinus,
ut ferus Alcides Acheloia cornua fregit,
dum petit amplexus, Deianira, tuos.
nostra per has leges audacia fortiter isset
teque mei scires esse laboris opus.
nunc mihi nil superest nisi te, formosa, precari
amplectique tuos, si patiare, pedes.
o decus, o praesens geminorum gloria fratrum,
o Iove digna viro, ni Iove nata fores,
aut ego Sigeos repetam te coniuge portus
aut hic Taenaria contegar exul humo!
non mea sunt summa leviter destricta sagitta
pectora; descendit vulnus ad ossa meum!
hoc mihi, nam repeto, fore ut a caeleste sagitta
figar, erat verax vaticinata soror.
parce datum fatis, Helene, contemnere amorem —
sic habeas faciles in tua vota deos.
multa quidem subeunt; sed coram ut plura loquamur,
excipe me lecto nocte silente tuo.
an pudet et metuis Venerem temerare maritam
castaque legitimi fallere iura tori?
a, nimium simplex Helene, ne rustica dicam,
hanc faciem culpa posse carere putas?
aut faciem mutes aut sis non dura, necesse est;
lis est cum forma magna pudicitiae.
Iuppiter his gaudet, gaudet Venus aurea furtis;
haec tibi nempe patrem furta dedere Iovem.
vix fieri, si sunt vires in semine amorum,

et Iovis et Ledaë filia casta potes.
casta tamen tum sis, cum te mea Troia tenebit,
et tua sim quaeso crimina solus ego.
nunc ea peccemus quae corriget hora iugalis,
si modo promisit non mihi vana Venus.
sed tibi et hoc suadet rebus, non voce, maritus,
neve sui furtis hospitis obstet, abest.
non habuit tempus, quo Cresia regna videret
aptius — o mira calliditate virum!
'res, et ut Idaei mando tibi,' dixit iturus,
'curam pro nobis hospitis, uxor, agas.'
neglegis absentis, testor, mandata mariti;
cura tibi non est hospitis ulla tui.
huncine tu speras hominem sine pectore dotes
posse satis formae, Tyndari, nosse tuae?
falleris: ignorat, nec, si bona magna putaret,
quae tenet, externo crederet illa viro.
ut te nec mea vox nec te meus incitet ardor,
cogimur ipsius commoditate frui:
aut erimus stulti, sic ut superemus et ipsum,
si tam securum tempus abibit iners.
paene suis ad te manibus deducit amantem;
utere mandantis simplicitate viri!
sola iaces viduo tam longa nocte cubili;
in viduo iaceo solus et ipse toro.
te mihi meque tibi communia gaudia iungant;
candidior medio nox erit illa die.
tunc ego iurabo quaevis tibi numina meque
adstringam verbis in sacra vestra meis;
tunc ego, si non est fallax fiducia nostri,
efficiam praesens, ut mea regna petas.
si pudet et metuis ne me videre secuta,
ipse reus sine te criminis huius ero.
nam sequar Aegidae factum fratrumque tuorum;
exemplo tangi non propiore potes.
te rapuit Theseus, geminas Leucippidas illi;
quartus in exemplis adnumerabor ego.

Troia classis adest armis instructa virisque;
iam facient celeres remus et aura vias.
ibis Dardanias ingens regina per urbes,
teque novam credet vulgus adesse deam,
quaque feres gressus, adolebunt cinnama flammae,
caesaque sanguineam victima planget humum.
dona pater fratresque et cum genetrice sorores
Iliadesque omnes totaque Troia dabit.
ei mihi! pars a me vix dicitur ulla futuri.
plura feres quam quae littera nostra refert.
nec tu rapta time, ne nos fera bella sequantur,
concitet et vires Graecia magna suas.
tot prius abductis ecqua est repetita per arma?
crede mihi, vanos res habet ista metus.
nomine ceperunt Aquilonis Erechthida Thraces
et tuta a bello Bistonis ora fuit.
Phasida puppe nova vexit Pagasaeus Iason,
laesa neque est Colcha Thessala terra manu.
te quoque qui rapuit, rapuit Minoida Theseus;
nulla tamen Minos Cretas ad arma vocat.
terror in his ipso maior solet esse periclo;
quaque timere libet, pertimuisse pudet.
finge tamen, si vis, ingens consurgere bellum:
et mihi sunt vires, et mea tela nocent.
nec minor est Asiae quam vestrae copia terrae:
illa viris dives, dives abundat equis.
nec plus Atrides animi Menelaus habebit
quam Paris aut armis antefendus erit.
paene puer caesis abducta armenta recepi
hostibus et causam nominis inde tuli.
paene puer iuvenes vario certamine vici,
in quibus Ilioneus Deiphobusque fuit.
neve putes, non me nisi comminus esse timendum,
figitur in iusso nostra sagitta loco.
num potes haec illi primae dare facta iuventae,
instruere Atriden num potes arte mea?
omnia si dederis, numquid dabis Hectora fratrem?

unus is innumeri militis instar erit.
quid valeam nescis et te mea robora fallunt;
ignoras cui sis nupta futura viro.
aut igitur nullo belli repetere tumultu,
aut cedent Marti Dorica castra meo.
nec tamen indigner pro tanta sumere ferrum
coniuge; certamen praemia magna movent.
tu quoque, si de te totus contenderit orbis,
nomen ab aeterna posteritate feres
spe modo non timida dis hinc egressa secundis
exige cum plena munera pacta fide.

XVII. Helene Paridi

Si mihi quae legi, Pari, non legisse liceret,
servarem numeros sicut et ante probae.
Nunc oculos tua cum violarit epistula nostros,
non rescribendi gloria visa levis.
ausus es hospitii temeratis advena sacris
legitimam nuptae sollicitare fidem!
scilicet idcirco ventosa per aequora vectum
excepit portu Taenaris ora suo
nec tibi, diversa quamvis e gente venires,
oppositas habuit regia nostra fores,
esset ut officii merces iniuria tanti?
qui sic intrabas, hospes an hostis eras?
nec dubito quin haec, cum sit tam iusta, vocetur
rustica iudicio nostra querela tuo.
rustica sim sane, dum non oblita pudoris
dumque tenor vitae sit sine labe meae.
si non est ficto tristis mihi vultus in ore
nec sedeo duris torva superciliis,
fama tamen clara est, et adhuc sine crimine lusi
et laudem de me nullus adulter habet.
quo magis admiror, quae sit fiducia coepti
spemque tori dederit quae tibi causa mei.
an quia vim nobis Neptunius attulit heros,
rapta semel videor bis quoque digna rapi?
crimen erat nostrum, si delenita fuisset;
cum sim rapta, meum quid nisi nolle fuit?
non tamen e facto fructum tulit ille petitum;
excepto redii passa timore nihil.
oscula luctanti tantummodo pauca protervus
abstulit: ulterius nil habet ille mei.
quae tua nequitia est, non his contenta fuisset.
di melius! similis non fuit ille tui.
reddidit intactam minuitque modestia crimen
et iuvenem facti paenituisse patet.

Thesea paenituit, Paris ut succederet illi,
ne quando nomen non sit in ore meum?
nec tamen irascor — quis enim succenset amanti? —
si modo, quem praeferens, non simulatur amor.
hoc quoque enim dubito, non quod fiducia desit,
aut mea sit facies non bene nota mihi,
sed quia credulitas damno solet esse puellis
verbaque dicuntur vestra carere fide.
at peccant aliae, matronaque rara pudica est.
quis prohibet raris nomen inesse meum?
nam mea quod visa est tibi mater idonea, cuius
exemplo flecti me quoque posse putes,
matris in admisso falsa sub imagine lusae
error inest; pluma tectus adulter erat.
nil ego, si peccem, possum nescisse; nec ullus
error qui facti crimen obumbret erit.
illa bene erravit vitiumque auctore redemit.
felix in culpa quo Iove dicar ego?
et genus et proavos et regia nomina iactas;
clara satis domus haec nobilitate sua est.
Iuppiter ut soceri proavus taceatur et omne
Tantalidae Pelopis Tyndareique decus;
dat mihi Leda Iovem cygno decepta parentem,
quae falsam gremio credula fovit avem.
i nunc et Phrygiae late primordia gentis
cumque suo Priamum Laumedonte refer!
quos ego suspicio; sed qui tibi gloria magna est
quintus, is a nostro nomine primus erit.
sceptra tuae quamvis rear esse potentia terrae,
non tamen haec illis esse minora puto.
si iam divitiis locus hic numeroque virorum
vincitur, at certe barbara terra tua est.
munera tanta quidem promittit epistula dives
ut possint ipsas illa movere deas.
sed si iam vellem fines transire pudoris,
tu melior culpa causa futurus eras.
aut ego perpetuo famam sine labe tenebo

aut ego te potius quam tua dona sequar.
utque ea non sperno, sic acceptissima semper
munera sunt, auctor quae pretiosa facit.
plus multo est, quod amas, quod sum tibi causa laboris,
quod per tam longas spes tua venit aquas.
illa quoque, adposita quae nunc facis, improbe, mensa,
quamvis experiar dissimulare, noto —
cum modo me spectas oculis, lascive, protervis,
quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt,
et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
sumis, quaque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis.
a, quotiens digitis, quotiens ego tecta notavi
signa supercilio paene loquente dari!
et saepe extimui ne vir meus illa videret,
non satis occultis erubuique notis.
saepe vel exiguo vel nullo murmure dixi:
‘nil pudet hunc!’ nec vox haec mea falsa fuit.
orbe quoque in mensae legi sub nomine nostro,
quod deducta mero littera fecit, ‘amo.’
credere me tamen hoc oculo renuente negavi.
ei mihi, iam didici sic ego posse loqui!
his ego blanditiis, si peccatura fuisset,
flecterer; his poterant pectora nostra capi.
est quoque, confiteor, facies tibi rara potestque
velle sub amplexus ire puella tuos.
altera sed potius felix sine crimine fiat,
quam cadat externo noster amore pudor.
disce modo exemplo formosis posse carere;
est virtus placitis abstinuisse bonis.
quam multos credis iuvenes optare, quod optas?
qui sapiant, oculos an Paris unus habes?
non tu plus cernis, sed plus temerarius audes;
nec tibi plus cordis sed minus oris, adest.
tunc ego te vellem celeri venisse carina,
cum mea virginitas mille petita procis.
si te vidissem, primus de mille fuisses;
iudicio veniam vir dabit ipse meo.

ad possessa venis praeceptaque gaudia serus;
 spes tua lenta fuit; quod petis, alter habet.
ut tamen optarim fieri tua Troica coniunx,
 invitam sic me nec Menelaus habet.
desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus
 neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce;
sed sine quam tribuit sortem fortuna tueri
 nec spoliū nostri turpe pudoris habe.
at Venus hoc pacta est, et in altae vallibus Idae
 tres tibi se nudas exhibuere deae;
unaque cum regnum, belli daret altera laudem
 ‘Tyndaridis coniunx,’ tertia dixit, ‘eris!’
credere vix equidem caelestia corpora possum
 arbitrio formam supposuisse tuo;
utque sit hoc verum, certe pars altera ficta est,
 iudicii pretium qua data dicor ego.
non est tanta mihi fiducia corporis, ut me
 maxima teste dea dona fuisse putem.
contenta est oculis hominum mea forma probari;
 laudatrix Venus est invidiosa mihi.
sed nihil infirmo; faveo quoque laudibus istis;
 nam, mens, vox quare, quod cupit esse, neget?
nec tu succense nimium mihi creditus aegre;
 tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.
prima mea est igitur Veneri placuisse voluptas;
 proxima, me visam praemia summa tibi,
nec te Palladios nec te Iunonis honores
 auditis Helenae praeposuisse bonis.
ergo ego sum virtus, ego sum tibi nobile regnum?
 ferrea sim, si non hoc ego pectus amem.
ferrea, crede mihi, non sum; sed amare repugno
 illum, quem fieri vix puto posse meum.
quid bibulum curvo proscindere litus aratro
 spemque sequi coner quam locus ipse negat?
sum rudis ad Veneris furtum nullaque fidelem —
 di mihi sunt testes! — lusimus arte virum!
nunc quoque, quod tacito mando mea verba libello,

fungitur officio littera nostra novo.
felices, quibus usus adest! ego nescia rerum
difficilem culpaе suspicor esse viam.
ipse malo metus est; iam nunc confundor et omnes
in nostris oculos vultibus esse reor.
nec reor hoc falso; sensi mala murmura vulgi
et quasdam voces rettulit Aethra mihi.
at tu dissimula, nisi si desistere mavis.
sed cur desistas? dissimulare potes.
lude, sed occulte! maior, non maxima, nobis
est data libertas, quod Menelaus abest.
ille quidem procul est, ita re cogente, profectus;
magna fuit subitae iustaque causa viae;
aut mihi sic visum est. ego, cum dubitaret an iret,
'quam primum,' dixi, 'fac rediturus eas!'
omine laetatus dedit oscula, 'resque domusque
et tibi sit curae Troicus hospes,' ait.
vix tenui risum, quem dum conpescere luctor,
nil illi potui dicere praeter 'erit.'
uela quidem Creten ventis dedit ille secundis;
sed tu non ideo cuncta licere puta!
sic meus hinc vir abest ut me custodiat absens.
an nescis longas regibus esse manus?
forma quoque est oneri; nam quo constantius ore
laudamur vestro, iustius ille timet.
quae iuvat, ut nunc est, eadem mihi gloria damno est,
et melius famae verba dedisse fuit.
nec quod abest hic me tecum mirare relictam;
moribus et vitae credidit ille meae.
de facie metuit, vitae confidit, et illum
securum probitas, forma timere facit.
tempora ne pereant ultro data praecipis, utque
simplicis utamur commoditate viri.
et libet et timeo, nec adhuc exacta voluntas
est satis; in dubio pectora nostra labant.
et vir abest nobis et tu sine coniuge dormis,
inque vicem tua me, te mea forma capit;

et longae noctes et iam sermone coimus
et tu, me miseram! blandus, et una domus.
et peream, si non invitant omnia culpam;
nescio quo tardor sed tamen ipsa metu.
quod male persuades, utinam bene cogere posses!
vi mea rusticitas excutienda fuit.
utilis interdum est ipsis iniuria passis.
sic certe felix esse coacta forem.
dum novus est, potius coepto pugnemus amor!
flamma recens parva sparsa resedit aqua.
certus in hospitibus non est amor; errat, ut ipsi,
cumque nihil speres firmitus esse, fugit.
Hypsipyle testis, testis Minoia virgo est;
in non exhibitis utraque lusa toris.
tu quoque dilectam multos, infide, per annos
diceris Oenonen destituisse tuam.
nec tamen ipse negas; et nobis omnia de te
quaerere, si nescis, maxima cura fuit.
adde quod, ut cupias constans in amore manere,
non potes. expediunt iam tua vela Phryges;
dum loqueris mecum, dum nox sperata paratur,
qui ferat in patriam, iam tibi ventus erit.
cursibus in mediis novitatis plena relinques
gaudia; cum ventis noster abibit amor.
an sequar, ut suades, laudataque Pergama visam
pronurus et magni Laumedontis ero?
non ita contemno volucris praeconia famae,
ut probris terras impleat illa meis.
quid de me poterit Sparte, quid Achaia tota,
quid gentes Asiae, quid tua Troia loqui?
quid Priamus de me, Priami quid sentiet uxor
totque tui fratres Dardanidesque nurus?
tu quoque qui poteris fore me sperare fidelem
et non exemplis anxius esse tuis?
quicumque Iliacos intraverit advena portus,
is tibi solliciti causa timoris erit.
ipse mihi quotiens iratus ‘adultera!’ dices,

oblitus nostro crimen inesse tuum!
delicti fies idem reprehensor et auctor.
terra, precor, vultus obruat ante meos!
at fruar Iliacis opibus cultuque beato
donaque promissis uberiora feram:
purpura nempe mihi pretiosaque texta dabuntur,
congestoque auri pondere dives ero!
da veniam fassae! non sunt tua munera tanti;
nescio quo tellus me tenet ista modo.
quis mihi, si laedar, Phrygiis succurret in oris?
unde petam fratres, unde parentis opem?
omnia Medae fallax promisit Iason:
pulsa est Aesonia num minus illa domo?
non erat Aeetes, ad quem despecta rediret,
non Idyia parens Chalciopeve soror.
tale nihil timeo, sed nec Medea timebat;
fallitur augurio spes bona saepe suo.
omnibus invenies, quae nunc iactantur in alto,
navibus a portu lene fuisse fretum.
fax quoque me terret, quam se peperisse cruentam
ante diem partus est tua visa parens;
et vatum timeo monitus, quos igne Pelasgo
Ilion arsurum praemonuisse ferunt.
utque favet Cytherea tibi, quia vicit habetque
parta per arbitrium bina tropaea tuum,
sic illas vereor, quae, si tua gloria vera est,
iudice te causam non tenuere duae;
nec dubito, quin te si prosequar arma parentur.
ibit per gladios, ei mihi! noster amor.
an fera Centauris indicere bella coegit
Atracis Haemonios Hippodamia viros:
tu fore tam iusta lentum Menelaon in ira
et geminos fratres Tyndareumque putas?
quod bene te iactes et fortia facta loquaris,
a verbis facies dissidet ista suis.
apta magis Veneri quam sunt tua corpora Marti.
bella gerant fortes, tu, Pari, semper ama!

Hectora, quem laudas, pro te pugnare iubeto;
 militia est operis altera digna tuis.
his ego, si saperem pauloque audacior essem,
 uterer; utetur, siqua puella sapit.
aut ego deposito sapiam fortasse pudore
 et dabo cunctatas tempore victa manus.
quod petis, ut furtim praesentes ista loquamur,
 scimus, quid captes conloquiumque voces;
sed nimium properas, et adhuc tua messis in herba est.
 haec mora sit voto forsán amica tuo.
hactenus; arcanum furtivae conscia mentis
 littera iam lasso pollice sistat opus.
cetera per socias Clymenen Aethramque loquamur,
 quae mihi sunt comites consiliumque duae.

XVIII. Leander Heroni

Quam cuperem solitas, Hero, tibi ferre per undas
accipe Leandri, dum venit ipse, manum.
Mittit Abydenus, quam mallet ferre, salutem,
si cadat unda maris, Sesti puella, tibi.
si mihi di faciles si sunt in amore secundi,
invitis oculis haec mea verba leges.
sed non sunt faciles; nam cur mea vota morantur
currere me nota nec patiuntur aqua?
ipsa vides caelum pice nigrius et freta ventis
turbida perque cavas vix adeunda rates.
unus, et hic audax, a quo tibi littera nostra
redditur, e portu navita movit iter;
adscensurus eram, nisi quod cum vincula prorae
solveret, in speculis omnis Abydos erat.
non poteram celare meos, velut ante, parentes,
quemque tegi volumus, non latuisset amor.
protinus haec scribens, 'felix, i, littera!' dixi,
'iam tibi formosam porriget illa manum.
forsitan admotis etiam tangere labellis,
rumpere dum niveo vincula dente volet.'
talibus exiguo dictis mihi murmure verbis,
cetera cum charta dextra locuta mea est.
at quanto mallet, quam scriberet, illa nataret,
meque per adsuetas sedula ferret aquas!
aptior illa quidem placido dare verbera ponto;
est tamen et sensus apta ministra mei.
septima nox agitur, spatium mihi longius anno,
sollicitum raucis ut mare fervet aquis.
his ego si vidi mulcentem pectora somnum
noctibus, insani sit mora longa freti.
rupe sedens aliqua specto tua litora tristis
et, quo non possum corpore, mente feror.
lumina quin etiam summa vigilantia turre
aut videt aut acies nostra videre putat.

ter mihi deposita est in sicca vestis harena;
ter grave temptavi carpere nudus iter:
obstitit inceptis tumidum iuvenalibus aequor
mersit et adversis ora natantis aquis.
at tu, de rapidis inmansuetissime ventis,
quid mecum certa proelia mente geris?
in me, si nescis, Borea, non aequora, saevis.
quid faceres, esset ni tibi notus amor?
tam gelidus quod sis, num te tamen, improbe, quondam
ignibus Actaeis incaluisse negas?
gaudia rapturo siquis tibi claudere vellet
aerios aditus, quo paterere modo?
parce, precor, facilemque move moderatius auram!
imperet Hippotades sic tibi triste nihil!
vana peto; precibusque meis obmurmurat ipse
quasque quatit, nulla parte coercet aquas.
nunc daret audaces utinam mihi Daedalus alas!
Icarium quamvis hinc prope litus abest.
quidquid erit, patiar, liceat modo corpus in auras
tollere, quod dubia saepe pependit aqua.
interea, dum cuncta negant ventique fretumque,
mente agito furti tempora prima mei.
nox erat incipiens — namque est meminisse voluptas —
cum foribus patriis egrediebar amans.
nec mora, deposito pariter cum veste timore
iactabam liquido bracchia lenta mari.
luna fere tremulum praebebat lumen eunti
ut comes in nostras officiosa vias.
hanc ego suspiciens, ‘faveas, dea candida,’ dixi,
‘et subeant animo Latmia saxa tuo.
non sinit Endymion te pectoris esse severi;
flecte, precor, vultus ad mea furta tuos!
tu dea mortalem caelo delapsa petebas;
vera loqui liceat! — quam sequor ipsa dea est.
neu referam mores caelesti pectore dignos,
forma nisi in veras non cadit illa deas.
a Veneris facie non est prior ulla tuaque;

neve meis credas vocibus, ipsa vide!
quantum, cum fulges radiis argentea puris,
concedunt flammis sidera cuncta tuis,
tanto formosis formosior omnibus illa est;
si dubitas, caecum, Cynthia, lumen habes.’
haec ego vel certe non his diversa locutus
per mihi cedentes sponte ferebar aquas.
unda repercussae radiabat imagine lunae
et nitor in tacita nocte diurnus erat.
nullaque vox usquam, nullum veniebat ad aures
praeter dimotae corpore murmur aquae.
Alcyones solae memores Ceycis amati
nescio quid visae sunt mihi dulce queri.
iamque fatigatis umero sub utroque lacertis
fortiter in summas erigor altus aquas.
ut procul adspexi lumen, ‘meus ignis in illo est:
illa meum,’ dixi, ‘litora lumen habent.’
et subito lassas vires rediere lacertis,
visaque quam fuerat mollior unda mihi.
frigora ne possim gelidi sentire profundi,
qui calet in cupido pectore, praestat amor.
quo magis accedo propioraque litora fiunt,
quoque minus restat, plus libet ire mihi.
cum vero possum cerni quoque, protinus addis
spectatrix animos, ut valeamque facis.
nunc etiam nando dominae placuisse laboro,
atque oculis iacto brachia nostra tuis.
te tua vix prohibet nutrix descendere in altum;
hoc quoque enim vidi, nec mihi verba dabas.
nec tamen effecit, quamvis retinebat euntem,
ne fieret prima pes tuus udus aqua.
excipis amplexu feliciaque oscula iungis —
oscula, di magni, trans mare digna peti!
eque tuis demptos umeris mihi tradis amictus
et madidam siccas aequoris imbre comam.
cetera nox et nos et turris conscia novit
quodque mihi lumen per vada monstrat iter.

non magis illius numerari gaudia noctis
Hellespontiaci quam maris alga potest;
quo brevius spatium nobis ad furta dabatur,
hoc magis est cautum, ne foret illud iners.
iamque fugatura Tithoni coniuge noctem
praevious Aurorae Lucifer ortus erat;
oscula congerimus properata sine ordine raptim
et querimur parvas noctibus esse moras.
atque ita cunctatus monitu nutricis amaro
frigida deserta litora turre peto.
digredimur flentes repetoque ego virginis aequor
respiciens dominam, dum licet, usque meam.
siqua fides vero est, veniens hinc esse natator,
cum redeo, videor naufragus esse mihi.
hoc quoque, si credes: ad te via prona videtur;
a te cum redeo, clivus inertis aquae.
invitus repeto patriam; quis credere possit?
invitus certe nunc moror urbe mea.
ei mihi! cur animis iuncti secernimur undis
unaque mens, tellus non habet una duos?
vel tua me Sestus, vel te mea sumat Abydos;
tam tua terra mihi, quam tibi nostra placet.
cur ego confundor, quotiens confunditur aequor?
cur mihi causa levis, ventus, obesse potest?
iam nostros curvi norunt delphines amores
ignotum nec me piscibus esse reor.
iam patet attritus solitarum limes aquarum,
non aliter multa quam via pressa rota.
quod mihi non esset nisi sic iter, ante querebar;
at nunc per ventos hoc quoque deesse queror.
fluctibus immodicis Athamantidos aequora canent
vixque manet portu tuta carina suo;
hoc mare, cum primum de virgine nomina mersa,
quae tenet, est nantum, tale fuisse puto.
est satis amissa locus hic infamis ab Helle est,
utque mihi parcat, nomine crimen habet.
invideo Phrixo, quem per freta tristia tutum

aurea lanigero vellere vexit ovis;
nec tamen officium pecoris navisve requiro,
dummodo, quas findam corpore, dentur aquae.
arte egeo nulla; fiat modo copia nandi,
idem navigium, navita, vector ero
nec sequor aut Helicen aut qua Tyros utitur Arcton;
publica non curat sidera noster amor.
Andromedan alius spectet claramque Coronam
quaeque micat gelido Parrhasis Ursa polo;
at mihi quod Perseus et cum Iove Liber amarunt,
indicium dubiae non placet esse viae.
est aliud lumen, multo mihi certius istis,
non errat tenebris quo duce noster amor;
hoc ego dum spectem, Colchos et in ultima Ponti
quaque viam fecit Thessala pinus eam
et iuvenem possim superare Palaemona nando
morsaue quem subito reddidit herba deum.
saepe per adsiduos languent mea brachia motus,
vixque per immensas fessa trahuntur aquas.
his ego cum dixi: 'pretium non vile laboris,
iam dominae vobis colla tenenda dabo,'
protinus illa valent, atque ad sua praemia tendunt,
ut celer Eleo carcere missus equus.
ipse meos igitur servo, quibus uror, amores
teque, magis caelo digna puella, sequor.
digna quidem caelo, sed adhuc tellure morare,
aut dic, ad superos et mihi qua sit iter!
hic es et exigue misero contingis amanti,
cumque mea fiunt turbida mente freta.
quid mihi, quod lato non separor aequore, prodest?
num minus haec nobis tam brevis obstat aqua?
an malim, dubito, toto procul orbe remotus
cum domina longe spem quoque habere meam.
quo propius nunc es, flamma propiore calesco
et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.
paene manu quod amo, tanta est vicinia, tango;
saepe sed, heu, lacrimas hoc mihi 'paene' movet!

velle quid est aliud fugientia prendere poma
spemque suo refugi fluminis ore sequi?
ergo ego te numquam, nisi cum volet unda, tenebo
et me felicem nulla videbit hiems,
cumque minus firmum nil sit quam ventus et unda,
in ventis et aqua spes mea semper erit?
aestus adhuc tamen est. quid, cum mihi laeserit aequor
Plias et Arctophylax Oleniumque pecus?
aut ego non novi, quam sim temerarius, aut me
in freta non cautus tum quoque mittet Amor;
neve putes id me, quod abest, promittere, tempus,
pignora polliciti non tibi tarda dabo.
sit tumidum paucis etiam nunc noctibus aequor;
ire per invitas experiemur aquas.
aut mihi continget felix audacia salvo
aut mors solliciti finis amoris erit.
optabo tamen ut partis expellar in illas
et teneant portus naufraga membra tuos.
flebis enim tactuque meum dignabere corpus
et 'mortis,' dices, 'huic ego causa fui!'
scilicet interitus offenderis omine nostri,
litteraque invisa est hac mea parte tibi.
desino; parce queri. sed ut et mare finiat iram,
accedant, quaeso, fac tua vota meis.
pace brevi nobis opus est, dum transferor isto;
cum tua contigero litora, perstet hiems!
istic est aptum nostrae navale carinae
et melius nulla stat mea puppis aqua.
illic me claudat Boreas, ubi dulce morari est;
tunc piger ad nandum, tunc ego cautus ero
nec faciam surdis convicia fluctibus ulla
triste nataturo nec querar esse fretum.
me pariter venti teneant tenerique lacerti,
per causas istic impediaturque duas
cum patietur hiems, remis ego corporis utar;
lumen in adspectu tu modo semper habe.
interea pro me pernoctet epistula tecum,

quam precor ut minima prosequar ipse mora.

XIX. Hero Leandro

Quam mihi misisti verbis, Leandre, salutem
ut possim missam rebus habere, veni!
longa mora est nobis omnis, quae gaudia differt.
da veniam fassae; non patienter amo.
urimur igne pari, sed sum tibi viribus impar:
fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris.
ut corpus, teneris ita mens infirma puellis;
deficiam, parvi temporis adde moram.
vos modo venando, modo rus geniale colendo
ponitis in varia tempora longa mora.
aut fora vos retinent aut unctae dona palaestrae
flectitis aut freno colla sequacis equi;
nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis hamo,
diluitur posito serior hora mero.
his mihi summotae, vel si minus acriter urar,
quod faciam, superest praeter amare nihil.
quod superest facio, teque, o mea sola voluptas,
plus quoque, quam reddi quod mihi possit, amo.
aut ego cum cana de te nutrice susurro,
quaeque tuum, miror, causa moretur iter;
aut mare prospiciens odioso concita vento
corripio verbis aequora paene tuis;
aut ubi saevitiae paulum gravis unda remisit,
posse quidem, sed te nolle venire, queror;
dumque queror lacrimae per amantia lumina manant,
pollice quas tremulo conscia siccant anus.
saepe tui specto si sint in litore passus,
impositas tamquam servet harena notas;
utque rogem de te et scribam tibi, siquis Abydo
venerit aut, quaero, siquis Abydon eat.
quid referam, quotiens dem vestibus oscula, quas tu
Hellespontiaca ponis iturus aqua?
sic ubi lux acta est et noctis amior hora
exhibuit pulso sidera clara die,

protinus in summa vigilantia lumina turre
ponimus, adsuetae signa notamque viae,
tortaque versato ducentes stamina fuso
feminea tardas fallimus arte moras.
quid loquar interea tam longo tempore, quaeris:
nil nisi Leandri nomen in ore meo est.
'iamne putas exisse domo mea gaudia, nutrix,
an vigilant omnes, et timet ille suos?
iamne suas umeris illum deponere vestes,
pallade iam pingui tinguere membra putas?'
adnuat illa fere; non nostra quod oscula curet,
sed movet obrepens somnus anile caput.
postque morae minimum 'iam certe navigat,' inquam,
'lentaque dimotis bracchia iactat aquis.'
paucaque cum tacta perfeci stamina terra
an medio possis, quaerimus, esse freto.
et modo prospicimus, timida modo voce precamur,
ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias;
auribus incertas voces captamus et omnem
adventus strepitum credimus esse tui.
sic ubi deceptae pars est mihi maxima noctis
acta, subit furtim lumina fessa sopor.
forsitan invitus mecum tamen, improbe, dormis
et, quamquam non vis ipse venire, venis.
nam modo te videor prope iam spectare natantem,
bracchia nunc umeris umida ferre meis,
nunc dare quae soleo, madidis velamina membris,
pectora nunc nostro iuncta fovere sinu
multaque praeterea linguae reticenda modestae
quae fecisse iuvat, facta referre pudet.
me miseram! brevis est haec et non vera voluptas;
nam tu cum somno semper abire soles.
firmius, o, cupidi tandem coeamus amantes,
nec careant vera gaudia nostra fide.
cur ego tot viduas exegi frigida noctes?
cur totiens a me, lente morator, abes?
est mare, confiteor, non nunc tractabile nanti;

nocte sed hesterna lenior aura fuit.
cur ea praeterita est? cur non ventura timebas?
tam bona cur periit, nec tibi rapta via est?
protinus ut similis detur tibi copia cursus,
hoc melior certe, quo prior, illa fuit.
at cito mutata est pacati forma profundi.
tempore, cum properas, saepe minore venis.
hic, puto, depensus nil quod querereris haberes
meque tibi amplexo nulla noceret hiems.
certe ego tum ventos audirem laeta sonantes
et numquam placidas esse precarer aquas.
quid tamen evenit, cur sis metuentior undae
contemptumque prius nunc vereare fretum?
nam memini, cum te saevum veniente minaxque
non minus, aut multo non minus, aequor erat;
cum tibi clamabam: 'sic tu temerarius esto,
ne miserae virtus sit tua flenda mihi.'
unde novus timor hic quoque illa audacia fugit?
magnus ubi est spretis ille natator aquis?
sis tamen hoc potius, quam quod prius esse solebas,
et facias placidum per mare tutus iter —
dummodo sis idem; dum sic, ut scribis, amemur
flammaque non fiat frigidus illa cinis.
non ego tam ventos timeo mea vota morantes,
quam similis vento ne tuus erret amor,
ne non sim tanti, superentque pericula causam
et videar merces esse labore minor.
interdum metuo, patria ne laedar et impar
dicar Abydeno Thressa puella toro.
ferre tamen possum patientius omnia, quam si
otia nescio qua paelice captus agis,
in tua si veniunt alieni colla lacerti
fitque novus nostri finis amoris amor.
a, potius peream, quam crimine vulnerer isto,
fataque sint culpa nostra priora tua!
nec quia venturi dederis mihi signa doloris,
haec loquor aut fama sollicitata nova.

omnia sed vereor! quis enim securus amavit?
cogit et absentes plura timere locus.
felices illas, sua quas praesentia nosse
crimina vera iubet, falsa timere vetat.
nos tam vana movet, quam facta iniuria fallit,
incitat et morsus error uterque pares.
o utinam venias! aut ut ventusve paterve
causaque sit certe femina nulla morae!
quodsi quam sciero, moriar, mihi crede, dolendo;
iamdudum pecca, si mea fata petis.
sed neque peccabis, frustra que ego terreor istis,
quoque minus venias, invida pugnat hiems.
me miseram! quanto planguntur litora fluctu,
et latet obscura condita nube dies!
forsitan ad pontum mater pia venerit Helles
mersaque roratis nata fleatur aquis;
an mare ab invisio privignae nomine dictum
vexat in aequoream versa noverca deam?
non favet, ut nunc est, teneris locus iste puellis;
hac Helle periit, hac ego laedor aqua.
at tibi flammarum memori, Neptune, tuarum
nullus erat ventis impediendus amor:
si neque Amydone nec, laudatissima forma,
criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui,
lucidaque Alcyone Calyceque Hecataeone nata,
et nondum nexis angue Medusa comis
flavaque Laudice caeloque recepta Celaeno
et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi.
has certe pluresque canunt, Neptune, poetae
molle latus lateri composuisse tuo.
cur igitur, totiens vires expertus amoris,
adsuetum nobis turbine claudis iter?
parce, ferox, latoque mari tua proelia misce;
seducit terras haec brevis unda duas.
te decet aut magnas magnum iactare carinas
aut etiam totis classibus esse trucem;
turpe deo pelagi iuvenem terrere natantem

gloriaque est stagno quolibet ista minor.
nobilis ille quidem est et clarus origine, sed non
a tibi suspecto ducit Ulixē genus.
da veniam servaque duos. natat ille; sed isdem
corpus Leandri, spes mea pendet aquis.
sternuit etn lumen — posito nam scribimus illo —
sternuit et nobis prospera signa dedit.
ecce, merum nutrix faustos instillat in ignes
‘cras’ que ‘erimus plures’ inquit et ipsa bibit.
effice nos plures evicta per aequora lapsus,
o penitus toto corde recepte mihi!
in tua castra redi, socii desertor amoris;
ponuntur medio cur mea membra toro?
quod timeas, non est! auso Venus ipsa favebit
sternet et aequoreas aequore nata vias.
ire libet medias ipsi mihi saepe per undas,
sed solet hoc maribus tutius esse fretum.
nam cur hac vectis Phrixo Phrixique sorore
sola dedit vastis femina nomen aquis?
forsitan ad reditum metuas ne tempora desint,
aut gemini nequeas ferre laboris onus.
at nos diversi medium coeamus in aequor
obviaque in summis oscula demus aquis
atque ita quisque suas iterum redeamus ad urbes;
exiguū sed plus quam nihil illud erit.
vel pudor hic utinam, qui nos clam cogit amare,
vel timidus famae cedere vellet amor!
nunc male res iunctae, calor et reverentia pugnant.
quid sequar, in dubio est; haec decet, ille iuvat.
ut semel intravit Colchos Pagasaeus Iason,
impositam celeri Phasida puppe tulit;
ut semel Idaeus Lacedaemona venit adulter,
cum praeda rediit protinus ille sua.
tu quam saepe petis quod amas, tam saepe relinquis,
et quotiens grave sit puppibus ire, natas.
sic tamen, o iuvenis, tumidarum victor aquarum,
sic facito spernas, ut vereare, fretum.

arte laboratae merguntur ab aequore naves;
tu tua plus remis bracchia posse putas?
quod cupis, hoc nautae metuunt, Leandre, natare;
exitus hic fractis puppibus esse solet.
me miseram! cupio non persuadere quod hortor
sisque, precor, monitis fortior ipse meis;
dummodo pervenias excussaue saepe per undas
inicias umeris bracchia lassa meis.
sed mihi, caeruleas quotiens obvertor ad undas,
nescio quid pavidum frigore pectus habet.
nec minus hesternae confundor imagine noctis,
quamvis est sacris illa piata meis.
namque sub aurora iam dormitante lucerna
somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent,
stamina de digitis cecidere sopore remissis
collaque pulvino nostra ferenda dedi.
hic ego ventosas nantem delphina per undas
cernere non dubia sum mihi visa fide:
quem postquam bibulis illisit fluctus harenis,
unda simul miserum vitaque deseruit.
quidquid id est, timeo; nec tu mea somnia ride
nec nisi tranquillo bracchia crede mari.
si tibi non parcis, dilectae parce puellae,
quae numquam nisi te sospite sospes ero.
spes tamen est fractis vicinae pacis in undis;
tu placidas toto pectore finde vias.
interea, quoniam nanti freta pervia non sunt,
leniat invisas littera missa moras.

XX. Acontius Cydippae

Accipe, Cydippe, despecti namen Aconti —
 illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.
Pone metum! nihil hic iterum iurabis amanti;
 promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.
perlege! discedat sic corpore languor ab isto,
 quod meus est ulla parte dolere dolor!

quid pudor ante subit? nam, sicut in aede Dianae
 suspikor ingenuas erubuisse genas.
coniugium pactamque fidem, non crimina posco;
 debitus ut coniunx, non ut adulter amo.
verba licet repetas, quae demptus ab arbore fetus
 pertulit ad castas me iaciente manus;
invenies illic id te spondere, quod opto
 te potius, virgo, quam meminisse deam.
nunc quoque idem (timeo), sed idem tamen acrius illud;
 adsumpsit vires auctaque flamma mora est,
quique fuit numquam parvus, nunc tempore longo
 et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crevit amor.
spem mihi tu dederas; meus hic tibi credidit ardor.
 non potes hoc factum teste negare dea.
adfuit et praesens, ut erat, tua verba notavit
 et visa est mota dicta tulisse coma.
deceptam dicas nostra te fraude licebit,
 dum fraudis nostrae causa feratur amor.
fraus mea quid petiit, nisi uti tibi iungerer uni?
 id me, quod quereris, conciliare potest.
non ego natura nec sum tam callidus usu;
 sollertem tu me, crede, puella, facis.
te mihi compositis, siquid tamen egimus, a me
 adstrinxit verbis ingeniosus Amor.
dictatis ab eo feci sponsalia verbis
 consultoque fui iuris Amore vafer.
sit fraus huic facto nomen, dicarque dolosus,

si tamen est, quod ames, velle tenere dolus.
en, iterum scribo mittoque rogantia verba!
altera fraus haec est, quodque queraris habes.
si noceo, quod amo, fateor, sine fine nocebo,
teque, peti caveas tu licet, usque petam.
per gladios alii placitas rapuere puellas;
scripta mihi caute littera crimen erit?
di faciant, possim plures imponere nodos,
ut tua sit nulla libera parte fides.
mille doli restant, clivo sudamus in imo;
ardor inexpertum nil sinet esse meus.
sit dubium, possisne capi; captabere certe.
exitus in dis est, sed capiere tamen.
ut partem effugias, non omnia retia falles,
quae tibi, quam credis, plura tetendit Amor.
si non proficient artes, veniemus ad arma,
inque tui cupido rapta ferere sinu.
non sum qui soleam Paridis reprehendere factum
nec quemquam, qui vir, posset ut esse, fuit.
nos quoque — sed taceo. mors huius poena rapinae
ut sit, erit quam te non habuisse minor.
aut esses formosa minus, peterere modeste;
audaces facie cogimur esse tua.
tu facis hoc oculique tui, quibus ignea cedunt
sidera, qui flammae causa fuere meae;
hoc faciunt flavi crines et eburnea cervix
quaeque, precor, veniant in mea colla manus
et decor et vultus sine rusticitate pudentes
et, Thetidis qualis vix rear esse, pedes.
cetera si possem laudare, beatior essem,
nec dubito, totum quin sibi par sit opus.
hac ego compulsus, non est mirabile, forma,
si pignus volui vocis habere tuae.
denique, dum captam tu te cogare fateri,
insidiis esto capta puella meis.
invidiam patiar; passo sua praemia dentur.
cur suus a tanto crimine fructus abest?

Hesionen Telamon, Briseida cepit Achilles;
utraque victorem nempe secuta virum.
quamlibet accuses et sis irata licebit,
irata liceat dum mihi posse frui.
idem qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram,
copia placandi sit modo parva tui.
ante tuos liceat flentem consistere vultus
et liceat lacrimis addere verba suis
utque solent famuli, cum verbera saeva verentur,
tendere submissas ad tua crura manus!
ignoras tua iura; voca! cur arguor absens?
iamdudum dominae more venire iube.
ipsa meos scindas licet imperiosa capillos
oraeque sint digitis livida nostra tuis.
omnia perpetiar; tantum fortasse timebo,
corpore laedatur ne manus ista meo.
sed neque conpedibus nec me conpesce catenis;
servabor firmo vinctus amore tui.
cum bene se quantumque volet satiaverit ira,
ipsa tibi dices: 'quam patienter amat!'
ipsa tibi dices, ubi videris omnia ferre:
'tam bene qui servit, serviat iste mihi!'
nunc reus infelix absens agor, et mea, cum sit
optima, non ullo causa tuente perit.
hoc quoque quod tum vis, sit scriptum iniuria nostrum,
quod de me solo nempe queraris, habes.
non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia; si non
vis mihi promissum reddere, redde deae.
adfuit et vidit, cum tu decepta rubebas,
et vocem memori condidit aure tuam.
omina re careant! nihil est violentius illa,
cum sua, quod nolim, numina laesa videt.
testis erit Calydonis aper sic saevus, ut illo
sit magis in natum saeva reperta parens.
testis et Actaeon, quondam fera creditus illis,
ipse dedit leto cum quibus ante feras;
quaeque superba parens saxo per corpus oborto

nunc quoque Mygdonia flebilis adstat humo.
ei mihi! Cydippe, timeo tibi dicere verum,
ne videar causa falsa monere mea;
dicendum tamen est. hoc est, mihi crede, quod aegra
ipso nubendi tempore saepe iaces.
consulit ipsa tibi, neu sis periura, laborat,
et salvam salva te cupit esse fide.
inde fit, ut, quotiens existere perfida temptas,
peccatum totiens corrigat illa tuum.
parce movere feros animosae virginis arcus;
mitis adhuc fieri, si patiare, potest.
parce, precor, teneros corrumpere febribus artus;
servetur facies ista fruenda mihi.
serventur vultus ad nostra incendia nati,
quique subest niveo lenis in ore rubor.
hostibus et siquis, ne fias nostra, repugnat,
sic sit ut invalida te solet esse mihi.
torqueor ex aequo vel te nubente vel aegra
dicere nec possum, quid minus ipse velim;
maceror interdum, quod sim tibi causa dolendi
teque mea laedi calliditate puto.
in caput ut nostrum dominae periuria, quaeso,
eveniant; poena tuta sit illa mea!
ne tamen ignorem, quid agas, ad limina crebro
anxius huc illuc dissimulanter eo;
subsequor ancillam furtim famulumque requirens,
profuerint somni quid tibi quidve cibi.
me miserum, quod non medicorum iussa ministro
effingoque manus insideoque toro!
et rursus miserum, quod me procul inde remoto,
quem minime vellem, forsitan alter adest.
ille manus istas effingit et adsidet aegrae
invisus superis cum superisque mihi,
dumque suo temptat salientem pollice venam,
candida per causam bracchia saepe tenet
contrectatque sinus et forsitan oscula iungit;
officio merces plenior ista suo est.

quis tibi permisit nostras praecerpere messes?
ad saepem alterius quis tibi fecit iter?
iste sinus meus est! mea turpiter oscula sumis!
a mihi promisso corpore tolle manus!
improbe, tolle manus! quam tangis, nostra futura est;
postmodo si facies istud, adulter eris.
elige de vacuis quam non sibi vindicet alter;
si nescis: dominum res habet ista suum.
nec mihi credideris: recitetur formula pacti;
neu falsam dicas esse, fac ipsa legat.
alterius thalamo tibi nos, tibi dicimus exi!
quid facis hic? exi! non vacat iste torus.
nam quod habes et tu gemini verba altera pacti,
non erit idcirco par tua causa meae.
haec mihi se pepigit, pater hanc tibi, primus ab illa;
sed propior certe quam pater ipsa sibi est.
promisit pater hanc, haec se iuravit amanti;
ille homines, haec est testificata deam.
hic metuit mendax, haec et periura vocari;
an dubitas, hic sit maior an ille metus?
denique ut amborum conferre pericula possis,
respice ad eventus: haec cubat, ille valet.
nos quoque dissimili certamina mente subimus;
nec spes par nobis nec timor aequus adest.
tu petis ex tuto; gravior mihi morte repulsa est,
idque ego iam, quod tu forsam amabis, amo.
si tibi iustitiae, si recti cura fuisset,
cedere debueras ignibus ipse meis.
nunc, quoniam ferus hic pro causa pugnat iniqua,
ad quid, Cydippe, littera nostra redit.
hic facit ut iaceas et sis suspecta Dianae;
hunc tu, si sapias, limen adire vetes.
hoc faciente subis tam saeva pericula vitae,
atque utinam pro te, qui movet illa, cadat!
quem si reppuleris nec, quem dea damnat, amaris,
tu tunc continuo, certe ego salvus ero.
siste metum, virgo! stabili potiere salute,

fac modo polliciti conscia templa colas;
non bove mactato caelestia numina gaudent,
sed, quae praestanda est et sine teste, fide.
ut valeant aliae, ferrum patiuntur et ignes,
fert aliis tristem sucus amarus opem.
nil opus est istis; tantum periuria vita
teque simul serva meque datamque fidem!
praeteritae veniam dabit ignorantia culpa:
exciderant animo foedera lecta tuo.
admonita es modo voce mea, modo casibus istis,
quos, quotiens temptas fallere, ferre soles.
his quoque vitatis in partu nempe rogabis,
ut tibi luciferas adferat illa manus?
audiet et repetens quae sunt audita requiret,
iste tibi de quo coniuge partus eat.
promittes votum; scit te promittere falso.
iurabis; scit te fallere posse deos.
non agitur de me; cura maiore laboro.
anxia sunt causa pectora nostra tua.
cur modo te dubiam pavidi flevere parentes,
ignaros culpa quos facis esse tuae?
et cur ignorent? matri licet omnia narres.
nil tua, Cydippe, facta ruboris habent.
ordine fac referas ut sis mihi cognita primum
sacra pharetratae dum facit ipsa deae;
ut te conspecta subito, si forte notasti,
restiterim fixis in tua membra genis;
et te dum nimium miror, nota certa furoris,
deciderint umero pallia lapsa meo;
postmodo nescio qua venisse volubile malum
verba ferens doctis insidiosa notis;
quod quia sit lectum sancta praesente Diana
esse tuam vinctam numine teste fidem.
ne tamen ignoret, scripti sententia quae sit,
lecta tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refer.
'nube, precor' dicet 'cui te bona numina iungunt;
quem fore iurasti, sit gener ille mihi.

quisquis is est, placeat, quoniam placet ante Dianae.
 talis erit mater, si modo mater erit.
sed tamen ut quaerat quis sim qualisque; videto:
 inveniet vobis consuluisse deam.
insula Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis
 cingitur Aegaeo, nomine Cea, mari.
illa mihi patria est; nec, si generosa probatis
 nomina, despectis arguor ortus avis.
sunt et opes nobis, sunt et sine crimine mores;
 amplius utque nihil, me tibi iungit Amor.
appeteres talem vel non iurata maritum;
 iuratae vel non talis habendus erat.
haec tibi me in somnis iaculatrix scribere Phoebe;
 haec tibi me vigilem scribere iussit Amor;
e quibus alterius mihi iam nocuere sagittae,
 alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave!
iuncta salus nostra est — miserere meique tuique:
 quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem?
quod si contigerit, cum iam data signa sonabunt,
 tinctaque votivo sanguine Delos erit,
aurea ponetur mali felicitis imago,
 causaque versiculis scripta duobus erit:
“effigie pomi testatur acontius huius
 quae fuerint in eo scripta fuisse rata.”
longior infirmum ne lasset epistula corpus
 clausaque consueto sit sibi fine: vale!

XXI. Cydippe Acontio

Littera pervenit tua quo consuevit, Aconti
et paene est oculis insidiata meis.
Pertimui scriptumque tuum sine murmure legi,
iuraret ne quos inscia lingua deos.
et, puto, captasses iterum, nisi ut ipse fateris,
promissam scires me satis esse semel.
nec lectura fui, sed si tibi dura fuisset,
aucta foret saevae forsitan ira deae.
omnia cum faciam, cum dem pia tura Dianae,
illa tamen iusta plus tibi parte favet
utque cupis credi, memori te vindicat ira:
talis in Hippolyto vix fuit illa suo.
at melius virgo favisset virginis annis,
quos vereor paucos ne velit esse mihi.
languor enim causis non apparentibus haeret,
adiuvor et nulla fessa medentis ope.
quam tibi nunc gracilem vix haec rescribere quamque
pallida vix cubito membra levare putas?
nunc timor accedit, ne quis nisi conscia nutrix
colloquii nobis sentiat esse vices.
ante fores sedet haec quid agamque rogantibus intus,
ut possim tuto scribere, 'dormit' ait.
mox, ubi, secreti longi causa optima, somnus
credibilis tarda desinit esse mora,
iamque venire videt quos non admittere durum est,
excreat et dicta dat mihi signa nota.
sicut erant, properans verba imperfecta relinquo,
et tegitur trepido littera coepta sinu.
inde meos digitos iterum repetita fatigat;
quantus sit nobis adspicis ipse labor.
quo peream si dignus eras, ut vera loquamur;
sed melior iusto quamque mereris ego.

ergo te propter totiens incerta salutis

commentis poenas doque dedique tuis?
haec nobis formae te laudatore superbae
contingit merces et placuisse nocet?
si tibi deformis, quod mallet, visa fuisset,
culpatum nulla corpus egeret ope;
nunc laudata gemo, nunc me certamine vestro
perditis et proprio vulneror ipsa bono.
dum neque tu cedis, nec se putat ille secundum,
tu votis obstas illius, ille tuis,
ipsa velut navis iactor, quam certus in altum
propellit Boreas, aestus et unda refert.
cumque dies caris optata parentibus instat,
immodicus pariter corporis ardor inest.
nunc mihi coniugii tempus crudelis ad ipsum
Persephone nostras pulsat acerba fores.
iam pudet et timeo, quamvis mihi conscia non sim,
offensos videar ne meruisse deos.
accidere haec aliquis casu contendit, et alter
acceptum superis hunc negat esse virum;
neve nihil credas in te quoque dicere famam,
facta veneficiis pars putat ista tuis.
causa latet, mala nostra patent; vos pace movetis
aspera submota proelia, plector ego.
dic mihi nunc, solitoque tibi ne decipe more;
quid facies odio, sic ubi amore nocet?
si laedis quod amas, hostem sapienter amabis;
me, precor, ut serves, perdere velle velis!
aut tibi iam nulla est speratae cura puellae,
quam ferus indigna tabe perire sinis,
aut dea si frustra pro me tibi saeva rogatur,
quid mihi te iactas? gratia nulla tua est.
elige, quid fingas: non vis placare Dianam.
immemor es nostri; non potes — illa tui est.
vel numquam mallet vel non mihi tempore in illo
esset in Aegaeis cognita Delos aquis.
tunc mea difficili deducta est aequare navis
et fuit ad coeptas hora sinistra vias.

quo pede processi? quo me pede limine movi?
picta citae tetigi quo pede texta ratis?
bis tamen adverso redierunt carbasa vento:
mentior, a demens! ille secundus erat.
ille secundus erat qui me referebat euntem
quique parum felix impediēbat iter.
atque utinam constans contra mea vela fuisset!
sed stultum est venti de levitate queri.
mota loci fama properabam visere Delon
et facere ignava puppe videbar iter.
quam saepe ut tardis feci convicia remis
questaque sum vento lintea parca dari.
et iam transieram Myconon, iam Tenon et Andron,
inque meis oculis candida Delos erat;
quam procul ut vidi, 'quid me fugis, insula' dixi
'laberis in magno numquid ut ante mari?'
institeram terrae, cum iam prope luce peracta
demere purpureis sol iuga vellet equis.
quos idem solitos postquam revocavit ad ortus,
comuntur nostrae matre iubente comae.
ipsa dedit gemmas digitis et crinibus aurum
et vestes umeris induit ipsa meis.
protinus egressae superis, quibus insula sacra est,
flava salutatis tura merumque damus;
dumque parens aras votivo sanguine tingit
sectaque fumosis ingerit exta focis,
sedula me nutrix altas quoque ducit in aedes
erramusque vago per loca sacra pede;
et modo porticibus spatior modo munera regum
miror et in cunctis stantia signa locis.
miror et innumeris structam de cornibus aram
et de qua pariens arbore nixa dea est
et quae praeterea — neque enim meminive libetve
quidquid ibi vidi dicere — Delos habet.
forsitan haec spectans a te spectabar, Aconti,
visaue simplicitas est mea posse capi.
in templum redeo gradibus sublime Dianae —

tutior hoc ecquis debuit esse locus?
mittitur ante pedes malum cum carmine tali —
ei mihi! iuravi nunc quoque paene tibi!
sustulit hoc nutrix mirataque 'perlege' dixit.
insidias legi, magne poeta, tuas.
nomine coniugii dicto confusa pudore,
sensi me totis erubuisse genis,
luminaque in gremio veluti defixa tenebam,
lumina propositi facta ministra tui.
improbe, quid gaudes aut quae tibi gloria parta est?
quidve vir elusa virgine laudis habes?
non ego constiteram sumpta peltata securi,
qualis in Iliaco Penthesilea solo;
nullus Amazonio caelatus balteus auro,
sicut ab Hippolyta, praeda relata tibi est.
verba quid exultas tua si mihi verba dederunt
sumque parum prudens capta puella dolis?
Cydippen pomum, pomum Schoeneida cepit;
tu nunc Hippomenes scilicet alter eris?
at fuerat melius, si te puer iste tenebat,
quem tu nescio quas dicis habere faces,
more bonis solito spem non corrumpere fraude;
exoranda tibi, non capienda fui.
cur, me cum peteres, ea non profitenda putabas,
propter quae nobis ipse petendus eras?
cogere cur potius quam persuadere volebas,
si poteram audita condicione capi?
quid tibi nunc prodest iurandi formula iuris
linguaque praesentem testificata deam?
quae iurat mens est. nil coniuravimus illa;
illa fidem dictis addere sola potest.
consilium prudensque animi sententia iurat
et nisi iudicii vincula nulla valent.
si tibi coniugium volui promittere nostrum,
exige polliciti debita iura tori.
sed si nil dedimus praeter sine pectore vocem,
verba suis frustra viribus orba tenes.

non ego iuravi, legi iurantia verba;
vir mihi non isto more legendus eras.
decipe sic alias, succedat epistula pomo;
si valet hoc magnas ditibus aufer opes;
fac iurent reges sua se tibi regna datorios
sitque tuum toto quidquid in orbe placet!
maior es hoc ipsa multo, mihi crede, Diana,
si tua tam praesens littera numen habet.
cum tamen haec dixi, cum me tibi firma negavi,
cum bene promissi causa peracta mei est,
confiteor, timeo saevae Latoidos iram
et corpus laedi suspicor inde meum.
nam quare, quotiens socialia sacra parantur,
nupturae totiens languida membra cadunt?
ter mihi iam veniens positas Hymenaeus ad aras
fugit, et a thalami limine terga dedit
vixque manu pigra totiens infusa resurgunt
lumina, vix moto corripit igne faces.
saepe coronatis stillant unguenta capillis
et trahitur multo splendida palla croco.
cum tetigit limen, lacrimas mortisque timorem
cernit et a cultu multa remota suo,
proicit ipse sua deductas fronte coronas
spissaque de nitidis tergit amoma comis;
et pudet in tristi laetum consurgere turba,
quique erat in palla, transit in ora rubor.
at mihi, vae miserae! torrentur febribus artus
et gravius iusto pallia pondus habent.
nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes
et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest.
parce laboranti, picta dea laeta pharetra,
daque salutiferam iam mihi fratris opem.
turpe tibi est, illum causas depellere leti,
te contra titulum mortis habere meae.
numquid, in umbroso cum velles fonte lavari,
imprudens vultus ad tua labra tuli?
praeteriive tuas de tot caelestibus aras,

ave mea sprete est vestra parente parens?
nil ego peccavi, nisi quod periuria legi
inque parum fausto carmine docta fui.
tu quoque pro nobis, si non mentiris amorem,
tura feras; prosint quae nocuere manus!
cur, qui succenses quod adhuc tibi pacta puella
non tua sit, fieri ne tua possit, agis?
omnia de viva tibi sunt speranda; quid aufert
saeva mihi vitam, spem tibi diva mei?
nec tu credideris illum, cui destinor uxor,
aegra superposita membra fovere manu.
adsidet ille quidem, quantum permittitur ipsi;
sed meminit nostrum virginis esse torum.
iam quoque nescio quid de se sensisse videtur;
nam lacrimae causa saepe latente cadunt,
et minus audacter blanditur et oscula rara
applicat et timido me vocat ore suam.
nec miror sensisse, notis cum prodar apertis;
in dextrum vector, cum venit ille, latus
nec loquor, et tecto simulatur lumine somnus
captantem tactus reicioque manum.
ingemit et tacito suspirat pectore, me quod
offensam, quamvis non mereatur, habet.
ei mihi, quod gaudes et te iuvat ista voluntas!
ei mihi, quod sensus sum tibi fassa meos!
tu mihi siqua foret, tu nostra iustius ira,
qui mihi tendebas retia, dignus eras.
scribis, ut invalidum liceat tibi visere corpus:
es procul a nobis, et tamen inde noces.
mirabar quare tibi nomen Acontius esset;
quod faciat longe vulnus, acumen habes.
certe ego convalui nondum de vulnere tali,
ut iaculo scriptis eminus icta tuis.
quid tamen huc venias? sane miserabile corpus,
ingenii videas magna tropaea tui!
concidimus macie; color est sine sanguine, qualem
in pomo refero mente fuisse tuo.

candida nec mixto sublucent ora rubore.
forma novi talis marmoris esse solet;
argenti color est inter convivia talis,
quod tactum gelidae frigore pallet aquae.
si me nunc videas, visam prius esse negabis;
‘arte nec est’ dices ‘ista petita mea.’
promissique fidem, ne sim tibi iuncta, remittes
et cupies illud non meminisse deam.
forsitan et facies iurem ut contraria rursus,
quaeque legam mittes altera verba mihi.
sed tamen adspiceres vellem prout ipse rogabas,
et discas sponsae languida membra tuae!
durius ut ferro iam sit tibi pectus, Aconti,
tu veniam nostris vocibus ipse petas.
ne tamen ignores: ope qua revalescere possim,
quaeritur a Delphis fata canente deo.
is quoque nescio quam, nunc ut vaga fama susurrat,
neglectam queritur testis habere fidem.
hoc deus, hoc vates, hoc edita carmina dicunt:
a, desunt voto numina nulla tuo!
unde tibi favor hic? nisi si nova forte reperta est,
quae capiat magnos littera lecta deos.
teque tenente deos numen sequor ipsa deorum
doque libens victas in tua vota manus;
fassaque sum matri deceptae foedera linguae
lumina fixa tenens plena pudoris humo.
cetera cura tua est plus hoc quoque virgine factum;
non timuit tecum quod mea charta loqui.
iam satis invalidos calamo lassavimus artus;
et manus officium longius aegra negat.
quid nisi, si cupio mihi iam contingere tecum,
restat, ut adscribat littera nostra “Vale!”

AMORES

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LIBER SECVNDVS AMORES

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LIBER TERTIVS AMORES

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LIBER PRIMVS AMORES

Epigramma Ipsius

Qui modo Nasonis fueramus quinque libelli,
tres sumus; hoc illi praetulit auctor opus.
ut iam nulla tibi nos sit legisse voluptas,
at levior demptis poena duobus erit.

Arma gravi numero violentaque bella parabam
 edere, materia conveniente modis.
 par erat inferior versus — risisse Cupido
 dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.
 ‘Quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina iuris?’ 5
 Pieridum vates, non tua turba sumus.
 quid, si praecripiat flavae Venus arma Minervae,
 ventilet accensas flava Minerva faces?
 quis probet in silvis Cererem regnare iugosis,
 lege pharetratae Virginis arva coli? 10
 crinibus insignem quis acuta cuspide Phoebum
 instruat, Aoniam Marte movente lyram?
 sunt tibi magna, puer, nimiumque potentia regna;
 cur opus adfectas, ambitiose, novum?
 an, quod ubique, tuum est? tua sunt Heliconia tempe? 15
 vix etiam Phoebo iam lyra tuta sua est?
 cum bene surrexit versu nova pagina primo,
 attenuat nervos proximus ille meos;
 nec mihi materia est numeris levioribus apta,
 aut puer aut longas compta puella comas.’ 20
 Questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille soluta
 legit in exitium spicula facta meum,
 lunavitque genu sinuosum fortiter arcum,
 ‘quod’ que ‘canas, vates, accipe’ dixit ‘opus!’
 Me miserum! certas habuit puer ille sagittas. 25
 uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.
 Sex mihi surgat opus numeris, in quinque residat:
 ferrea cum vestris bella valete modis!
 cingere litorea flaventia tempora myrto,
 Musa, per undenos emodulanda pedes! 30

II

Esse quid hoc dicam, quod tam mihi dura videntur
 strata, neque in lecto pallia nostra sedent,
 et vacuus somno noctem, quam longa, peregi,
 lassaque versati corporis ossa dolent?
 nam, puto, sentirem, siquo temptarer amore. 5
 an subit et tecta callidus arte nocet?
 sic erit; haeserunt tenues in corde sagittae,
 et possessa ferus pectora versat Amor.
 Cedimus, an subitum luctando accendimus ignem?
 cedamus! leve fit, quod bene fertur, onus. 10
 vidi ego iactatas mota face crescere flammās
 et rursus nullo concutiente mori.
 verbera plura ferunt, quam quos iuvat usus aratri,
 detractant prensi dum iuga prima boves.
 asper equus duris contunditur ora lupatis, 15
 frena minus sentit, quisquis ad arma facit.
 acrius invitos multoque ferocius urget
 quam qui servitium ferre fatentur Amor.
 En ego confiteor! tua sum nova praeda, Cupido;
 porrigimus victas ad tua iura manus. 20
 nil opus est bello — veniam pacemque rogamus;
 nec tibi laus armis victus inermis ero.
 necte comam myrto, maternas iunge columbas;
 qui deceat, currum vitricus ipse dabit,
 inque dato curru, populo clamante triumphum, 25
 stabis et adiunctas arte movebis aves.
 ducentur capti iuvenes captaeque puellae;
 haec tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.
 ipse ego, praeda recens, factum modo vulnus habebō
 et nova captiva vincula mente feram. 30
 Mens Bona ducetur manibus post terga retortis,
 et Pudor, et castris quidquid Amoris obest.
 omnia te metuent; ad te sua bracchia tendens
 vulgus 'io' magna voce 'trumphe!' canet.

blanditiae comites tibi erunt Errorque Furorque, 35
 adsidue partes turba secuta tuas.
his tu militibus superas hominesque deosque;
 haec tibi si demas commoda, nudus eris.
Laeta triumphanti de summo mater Olympo
 plaudet et adpositas sparget in ora rosas. 40
tu pinnas gemma, gemma variante capillos
 ibis in auratis aureus ipse rotis.
tunc quoque non paucos, si te bene novimus, ures;
 tunc quoque praeteriens vulnera multa dabis.
non possunt, licet ipse velis, cessare sagittae; 45
 fervida vicino flamma vapore nocet.
talis erat domita Bacchus Gangetide terra;
 tu gravis alitibus, tigribus ille fuit.
Ergo cum possim sacri pars esse triumphi,
 parce tuas in me perdere, victor, opes! 50
adspice cognati felicia Caesaris arma —
 qua vicit, victos protegit ille manu.

III

Iusta precor: quae me nuper praedata puella est,
aut amet aut faciat, cur ego semper amem!
a, nimium volui — tantum patiaturs amari;
audierit nostras tot Cytherea preces!
Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos; 5
accipe, qui pura norit amare fide!
si me non veterum commendant magna parentum
nomina, si nostri sanguinis auctor eques,
nec meus innumeris renovatur campus aratris,
temperat et sumptus parcus uterque parens — 10
at Phoebus comitesque novem vitisque repertor
hac faciunt, et me qui tibi donat, Amor,
et nulli cessura fides, sine crimine mores
nudaque simplicitas purpureusque pudor.
non mihi mille placent, non sum desultor amoris: 15
tu mihi, siqua fides, cura perennis eris.
tecum, quos dederint annos mihi fila sororum,
vivere contingat teque dolente mori!
te mihi materiem felicem in carmina praebe —
provenient causa carmina digna sua. 20
carmine nomen habent exterrita cornibus Io
et quam fluminea lusit adulter ave,
quaeque super pontum simulato vecta iuvenco
virginea tenuit cornua vara manu.
nos quoque per totum pariter cantabimur orbem, 25
iunctaque semper erunt nomina nostra tuis.

IV

Vir tuus est epulas nobis aditurus easdem —
ultima coena tuo sit, precor, illa viro!
ergo ego dilectam tantum conviva puellam
adspiciam? tangi quem iuvet, alter erit,
alteriusque sinus apte subiecta fovebis? 5
iniciet collo, cum volet, ille manum?
desino mirari, posito quod candida vino
Atracis ambiguos traxit in arma viros.
nec mihi silva domus, nec equo mea membra cohaerent —
vix a te videor posse tenere manus! 10
Quae tibi sint facienda tamen cognosce, nec Euris
da mea nec tepidis verba ferenda Notis!
ante veni, quam vir — nec quid, si veneris ante,
possit agi video; sed tamen ante veni.
cum premet ille torum, vultu comes ipsa modesto 15
ibis, ut accumbas — clam mihi tange pedem!
me specta nutusque meos vultumque loquacem;
excipe furtivas et refer ipsa notas.
verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam;
verba leges digitis, verba notata mero. 20
cum tibi succurret Veneris lascivia nostrae,
purpureas tenero pollice tange genas.
siquid erit, de me tacita quod mente queraris,
pendeat extrema mollis ab aure manus.
cum tibi, quae faciam, mea lux, dicamve, placebunt, 25
versetur digitis anulus usque tuis.
tange manu mensam, tangunt quo more precantes,
optabis merito cum mala multa viro.
Quod tibi miscuerit, sapias, bibat ipse, iubeto;
tu puerum leviter posce, quod ipsa voles. 30
quae tu reddideris ego primus pocula sumam,
et, qua tu biberis, hac ego parte bibam.
si tibi forte dabit, quod praegustaverit ipse,
reice libatos illius ore cibos.

nec premat inpositis sinito tua colla lacertis, 35
mite nec in rigido pectore pone caput;
nec sinus admittat digitos habilesve papillae;
oscula praecipue nulla dedisse velis!
oscula si dederis, fiam manifestus amator
et dicam 'mea sunt!' iniciamque manum. 40
Haec tamen adspiciam, sed quae bene pallia celant,
illa mihi caeci causa timoris erunt.
nec femori committe femur nec crure cohaere
nec tenerum duro cum pede iunge pedem.
multa miser timeo, quia feci multa proterve, 45
exemplique metu torqueor, ecce, mei.
saepe mihi dominaeque meae properata voluptas
veste sub iniecta dulce peregit opus.
hoc tu non facies; sed, ne fecisse puteris,
conscia de tergo pallia deme tuo. 50
vir bibat usque roga — precibus tamen oscula desint! —
dumque bibit, furtim si potes, adde merum.
si bene conpositus somno vinoque iacebit,
consilium nobis resque locusque dabunt.
cum surges abitura domum, surgemus et omnes, 55
in medium turbae fac memor agmen eas.
agmine me invenies aut invenieris in illo:
quidquid ibi poteris tangere, tange, mei.
Me miserum! monui, paucas quod prosit in horas;
separor a domina nocte iubente mea. 60
nocte vir includet, lacrimis ego maestus obortis,
qua licet, ad saevas prosequar usque fores.
oscula iam sumet, iam non tantum oscula sumet:
quod mihi das furtim, iure coacta dabis.
verum invita dato — potes hoc — similisque coactae; 65
blanditiae taceant, sitque maligna Venus.
si mea vota valent, illum quoque ne iuвет, opto;
si minus, at certe te iuвет inde nihil.
sed quaecumque tamen noctem fortuna sequetur,
cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega! 70

V

Aestus erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam;
adposui medio membra levanda toro.
pars adapertha fuit, pars altera clausa fenestrae;
quale fere silvae lumen habere solent,
qualia sublucent fugiente crepuscula Phoebos, 5
aut ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.
illa verecundis lux est praebebenda puellis,
qua timidus latebras speret habere pudor.
ecce, Corinna venit, tunica velata recincta,
candida dividua colla tegente coma — 10
qualiter in thalamos famosa Semiramis isse
dicitur, et multis Lais amata viris.
Deripui tunicam — nec multum rara nocebat;
pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi.
quae cum ita pugnaret, tamquam quae vincere nollet, 15
victa est non aegre prodicione sua.
ut stetit ante oculos posito velamine nostros,
in toto nusquam corpore menda fuit.
quos umeros, quales vidi tetigique lacertos!
forma papillarum quam fuit apta premi! 20
quam castigato planus sub pectore venter!
quantum et quale latus! quam iuvenale femur!
Singula quid referam? nil non laudabile vidi
et nudam pressi corpus ad usque meum.
Cetera quis nescit? lassi requievimus ambo. 25
proveniant medii sic mihi saepe dies!

VI

Ianitor — indignum! — dura religate catena,
difficilem moto cardine pande forem!
quod precor, exiguum est — aditu fac ianua parvo
obliquum capiat semiadaperta latus.
longus amor tales corpus tenuavit in usus 5
aptaque subducto pondere membra dedit.
ille per excubias custodum leniter ire
monstrat: inoffensos derigit ille pedes.
At quondam noctem simulacraque vana timebam;
mirabar, tenebris quisquis iturus erat. 10
risit, ut audirem, tenera cum matre Cupido
et leviter ‘fies tu quoque fortis’ ait.
nec mora, venit amor — non umbras nocte volantis,
non timeo strictas in mea fata manus.
te nimium lentum timeo, tibi blandior uni; 15
tu, me quo possis perdere, fulmen habes.
Adspice — uti videas, inimitia claustra relaxa —
uda sit ut lacrimis ianua facta meis!
certe ego, cum posita stares ad verbera veste,
ad dominam pro te verba tremente tuli. 20
ergo quae valuit pro te quoque gratia quondam —
heu facinus! — pro me nunc valet illa parum?
redde vicem meritis! grato licet esse quod optas.
tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
Excute! sic, inquam, longa relevere catena, 25
nec tibi perpetuo serva bibatur aqua!
ferreus orantem nequiquam, ianitor, audis,
roboribus duris ianua fulta riget.
urbibus obsessis clausae munimina portae
prosunt; in media pace quid arma times? 30
quid facies hosti, qui sic excludis amantem?
tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
Non ego militibus venio comitatus et armis;
solus eram, si non saevus adesset Amor.

hunc ego, si cupiam, nusquam dimittere possum; 35
ante vel a membris divider ipse meis.
ergo Amor et modicum circa mea tempora vinum
mecum est et madidis lapsa corona comis.
arma quis haec timeat? quis non eat obviis illis?
tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram! 40
Lentus es: an somnus, qui te male perdat, amantis
verba dat in ventos aure repulsa tua?
at, memini, primo, cum te celare volebam,
pervigil in mediae sidera noctis eras.
forsitan et tecum tua nunc requiescit amica — 45
heu, melior quanto sors tua sorte mea!
dummodo sic, in me durae transite catenae!
tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
Fallimur, an verso sonuerunt cardine postes,
raucaeque concussae signa dedere fores? 50
fallimur — impulsa est animoso ianua vento.
ei mihi, quam longe spem tulit aura meam!
si satis es raptae, Borea, memor Orithyiae,
huc ades et surdas flamine tunde foris!
urbe silent tota, vitreoque madentia rore 55
tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
Aut ego iam ferroque ignique paratior ipse,
quem face sustineo, tecta superba petam.
nox et Amor vinumque nihil moderabile suadent;
illa pudore vacat, Liber Amorque metu. 60
omnia consumpsi, nec te precibusque minisque
movimus, o foribus durior ipse tuis.
non te formosae decuit servare puellae
limina, sollicito carcere dignus eras.
Iamque pruinosis molitur Lucifer axes, 65
inque suum miseros excitat ales opus.
at tu, non laetis detracta corona capillis,
dura super tota limina nocte iace!
tu dominae, cum te proiectam mane videbit,
temporis absumpti tam male testis eris. 70
Qualiscumque vale sentique abeuntis honorem;

lente nec admisso turpis amante, vale!
vos quoque, crudeles rigido cum limine postes
duraque conservae ligna, valete, fores!

VII

Adde manus in vincla meas — meruere catenas —
dum furor omnis abit, siquis amicus ades!
nam furor in dominam temeraria brachia movit;
flet mea vaesana laesa puella manu.
tunc ego vel caros potui violare parentes 5
saeva vel in sanctos verbera ferre deos!
Quid? non et clipei dominus septemplex Ajax
stravit deprensos lata per arva greges,
et, vindex in matre patris, malus ultor, Orestes
ausus in arcanas poscere tela deas? 10
ergo ego digestos potui laniare capillos?
nec dominam motae dedecuerunt comae.
sic formosa fuit. talem Schoeneida dicam
Maenalias arcu sollicitasse feras;
talis periuri promissaque velaque Thesei 15
flevit praecipites Cressa tulisse Notos;
sic, nisi vittatis quod erat Cassandra capillis,
procubuit templo, casta Minerva, tuo.
Quis mihi non ‘demens!’ quis non mihi ‘barbare!’ dixit?
ipsa nihil; pavido est lingua retenta metu. 20
sed taciti fecere tamen convicia vultus;
egit me lacrimis ore silente reum.
ante meos umeris vellem cecidisse lacertos;
utiliter potui parte carere mei.
in mea vaesanas habui dispendia vires 25
et valui poenam fortis in ipse meam.
quid mihi vobiscum, caedis scelerumque ministrae?
debita sacrilegae vincla subite manus!
an, si pulsassem minimum de plebe Quiritem,
plexerem — in dominam ius mihi maius erit? 30
pessima Tydides scelerum monimenta reliquit.
ille deam primus perculit — alter ego!
et minus ille nocens. mihi, quam profitebar amare
laesa est; Tydides saevus in hoste fuit.

I nunc, magnificos victor molire triumphos, 35
cinge comam lauro votaue redde Iovi,
quaeque tuos currus comitantum turba sequetur,
clamet 'io! forti victa puella viro est!'
ante eat effuso tristis captiva capillo,
si sinerent laesae, candida tota, genae. 40
aptius impressis fuerat livere labellis
et collum blandi dentis habere notam.
denique, si tumidi ritu torrentis agebar,
caecaue me praedam fecerat ira suam,
nonne satis fuerat timidae inclamasse puellae, 45
nec nimium rigidas intonuisse minas,
aut tunicam a summa diducere turpiter ora
ad mediam? — mediae zona tulisset opem.
At nunc sustinui raptis a fronte capillis
ferreus ingenuas ungue notare genas. 50
adstitit illa amens albo et sine sanguine vultu,
caeduntur Pariis qualia saxa iugis.
exanimis artus et membra trementia vidi —
ut cum populeas ventilat aura comas,
ut leni Zephyro gracilis vibratur harundo, 55
summave cum tepido stringitur unda Noto;
suspensaeque diu lacrimae fluxere per ora,
qualiter abiecta de nive manat aqua.
tunc ego me primum coepi sentire nocentem —
sanguis erant lacrimae, quas dabat illa, meus. 60
ter tamen ante pedes volui procumbere supplex;
ter formidatas reppulit illa manus.
At tu ne dubita — minuet vindicta dolorem —
protinus in vultus unguibus ire meos.
nec nostris oculis nec nostris parce capillis: 65
quamlibet infirmas adiuuat ira manus;
neue mei sceleris tam tristia signa supersint,
pone recompositas in statione comas!

VIII

Est quaedam — quicumque volet cognoscere lenam,
 audiat! — est quaedam nomine Dipsas anus.
ex re nomen habet — nigri non illa parentem
 Memnonis in roseis sobria vidit equis.
illa magas artes Aeaeaeque carmina novit 5
 inque caput liquidas arte recurvat aquas;
scit bene, quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo
 licia, quid valeat virus amantis equae.
cum voluit, toto glomerantur nubila caelo;
 cum voluit, puro fulget in orbe dies. 10
sanguine, siqua fides, stillantia sidera vidi;
 purpureus Lunae sanguine vultus erat.
hanc ego nocturnas versam volitare per umbras
 suspisor et pluma corpus anile tegi.
suspisor, et fama est. oculis quoque pupula duplex 15
 fulminat, et gemino lumen ab orbe venit.
evocat antiquis proavos atavosque sepulcris
 et solidam longo carmine findit humum.
Haec sibi proposuit thalamos temerare pudicos;
 nec tamen eloquio lingua nocente caret. 20
fors me sermoni testem dedit; illa monebat
 talìa — me duplices occuluere fores:
‘scis here te, mea lux, iuveni placuisse beato?
 haesit et in vultu constitit usque tuo.
et cur non placeas? nulli tua forma secunda est; 25
 me miseram, dignus corpore cultus abest!
tam felix esses quam formosissima, vellem —
 non ego, te facta divite, pauper ero.
stella tibi oppositi nocuit contraria Martis.
 Mars abiit; signo nunc Venus apta suo. 30
prosit ut adveniens, en adspice! dives amator
 te cupiit; curae, quid tibi desit, habet.
est etiam facies, qua se tibi conparet, illi;
 si te non emptam vellet, emendus erat.’

Erubuit. 'decet alba quidem pudor ora, sed iste, 35
si simules, prodest; verus obesse solet.
cum bene deiectis gremium spectabis ocellis,
quantum quisque ferat, respiciendus erit.
forsitan inmundae Tatio regnante Sabinae
noluerint habiles pluribus esse viris; 40
nunc Mars externis animos exercet in armis,
at Venus Aeneae regnat in urbe sui.
ludunt formosae; casta est, quam nemo rogavit —
aut, si rusticitas non vetat, ipsa rogat.
has quoque, quae frontis rugas in vertice portant, 45
excute; de rugis crimina multa cadent.
Penelope iuvenum vires temptabat in arcu;
qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.
labitur occulte fallitque volubilis aetas,
ut celer admissis labitur amnis aquis. 50
aera nitent usu, vestis bona quaerit haberi,
canescunt turpi tecta relictā situ —
forma, nisi admittas, nullo exercente senescit.
nec satis effectus unus et alter habent;
certior e multis nec tam invidiosa rapina est. 55
plena venit canis de grege praeda lupis.
Ecce, quid iste tuus praeter nova carmina vates
donat? amatoris milia multa leges.
ipse deus vatū palla spectabilis aurea
tractat inauratae consona fila lyrae. 60
qui dabit, ille tibi magno sit maior Homero;
crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare.
nec tu, si quis erit capitis mercede redemptus,
despice; gypsati crimen inane pedis.
nec te decipiant veteres circum atria cerae. 65
tolle tuos tecum, pauper amator, avos!
qui, quia pulcher erit, poscet sine munere noctem,
quod det, amatorem flagitet ante suum!
Parcius exigit pretium, dum retia tendis,
ne fugiant; captos legibus ure tuis! 70
nec nocuit simulatus amor; sine, credat amari,

et cave ne gratis hic tibi constet amor!
saepe nega noctes. capitis modo finge dolorem,
et modo, quae causas praebeat, Isis erit.
mox recipe, ut nullum patiendi colligat usum, 75
neve relentscat saepe repulsus amor.
surda sit oranti tua ianua, laxa ferenti;
audiat exclusi verba receptus amans;
et, quasi laesa prior, nonnumquam irascere laeso —
vanescit culpa culpa repensa tua. 80
sed numquam dederis spatiosum tempus in iram:
saepe simultates ira morata facit.
quin etiam discant oculi lacrimare coacti,
et faciant udas illa vel ille genas;
nec, siquem falles, tu periurare timeto — 85
commodat in lusus numina surda Venus.
servus et ad partes sollers ancilla parentur,
qui doceant, apte quid tibi possit emi;
et sibi pauca rogent — multos si pauca rogabunt,
postmodo de stipula grandis acervus erit. 90
et soror et mater, nutrix quoque carpat amantem;
fit cito per multas praeda petita manus.
cum te deficient poscendi munera causae,
natalem libo testificare tuum!
Ne securus amet nullo rivale, caveto; 95
non bene, si tollas proelia, durat amor.
ille viri videat toto vestigia lecto
factaque lascivis livida colla notis.
munera praecipue videat, quae miserit alter.
si dederit nemo, Sacra roganda Via est. 100
cum multa abstuleris, ut non tamen omnia donet,
quod numquam reddas, commodet, ipsa roga!
lingua iuvet mentemque tegat — blandire noceque;
in pia sub dulci melle venena latent.
Haec si praestiteris usu mihi cognita longo, 105
nec tulerint voces ventus et aura meas,
saepe mihi dices vivae bene, saepe rogabis,
ut mea defunctae molliter ossa cubent.’

Vox erat in cursu, cum me mea prodidit umbra,
at nostrae vix se continuere manus, 110
quin albam raramque comam lacrimosaque vino
lumina rugosas distraherentque genas.
di tibi dent nullosque Lares inopemque senectam,
et longas hiemes perpetuamque sitim!

IX

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;

Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas.

turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.

quos petiere duces animos in milite forti, 5

hos petit in socio bella puella viro.

pervigilant ambo; terra requiescit uterque —

ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis.

militis officium longa est via; mitte puellam,

strenuus exempto fine sequetur amans. 10

ibit in adversos montes duplicataque nimbo

flumina, congestas exeret ille nives,

nec freta pressurus tumidos causabitur Euros

aptaque verrendis sidera quaeret aquis.

quis nisi vel miles vel amans et frigora noctis 15

et denso mixtas perferet imbre nives?

mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes;

in rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet.

ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae

obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores. 20

Saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes

caedere et armata vulgus inerme manu.

sic fera Threicii ceciderunt agmina Rhesi,

et dominum capti deseruistis equi.

nempe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes, 25

et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent.

custodum transire manus vigilumque catervas

militis et miseri semper amantis opus.

Mars dubius nec certa Venus; victique resurgunt,

quosque neges umquam posse iacere, cadunt. 30

Ergo desidiam quicumque vocabat amorem,

desinat. ingenii est experientis amor.

ardet in abducta Briseide magnus Achilles —

dum licet, Argeas frangite, Troes, opes!

Hector ab Andromaches complexibus ibat ad arma, 35
et, galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat.
summa ducum, Atrides, visa Priameide fertur
Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis.
Mars quoque depensus fabrilia vincula sensit;
notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit. 40
ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus;
mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos.
inpulit ignavum formosae cura puellae
iussit et in castris aera merere suis.
inde vides agilem nocturnaque bella gerentem. 45
qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet!

X

Qualis ab Eurota Phrygiis avecta carinis
coniugibus belli causa duobus erat,
qualis erat Lede, quam plumis abditus albis
callidus in falsa lusit adulter ave,
qualis Amymone siccis erravit in agris, 5
cum premeret summi verticis urna comas —
talis eras; aquilamque in te taurumque timebam,
et quidquid magno de Iove fecit amor.
Nunc timor omnis abest, animique resanuit error,
nec facies oculos iam capit ista meos. 10
cur sim mutatus, quaeris? quia munera poscis.
haec te non patitur causa placere mihi.
donec eras simplex, animum cum corpore amavi;
nunc mentis vitio laesa figura tua est.
et puer est et nudus Amor; sine sordibus annos 15
et nullas vestes, ut sit apertus, habet.
quid puerum Veneris pretio prostare iubetis?
quo pretium condat, non habet ille sinum!
nec Venus apta feris Veneris nec filius armis —
non decet inbelles aera merere deos. 20
Stat meretrix certo cuivis mercabilis aere,
et miseras iusso corpore quaerit opes;
devovet imperium tamen haec lenonis avari
et, quod vos facitis sponte, coacta facit.
Sumite in exemplum pecudes ratione carentes; 25
turpe erit, ingenium mitius esse feris.
non equa munus equum, non taurum vacca poposcit;
non aries placitam munere captat ovem.
sola viro mulier spoliis exultat adeptis,
sola locat noctes, sola licenda venit, 30
et vendit quod utrumque iuvat quod uterque petebat,
et pretium, quanti gaudeat ipsa, facit.
quae Venus ex aequo ventura est grata duobus,
altera cur illam vendit et alter emit?

cur mihi sit damno, tibi sit lucrosa voluptas, 35
quam socio motu femina virque ferunt?
Non bene conducti vendunt periuria testes,
non bene selecti iudicis arca patet.
turpe reos empta miseros defendere lingua;
quod faciat magni, turpe tribunal, opes; 40
turpe tori reditu census augere paternos,
et faciem lucro prostituisset suam.
gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemptis;
pro male conducto gratia nulla toro.
omnia conductor solvit; mercede soluta 45
non manet officio debitor ille tuo.
parcite, formosae, pretium pro nocte pacisci;
non habet eventus sordida praeda bonos.
non fuit armillas tanti pepigisse Sabinas,
ut premerent sacrae virginis arma caput; 50
e quibus exierat, traiecit viscera ferro
filius, et poenae causa monile fuit.
Nec tamen indignum est a divite praemia posci;
munera poscenti quod dare possit, habet.
carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas; 55
praebeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager!
officium pauper numeret studiumque fidemque;
quod quis habet, dominae conferat omne suae.
est quoque carminibus meritas celebrare puellas
dos mea; quam volui, nota fit arte mea. 60
scindentur vestes, gemmae frangentur et aurum;
carmina quam tribuent, fama perennis erit.
nec dare, sed pretium posci dedignor et odi;
quod nego poscenti, desine velle, dabo!

XI

Colligere incertos et in ordine ponere crines
docta neque ancillas inter habenda Nape,
inque ministeriis furtivae cognita noctis
utilis et dandis ingeniosa notis
saepe venire ad me dubitantem hortata Corinnam, 5
saepe laboranti fida reperta mihi —
accipe et ad dominam peraratas mane tabellas
perfer et obstantes sedula pelle moras!
nec silicum venae nec durum in pectore ferrum,
nec tibi simplicitas ordine maior adest. 10
credibile est et te sensisse Cupidinis arcus —
in me militiae signa tuere tuae!
si quaeret quid agam, spe noctis vivere dices;
cetera fert blanda cera notata manu.
Dum loquor, hora fugit. vacuae bene redde tabellas, 15
verum continuo fac tamen illa legat.
adspicias oculos mando frontemque legentis;
et tacito vultu scire futura licet.
nec mora, perlectis rescribat multa, iubeto;
odi, cum late splendida cera vacat. 20
conprimat ordinibus versus, oculosque moretur
margine in extremo littera rasa meos.
Quid digitos opus est graphio lassare tenendo?
hoc habeat scriptum tota tabella ‘veni!’
non ego victrices lauro redimire tabellas 25
nec Veneris media ponere in aede morer.
subscribam: ‘VENERI FIDAS SIBI NASO MINISTRAS
DEDICAT, AT NUPER VILE FUISTIS ACER.’

XII

Flete meos casus — tristes rediere tabellae
infelix hodie littera posse negat.
omina sunt aliquid; modo cum discedere vellet,
ad limen digitos restitit icta Nape.
missa foras iterum limen transire memento 5
cautius atque alte sobria ferre pedem!
Ite hinc, difficiles, funebria ligna, tabellae,
tuque, negaturis cera referta notis! —
quam, puto, de longae collectam flore cicutae
melle sub infami Corsica misit apis. 10
at tamquam minio penitus medicata rubebas —
ille color vere sanguinolentus erat.
proiectae triviis iaceatis, inutile lignum,
vosque rotae frangat praetereuntis onus!
illum etiam, qui vos ex arbore vertit in usum, 15
convincam puras non habuisse manus.
praebuit illa arbor misero suspendia collo,
carnifici diras praebuit illa cruces;
illa dedit turpes raucis bubonibus umbras,
vulturis in ramis et strigis ova tulit. 20
his ego commisi nostros insanus amores
molliaque ad dominam verba ferenda dedi?
aptius hae capiant vadimonia garrula cerae,
quas aliquis duro cognitor ore legat;
inter ephemeridas melius tabulasque iacerent, 25
in quibus absumptas fleret avarus opes.
Ergo ego vos rebus duplices pro nomine sensi.
auspicii numerus non erat ipse boni.
quid precer iratus, nisi vos cariosa senectus
rodat, et inmundo cera sit alba situ? 30

XIII

Iam super oceanum venit a seniore marito
flava pruinoso quae vehit axe diem.
‘Quo properas, Aurora? mane! — sic Memnonis umbris
annua sollemni caede parentet avis!
nunc iuvat in teneris dominae iacuisse lacertis; 5
si quando, lateri nunc bene iuncta meo est.
nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aer,
et liquidum tenui guttore cantat avis.
quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?
roscida purpurea supprime lora manu! 10
Ante tuos ortus melius sua sidera servat
navita nec media nescius errat aqua;
te surgit quamvis lassus veniente viator,
et miles saevas aptat ad arma manus.
prima bidente vides oneratos arva colentes; 15
prima vocas tardos sub iuga panda boves.
tu pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris,
ut subeant tenerae verbera saeva manus;
atque eadem sponsum incautos ante atria mittis,
unius ut verbi grandia damna ferant. 20
nec tu consulto, nec tu iucunda diserto;
cogitur ad lites surgere uterque novas.
tu, cum feminei possint cessare labores,
lanificam revocas ad sua pensa manum.
Omnia perpeterer — sed surgere mane puellas, 25
quis nisi cui non est ulla puella ferat?
optavi quotiens, ne nox tibi cedere vellet,
ne fugerent vultus sidera mota tuos!
optavi quotiens, aut ventus frangeret axem,
aut caderet spissa nube retentus equus! 30
[quid, si Cephalio numquam flagraret amore?
an putat ignotam nequitiam esse suam?
invida, quo properas? quod erat tibi filius ater,
materni fuerat pectoris ille color.

Tithono vellem de te narrare liceret; 35
fabula non caelo turpior ulla foret.
illum dum refugis, longo quia grandior aevo,
surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas.
at si, quem mavis, Cephalum complexa teneres,
clamares: “lente currite, noctis equi!” 40
Cur ego plectar amans, si vir tibi marcet ab annis?
num me nupsisti conciliante seni?
adspice, quot somnos iuveni donarit amato
Luna! — neque illius forma secunda tuae.
ipse deum genitor, ne te tam saepe videret, 45
commisit noctes in sua vota duas.’
Iurgia finieram. scires audisse: rubebat —
nec tamen adsueto tardius orta dies!

XIV

Dicebam 'medicare tuos desiste capillos!'
tingere quam possis, iam tibi nulla coma est.
at si passa fores, quid erat spatiosius illis?
contigerant imum, qua patet usque, latus.
quid, quod erant tenues, et quos ornare timeres? 5
vela colorati qualia Seres habent,
vel pede quod gracili deducit aranea filum,
cum leve deserta sub trabe nectit opus.
nec tamen ater erat nec erat tamen aureus ille,
sed, quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color — 10
qualem clivosae madidis in vallibus Idae
ardua derepto cortice cedrus habet.
Adde, quod et dociles et centum flexibus apti
et tibi nullius causa doloris erant.
non acus abruptit, non vallum pectinis illos. 15
ornatrix tuto corpore semper erat;
ante meos saepe est oculos ornata nec umquam
bracchia derepta saucia fecit acu.
saepe etiam nondum digestis mane capillis
purpureo iacuit semisupina toro. 20
tum quoque erat neglecta decens, ut Threcia Bacche,
cum temere in viridi gramine lassa iacet.
Cum graciles essent tamen et lanuginis instar,
heu, male vexatae quanta tulere comae!
quam se praebuerunt ferro patienter et igni, 25
ut fieret torto nexilis orbe sinus!
clamabam: 'scelus est istos, scelus urere crines!
sponte decent; capiti, ferrea, parce tuo!
vim procul hinc remove! non est, qui debeat uri;
erudit admotas ipse capillus acus.' 30
Formosae periire comae — quas vellet Apollo,
quas vellet capiti Bacchus inesse suo!
illis contulerim, quas quondam nuda Dione
pingitur umentis sustinuisse manu.

quid male dispositos quereris periisse capillos? 35
quid speculum maesta ponis, inepta, manu?
non bene consuetis a te spectaris ocellis;
ut placeas, debes inmemor esse tui.
non te cantatae laeserunt paelicis herbae,
non anus Haemonia perfida lavit aqua; 40
nec tibi vis morbi nocuit — procul omen abesto! —
nec minuit densas invida lingua comas.
facta manu culpaque tua dispendia sentis;
ipsa dabas capiti mixta venena tuo.
Nunc tibi captivos mittet Germania crines; 45
tuta triumphatae munere gentis eris.
o quam saepe comas aliquo mirante rubebis,
et dices: ‘empta nunc ego merce probor,
nescio quam pro me laudat nunc iste Sygambram.
fama tamen memini cum fuit ista mea.’ 50
Me miserum! lacrimas male continet oraque dextra
protegit ingenuas picta rubore genas.
sustinet antiquos gremio spectatque capillos,
ei mihi, non illo munera digna loco!
Collige cum vultu mentem! reparabile damnum est. 55
postmodo nativa conspiciere coma.

XV

Quid mihi Livor edax, ignavos obicis annos,
ingeniique vocas carmen inertis opus;
non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet aetas,
praemia militiae pulverulenta sequi,
nec me verbosas leges ediscere nec me 5
ingrato vocem prostituisse foro?
Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus. mihi fama perennis
quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.
vivet Maeonides, Tenedos dum stabit et Ide,
dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas; 10
vivet et Ascraeus, dum mustis uva tumebit,
dum cadet incurva falce resecta Ceres.
Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;
quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.
nulla Sophocleo veniet iactura cothurno; 15
cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit;
dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena
vivent et meretrix blanda, Menandros erit;
Ennius arte carens animosique Accius oris
casurum nullo tempore nomen habent. 20
Varronem primamque ratem quae nesciet aetas,
aureaque Aesonio terga petita duci?
carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
exitio terras cum dabit una dies;
Tityrus et segetes Aeneiaque arma legentur, 25
Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit;
donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui;
Gallus et Hesperii et Gallus notus Eois,
et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit. 30
Ergo, cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri
depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.
cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi!

vilis miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo 35
 pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua,
sustineamque coma metuentem frigora myrtum,
 atque a sollicito multus amante legar!
pascitur in vivis Livor; post fata quiescit,
 cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos. 40
ergo etiam cum me supremus adederit ignis,
 vivam, parsque mei multa superstes erit.

LIBER SECVNDVS AMORES

Hoc quoque conposui Paelignis natus aquosis,
 ille ego nequitiae Naso poeta meae.
 hoc quoque iussit Amor — procul hinc, procul este, severae!
 non estis teneris apta theatra modis.
 me legat in sponsi facie non frigida virgo,
 et rudis ignoto tactus amore puer;
 atque aliquis iuvenum quo nunc ego saucius arcu
 agnoscat flammae conscia signa suae,
 miratusque diu ‘quo’ dicat ‘ab indice doctus
 conposuit casus iste poeta meos?’
 Ausus eram, memini, caelestia dicere bella
 centimanumque Gyn — et satis oris erat —
 cum male se Tellus ulta est, ingestaque Olympo
 ardua devexum Pelion Ossa tulit.
 in manibus nimbos et cum Iove fulmen habebam,
 quod bene pro caelo mitteret ille suo —
 Clausit amica fores! ego cum Iove fulmen omisi;
 excidit ingenio Iuppiter ipse meo.
 Iuppiter, ignoscas! nil me tua tela iuvabant;
 clausa tuo maius ianua fulmen habet.
 blanditias elegosque levis, mea tela, resumpsi;
 mollierunt duras lenia verba fores.
 carmina sanguineae deducunt cornua lunae,
 et revocant niveos solis euntis equos;
 carmine dissiliunt abruptis faucibus angues,
 inque suos fontes versa recurrit aqua.
 carminibus cessere fores, insertaque posti,
 quamvis robur erat, carmine victa sera est.
 Quid mihi profuerit velox cantatus Achilles?
 quid pro me Atrides alter et alter agent,
 quique tot errando, quot bello, perdidit annos,
 raptus et Haemoniis flebilis Hector equis?
 at facie tenerae laudata saepe puellae,
 ad vatem, pretium carminis, ipsa venit.

magna datur merces! heroum clara valet
nomina; non apta est gratia vestra mihi!
ad mea formosos vultus adhibete, puellae,
carmina, purpureus quae mihi dictat Amor!

II

Quem penes est dominam servandi cura, Bagoa,
dum perago tecum pauca, sed apta, vaca.
hesterna vidi spatiantem luce puellam
illa, quae Danai porticus agmen habet.
protinus, ut placuit, misi scriptoque rogavi.
rescripsit trepida ‘non licet!’ illa manu;
et, cur non liceat, quaerenti reddita causa est,
quod nimium dominae cura molesta tua est.
Si sapis, o custos, odium, mihi crede, mereri
desine; quem metuit quisque, perisse cupit.
vir quoque non sapiens; quid enim servare laboret,
unde nihil, quamvis non tueare, perit?
sed gerat ille suo morem furiosus amori
et castum, multis quod placet, esse putet;
huic furtiva tuo libertas munere detur,
quam dederis illi, reddat ut illa tibi.
consciis esse velis — domina est obnoxia servo;
consciis esse times — dissimulare licet.
scripta leget secum — matrem misisse putato!
venerit ignotus — postmodo notus erit.
ibit ad adfectam, quae non languebit, amicam:
visat! iudiciis aegra sit illa tuis.
si faciet tarde, ne te mora longa fatiget,
inposita gremio stertere fronte potes.
nec tu, linigeram fieri quid possit ad Isim,
quaesieris nec tu curva theatra time!
consciis adsiduos commissi tollet honores —
quis minor est autem quam tacuisse labor?
ille placet versatque domum neque verbera sentit;
ille potens — alii, sordida turba, iacent.
huic, verae ut lateant causae, finguntur inanes;
atque ambo domini, quod probat una, probant.
cum bene vir traxit vultum rugasque coegit,
quod voluit fieri blanda puella, facit.

Sed tamen interdum tecum quoque iurgia nectat,
et simulet lacrimas carnificemque vocet.
tu contra obiciens, quae tuto diluat illa,
et veris falso crimine deme fidem.
sic tibi semper honos, sic alta peculia crescent.
haec fac, in exiguo tempore liber eris.
Adspicis indicibus nexas per colla catenas?
squalidus orba fide pectora carcer habet.
quaerit aquas in aquis et poma fugacia captat
Tantalus — hoc illi garrula lingua dedit.
dum nimium servat custos Iunonius Io,
ante suos annos occidit; illa dea est!
vidi ego conpedibus liventia crura gerentem,
unde vir incestum scire coactus erat.
poena minor merito. nocuit mala lingua duobus;
vir doluit, famae damna puella tulit.
crede mihi, nulli sunt crimina grata marito,
nec quemquam, quamvis audiat, illa iuvant.
seu tepet, indicium securas prodis ad aures;
sive amat, officio fit miser ille tuo.
Culpa nec ex facili quamvis manifesta probatur;
iudicis illa sui tuta favore venit.
viderit ipse licet, credet tamen ille neganti
damnabitque oculos et sibi verba dabit.
adspiciat dominae lacrimas, plorabit et ipse,
et dicet: ‘poenas garrulus iste dabit!’
quid dispar certamen inis? tibi verbera victo
adsunt, in gremio iudicis illa sedet.
Non scelus adgredimur, non ad miscenda coimus
toxica, non stricto fulminat ense manus.
quaerimus, ut tuto per te possimus amare.
quid precibus nostris mollius esse potest?

III

Ei mihi, quod dominam nec vir nec femina servas
mutua nec Veneris gaudia nosse potes!
qui primus pueris genitalia membra recidit,
vulnera quae fecit, debuit ipse pati.
mollis in obsequium facilisque rogantibus esses,
si tuus in quavis praetepuisset amor.
non tu natus equo, non fortibus utilis armis;
bellica non dextrae convenit hasta tuae.
ista mares tractent; tu spes depone viriles.
sunt tibi cum domina signa ferenda tua.
hanc inple meritis, huius tibi gratia prosit;
si careas illa, quis tuus usus erit?
Est etiam facies, sunt apti lusibus anni;
indigna est pigro forma perire situ.
fallere te potuit, quamvis habere molestus;
non caret effectum, quod voluere duo.
aptius ut fuerit precibus temptasse, rogamus,
dum bene ponendi munera tempus habes.

IV

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores
falsaque pro vitiis arma movere meis.
confiteor — siquid prodest delicta fateri;
in mea nunc demens crimina fassus eo.
odi, nec possum, cupiens, non esse quod odi;
heu, quam quae studeas ponere ferre grave est!
Nam desunt vires ad me mihi iusque regendum;
auferor ut rapida concita puppis aqua.
non est certa meos quae forma invitet amores —
centum sunt causae, cur ego semper amem.
sive aliqua est oculos in humum deiecta modestos,
uror, et insidiae sunt pudor ille meae;
sive procax aliqua est, capior, quia rustica non est,
spemque dat in molli mobilis esse toro.
aspera si visa est rigidasque imitata Sabinas,
velle, sed ex alto dissimulare puto.
sive es docta, places raras dotata per artes;
sive rudis, placita es simplicitate tua.
est, quae Callimachi prae nostris rustica dicat
carmina — cui placeo, protinus ipsa placet.
est etiam, quae me vatem et mea carmina culpet —
culpantis cupiam sustinuisse femur.
molliter incedit — motu capit; altera dura est —
at poterit tacto mollior esse viro.
haec quia dulce canit flectitque facillima vocem,
oscula cantanti rapta dedisse velim;
haec querulas habili percurrit pollice chordas —
tam doctas quis non possit amare manus?
illa placet gestu numerosaque bracchia ducit
et tenerum molli torquet ab arte latus —
ut taceam de me, qui causa tangor ab omni,
illic Hippolytum pone, Priapus erit!
tu, quia tam longa es, veteres heroidas aequas
et potes in toto multa iacere toro.

haec habilis brevitae sua est. corrumpor utraque;
conveniunt voto longa brevisque meo.
non est culta — subit, quid cultae accedere possit;
ornata est — dotes exhibet ipsa suas.
candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella,
est etiam in fusco grata colore Venus.
seu pendent nivea pulli cervice capilli,
Leda fuit nigra conspicienda coma;
seu flavent, placuit croceis Aurora capillis.
omnibus historiis se meus aptat amor.
me nova sollicitat, me tangit senior aetas;
haec melior, specie corporis illa placet.
Denique quas tota quisquam probet urbe puellas,
noster in has omnis ambitiosus amor.

V

Nullus amor tanti est — abeas, pharetrate Cupido! —
 ut mihi sint totiens maxima vota mori.
 vota mori mea sunt, cum te peccasse recordor,
 o mihi perpetuum nata puella malum!
 Non male deletae nudant tua facta tabellae,
 nec data furtive munera crimen habent.
 o utinam arguerem sic, ut non vincere possem!
 me miserum! quare tam bona causa mea est?
 felix, qui quod amat defendere fortiter audet,
 cui sua ‘non feci!’ dicere amica potest.
 ferreus est nimiumque suo favet ille dolori,
 cui petitur victa palma cruenta rea.
 Ipse miser vidi, cum me dormire putares,
 sobrius adposito crimina vestra mero.
 multa supercilio vidi vibrante loquentes;
 nutibus in vestris pars bona vocis erat.
 non oculi tacuere tui, conscriptaque vino
 mensa, nec in digitis littera nulla fuit.
 sermonem agnovi, quod non videatur, agentem
 verbaque pro certis iussa valere notis.
 iamque frequens ierat mensa conviva relictā;
 conpositi iuvenes unus et alter erant.
 inproba tum vero iungentes oscula vidi —
 illa mihi lingua nexa fuisse liquet —
 qualia non fratri tulerit germana severo,
 sed tulerit cupido mollis amica viro;
 qualia credibile est non Phoebo ferre Dianam,
 sed Venerem Marti saepe tulisse suo.
 ‘Quid facis?’ exclamo, ‘quo nunc mea gaudia differs?’
 iniciam dominas in mea iura manus!
 haec tibi sunt mecum, mihi sunt communia tecum —
 in bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit?’
 Haec ego, quaeque dolor linguae dictavit; at illi
 conscia purpureus venit in ora pudor,

quale coloratum Tithoni coniuge caelum
subrubet, aut sponso visa puella novo;
quale rosae fulgent inter sua lilia mixtae,
aut ubi cantatis Luna laborat equis,
aut quod, ne longis flavescere possit ab annis,
Maeonis Assyrium femina tinxit ebur.
hic erat aut alicui color ille simillimus horum,
et numquam visu pulchrior illa fuit.
spectabat terram — terram spectare decebat;
maesta erat in vultu — maesta decenter erat.
sicut erant, et erant culti, laniare capillos
et fuit in teneras impetus ire genas —
Ut faciem vidi, fortes cecidere lacerti;
defensa est armis nostra puella suis.
qui modo saevus eram, supplex ultroque rogavi,
oscula ne nobis deteriora daret.
risit et ex animo dedit optima — qualia possent
excutere irato tela trisulca Iovi;
torqueor infelix, ne tam bona senserit alter,
et volo non ex hac illa fuisse nota.
haec quoque, quam docui, multo meliora fuerunt,
et quiddam visa est addidicisse novi.
quod nimium placuere, malum est, quod tota labellis
lingua tua est nostris, nostra recepta tuis.
nec tamen hoc unum doleo — non oscula tantum
iuncta queror, quamvis haec quoque iuncta queror;
illa nisi in lecto nusquam potuere doceri.
nescio quis pretium grande magister habet.

VI

Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,
occidit — exequias ite frequenter, aves!
ite, piae volucres, et plangite pectora pinnis
et rigido teneras ungue notate genas;
horrida pro maestis lanietur pluma capillis,
pro longa resonent carmina vestra tuba!
quod scelus Ismarii quereris, Philomela, tyranni,
expleta est annis ista querela suis;
alitis in rarae miserum devertere funus —
magna, sed antiqua est causa doloris Itys.
Omnes, quae liquido libratis in aere cursus,
tu tamen ante alios, turtur amice, dole!
plena fuit vobis omni concordia vita,
et stetit ad finem longa tenaxque fides.
quod fuit Argolico iuvenis Phoceus Orestae,
hoc tibi, dum licuit, psittace, turtur erat.
Quid tamen ista fides, quid rari forma coloris,
quid vox mutandis ingeniosa sonis,
quid iuvat, ut datus es, nostrae placuisse puellae? —
infelix, avium gloria, nempe iaces!
tu poteras fragiles pinnis hebetare zmaragdos
tincta gerens rubro Punica rostra croco.
non fuit in terris vocum simulantior ales —
reddebas blaeso tam bene verba sono!
Raptus es invidia — non tu fera bella movebas;
garrulus et placidae pacis amator eras.
ecce, coturnices inter sua proelia vivunt;
forsitan et fiunt inde frequenter anus.
plenus eras minimo, nec prae sermonis amore
in multos poteras ora vacare cibos.
nux erat esca tibi, causaeque papavera somni,
pellebatque sitim simplicis umor aquae.
vivit edax vultur ducensque per aera gyros
miluus et pluviae graculus auctor aquae;

vivit et armiferae cornix invisa Minervae —
 illa quidem saeculis vix moritura novem;
occidit illa loquax humanae vocis imago,
 psittacus, extremo munus ab orbe datum!
optima prima fere manibus rapiuntur avaris;
 inplentur numeris deteriora suis.
tristia Phylacidae Thersites funera vidit,
 iamque cinis vivis fratribus Hector erat.
Quid referam timidae pro te pia vota puellae —
 vota procelloso per mare rapta Noto?
septima lux venit non exhibitura sequentem,
 et stabat vacuo iam tibi Parca colo.
nec tamen ignavo stupuerunt verba palato;
 clamavit moriens lingua: ‘Corinna, vale!’
Colle sub Elysio nigra nemus ilice frondet,
 udaque perpetuo gramine terra viret.
siqua fides dubiis, volucrum locus ille piarum
 dicitur, obscenae quo prohibentur aves.
illic innocui late pascuntur olores
 et vivax phoenix, unica semper avis;
explicat ipsa suas ales Iunonia pinnas,
 oscula dat cupido blanda columba mari.
psittacus has inter nemorali sede receptus
 convertit volucres in sua verba pias.
Ossa tegit tumulus — tumulus pro corpore magnus —
 quo lapis exiguus par sibi carmen habet:
“colligor ex ipso dominae placuisse sepulcro;
 ora fuere mihi plus ave docta loqui”.

VII

Ergo sufficiam reus in nova crimina semper?
ut vincam, totiens dimicuisse piget.
sive ego marmorei respexi summa theatri,
eligis e multis, unde dolere velis;
candida seu tacito vidit me femina vultu,
in vultu tacitas arguis esse notas.
siquam laudavi, misero petis ungue capillos;
si culpo, crimen dissimulare putas.
sive bonus color est, in te quoque frigidus esse,
seu malus, alterius dicor amore mori.
Atque ego peccati vellem mihi conscius essem!
aequo animo poenam, qui meruere, ferunt;
nunc temere insimulas credendoque omnia frustra
ipsa vetas iram pondus habere tuam.
adspice, ut auritus miserandae sortis asellus
adsiduo domitus verbere lentus eat!
Ecce novum crimen! sollers ornare Cypassis
obicitur dominae contemerasse torum.
di melius, quam me, si sit peccasse libido,
sordida contemptae sortis amica iuvet!
quis Veneris famulae conubia liber inire
tergaque conplecti verbere secta velit?
adde, quod ornandis illa est operata capillis
et tibi perdocta est grata ministra manu —
scilicet ancillam, quae tam tibi fida, roga rem!
quid, nisi ut indicio iuncta repulsa foret?
per Venerem iuro puerique volatilis arcus,
me non admissi criminis esse reum!

VIII

Ponendis in mille modos perfecta capillis,
comere sed solas digna, Cypassi, deas,
et mihi iucundo non rustica cognita furto,
apta quidem dominae, sed magis apta mihi —
quis fuit inter nos sociati corporis index?
sensit concubitus unde Corinna tuos?
num tamen erubui? num, verbo lapsus in ullo,
furtivae Veneris conscia signa dedi?
Quid, quod in ancilla siquis delinquere possit,
illum ego contendi mente carere bona?
Thessalus ancillae facie Briseidos arsit;
serva Mycenaeo Phoebas amata duci.
nec sum ego Tantalide maior, nec maior Achille;
quod decuit reges, cur mihi turpe putem?
Ut tamen iratos in te defixit ocellos,
vidi te totis erubuisse genis;
at quanto, si forte refers, praesentior ipse
per Veneris feci numina magna fidem!
tu, dea, tu iubeas animi periuria puri
Carpathium tepidos per mare ferre Notos!
Pro quibus officiis pretium mihi dulce repende
concubitus hodie, fusca Cypassi, tuos!
quid renuis fingisque novos, ingrata, timores?
unum est e dominis emeruisse satis.
quod si stulta negas, index anteacta fatebor,
et veniam culpa proditor ipse meae,
quoque loco tecum fuerim, quotiensque, Cypassi,
narrabo dominae, quotque quibusque modis!

IXa

O numquam pro re satis indignande Cupido,
o in corde meo desidiose puer —
quid me, qui miles numquam tua signa reliqui,
laedis, et in castris vulneror ipse meis?
cur tua fax urit, figit tuus arcus amicos?
gloria pugnantes vincere maior erat.
Quid? non Haemonius, quem cuspidē perculit, heros
confossum medica postmodo iuvit ope?
venator sequitur fugientia; capta relinquit
semper et inventis ulteriora petit.
nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma;
pigra reluctanti cessat in hoste manus.
quid iuvat in nudis hamata retundere tela
ossibus? ossa mihi nuda relinquit amor.
tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puellae! —
hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.
Roma, nisi inmensum vires promosset in orbem,
stramineis esset nunc quoque tecta casis.
Fessus in acceptos miles deducitur agros;
mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus;
longaque subductam celant navalia pinum,
tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis.
me quoque, qui totiens merui sub amore puellae,
defunctum placide vivere tempus erat.

IXb

‘Vive’ deus ‘posito’ siquis mihi dicat ‘amore!’
deprecer — usque adeo dulce puella malum est.
cum bene pertaesum est, animoque relanguit ardor,
nescio quo miserae turbine mentis agor.
ut rapit in praeceps dominum spumantia frustra
frena retentantem durior oris equus;
ut subitus, prope iam presa tellure, carinam
tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit —
sic me saepe refert incerta Cupidinis aura,
notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.
Fige, puer! positis nudus tibi praebeor armis;
hic tibi sunt vires, hac tua dextra facit;
huc tamquam iussae veniunt iam sponte sagittae —
vix illis prae me nota pharetra sua est!
infelix, tota quicumque quiescere nocte
sustinet et somnos praemia magna vocat!
stulte, quid est somnus, gelidae nisi mortis imago!
longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.
me modo decipiant voces fallacis amicae;
sperando certe gaudia magna feram.
et modo blanditias dicat, modo iurgia nectat;
saepe fruar domina, saepe repulsus eam.
Quod dubius Mars est, per te, privigne Cupido, est;
et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.
tu levis es multoque tuis ventosior alis,
gaudiaque ambigua dasque negasque fide.
si tamen exaudis, pulchra cum matre, Cupido,
indeserta meo pectore regna gere!
accedant regno, nimium vaga turba, puellae!
ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.

X

Tu mihi, tu certe, memini, Graecine, negabas
uno posse aliquem tempore amare duas.
per te ego decipior, per te deprensus inermis —
ecce, duas uno tempore turpis amo!
utraque formosa est, operosae cultibus ambae;
artibus in dubio est haec sit an illa prior.
pulchrior hac illa est, haec est quoque pulchrior illa;
et magis haec nobis, et magis illa placet!
erro, velut ventis discordibus acta phaselos,
dividuumque tenent alter et alter amor.
quid geminas, Erycina, meos sine fine dolores?
non erat in curas una puella satis?
quid folia arboribus, quid pleno sidera caelo,
in freta collectas alta quid addis aquas?
Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si sine amore iacerem —
hostibus eveniat vita severa meis!
hostibus eveniat viduo dormire cubili
et medio laxa ponere membra toro!
at mihi saevus amor somnos abrumpat inertes,
simque mei lecti non ego solus onus!
me mea disperdat nullo prohibente puella —
si satis una potest, si minus una, duae!
sufficiam — graciles, non sunt sine viribus artus;
pondere, non nervis corpora nostra carent;
et lateri dabit in vires alimenta voluptas.
decepta est opera nulla puella mea;
saepe ego lascive consumpsi tempora noctis,
utilis et forti corpore mane fui.
felix, quem Veneris certamina mutua perdunt!
di faciant, leti causa sit ista mei!
Induat adversis contraria pectora telis
miles et aeternum sanguine nomen emat.
quaerat avarus opes et, quae lassarit arando,
aequora periuro naufragus ore bibat.

at mihi contingat Veneris languescere motu,
cum moriar, medium solvar et inter opus;
atque aliquis nostro lacrimans in funere dicat:
‘conveniens vitae mors fuit ista tuae!’

XI

Prima malas docuit mirantibus aequoris undis
Peliaco pinus vertice caesa vias,
quae concurrentis inter temeraria cautes
conspicuam fulvo vellere vexit ovem.
o utinam, nequis remo freta longa moveret,
Argo funestas pressa bibisset aquas!
Ecce, fugit notumque torum sociosque Penates
fallacisque vias ire Corinna parat.
quam tibi, me miserum, Zephyros Eurosque timebo
et gelidum Borean egelidumque Notum!
non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas;
una est iniusti caerula forma maris.
nec medius tenuis conchas pictosque lapillos
pontus habet; bibuli litoris illa mora est.
litora marmoreis pedibus signate, puellae;
hactenus est tutum — cetera caeca via est.
et vobis alii ventorum proelia narrent;
quas Scylla infestet, quasve Charybdis aquas;
et quibus emineant violenta Ceraunia saxis;
quo lateant Syrtes magna minorque sinu.
haec alii referant ad vos; quod quisque loquetur,
credite! credenti nulla procella nocet.
Sero respicitur tellus, ubi fune soluto
currit in inmensum panda carina salum;
navita sollicitus cum ventos horret iniquos
et prope tam letum, quam prope cernit aquam.
quod si concussas Triton exasperet undas,
quam tibi sit toto nullus in ore color!
tum generosa voces fecundae sidera Ladae
et ‘felix,’ dicas ‘quem sua terra tenet!’
Tutius est fovisse torum, legisse libellos,
Threiciam digitis increpuisse lyram.
at, si vana ferunt volucres mea dicta procellae,
aequa tamen puppi sit Galatea tuae!

vestrum crimen erit talis iactura puellae,
Nereidesque deae Nereidumque pater.
vade memor nostri vento reditura secundo;
inpleat illa tuos fortior aura sinus!
tum mare in haec magnus proclinet litora Nereus;
huc venti spirent, huc agat aestus aquas!
ipsa roges, Zephyri veniant in lintea pleni,
ipsa tua moveas turgida vela manu!
primus ego adspiciam notam de litore puppim,
et dicam: 'nostros advehit illa deos!'
excipiamque umeris et multa sine ordine carpam
oscula. pro reditu victima vota cadet;
inque tori formam molles sternentur harenae,
et cumulus mensae quilibet esse potest.
Illic adposito narrabis multa Lyaeo —
paene sit ut mediis obruta navis aquis;
dumque ad me properas, neque iniquae tempora noctis
nec te praecipites extimuisse Notos.
omnia pro veris credam, sint ficta licebit —
cur ego non votis blandiar ipse meis?
haec mihi quamprimum caelo nitidissimus alto
Lucifer admisso tempora portet equo!

XII

Ite triumphales circum mea tempora laurus!
vicinus: in nostro est, ecce, Corinna sinu,
quam vir, quam custos, quam ianua firma, tot hostes,
servabant, nequa posset ab arte capi!
haec est praecipuo victoria digna triumpho,
in qua, quaecumque est, sanguine praeda caret.
non humiles muri, non parvis oppida fossis
cincta, sed est ductu capta puella meo!
Pergama cum caderent bello superata bilustri,
ex tot in Atridis pars quota laudis erat?
at mea seposita est et ab omni milite dissors
gloria, nec titulum muneris alter habet.
me duce ad hanc voti finem, me milite veni;
ipse eques, ipse pedes, signifer ipse fui.
nec casum fortuna meis inmiscuit actis —
huc ades, o cura parte Triumphae mea!
Nec belli est nova causa mei. nisi rapta fuisset
Tyndaris, Europae pax Asiaeque foret.
femina silvestris Lapithas populumque biforem
turpiter adposito vertit in arma mero;
femina Troianos iterum nova bella movere
inpulit in regno, iuste Latine, tuo;
femina Romanis etiamnunc urbe recenti
inmisit soceros armaque saeva dedit.
Vidi ego pro nivea pugnantes coniuge tauros;
spectatrix animos ipsa iuvenca dabat.
me quoque, qui multos, sed me sine caede, Cupido
iussit militiae signa movere suae.

XIII

Dum labefactat onus gravidi temeraria ventris,
in dubio vitae lassa Corinna iacet.
illa quidem clam me tantum molita pericli
ira digna mea; sed cadit ira metu.
sed tamen aut ex me conceperat — aut ego credo;
est mihi pro facto saepe, quod esse potest.
Isi, Paraetonium genialiaque arva Canopi
quae colis et Memphin palmiferamque Pharon,
quaque celer Nilus lato delapsus in alveo
per septem portus in maris exit aquas,
per tua sinistra precor, per Anubidis ora verendi —
sic tua sacra pius semper Osiris amet,
pigraque labatur circa donaria serpens,
et comes in pompa corniger Apis eat!
huc adhibe vultus, et in una parce duobus!
nam vitam dominae tu dabis, illa mihi.
saepe tibi sedit certis operata diebus,
qua cingit laurus Gallica turma tuas.
Tuque laborantes utero miserata puellas,
quarum tarda latens corpora tendit onus,
lenis ades precibusque meis fave, Ilithyia!
digna est, quam iubeas muneris esse tui.
ipse ego tura dabo fumosis candidus aris,
ipse feram ante tuos munera vota pedes.
adiciam titulum: ‘servata Naso Corinna!’
tu modo fac titulo muneribusque locum.
Si tamen in tanto fas est monuisse timore,
hac tibi sit pugna dimicuisse satis!

XIV

Quid iuvat immunes belli cessare puellas,
nec fera peltatas agmina velle sequi,
si sine Marte suis patiuntur vulnera telis,
et caecas armant in sua fata manus?
Quae prima instituit teneros convellere fetus,
militia fuerat digna perire sua.
scilicet, ut careat rugarum crimine venter,
sternetur pugnae tristis harena tuae?
si mos antiquis placuisset matribus idem,
gens hominum vitio deperitura fuit,
quique iterum iaceret generis primordia nostri
in vacuo lapides orbe, parandus erat.
quis Priami fregisset opes, si numen aquarum
iusta recusasset pondera ferre Thetis?
Ilia si tumido geminos in ventre necasset,
casurus dominae conditor Urbis erat;
si Venus Aenean gravida temerasset in alvo,
Caesaribus tellus orba futura fuit.
tu quoque, cum posses nasci formosa, perisses,
temptasset, quod tu, si tua mater opus;
ipse ego, cum fuerim melius periturus amando,
vidissem nullos matre negante dies.
Quid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis,
pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu?
sponte fluant matura sua — sine crescere nata;
est pretium parvae non leve vita morae.
vestra quid effoditis subiectis viscera telis,
et nondum natis dira venena datis?
Colchida respersam puerorum sanguine culpant
aque sua caesum matre queruntur Ityn;
utraque saeva parens, sed tristibus utraque causis
iactura socii sanguinis ulta virum.
dicite, quis Tereus, quis vos inritet Iason
figere sollicita corpora vestra manu?

hoc neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris,
perdere nec fetus ausa leaena suos.
at tenerae faciunt, sed non inpune, puellae;
saepe, suos utero quae necat, ipsa perit.
ipsa perit, ferturque rogo resoluta capillos,
et clamant ‘merito!’ qui modo cumque vident.
Ista sed aetherias vanescant dicta per auras,
et sint ominibus pondera nulla meis!
di faciles, peccasse semel concedite tuto,
et satis est; poenam culpa secunda ferat!

XV

Anule, formosae digitum vincture puellae,
in quo censendum nil nisi dantis amor,
munus eas gratum! te laeta mente receptum
protinus articulis induat illa suis;
tam bene convenias, quam mecum convenit illi,
et digitum iusto commodus orbe teras!
Felix, a domina tractaberis, anule, nostra;
invideo donis iam miser ipse meis.
o utinam fieri subito mea munera possem
artibus Aeaeae Carpathiive senis!
tunc ego, cum cupiam dominae tetigisse papillas
et laevam tunicis inseruisse manum,
elabar digito quamvis angustus et haerens,
inque sinum mira laxis ab arte cadam.
idem ego, ut arcanas possim signare tabellas,
neve tenax ceram siccaque gemma trahat,
umida formosae tangam prius ora puellae —
tantum ne signem scripta dolenda mihi.
si dabor ut condar loculis, exire negabo,
adstringens digitos orbe minore tuos.
non ego dedecori tibi sum, mea vita, futurus,
quodve tener digitus ferre recuset, onus.
me gere, cum calidis perfundes imbribus artus,
damnaque sub gemmam fer pereuntis aquae —
sed, puto, te nuda mea membra libidine surgent,
et peragam partes anulus ille viri.
Inrita quid voveo? parvum proficiscere munus;
illa datam tecum sentiat esse fidem!

XVI

Pars me Sulmo tenet Paeligni tertia ruris —
parva, sed inriguis ora salubris aquis.
sol licet admoto tellurem sidere findat,
et micet Icarii stella proterva canis,
arva pererrantur Paeligna liquentibus undis,
et viret in tenero fertilis herba solo.
terra ferax Cereris multoque feracior uvis;
dat quoque baciferam Pallada rarus ager;
perque resurgentes rivis labentibus herbas
gramineus madidam caespes obumbrat humum.
At meus ignis abest. verbo peccavimus uno! —
quae movet ardores est procul; ardor adest.
non ego, si medius Polluce et Castore ponar,
in caeli sine te parte fuisse velim.
solliciti iaceant terraque premantur iniqua,
in longas orbem qui secuere vias! —
aut iuvenum comites iussissent ire puellas,
si fuit in longas terra secanda vias!
tum mihi, si premerem ventosas horridus Alpes,
dummodo cum domina, molle fuisset iter.
cum domina Libycas ausim perrumpere Syrtes
et dare non aequis vela ferenda Notis.
non quae virgineo portenta sub inguine latrant,
nec timeam vestros, curva Malea, sinus;
non quae submersis ratibus saturata Charybdis
fundit et effusas ore receptat aquas.
Quod si Neptuni ventosa potentia vincat,
et subventuros auferat unda deos,
tu nostris niveos umeris inpone lacertos;
corpore nos facili dulce feremus onus.
saepe petens Hero iuvenis transnaverat undas;
tum quoque transnasset, sed via caeca fuit.
At sine te, quamvis operosi vitibus agri
me teneant, quamvis amnibus arva natent,

et vocet in rivos currentem rusticus undam,
 frigidaque arboreas mulceat aura comas,
non ego Paelignos videor celebrare salubres,
 non ego natalem, rura paterna, locum —
sed Scythiam Cilicasque feros viridesque Britannos,
 quaeque Prometheo saxa cruore rubent.
Ulmus amat vitem, vitis non deserit ulmum;
 separor a domina cur ego saepe mea?
at mihi te comitem iuraras usque futuram —
 per me perque oculos, sidera nostra, tuos!
verba puellarum, foliis leviora caducis,
 inrita, qua visum est, ventus et unda ferunt.
Siqua mei tamen est in te pia cura relictis,
 incipere pollicitis addere facta tuis,
parvaeque quamprimum rapientibus esseda mannis
 ipsa per admissas concute lora iubas!
at vos, qua veniet, tumidi, subsidite, montes,
 et faciles curvis vallibus este, viae!

XVII

Siquis erit, qui turpe putet servire puellae,
illo convincar iudice turpis ego!
sim licet infamis, dum me moderatius urat,
quae Paphon et fluctu pulsa Cythera tenet.
atque utinam dominae miti quoque praeda fuissem
formosae quoniam praeda futurus eram!
dat facies animos. facie violenta Corinna est —
me miserum! cur est tam bene nota sibi?
scilicet a speculi sumuntur imagine fastus,
nec nisi compositam se prius illa videt!
Non, tibi si facies animum dat et omina regni —
o facies oculos nata tenere meos! —
collatum idcirco tibi me contemnere debes;
aptari magnis inferiora licet.
traditur et nymphe mortalis amore Calypso
capta recusantem detinuisse virum.
creditur aequoream Pthio Nereida regi,
Egeriam iusto concubuisse Numae,
Vulcano Venerem, quamvis incude relicta
turpiter obliquo claudicet ille pede.
carminis hoc ipsum genus inpar; sed tamen apte
iungitur herous cum breviori modo.
tu quoque me, mea lux, in quaslibet accipe leges;
te deceat medio iura dedisse foro.
Non tibi crimen ero, nec quo laetere remoto;
non erit hic nobis infitiandus amor.
sunt mihi pro magno felicia carmina censu,
et multae per me nomen habere volunt;
novi aliquam, quae se circumferat esse Corinnam.
ut fiat, quid non illa dedisse velit?
sed neque diversi ripa labuntur eadem
frigidus Eurotas populiferque Padus,
nec nisi tu nostris cantabitur ulla libellis;
ingenio causas tu dabis una meo.

XVIII

Carmen ad iratum dum tu perducis Achillen
primaque iuratis induis arma viris,
nos, Macer, ignava Veneris cessamus in umbra,
et tener ausuros grandia frangit Amor.
saepe meae 'tandem' dixi 'discede' puellae —
in gremio sedit protinus illa meo.
saepe 'pudet!' dixi — lacrimis vix illa retentis
'me miseram! iam te' dixit 'amare pudet?'
inplicuitque suos circum mea colla lacertos
et, quae me perdunt, oscula mille dedit.
vincor, et ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,
resque domi gestas et mea bella cano.
Sceptra tamen sumpsi, curaque tragoedia nostra
crevit, et huic operi quamlibet aptus eram.
risit Amor pallamque meam pictosque cothurnos
sceptraque privata tam cito sumpta manu.
hinc quoque me dominae numen deduxit iniquae,
deque cothurnato vate triumphat Amor.
Quod licet, aut artes teneri profitemur Amoris —
ei mihi, praeceptis urgeor ipse meis! —
aut, quod Penelopes verbis reddatur Ulixi,
scribimus et lacrimas, Phylli relictas, tuas,
quod Paris et Macareus et quod male gratus Iason
Hippolytique parens Hippolytusque legant,
quodque tenens strictum Dido miserabilis ensem
dicat et Aoniae Lesbis amata lyrae.
Quam cito de toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus
scriptaque diversis rettulit ille locis!
candida Penelope signum cognovit Ulixis;
legit ab Hippolyto scripta noverca suo.
iam pius Aeneas miserae rescripsit Elissae,
quodque legat Phyllis, si modo vivit, adest.
tristis ad Hypsipylen ab Iasone littera venit;
det votam Phoebo Lesbis amata lyram.

Nec tibi, qua tutum vati, Macer, arma canenti
aureus in medio Marte tacetur Amor.
et Paris est illic et adultera, nobile crimen,
et comes extincto Laodamia viro.
si bene te novi, non bella libentius istis
dicis, et a vestris in mea castra venis.

XIX

Si tibi non opus est servata, stulte, puella,
at mihi fac serves, quo magis ipse velim!
quod licet, ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.
ferreus est, siquis, quod sinit alter, amat
speremus pariter, pariter metuamus amantes,
et faciat voto rara repulsa locum.
quo mihi fortunam, quae numquam fallere curet?
nil ego, quod nullo tempore laedat, amo!
Viderat hoc in me vitium versuta Corinna,
quaque capi possem, callida norat opem.
a, quotiens sani capitis mentita dolores
cunctantem tardo iussit abire pede!
a, quotiens finxit culpam, quantumque licebat
insonti, speciem praebuit esse nocens!
sic ubi vexarat tepidosque refoverat ignis,
rursus erat votis comis et apta meis.
quas mihi blanditias, quam dulcia verba parabat
oscula, di magni, qualia quotque dabat!
Tu quoque, quae nostros rapuisti nuper ocellos,
saepe time simulans, saepe rogata nega;
et sine me ante tuos proiectum in limine postis
longa pruinosa frigora nocte pati.
sic mihi durat amor longosque adolescit in annos;
hoc iuvat; haec animi sunt alimenta mei.
pinguis amor nimiumque patens in taedia nobis
vertitur et, stomacho dulcis ut esca, nocet.
si numquam Danaen habuisset aenea turris,
non esset Danae de Iove facta parens;
dum servat Iuno mutatam cornibus Io,
facta est, quam fuerat, gratior illa Iovi.
quod licet et facile est quisquis cupit, arbore frondis
carpat et e magno flumine potet aquam.
siqua volet regnare diu, deludat amantem.
ei mihi, ne monitis torquear ipse meis!

quidlibet eveniat, nocet indulgentia nobis —
quod sequitur, fugio; quod fugit, ipse sequor.
At tu, formosae nimium secure puellae,
incipere iam prima claudere nocte forem.
incipere, quis totiens furtim tua limina pulset,
quaerere, quid latent nocte silente canes,
quas ferat et referat sollers ancilla tabellas,
cur totiens vacuo secubet ipsa toro.
mordeat ista tuas aliquando cura medullas,
daque locum nostris materiamque dolis.
ille potest vacuo furari litore harenas,
uxorem stulti siquis amare potest.
iamque ego praemoneo: nisi tu servare puellam
incipis, incipiet desinere esse mea!
multa diuque tuli; speravi saepe futurum,
cum bene servasses, ut bene verba darem.
lentus es et pateris nulli patienda marito;
at mihi concessi finis amoris erit!
Scilicet infelix numquam prohibebor adire?
nox mihi sub nullo vindice semper erit?
nil metuam? per nulla traham suspiria somnos?
nil facies, cur te iure perisse velim?
quid mihi cum facili, quid cum lenone marito?
corrumpit vitio gaudia nostra suo.
quin alium, quem tanta iuvat patientia, quaeris?
me tibi rivalem si iuvat esse, veta!

LIBER TERTIVS AMORES

Stat vetus et multos incaedua silva per annos;
 credibile est illi numen inesse loco.
 fons sacer in medio speluncaque pumice pendens,
 et latere ex omni dulce queruntur aves.
 Hic ego dum spatior tectus nemoralibus umbris —
 quod mea, quaerebam, Musa moveret opus —
 venit odoratos Elegia nexa capillos,
 et, puto, pes illi longior alter erat.
 forma decens, vestis tenuissima, vultus amantis,
 et pedibus vitium causa decoris erat.
 venit et ingenti violenta Tragoedia passu:
 fronte comae torva, palla iacebat humi;
 laeva manus sceptrum late regale movebat,
 Lydius alta pedum vincla cothurnus erat.
 Et prior ‘ecquis erit,’ dixit, ‘tibi finis amandi,
 O argumenti lente poeta tui?
 nequitiam vinosa tuam convivia narrant,
 narrant in multas conpita secta vias.
 saepe aliquis digito vatem designat euntem,
 atque ait “hic, hic est, quem ferus urit Amor!”
 fabula, nec sentis, tota iactaris in urbe,
 dum tua praeterito facta pudore refers.
 tempus erat, thyrsos pulsum graviore moveri;
 cessatum satis est — incipe maius opus!
 materia premis ingenium. cane facta virorum.
 “haec animo,” dices, “area facta meo est!”
 quod tenerae cantent, lusit tua Musa, puellae,
 primaque per numeros acta iuventa suos.
 nunc habeam per te Romana Tragoedia nomen!
 inplebit leges spiritus iste meas.’
 Hactenus, et movit pictis innixa cothurnis
 densum caesarie terque quaterque caput.
 altera, si memini, limis subrisit ocellis —
 fallor, an in dextra myrtea virga fuit?

‘Quid gravibus verbis, animosa Tragoedia,’ dixit,
‘me premis? an numquam non gravis esse potes?
inparibus tamen es numeris dignata moveri;
in me pugnasti versibus usa meis.
non ego contulerim sublimia carmina nostris;
obruit exiguas regia vestra fores.
sum levis, et mecum levis est, mea cura, Cupido;
non sum materia fortior ipsa mea.
rustica sit sine me lascivi mater Amoris;
huic ego proveni lena comesque deae.
quam tu non poteris duro reserare cothurno,
haec est blanditiis ianua laxa meis;
et tamen emerui plus quam tu posse, ferendo
multa supercilio non patienda tuo.
per me decepto didicit custode Corinna
liminis adstricti sollicitare fidem,
delabique toro tunica velata soluta
atque inpercussos nocte movere pedes.
a quotiens foribus duris infixi pependi,
non verita a populo praetereunte legi!
quin ego me memini, dum custos saevus abiret,
ancillae miseram delituisse sinu.
quid, cum me munus natali mittis, at illa
rumpit et adposita barbara mersat aqua?
prima tuae movi felicia semina mentis;
munus habes, quod te iam petit ista, meum.’
Desierat. coepi: ‘per vos utramque rogamus,
in vacuas aures verba timentis eant.
altera me sceptro decoras altoque cothurno;
iam nunc contacto magnus in ore sonus.
altera das nostro victurum nomen amorī —
ergo ades et longis versibus adde brevis!
exiguum vati concede, Tragoedia, tempus!
tu labor aeternus; quod petit illa, breve est.’
Mota dedit veniam — teneri properentur Amores,
dum vacat; a tergo grandius urguet opus!

II

‘Non ego nobilium sedeo studiosus equorum;
cui tamen ipsa faves, vincat ut ille, precor.
ut loquerer tecum veni, tecumque sederem,
ne tibi non notus, quem facis, esset amor.
tu cursus spectas, ego te; spectemus uterque
quod iuvat, atque oculos pascat uterque suos.
O, cuicumque faves, felix agitator equorum!
ergo illi curae contigit esse tuae?
hoc mihi contingat, sacro de carcere missis
insistam forti mente vehendus equis,
et modo lora dabo, modo verberare terga notabo,
nunc stringam metas interiore rota.
si mihi currenti fueris conspecta, morabor,
deque meis manibus lora remissa fluent.
at quam paene Pelops Pisaea concidit hasta,
dum spectat vultus, Hippodamia, tuos!
nempe favore suae vicit tamen ille puellae.
vincamus dominae quisque favore suae!
Quid frustra refugis? cogit nos linea iungi.
haec in lege loci commoda circus habet —
tu tamen a dextra, quicumque es, parce puellae;
contactu lateris laeditur ista tui.
tu quoque, qui spectas post nos, tua contrahe crura,
si pudor est, rigido nec preme terga genu!
Sed nimium demissa iacent tibi pallia terra.
collige — vel digitis en ego tollo meis!
invida vestis eras, quae tam bona crura tegebas;
quoque magis spectes — invida vestis eras!
talìa Milanion Atalantes crura fugacis
optavit manibus sustinuisse suis.
talìa pinguntur succinctae crura Dianae
cum sequitur fortes, fortior ipsa, feras.
his ego non visis arsi; quid fiet ab ipsis?
in flammam flammās, in mare fundis aquas.

suspikor ex istis et cetera posse placere,
 quae bene sub tenui condita veste latent.
Vis tamen interea faciles arcessere ventos?
 quos faciet nostra mota tabella manu.
an magis hic meus est animi, non aeris aestus,
 captaque femineus pectora torret amor?
dum loquor, alba levi sparsa est tibi pulvere vestis.
 sordide de niveo corpore pulvis abi!
Sed iam pompa venit — linguis animisque favete!
 tempus adest plausus — aurea pompa venit.
prima loco fertur passis Victoria pinnis —
 huc ades et meus hic fac, dea, vincat amor!
plaudite Neptuno, nimium qui creditis undis!
 nil mihi cum pelago; me mea terra capit.
plaude tuo Marti, miles! nos odimus arma;
 pax iuvat et media pace repertus amor.
auguribus Phoebus, Phoebe venantibus adsit!
 artifices in te verte, Minerva, manus!
ruricolae, Cereri teneroque adsurgite Baccho!
 Pollucem pugiles, Castora placet eques!
nos tibi, blanda Venus, puerisque potentibus arcu
 plaudimus; inceptis adnue, diva, meis
daque novae mentem dominae! patiaturn amari!
 adnuat et motu signa secunda dedit.
quod dea promisit, promittas ipsa, rogamus;
 pace loquar Veneris, tu dea maior eris.
per tibi tot iuro testes pompamque deorum,
 te dominam nobis tempus in omne peti!
Sed pendent tibi crura. potes, si forte iuvabit,
 cancellis primos inseruisse pedes.
maxima iam vacuo praetor spectacula circo
 quadriiugos aequo carcere misit equos.
cui studeas, video. vincet, cuicumque favebis.
 quid cupias, ipsi scire videntur equi.
me miserum, metam spatioso circuit orbe!
 quid facis? admoto proxumus axe subit.
quid facis, infelix? perdis bona vota puellae.

tende, precor, valida lora sinistra manu!
favimus ignavo — sed enim revoke, Quirites,
et date iactatis undique signa togis!
en, revocant! — ac ne turbet toga mota capillos,
in nostros abdas te licet usque sinus.
Iamque patent iterum reserato carcere postes;
evolat admissis discolor agmen equis.
nunc saltem supera spatioque insurge patenti!
sint mea, sint dominae fac rata vota meae!
Sunt dominae rata vota meae, mea vota supersunt.
ille tenet palmam; palma petenda mea est.’
Risit, et argutis quiddam promisit ocellis.
‘Hoc satis est, alio cetera redde loco!’

III

Esse deos, i, crede — fidem iurata fefellit,
et facies illi, quae fuit ante, manet!
quam longos habuit nondum periura capillos,
tam longos, postquam numina laesit, habet.
candida candorem roseo suffusa rubore
ante fuit — niveo lucet in ore rubor.
pes erat exiguus — pedis est artissima forma.
longa decensque fuit — longa decensque manet.
argutos habuit — radiant ut sidus ocelli,
per quos mentita est perfida saepe mihi.
scilicet aeterni falsum iurare puellis
di quoque concedunt, formaque numen habet.
perque suos illam nuper iurasse recordor
perque meos oculos: en doluere mei!
Dicite, di, si vos inpune fefellerat illa,
alterius meriti cur ego damna tuli?
an non invidiae vobis Cepheia virgo est,
pro male formosa iussa parente mori?
non satis est, quod vos habui sine pondere testis,
et mecum lusus ridet inulta deos?
ut sua per nostram redimat periuria poenam,
victima deceptus decipientis ero?
aut sine re nomen deus est frustra timetur
et stulta populos credulitate movet;
aut, si quis deus est, teneras amat ille puellas
et nimium solas omnia posse iubet.
nobis fatifero Mavors accingitur ense;
nos petit invicta Palladis hasta manu.
nobis flexibiles curvantur Apollinis arcus;
in nos alta Iovis dextera fulmen habet.
formosas superi metuunt offendere laesi
atque ultro, quae se non timuere, timent.
et quisquam pia tura focis inponere curat?
certe plus animi debet inesse viris!

Iuppiter igne suo lucos iaculatur et arces
missaque periuras tela ferire vetat.
tot meruere peti — Semele miserabilis arsit!
officio est illi poena reperta suo;
at si venturo se subduxisset amanti,
non pater in Baccho matris haberet opus.
Quid queror et toto facio convicia caelo?
di quoque habent oculos, di quoque pectus habent!
si deus ipse forem, numen sine fraude liceret
femina mendaci falleret ore meum;
ipse ego iurarem verum iurare puellas
et non de tetricis dicerer esse deus.
tu tamen illorum moderatius utere dono —
aut oculis certe parce, puella, meis!

IV

Dure vir, inposito tenerae custode puellae
nil agis; ingenio est quaeque tuenda suo.
siqua metu dempto casta est, ea denique casta est;
quae, quia non liceat, non facit, illa facit!
ut iam servaris bene corpus, adultera mens est;
nec custodiri, ne velit, ulla potest.
nec corpus servare potes, licet omnia claudas;
omnibus exclusis intus adulter erit.
cui peccare licet, peccat minus; ipsa potestas
semina nequitiae languidiora facit.
desine, crede mihi, vitia inritare vetando;
obsequio vinces aptius illa tuo.
Vidi ego nuper equum contra sua vincla tenacem
ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo;
constitit ut primum concessas sensit habenas
frenaque in effusa laxa iacere iuba!
nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata;
sic interdictis imminet aeger aquis.
centum fronte oculos, centum cervice gerebat
Argus — et hos unus saepe fefellit Amor;
in thalamum Danae ferro saxoque perennem
quae fuerat virgo tradita, mater erat;
Penelope mansit, quamvis custode carebat,
inter tot iuvenes intemerata procos.
Quidquid servatur cupimus magis, ipsaque furem
cura vocat; pauci, quod sinit alter, amant.
nec facie placet illa sua, sed amore mariti;
nescio quid, quod te ceperit, esse putant.
non proba fit, quam vir servat, sed adultera cara;
ipse timor pretium corpore maius habet.
indignere licet, iuvat inconcessa voluptas;
sola placet, ‘timeo!’ dicere siqua potest.
nec tamen ingenuam ius est servare puellam —
hic metus externae corpora gentis agat!

scilicet ut possit custos 'ego' dicere 'feci,'
in laudem servi casta sit illa tui?
Rusticus est nimium, quem laedit adultera coniunx,
et notos mores non satis urbis habet
in qua Martigenae non sunt sine crimine nati
Romulus Iliades Iliadesque Remus.
quo tibi formosam, si non nisi casta placebat?
non possunt ullis ista coire modis.
Si sapis, indulge dominae vultusque severos
exue, nec rigidi iura tuere viri,
et cole quos dederit — multos dabit — uxor amicos.
gratia sic minimo magna labore venit;
sic poteris iuvenum convivia semper inire
et, quae non dederis, multa videre domi.

V

'Nox erat, et somnus lassos submisit ocellos;
 terruerunt animum talia visa meum:
 Colle sub aprico creberrimus ilice lucus
 stabat, et in ramis multa latebat avis.
 area gramineo suberat viridissima prato,
 umida de guttis lene sonantis aquae.
 ipse sub arboreis vitabam frondibus aestum —
 fronde sub arborea sed tamen aestus erat —
 ecce! petens variis inmixtas floribus herbas
 constitit ante oculos candida vacca meos,
 candidior nivibus, tunc cum cecidere recentes,
 in liquidas nondum quas mora vertit aquas;
 candidior, quod adhuc spumis stridentibus albet
 et modo siccata, lacte, reliquit ovem.
 taurus erat comes huic, feliciter ille maritus,
 cumque sua teneram coniuge pressit humum.
 Dum iacet et lente revocatas ruminat herbas
 atque iterum pasto pascitur ante cibo,
 visus erat, somno vires adimente ferendi,
 cornigerum terra deposuisse caput.
 huc levibus cornix pinnis delapsa per auras
 venit et in viridi garrula sedit humo,
 terque bovis niveae petulanti pectora rostro
 fodit et albentis abstulit ore iubas.
 illa locum taurumque diu cunctata relinquit —
 sed niger in vaccae pectore livor erat;
 utque procul vidit carpentes pabula tauros —
 carpebant tauri pabula laeta procul —
 illuc se rapuit gregibusque inmiscuit illis
 et petiit herbae fertilioris humum.
 Dic age, nocturnae, quicumque es, imaginis augur,
 siquid habent veri, visa quid ista ferant.'
 Sic ego; nocturnae sic dixit imaginis augur,
 expendens animo singula dicta suo:

‘Quem tu mobilibus foliis vitare volebas,
sed male vitabas, aestus amoris erat.
vacca puella tua est — aptus color ille puellae;
tu vir et in vacca conpare taurus eras.
pectora quod rostro cornix fodiebat acuto,
ingenium dominae lena movebat anus.
quod cunctata diu taurum sua vacca reliquit,
frigidus in viduo destituere toro.
livor et adverso maculae sub pectore nigrae
pectus adulterii labe carere negant.’
Dixerat interpres. gelido mihi sanguis ab ore
fugit, et ante oculos nox stetit alta meos.

VI

Amnis harundinibus limosas obsite ripas,
ad dominam propero — siste parumper aquas!
nec tibi sunt pontes nec quae sine remigis ictu
concava traiecto cumba rudente vehat.
parvus eras, memini, nec te transire refugi,
summaque vix talos contigit unda meos.
nunc ruis adposito nivibus de monte solutis
et turpi crassas gurgite volvis aquas.
quid properasse iuvat, quid parca dedisse quieti
tempora, quid nocti conseruisse diem,
si tamen hic standum est, si non datur artibus ullis
ulterior nostro ripa premenda pedi?
nunc ego, quas habuit pinnas Danaeius heros,
terribili densum cum tulit angue caput,
nunc opto currum, de quo Cerealia primum
semina venerunt in rude missa solum.
prodigiosa loquor veterum mendacia vatum;
nec tulit haec umquam nec feret ulla dies.
Tu potius, ripis effuse capacibus amnis —
sic aeternus eas — labere fine tuo!
non eris invidiae, torrens, mihi crede, ferendae,
si dicar per te forte retentus amans.
flumina deberent iuvenes in amore iuvare;
flumina senserunt ipsa, quid esset amor.
Inachus in Melie Bithynide pallidus isse
dicitur et gelidis incaluisse vadis.
nondum Troia fuit lustris obsessa duobus,
cum rapuit vultus, Xanthe, Neaera tuos.
quid? non Alpheon diversis currere terris
virginis Arcadiae certus adegit amor?
te quoque promissam Xutho, Penee, Creusam
Pthiotum terris occuluisse ferunt.
quid referam Asopon, quem cepit Martia Thebe,
natarum Thebe quinque futura parens?

cornua si tua nunc ubi sint, Acheloe, requiram,
Herculis irata fracta querere manu;
nec tanti Calydon nec tota Aetolia tanti,
una tamen tanti Deianira fuit.
ille fluens dives septena per ostia Nilus,
qui patriam tantae tam bene celat aquae,
fertur in Euanthe collectam Asopide flammam
vincere gurgitibus non potuisse suis.
siccus ut amplecti Salmonida posset Enipeus,
cedere iussit aquam; iussa recessit aqua.
Nec te praetereo, qui per cava saxa volutans
Tiburis Argei pomifera arva rigas,
Ilia cui placuit, quamvis erat horrida cultu,
ungue notata comas, ungue notata genas.
illa gemens patruique nefas delictaque Martis
errabat nudo per loca sola pede.
hanc Anien rapidis animosus vidit ab undis
raucaeque de mediis sustulit ora vadis
atque ita 'quid nostras' dixit 'teris anxia ripas,
Ilia, ab Idaeo Laumedonte genus?
quo cultus abiere tui? quid sola vagaris,
vitta nec evinctas impedit alba comas?
quid fles et madidos lacrimis corrumpis ocellos
pectoraque insana plangis aperta manu?
ille habet et silices et vivum in pectore ferrum,
qui tenero lacrimas lentus in ore videt.
Ilia, pone metus! tibi regia nostra patebit,
teque colent amnes. Ilia, pone metus!
tu centum aut plures inter dominabere nymphas;
nam centum aut plures flumina nostra tenent.
ne me sperne, precor, tantum, Troiana propago;
munera promissis uberiora feres.'
Dixerat. illa oculos in humum deiecta modestos
spargebat teneros flebilis imbre sinus.
ter molita fugam ter ad altas restitit undas,
currendi vires eripiente metu.
sera tamen scindens inimico pollice crinem

edidit indignos ore tremente sonos:
‘o utinam mea lecta forent patrioque sepulcro
condita, cum poterant virginis ossa legi!
cur, modo Vestalis, taedas invitor ad ullas
turpis et Iliacis infitianda focis?
quid moror et digitis designor adultera vulgi?
desint famosus quae notet ora pudor!’
Hactenus, et vestem tumidis praetendit ocellis
atque ita se in rapidas perdita misit aquas.
supposuisse manus ad pectora lubricus amnis
dicitur et socii iura dedisse tori.
Te quoque credibile est aliqua caluisse puella;
sed nemora et silvae crimina vestra tegunt.
dum loquor, increvit latis spatiosior undis,
nec capit admissas alveus altus aquas.
quid mecum, furiose, tibi? quid mutua differs
gaudia? quid coeptum, rustice, rumpis iter?
quid? si legitimum flueres, si nobile flumen,
si tibi per terras maxima fama foret —
nomen habes nullum, rivis collecte caducis,
nec tibi sunt fontes nec tibi certa domus!
fontis habes instar pluviamque nivesque solutas,
quas tibi divitias pigra ministrat hiemps;
aut lutulentus agis brumali tempore cursus,
aut premis arentem pulverulentus humum.
quis te tum potuit sitiens haurire viator?
quis dixit grata voce ‘perennis eas’?
damnosus pecori curris, damnosior agris.
forsitan haec alios; me mea damna movent.
Huic ego, vae! demens narrabam fluminum amores!
iactasse indigne nomina tanta pudet.
nescio quem hunc spectans Acheloon et Inachon amnem
et potui nomen, Nile, referre tuum!
at tibi pro meritis, opto, non candide torrens,
sint rapidi soles siccaque semper hiemps!

VII

At non formosa est, at non bene culta puella,
at, puto, non votis saepe petita meis!
hanc tamen in nullos tenui male languidus usus,
sed iacui pigro crimen onusque toro;
nec potui cupiens, pariter cupiente puella,
inguinis effeti parte iuvante frui.
illa quidem nostro subiecit eburnea collo
bracchia Sithonia candidiora nive,
osculaue inseruit cupida luctantia lingua
lascivum femori supposuitque femur,
et mihi blanditias dixit dominumque vocavit,
et quae praeterea publica verba iuvant.
tacta tamen veluti gelida mea membra cicuta
segnia propositum destituere meum;
truncus iners iacui, species et inutile pondus,
et non exactum, corpus an umbra forem.
Quae mihi ventura est, siquidem ventura, senectus,
cum desit numeris ipsa iuventa suis?
a, pudet annorum: quo me iuvenemque virumque?
nec iuvenem nec me sensit amica virum!
sic flammas aditura pias aeterna sacerdos
surgit et a caro fratre verenda soror.
at nuper bis flava Chlide, ter candida Pitho,
ter Libas officio continuata meo est;
exigere a nobis angusta nocte Corinnam
me memini numeros sustinuisse novem.
Num mea Thessalico languent devota veneno
corpora? num misero carmen et herba nocent,
sagave poenicea defixit nomina cera
et medium tenuis in iecur egit acus?
carmine laesa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam,
deficiunt laesi carmine fontis aquae,
ilicibus glandes cantataque vitibus uva
decidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.

quid vetat et nervos magicas torpere per artes?
forsitan inpatiens fit latus inde meum.
huc pudor accessit: facti pudor ipse nocebat;
ille fuit vitii causa secunda mei.
At qualem vidi tantum tetigique puellam!
sic etiam tunica tangitur illa sua.
illius ad tactum Pylus iuvenescere possit
Tithonosque annis fortior esse suis.
haec mihi contigerat; sed vir non contigit illi.
quas nunc concipiam per nova vota preces?
credo etiam magnos, quo sum tam turpiter usus,
muneris oblatis paenituisse deos.
optabam certe recipi — sum nempe receptus;
oscula ferre — tuli; proximus esse — fui.
quo mihi fortunae tantum? quo regna sine usu?
quid, nisi possedi dives avarus opes?
sic aret mediis taciti vulgator in undis
pomaque, quae nullo tempore tangat, habet.
a tenera quisquam sic surgit mane puella,
protinus ut sanctos possit adire deos?
Sed, puto, non blanda: non optima perdidit in me
oscula; non omni sollicitavit ope!
illa graves potuit quercus adamantaque durum
surdaque blanditiis saxa movere suis.
digna movere fuit certe vivosque virosque;
sed neque tum vixi nec vir, ut ante, fui.
quid iuvat, ad surdas si cantet Phemius aures?
quid miserum Thamyran picta tabella iuvat?
At quae non tacita formavi gaudia mente!
quos ego non finxi disposuique modos!
nostra tamen iacere velut praemortua membra
turpiter hesterna languidiora rosa —
quae nunc, ecce, vigent intempestiva valentque,
nunc opus exposcunt militiamque suam.
quin istic pudibunda iaces, pars pessima nostri?
sic sum pollicitis captus et ante tuis.
tu dominum fallis; per te deprensus inermis

tristia cum magno damna pudore tuli.
Hanc etiam non est mea dedignata puella
molliter admota sollicitare manu;
sed postquam nullas consurgere posse per artes
inmemoremque sui procubuisse videt,
‘quid me ludis?’ ait, ‘quis te, male sane, iubebat
invitum nostro ponere membra toro?
aut te traiectis Aeaëa venefica lanis
devovet, aut alio lassus amore venis.’
nec mora, desiluit tunica velata soluta —
et decuit nudos proripuisse pedes! —
neve suae possent intactam scire ministrae,
dedecus hoc sumpta dissimulavit aqua.

VIII

Et quisquam ingenuas etiamnunc suspicit artes,
aut tenerum dotes carmen habere putat?
ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro;
at nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.
cum pulchrae dominae nostri placuere libelli,
quo licuit libris, non licet ire mihi;
cum bene laudavit, laudato ianua clausa est.
turpiter huc illuc ingeniosus eo.
Ecce, recens dives parto per vulnera censu
praeferitur nobis sanguine pastus eques!
hunc potes amplecti formosis, vita, lacertis?
huius in amplexu, vita, iacere potes?
si nescis, caput hoc galeam portare solebat;
ense latus cinctum, quod tibi servit, erat;
laeva manus, cui nunc serum male convenit aurum,
scuta tulit; dextram tange — cruenta fuit!
qua periit aliquis, potes hanc contingere dextram?
heu, ubi mollities pectoris illa tui?
cerne cicatrices, veteris vestigia pugnae —
quaesitum est illi corpore, quidquid habet.
forsitan et, quotiens hominem iugulaverit, ille
indicit! hoc fassas tangis, avara, manus?
ille ego Musarum purus Phoebique sacerdos
ad rigidas canto carmen inane fores?
discite, qui sapitis, non quae nos scimus inertes,
sed trepidas acies et fera castra sequi
proque bono versu primum deducite pilum!
nox tibi, si belles, possit, Homere, dari.
Iuppiter, admonitus nihil esse potentius auro,
corruptae pretium virginis ipse fuit.
dum merces aberat, durus pater, ipsa severa,
aerati postes, ferrea turris erat;
sed postquam sapiens in munere venit adulter,
praebuit ipsa sinus et dare iussa dedit.

at cum regna senex caeli Saturnus haberet,
 omne lucrum tenebris alta premebat humus.
aeraque et argentum cumque auro pondera ferri
 manibus admorat, nullaque massa fuit.
at meliora dabat — curvo sine vomere fruges
 pomaque et in quercu mella reperta cava.
nec valido quisquam terram scindebat aratro,
 signabat nullo limite mensor humum,
non freta demisso verrebant eruta remo;
 ultima mortali tum via litus erat.
Contra te sollers, hominum natura, fuisti
 et nimium damnis ingeniosa tuis.
quo tibi, turritis incingere moenibus urbes?
 quo tibi, discordes addere in arma manus?
quid tibi cum pelago — terra contenta fuisses!
 cur non et caelum, tertia regna, petis?
qua licet, adfectas caelum quoque — templa Quirinus,
 Liber et Alcides et modo Caesar habent.
eruius terra solidum pro frugibus aurum.
 possidet inventas sanguine miles opes.
curia pauperibus clausa est — dat census honores;
 inde gravis iudex, inde severus eques!
Omnia possideant; illis Campusque forumque
 serviat, hi pacem crudaque bella gerant —
tantum ne nostros avidi liceantur amores,
 et — satis est — aliquid pauperis esse sinant!
at nunc, exaequet tetricas licet illa Sabinas,
 imperat ut captae qui dare multa potest;
me prohibet custos, in me timet illa maritum.
 si dederim, tota cedit uterque domo!
o si neclecti quisquam deus ultor amantis
 tam male quaesitas pulvere mutet opes!

IX

Memnona si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
et tangunt magnas tristia fata deas,
flebilis indignos, Elegia, solve capillos!
a, nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit! —
ille tui vates operis, tua fama, Tibullus
ardet in extructo, corpus inane, rogo.
ecce, puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetram
et fractos arcus et sine luce facem;
adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis
pectoraque infesta tundat aperta manu!
excipiunt lacrimas sparsi per colla capilli,
oraque singultu concutiente sonant.
fratris in Aeneae sic illum funere dicunt
egressum tectis, pulcher Iule, tuis;
nec minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo,
quam iuveni rupit cum ferus inguen aper.
at sacri vates et divum cura vocamur;
sunt etiam qui nos numen habere putent.
Scilicet omne sacrum mors inportuna profanat,
omnibus obscuras inicit illa manus!
quid pater Ismario, quid mater profuit Orpheo?
carmine quid victas obstipuisse feras?
et Linon in silvis idem pater 'aelinon!' altis
dicitur invita concinuisse lyra.
adice Maeoniden, a quo ceu fonte perenni
vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis —
hunc quoque summa dies nigro submersit Averno.
defugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos;
durant, vatis opus, Troiani fama laboris
tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.
sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebunt,
altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
Quid vos sacra iuvant? quid nunc Aegyptia prosunt
sistra? quid in vacuo secubuisse toro?

cum rapiunt mala fata bonos — ignoscite fasso! —
sollicitor nullos esse putare deos.
vive pius — moriere; pius cole sacra — colentem
mors gravis a templis in cava busta trahet;
carminibus confide bonis — iacet, ecce, Tibullus:
vix manet e toto, parva quod urna capit!
tene, sacer vates, flammae rapuere rogales
pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis?
aurea sanctorum potuissent templa deorum
urere, quae tantum sustinere nefas!
avertit vultus, Erycis quae possidet arces;
sunt quoque, qui lacrimas continuisse negant.
Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si Phaeacia tellus
ignotum vili supposuisset humo.
hinc certe madidos fugientis pressit ocellos
mater et in cineres ultima dona tulit;
hinc soror in partem misera cum matre doloris
venit inornatas dilaniata comas,
cumque tuis sua iunxerunt Nemesisque priorque
oscula nec solos destituere rogos.
Delia discedens ‘felicius’ inquit ‘amata
sum tibi; vixisti, dum tuus ignis eram.’
cui Nemesis ‘quid’ ait ‘tibi sunt mea damna dolori?
me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.’
Si tamen e nobis aliquid nisi nomen et umbra
restat, in Elysia valle Tibullus erit.
obvius huic venias hedera iuvenalia cinctus
tempora cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo;
tu quoque, si falsum est temerati crimen amici,
sanguinis atque animae prodige Galle tuae.
his comes umbra tua est; siqua est modo corporis umbra,
auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,
et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!

X

Annua venerunt Cerealis tempora sacri;
secubat in vacuo sola puella toro.
flava Ceres, tenues spicis redimita capillos,
cur inhibes sacris commoda nostra tuis?
Te, dea, munificam gentes, ubi quaeque, loquuntur,
nec minus humanis invidet ulla bonis.
ante nec hirsuti torrebant farra coloni,
nec notum terris area nomen erat,
sed glandem quercus, oracula prima, ferebant;
haec erat et teneri caespitis herba cibus.
prima Ceres docuit turgescere semen in agris
falce coloratas subsecuitque comas;
prima iugis tauros supponere colla coegit,
et veterem curvo dente revellit humum.
Hanc quisquam lacrimis laetari credit amantum
et bene tormentis secubituque coli?
nec tamen est, quamvis agros amet illa feraces,
rustica nec viduum pectus amoris habet.
Cretes erunt testes — nec fingunt omnia Cretes.
Crete nutrito terra superba Iove.
illic, sideream mundi qui temperat arcem,
exiguus tenero lac bibit ore puer.
Magna fides testi: testis laudatur alumno.
fassuram Cererem crimina nostra puto.
viderat Iasium Cretaea diva sub Ida
figentem certa terga ferina manu.
vidit, et ut tenerae flammam rapuere medullae,
hinc pudor, ex illa parte trahebat amor.
victus amore pudor; sulcos arere videres
et sata cum minima parte redire sui.
cum bene iactati pulsarant arva ligones,
ruperat et duram vomer aduncus humum,
seminaque in latos ierant aequaliter agros,
inrita decepti vota colentis erant.

diva potens frugum silvis cessabat in altis;
deciderant longae spiceaserta comae.
sola fuit Crete fecundo fertilis anno;
omnia, qua tulerat se dea, messis erat;
ipsa, locus nemorum, canebat frugibus Ide,
et ferus in silva farra metebat aper.
optavit Minos similes sibi legifer annos;
optasset, Cereris longus ut esset amor.
Quod tibi secubitus tristes, dea flava, fuissent,
hoc cogor sacris nunc ego ferre tuis?
cur ego sim tristis, cum sit tibi nata reperta
regnaque quam Iuno sorte minore regat?
festa dies Veneremque vocat cantusque merumque;
haec decet ad dominos munera ferre deos.

XIa

Multa diuque tuli; vitiis patientia victa est;
cede fatigato pectore, turpis amor!
scilicet adserui iam me fugique catenas,
et quae non puduit ferre, tulisse pudet.
vicinus et domitum pedibus calcamus amorem;
venerunt capiti cornua sera meo.
perfer et obdura! dolor hic tibi proderit olim;
saepe tulit lassus sucus amarus opem.
Ergo ego sustinui, foribus tam saepe repulsus,
ingenuum dura ponere corpus humo?
ergo ego nescio cui, quem tu complexa tenebas,
excubui clausam servus ut ante domum?
vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,
invalidum referens emeritumque latus;
hoc tamen est levius, quam quod sum visus ab illo —
eveniat nostris hostibus ille pudor!
Quando ego non fixus lateri patienter adhaesi,
ipse tuus custos, ipse vir, ipse comes?
scilicet et populo per me comitata placebas;
causa fuit multis noster amoris amor.
turpia quid referam vanae mendacia linguae
et periuratos in mea damna deos?
quid iuvenum tacitos inter convivia nutus
verbaque compositis dissimulata notis?
dicta erat aegra mihi — praeceps amensque cucurri;
veni, et rivali non erat aegra meo!
His et quae taceo duravi saepe ferendis;
quaere alium pro me, qui queat ista pati.
iam mea votiva puppis redimita corona
lenta tumescentes aequoris audit aquas.
desine blanditias et verba, potentia quondam,
perdere — non ego nunc stultus, ut ante fui!

XIb

Luctantur pectusque leve in contraria tendunt
hac amor hac odium, sed, puto, vincit amor.
odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.
nec iuga taurus amat; quae tamen odit, habet.
nequitiam fugio — fugientem forma reducit;
aversor morum crimina — corpus amo.
sic ego nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum,
et videor voti nescius esse mei.
aut formosa fores minus, aut minus improba, vellem;
non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
facta merent odium, facies exorat amorem —
me miserum, vitiis plus valet illa suis!
Parce, per o lecti socialia iura, per omnis
qui dant fallendos se tibi saepe deos,
perque tuam faciem, magni mihi numinis instar,
perque tuos oculos, qui rapuere meos!
quidquid eris, mea semper eris; tu selige tantum,
me quoque velle velis, anne coactus amem!
linthea dem potius ventisque ferentibus utar,
ut, quam, si nolim, cogar amare, velim.

XII

Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti
omina non albae concinuistis aves?
quodve putem sidus nostris occurrere fatis,
quosve deos in me bella movere querar?
quae modo dicta mea est, quam coepi solus amare,
cum multis vereor ne sit habenda mihi.
Fallimur, an nostris innotuit illa libellis?
sic erit — ingenio prostitit illa meo.
et merito! quid enim formae praeconia feci?
vendibilis culpa facta puella mea est.
me lenone placet, duce me perductus amator,
ianua per nostras est adaperta manus.
An prosint, dubium, nocuerunt carmina semper;
invidiae nostris illa fuere bonis.
cum Thebae, cum Troia foret, cum Caesaris acta,
ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.
aversis utinam tetigissem carmina Musis,
Phoebus et inceptum destituisset opus!
Nec tamen ut testes mos est audire poetas;
malueram verbis pondus abesse meis.
per nos Scylla patri caros furata capillos
pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes;
nos pedibus pinnas dedimus, nos crinibus angues;
victor Abantiades alite fertur equo.
idem per spatium Tityon porreximus ingens,
et tria vipereo fecimus ora cani;
fecimus Enceladon iaculantem mille lacertis,
ambiguae captos virginis ore viros.
Aeolios Ithacis inclusimus utribus Euros;
proditor in medio Tantalus amne sitit.
de Niobe silicem, de virgine fecimus ursam.
concinit Odrysium Cecropis ales Ityn;
Iuppiter aut in aves aut se transformat in aurum
aut secat inposita virgine taurus aquas.

Protea quid referam Thebanaque semina, dentes;
 qui vomerent flammās ore, fuisse boves;
flere genis electra tuas, Auriga, sorores;
 quaeque rates fuerint, nunc maris esse deas;
aversumque diem mensis furialibus Atrei,
 duraque percussam saxa secuta lyram?
Exit in inmensum fecunda licentia vatum,
 obligat historica nec sua verba fide.
et mea debuerat falso laudata videri
 femina; credulitas nunc mihi vestra nocet.

XIII

Cum mihi pomiferis coniunx foret orta Faliscis,
moenia contigimus victa, Camille, tibi.
casta sacerdotes Iunoni festa parabant
et celebres ludos indigenamque bovem;
grande morae pretium ritus cognoscere, quamvis
difficilis clivis huc via praebet iter.
Stat vetus et densa praenubilus arbore lucus;
adspice — concedas numen inesse loco.
accipit ara preces votivae tura piorum —
ara per antiquas facta sine arte manus.
hinc, ubi praesonuit sollemni tibia cantu,
it per velatas annua pompa vias;
ducuntur niveae populo plaudente iuvencae,
quas aluit campis herba Falisca suis,
et vituli nondum metuenda fronte minaces,
et minor ex humili victima porcus hara,
duxque gregis cornu per tempora dura recurvo.
invisa est dominae sola capella deae;
illius indicio silvis inventa sub altis
dicitur inceptam destituisse fugam.
nunc quoque per pueros iaculis incessitur index
et pretium auctori vulneris ipsa datur.
Qua ventura dea est, iuvenes timidaeque puellae
praevertunt latas veste iacente vias.
virginei crines auro gemmaque premuntur,
et tegit auratos palla superba pedes;
more patrum Graio velatae vestibis albis
tradita supposito vertice sacra ferunt.
ora favent populi tum cum venit aurea pompa,
ipsa sacerdotes subsequiturque suas.
Argiva est pompae facies; Agamemnone caeso
et scelus et patrias fugit Halaesus opes
iamque pererratis profugus terraque fretoque
moenia felici condidit alta manu.

ille suos docuit Iunonia sacra Faliscos.
sint mihi, sint populo semper amica suo!

XIV

Non ego, ne pecces, cum sis formosa, recuso,
sed ne sit misero scire necesse mihi;
nec te nostra iubet fieri censura pudicam,
sed tamen, ut temptes dissimulare, rogat.
non peccat, quaecumque potest peccasse negare,
solaque famosam culpa professa facit.
quis furor est, quae nocte latent, in luce fateri,
et quae clam facias facta referre palam?
ignoto meretrix corpus iunctura Quiriti
opposita populum summovet ante sera;
tu tua prostitues famae peccata sinistrae
commissi perages indiciumque tui?
sit tibi mens melior, saltemve imitare pudicas,
teque probam, quamvis non eris, esse putem.
quae facis, haec facito; tantum fecisse negato,
nec pudeat coram verba modesta loqui!
Est qui nequitiam locus exigit; omnibus illum
deliciis inple, stet procul inde pudor!
hinc simul exieris, lascivia protinus omnis
absit, et in lecto crimina pone tuo.
illic nec tunicam tibi sit posuisse pudori
nec femori inpositum sustinuisse femur;
illic purpureis condatur lingua labellis,
inque modos Venerem mille figuret amor;
illic nec voces nec verba iuventia cessent,
spondaque lasciva mobilitate tremat!
indue cum tunicis metuentem crimina vultum,
et pudor obscenum diffiteatur opus;
da populo, da verba mihi; sine nescius errem,
et liceat stulta credulitate frui!
Cur totiens video mitti recipique tabellas?
cur pressus prior est interiorque torus?
cur plus quam somno turbatos esse capillos
collaque conspicio dentis habere notam?

tantum non oculos crimen deducis ad ipsos;
 si dubitas famae parcere, parce mihi!
mens abit et morior quotiens peccasse fateris,
 perque meos artus frigida gutta fluit.
tunc amo, tunc odi frustra quod amare necesse est;
 tunc ego, sed tecum, mortuus esse velim!
Nil equidem inquiram, nec quae celare parabis
 insequar, et falli muneris instar erit.
si tamen in media deprensa tenebere culpa,
 et fuerint oculis probra videnda meis,
quae bene visa mihi fuerint, bene visa negato —
 concedent verbis lumina nostra tuis.
prona tibi vinci cupientem vincere palma est,
 sit modo ‘non feci!’ dicere lingua memor.
cum tibi contingat verbis superare duobus,
 etsi non causa, iudice vince tuo!

XV

Quaere novum vatem, tenerorum mater Amorum!
 raditur hic elegis ultima meta meis;
quos ego conposui, Paeligni ruris alumnus —
 nec me deliciae dedecuerunt meae —
siquid id est, usque a proavis vetus ordinis heres,
 non modo militiae turbine factus eques.
Mantua Vergilio, gaudet Verona Catullo;
 Paelignae dicar gloria gentis ego,
quam sua libertas ad honesta coegerat arma,
 cum timuit socias anxia Roma manus.
atque aliquis spectans hospes Sulmonis aquosi
 moenia, quae campi iugera pauca tenent,
‘Quae tantum’ dicat ‘potuistis ferre poetam,
 quantulacumque estis, vos ego magna voco.’
Culte puer puerique parens Amathusia culti.
 aurea de campo vellite signa meo!
corniger increpuit thyrsos graviore Lyaeus:
 pulsanda est magnis area maior equis.
inbelles elegi, genialis Musa, valete,
 post mea mansurum fata superstes opus.

MEDICAMINA FACIEI FEMINEAE

Discite, quae faciem commendet cura, puellae,
Et quo sit vobis causa tuenda modo!
Cultus humum sterilem Cerealia pendere iussit
Munera: mordaces interiere rubi; 5
Cultus et in pomis sucos emendat acerbos,
Fissaque adoptivas accipit arbor opes.
Culta placent: auro sublimia tecta linuntur;
Nigra sub inposito marmore terra latet;
Vellera saepe eadem Tyrio medicantur aeno; 10
Sectile deliciis India praebet ebur.
Forsitan antiquae Tatio sub rege Sabinae
Maluerint quam se rura paterna coli,
Cum matrona, premens altum rubicunda sedile,
Assiduo durum pollice nebat opus, 15
Ipsaque claudebat, quos filia paverat, agnos,
Ipsa dabat virgas caesaque ligna foco;
At vestrae matres teneras peperere puellas:
Vultis inaurata corpora veste tegi,
Vultis odoratos positu variare capillos, 20
Conspicuum gemmis vultis habere manum;
Induitis collo lapides Oriente petitos,
Et quantos onus est aure tulisse duos.
Nec tamen indignum: sit vobis cura placendi,
Cum comptos habeant saecula nostra viros; 25
Feminea vestri potiuntur lege mariti,
Et vix ad cultus nupta, quod addat, habet.....
Quo se cuique parent et quo et venentur amores,
Refert: munditia crimina nulla merent.
Rure latent finguntque comas: licet arduus illas 30
Celet Athos, cultas altus habebit Athos!
Est etiam placuisse sibi quaecumque voluptas:
Virginibus cordi grataque forma suast;
Laudatas homini volucris Iunonia pennas
Explicat, et forma muta superbit avis. 35

Sic potius vos urget amor quam fortibus herbis,
Quas maga terribili subsecat arte manus;
Nec vos graminibus nec mixto credite suco
Nec temptate nocens virus amantis equae:
Nec mediae Marsis finduntur cantibus angues, 40
Nec redit in fontes unda supina suos,
Et, quamvis aliquis Temesaea removerit aera,
Numquam Luna suis excutietur equis.
Prima sit in vobis morum tutela, puellae!
Ingenio facies conciliante placet. 45
Certus amor morumst: formam populabitur aetas,
Et placitus rugis vultus aratus erit;
Tempus erit, quo vos speculum vidisse pigebit,
Et veniet rugis altera causa dolor;
Sufficit et longum probitas perdurat in aevum, 50
Perque suos annos hinc bene pendet amor.....
Dic age, cum teneros somnus dimiserit artus,
Candida quo possint ora nitere modo.
Hordea, quae Libyci ratibus misere coloni,
Exue de palea tegminibusque suis; 55
Par ervi mensura decem madefiat ab ovis,
Sed cumulent libras hordea nuda duas.
Haec ubi ventosas fuerint siccata per auras,
Lenta iube scabra frangat asella mola;
Et quae prima cadent vivaci cornua cervo, 60
Contere in haec (solidi sexta fac assis eat),
Iamque ubi pulvereae fuerint confusa farinae,
Protinus innumeris omnia cerne cavis;
Adice narcissi bis sex sine cortice bulbos,
Strenua quos puro marmore dextra terat, 65
Sextantemque trahat gummi cum semine Tusco;
Huc novies tanto plus tibi mellis eat:
Quaecumque afficiet tali medicamine vultum,
Fulgebit speculo levior illa suo.
Nec tu pallentes dubita torrere lupinos, 70
Et simul infantis corpora frige fabae:
Utraque sex habeant aequo discrimine libras,

Utraque da nigris comminuenda molis;
Nec cerussa tibi nec nitri spuma rubentis
Desit et Illyrica quae venit iris humo; 75
Da validis iuvenum pariter subigenda lacertis;
Sed iustum tritis uncia pondus erit;
Addita de querulo volucrum medicamina nido
Ore fugant maculas (alcyonea vocant);
Pondere, si quaeris, quo sim contentus in illis: 80
Quod trahit in partes uncia secta duas;
Ut coeant apteque lini per corpore possint,
Adice de flavis Attica mella favis.
Quamvis tura deos irataque numina placent,
Non tamen accensis omnia danda focus: 85
Tus ubi miscueris radenti corpora nitro,
Ponderibus iustis fac sit utrumque triens;
Parte minus quarta direptum cortice gummi
Et modicum e murris pinguibus adde cubum;
Haec ubi contrieris, per densa foramina cerne; 90
Pulvis ab infuso melle premendus erit.
Profuit et marathros bene olentibus addere murris,
(Quinque parent marathri scripula, murra novem)
Arentisque rosae quantum manus unaprehendat,
Cumque Ammoniaco mascula tura sale; 95
Hordea quem faciunt, illis affunde cremorem;
Aequent expensas cum sale tura rosas:
Tempore sis parvo mollis licet inlita vultus,
Haerebit toto nullus in ore color.
Vidi, quae gelida madefacta papavera lymphae 100
Contereret teneris inlineretque genis.....

ARS AMATORIA

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LIBER PRIMVS ARTIS AMATORIAE

Siquis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Hoc legat et lecto carmine doctus amet.
Arte citae veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus: arte regendus amor.
Curribus Automedon lentisque erat aptus habenis, 5
Tiphys in Haemonia puppe magister erat:
Me Venus artificem tenero praefecit Amori;
Tiphys et Automedon dicar Amoris ego.
Ille quidem ferus est et qui mihi saepe repugnet:
Sed puer est, aetas mollis et apta regi. 10
Phillyrides puerum cithara perfecit Achillem,
Atque animos placida contudit arte feros.
Qui totiens socios, totiens exterruit hostes,
Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.
Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro 15
Verberibus iussas praebuit ille manus.
Aeacidae Chiron, ego sum praeceptor Amoris:
Saevus uterque puer, natus uterque dea.
Sed tamen et tauri cervix oneratur aratro,
Frenaque magnanimi dente teruntur equi; 20
Et mihi cedet Amor, quamvis mea vulneret arcu
Pectora, iactatas excutiatque faces.
Quo me fixit Amor, quo me violentius ussit,
Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero:
Non ego, Phoebe, datas a te mihi mentiar artes, 25
Nec nos aeriae voce monemur avis,
Nec mihi sunt visae Clio Clisque sorores
Servanti pecudes vallibus, Ascra, tuis:
Usus opus movet hoc: vati parete perito;
Vera canam: coeptis, mater Amoris, ades! 30
Este procul, vittae tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quaeque tegis medios, instita longa, pedes.
Nos venerem tutam concessaque furta canemus,
Inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.

Principio, quod amare velis, reperire labora, 35
Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
Proximus huic labor est placitam exorare puellam:
Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.
Hic modus, haec nostro signabitur area curru:
Haec erit admissa meta terenda rota. 40
Dum licet, et loris passim potes ire solutis,
Elige cui dicas 'tu mihi sola places.'
Haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras:
Quaerenda est oculis apta puella tuis.
Scit bene venator, cervis ubi retia tendat, 45
Scit bene, qua frendens valle moretur aper;
Aucupibus noti frutices; qui sustinet hamos,
Novit quae multo pisce natentur aquae:
Tu quoque, materiam longo qui quaeris amori,
Ante frequens quo sit disce puella loco. 50
Non ego quaerentem vento dare vela iubebo,
Nec tibi, ut invenias, longa terenda via est.
Andromedan Perseus nigris portarit ab Indis,
Raptaque sit Phrygio Graia puella viro,
Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas, 55
'Haec habet' ut dicas 'quicquid in orbe fuit.'
Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
Aequore quot pisces, fronde teguntur aves,
Quot caelum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas:
Mater in Aeneae constitit urbe sui. 60
Seu caperis primis et adhuc crescentibus annis,
Ante oculos veniet vera puella tuos:
Sive cupis iuvenem, iuvenes tibi mille placebunt.
Cogeris voti nescius esse tui:
Seu te forte iuvat sera et sapientior aetas, 65
Hoc quoque, crede mihi, plenius agmen erit.
Tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra,
Cum sol Herculei terga leonis adit:
Aut ubi muneribus nati sua munera mater
Addidit, externo marmore dives opus. 70
Nec tibi vitetur quae, priscis sparsa tabellis,

Porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet:
Quaque parare necem miseris patruelibus ausae
Belides et stricto stat ferus ense pater.
Nec te praetereat Veneri ploratus Adonis, 75
Cultaque Iudaeo septima sacra Syro.
Nec fuge linigeræ Memphitica templa iuvencae:
Multas illa facit, quod fuit ipsa Iovi.
Et fora conveniunt (quis credere possit?) amor:
Flammaque in arguto saepe reperta foro: 80
Subdita qua Veneris facto de marmore templo
Appias expressis aera pulsat aquis,
Illo saepe loco capitur consultus Amori,
Quique aliis cavit, non cavet ipse sibi:
Illo saepe loco desunt sua verba deserto, 85
Resque novae veniunt, causaque agenda sua est.
Hunc Venus e templis, quae sunt confinia, ridet:
Qui modo patronus, nunc cupit esse cliens.
Sed tu praecipue curvis venare theatris:
Haec loca sunt voto fertiliora tuo. 90
Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis.
Ut redit itque frequens longum formica per agmen,
Granifero solitum cum vehit ore cibum,
Aut ut apes saltusque suos et olentia nactae 95
Pascua per flores et thyma summa volant,
Sic ruit ad celebres cultissima femina ludos:
Copia iudicium saepe morata meum est.
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae:
Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet. 100
Primus sollicitos fecisti, Romule, ludos,
Cum iuvit viduos rapta Sabina viros.
Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro,
Nec fuerant liquido pulpita rubra croco;
Illic quas tulerant nemorosa Palatia, frondes 105
Simpliciter positae, scena sine arte fuit;
In gradibus sedit populus de caespite factis,
Qualibet hirsutas fronde tegente comas.

Respiciunt, oculisque notant sibi quisque puellam
Quam velit, et tacito pectore multa movent. 110
Dumque, rudem praebente modum tibicine Tusco,
Ludius aequatam ter pede pulsat humum,
In medio plausu (plausus tunc arte carebant)
Rex populo praedae signa petita dedit.
Protinus exiliunt, animum clamore fatentes, 115
Virginibus cupidus iniciuntque manus.
Ut fugiunt aquilas, timidissima turba, columbae,
Ut fugit invisos agna novella lupos:
Sic illae timuere viros sine more ruentes;
Constitit in nulla qui fuit ante color. 120
Nam timor unus erat, facies non una timoris:
Pars laniat crines, pars sine mente sedet;
Altera maesta silet, frustra vocat altera matrem:
Haec queritur, stupet haec; haec manet, illa fugit;
Ducuntur raptae, genialis praeda, puellae, 125
Et potuit multas ipse decere timor.
Siqua repugnarat nimium comitemque negabat,
Sublatam cupido vir tulit ipse sinu,
Atque ita 'quid teneros lacrimis corrumpis ocellos?
Quod matri pater est, hoc tibi' dixit 'ero.' 130
Romule, militibus scisti dare commoda solus:
Haec mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
Scilicet ex illo sollemnia more theatra
Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent.
Nec te nobilium fugiat certamen equorum; 135
Multa capax populi commoda Circus habet.
Nil opus est digitis, per quos arcana loquaris,
Nec tibi per nutus accipienda nota est:
Proximus a domina, nullo prohibente, sedeto,
Iunge tuum lateri qua potes usque latus; 140
Et bene, quod cogit, si nolis, linea iungi,
Quod tibi tangenda est lege puella loci.
Hic tibi quaeratur socii sermonis origo,
Et moveant primos publica verba sonos.
Cuius equi veniant, facito, studiose, requiras: 145

Nec mora, quisquis erit, cui favet illa, fave.
At cum pompa frequens caelestibus ibit eburnis,
Tu Veneri dominae plaude favente manu;
Utque fit, in gremium pulvis si forte puellae
Deciderit, digitis excutiendus erit: 150
Etsi nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum:
Quaelibet officio causa sit apta tuo.
Pallia si terra nimium demissa iacebunt,
Collige, et immunda sedulus effer humo;
Protinus, officii pretium, patiente puella 155
Contingent oculis crura videnda tuis.
Respice praeterea, post vos quicumque sedebit,
Ne premat opposito mollia terga genu.
Parva leves capiunt animos: fuit utile multis
Pulvinum facili composuisse manu. 160
Profuit et tenui ventos movisse tabella,
Et cava sub tenerum scamna dedisse pedem.
Hos aditus Circusque novo praebebit amori,
Sparsaque sollicito tristis harena foro.
Illa saepe puer Veneris pugnavit harena, 165
Et qui spectavit vulnera, vulnus habet.
Dum loquitur tangitque manum poscitque libellum
Et quaerit posito pignore, vincat uter,
Saucius ingemuit telumque volatile sensit,
Et pars spectati muneris ipse fuit. 170
Quid, modo cum belli navalis imagine Caesar
Persidas induxit Cecropiasque rates?
Nempe ab utroque mari iuvenes, ab utroque puellae
Venere, atque ingens orbis in Urbe fuit.
Quis non invenit turba, quod amaret, in illa? 175
Eheu, quam multos advena torsit amor!
Ecce, parat Caesar domito quod defuit orbi
Addere: nunc, oriens ultime, noster eris.
Parthe, dabis poenas: Crassi gaudete sepulti,
Signaque barbaricas non bene passa manus. 180
Ultor adest, primisque ducem profitetur in annis,
Bellaque non puero tractat agenda puer.

Parcite natales timidi numerare deorum:
Caesaribus virtus contigit ante diem.
Ingenium caeleste suis velocius annis 185
Surgit, et ignavae fert male damna morae.
Parvus erat, manibusque duos Tirynthius angues
Pressit, et in cunis iam Iove dignus erat.
Nunc quoque qui puer es, quantus tum, Bacche, fuisti,
Cum timuit thyrsos India victa tuos? 190
Auspiciis annisque patris, puer, arma movebis,
Et vinces annis auspiciisque patris:
Tale rudimentum tanto sub nomine debes,
Nunc iuvenum princeps, deinde future senum;
Cum tibi sint fratres, fratres ulciscere laesos: 195
Cumque pater tibi sit, iura tuere patris.
Induit arma tibi genitor patriaeque tuusque:
Hostis ab invito regna parente rapit;
Tu pia tela feres, sceleratas ille sagittas:
Stabit pro signis iusque piumque tuis. 200
Vincuntur causa Parthi: vincantur et armis;
Eoas Latio dux meus addat opes.
Marsque pater Caesarque pater, date numen eunti:
Nam deus e vobis alter es, alter eris.
Auguror, en, vinces; votivaque carmina reddam, 205
Et magno nobis ore sonandus eris.
Consistes, aciemque meis hortabere verbis;
O desint animis ne mea verba tuis!
Tergaque Parthorum Romanaque pectora dicam,
Telaque, ab averso quae iacit hostis equo. 210
Qui fugis ut vincas, quid victo, Parthe, relinquis?
Parthe, malum iam nunc Mars tuus omen habet.
Ergo erit illa dies, qua tu, pulcherrime rerum,
Quattuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.
Ibunt ante duces onerati colla catenis, 215
Ne possint tuti, qua prius, esse fuga.
Spectabunt laeti iuvenes mixtaeque puellae,
Diffundetque animos omnibus ista dies.
Atque aliqua ex illis cum regum nomina quaeret,

Quae loca, qui montes, quaeve ferantur aquae, 220
Omnia responde, nec tantum siqua rogabit;
Et quae nescieris, ut bene nota refer.
Hic est Euphrates, praecinctus harundine frontem:
Cui coma dependet caerula, Tigris erit.
Hos facito Armenios; haec est Danaeia Persis: 225
Urbs in Achaemeniis vallibus ista fuit.
Ille vel ille, duces; et erunt quae nomina dicas,
Si poteris, vere, si minus, apta tamen.
Dant etiam positis aditum convivia mensis:
Est aliquid praeter vina, quod inde petas. 230
Saepe illic positi teneris adducta lacertis
Purpureus Bacchi cornua pressit Amor:
Vinaque cum bibulas sparsere Cupidinis alas,
Permanet et capto stat gravis ille loco.
Ille quidem pennas velociter excutit udas: 235
Sed tamen et spargi pectus amore nocet.
Vina parant animos faciuntque caloribus aptos:
Cura fugit multo diluiturque mero.
Tunc veniunt risus, tum pauper cornua sumit,
Tum dolor et curae rugaque frontis abit. 240
Tunc aperit mentes aevo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas, artes excutiente deo.
Illic saepe animos iuvenum rapuere puellae,
Et Venus in vinis ignis in igne fuit.
Hic tu fallaci nimium ne crede lucernae: 245
Iudicio formae noxque merumque nocent.
Luce deas caeloque Paris spectavit aperto,
Cum dixit Veneri ‘vincis utramque, Venus.’
Nocte latent mendae, vitioque ignoscitur omni,
Horaque formosam quamlibet illa facit. 250
Consule de gemmis, de tinctorum lana,
Consule de facie corporibusque diem.
Quid tibi femineos coetus venatibus aptos
Enumerem? numero cedit harena meo.
Quid referam Baias, praetextaque litora velis, 255
Et quae de calido sulphure fumat aqua?

Hinc aliquis vulnus referens in pectore dixit
 ‘Non haec, ut fama est, unda salubris erat.’
Ecce suburbanae templum nemorale Dianae
 Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu: 260
Illa, quod est virgo, quod tela Cupidinis odit,
 Multa dedit populo vulnere, multa dabit.
Hactenus, unde legas quod ames, ubi retia ponas,
 Praecipit imparibus vecta Thalea rotis.
Nunc tibi, quae placuit, quas sit capienda per artes, 265
 Dicere praecipuae molior artis opus.
Quisquis ubique, viri, dociles advertite mentes,
 Pollicitisque favens, vulgus, adeste meis.
Prima tuae menti veniat fiducia, cunctas
 Posse capi; capies, tu modo tende plagas. 270
Vere prius volucres taceant, aestate cicadae,
 Maenalius lepori det sua terga canis,
Femina quam iuveni blande temptata repugnet:
 Haec quoque, quam poteris credere nolle, volet.
Utque viro furtiva venus, sic grata puellae: 275
 Vir male dissimulat: tectius illa cupit.
Conveniat maribus, nequam nos ante rogemus,
 Femina iam partes victa rogantis agat.
Mollibus in pratis admugit femina tauro:
 Femina cornipedi semper adhinnit equo. 280
Parcior in nobis nec tam furiosa libido:
 Legitimum finem flamma virilis habet.
Byblida quid referam, vetito quae fratris amore
 Arsit et est laqueo fortiter ulta nefas?
Myrrha patrem, sed non qua filia debet, amavit, 285
 Et nunc obducto cortice pressa latet:
Illius lacrimis, quas arbore fundit odora,
 Unguimur, et dominae nomina gutta tenet.
Forte sub umbrosis nemorosae vallibus Idae
 Candidus, armenti gloria, taurus erat, 290
Signatus tenui media inter cornua nigro:
 Una fuit labes, cetera lactis erant.
Illum Cnosiadesque Cydoneaeque iuvencae

Optarunt tergo sustinuisse suo.
 Pasiphae fieri gaudebat adultera tauri; 295
 Invida formosas oderat illa boves.
 Nota cano: non hoc, centum quae sustinet urbes,
 Quamvis sit mendax, Creta negare potest.
 Ipsa novas frondes et prata tenerrima tauro
 Fertur inadsueta subsecuisse manu. 300
 It comes armentis, nec ituram cura moratur
 Coniugis, et Minos a bove victus erat.
 Quo tibi, Pasiphae, pretiosas sumere vestes?
 Ille tuus nullas sentit adulter opes.
 Quid tibi cum speculo, montana armenta petenti? 305
 Quid totiens positas fingis, inepta, comas?
 Crede tamen speculo, quod te negat esse iuvencam.
 Quam cuperes fronti cornua nata tuae!
 Sive placet Minos, nullus quaeratur adulter:
 Sive virum mavis fallere, falle viro! 310
 In nemus et saltus thalamo regina relicto
 Fertur, ut Aonio concita Baccha deo.
 A, quotiens vaccam vultu spectavit iniquo,
 Et dixit 'domino cur placet ista meo?
 Aspice, ut ante ipsum teneris exultet in herbis: 315
 Nec dubito, quin se stulta decere putet.'
 Dixit, et ingenti iamdudum de grege duci
 Iussit et inmeritam sub iuga curva trahi,
 Aut cadere ante aras commentaque sacra coegit,
 Et tenuit laeta paelicis exta manu. 320
 Paelicibus quotiens placavit numina caesis,
 Atque ait, exta tenens 'ite, placete meo!'
 Et modo se Europen fieri, modo postulat Io,
 Altera quod bos est, altera vecta bove.
 Hanc tamen implevit, vacca deceptus acerna, 325
 Dux gregis, et partu proditus auctor erat.
 Cressa Thyesteo si se abstinuisset amore
 (Et quantum est uno posse carere viro?),
 Non medium rupisset iter, curruque retorto
 Auroram versis Phoebus adisset equis. 330

Filia purpureos Niso furata capillos
 Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes.
Qui Martem terra, Neptunum effugit in undis,
 Coniugis Atrides victima dira fuit.
Cui non defleta est Ephyraeae flamma Creusae, 335
 Et nece natorum sanguinolenta parens?
Flevit Amyntorides per inania lumina Phoenix:
 Hippolytum pavidi diripuistis equi.
Quid fodis inmeritis, Phineu, sua lumina natis?
 Poena reversura est in caput ista tuum. 340
Omnia feminea sunt ista libidine mota;
 Acrior est nostra, plusque furoris habet.
Ergo age, ne dubita cunctas sperare puellas;
 Vix erit e multis, quae neget, una, tibi.
Quae dant quaeque negant, gaudent tamen esse rogatae: 345
 Ut iam fallaris, tuta repulsa tua est.
Sed cur fallaris, cum sit nova grata voluptas
 Et capiant animos plus aliena suis?
Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,
 Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet. 350
Sed prius ancillam captandae nosse puellae
 Cura sit: accessus molliet illa tuos.
Proxima consiliis dominae sit ut illa, videto,
 Neve parum tacitis conscia fida iocis.
Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando: 355
 Quod petis, ex facili, si volet illa, feres.
Illa leget tempus (medici quoque tempora servant)
 Quo facilis dominae mens sit et apta capi.
Mens erit apta capi tum, cum laetissima rerum
 Ut seges in pingui luxuriabit humo. 360
Pectora dum gaudent nec sunt adstricta dolore,
 Ipsa patent, blanda tum subit arte Venus.
Tum, cum tristis erat, defensa est Ilios armis:
 Militibus gravidum laeta recepit equum.
Tum quoque temptanda est, cum paelice laesa dolebit: 365
 Tum facies opera, ne sit inulta, tua.
Hanc matutinos pectens ancilla capillos

Incitet, et velo remigis addat opem,
Et secum tenui suspirans murmure dicat
‘At, puto, non poteris ipsa referre vicem.’ 370
Tum de te narret, tum persuadentia verba
Addat, et insano iuret amore mori.
Sed propera, ne vela cadant auraeque residant:
Ut fragilis glacies, interit ira mora.
Quaeris, an hanc ipsam prosit violare ministram? 375
Talibus admissis alea grandis inest.
Haec a concubitu fit sedula, tardior illa,
Haec dominae munus te parat, illa sibi.
Causa in eventu est: licet hic indulgeat ausis,
Consilium tamen est abstinuisse meum. 380
Non ego per praeceptum et acuta cacumina vadam,
Nec iuvenum quisquam me duce captus erit.
Si tamen illa tibi, dum dat recipitque tabellas,
Corpore, non tantum sedulitate placet,
Fac domina potiare prius, comes illa sequatur: 385
Non tibi ab ancilla est incipienda Venus.
Hoc unum moneo, siquid modo creditur arti,
Nec mea dicta rapax per mare ventus agit:
Aut non rem temptes aut perfice; tollitur index,
Cum semel in partem criminis ipsa venit. 390
Non avis utiliter viscatis effugit alis;
Non bene de laxis cassibus exit aper.
Saucius arrepto piscis teneatur ab hamo:
Perprime temptatam, nec nisi victor abi.
Tunc neque te prodet communi noxia culpa, 395
Factaque erunt dominae dictaque nota tibi.
Sed bene celetur: bene si celabitur index,
Notitiae suberit semper amica tuae.
Tempora qui solis operosa colentibus arva,
Fallitur, et nautis aspicienda putat; 400
Nec semper credenda ceres fallacibus arvis,
Nec semper viridi concava puppis aquae,
Nec teneras semper tutum captare puellas:
Saepe dato melius tempore fiet idem.

Sive dies suberit natalis, sive Kalendae, 405
 Quas Venerem Marti continuasse iuvat,
 Sive erit ornatus non ut fuit ante sigillis,
 Sed regum positas Circus habebit opes,
 Differ opus: tunc tristis hiems, tunc Pliades instant,
 Tunc tener aequorea mergitur Haedus aqua; 410
 Tunc bene desinitur: tunc siquis creditur alto,
 Vix tenuit lacerae naufraga membra ratis.
 Tu licet incipias qua flebilis Allia luce
 Vulneribus Latiis sanguinolenta fluit,
 Quaque die redeunt, rebus minus apta gerendis, 415
 Culta Palaestino septima festa Syro.
 Magna superstitio tibi sit natalis amicae:
 Quaque aliquid dandum est, illa sit atra dies.
 Cum bene vitaris, tamen auferet; invenit artem
 Femina, qua cupidi carpat amantis opes. 420
 Institor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem,
 Expediet merces teque sedente suas:
 Quas illa, inspicias, sapere ut videre, rogabit:
 Oscula deinde dabit; deinde rogabit, emas.
 Hoc fore contentam multos iurabit in annos, 425
 Nunc opus esse sibi, nunc bene dicet emi.
 Si non esse domi, quos des, causabere nummos,
 Littera poscetur+ne didicisse iuвет.
 Quid, quasi natali cum poscit munera libo,
 Et, quotiens opus est, nascitur illa, sibi? 430
 Quid, cum mendaci damno maestissima plorat,
 Elapsusque cava fingitur aure lapis?
 Multa rogant utenda dari, data reddere nolunt:
 Perdis, et in damno gratia nulla tuo.
 Non mihi, sacrilegas meretricum ut persequar artes, 435
 Cum totidem linguis sint satis ora decem.
 Cera vadium temptet, rasis infusa tabellis:
 Cera tuae primum conscia mentis eat.
 Blanditias ferat illa tuas imitataque amantem
 Verba; nec exiguas, quisquis es, adde preces. 440
 Hectora donavit Priamo prece motus Achilles;

Flectitur iratus voce rogante deus.
Promittas facito: quid enim promittere laedit?
Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.
Spes tenet in tempus, semel est si credita, longum: 445
Illa quidem fallax, sed tamen apta dea est.
Si dederis aliquid, poteris ratione relinqui:
Praeteritum tulerit, perdideritque nihil.
At quod non dederis, semper videre daturus:
Sic dominum sterilis saepe fefellit ager: 450
Sic, ne perdiderit, non cessat perdere lusor,
Et revocat cupidas alea saepe manus.
Hoc opus, hic labor est, primo sine munere iungi;
Ne dederit gratis quae dedit, usque dabit.
Ergo eat et blandis peraretur littera verbis, 455
Exploretque animos, primaque temptet iter.
Littera Cydippen pomo perlata fefellit,
Insciaque est verbis capta puella suis.
Disce bonas artes, moneo, Romana iuventus,
Non tantum trepidos ut tueare reos; 460
Quam populus iudexque gravis lectusque senatus,
Tam dabit eloquio victa puella manus.
Sed lateant vires, nec sis in fronte disertus;
Effugiant voces verba molesta tuae.
Quis, nisi mentis inops, tenerae declamat amicae? 465
Saepe valens odii littera causa fuit.
Sit tibi credibilis sermo consuetaque verba,
Blanda tamen, praesens ut videre loqui.
Si non accipiet scriptum, inlectumque remittet,
Lecturam spera, propositumque tene. 470
Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra iuvenci,
Tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi:
Ferreus adsiduo consumitur anulus usu,
Interit adsidua vomer aduncus humo.
Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius unda? 475
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua.
Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinctas:
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen.

Legerit, et nolit rescribere? cogere noli:
Tu modo blanditias fac legat usque tuas. 480
Quae voluit legisse, volet rescribere lectis:
Per numeros venient ista gradusque suos.
Forsitan et primo veniet tibi littera tristis,
Quaeque roget, ne se sollicitare velis.
Quod rogat illa, timet; quod non rogat, optat, ut instes; 485
Insequere, et voti postmodo compos eris.
Interea, sive illa toro resupina feretur,
Lecticam dominae dissimulanter adi,
Neve aliquis verbis odiosas offerat auris,
Qua potes ambiguus callidus abde notis. 490
Seu pedibus vacuis illi spatiosa teretur
Porticus, hic socias tu quoque iunge moras:
Et modo praecedas facito, modo terga sequaris,
Et modo festines, et modo lentus eas:
Nec tibi de mediis aliquot transire columnas 495
Sit pudor, aut lateri continuasse latus;
Nec sine te curvo sedeat speciosa theatro:
Quod spectes, umeris adferet illa suis.
Illam respicias, illam mirere licebit:
Multa supercilio, multa loquare notis. 500
Et plaudas, aliquam mimo saltante puellam:
Et faveas illi, quisquis agatur amans.
Cum surgit, surges; donec sedet illa, sedebis;
Arbitrio dominae tempora perde tuae.
Sed tibi nec ferro placeat torquere capillos, 505
Nec tua mordaci pumice crura teras.
Ista iube faciant, quorum Cybeleia mater
Concinitur Phrygiis exululata modis.
Forma viros neglecta decet; Minoida Theseus
Abstulit, a nulla tempora comptus acu. 510
Hippolytum Phaedra, nec erat bene cultus, amavit;
Cura deae silvis aptus Adonis erat.
Munditiae placeant, fuscantur corpora Campo:
Sit bene conveniens et sine labe toga:
Lingula ne rigeat, careant rubigine dentes, 515

Nec vagus in laxa pes tibi pelle natet:
Nec male deformet rigidos tonsura capillos:
Sit coma, sit trita barba resecta manu.
Et nihil emineant, et sint sine sordibus unguēs:
Inque cava nullus stet tibi nare pilus. 520
Nec male odorati sit tristis anhelitus oris:
Nec laedat naris virque paterque gregis.
Cetera lascivae faciant, concede, puellae,
Et si quis male vir quaerit habere virum.
Ecce, suum vatem Liber vocat; hic quoque amantes 525
Adiuvat, et flammae, qua calet ipse, favet.
Cnosis in ignotis amens errabat harenis,
Qua brevis aequoreis Dia feritur aquis.
Utque erat e somno tunica velata recincta,
Nuda pedem, croceas inreligata comas, 530
Thesea crudelem surdas clamabat ad undas,
Indigno teneras imbre rigante genas.
Clamabat, flebatque simul, sed utrumque decebat;
Non facta est lacrimis turpior illa suis.
Iamque iterum tundens mollissima pectora palmis 535
‘Perfidus ille abiit; quid mihi fiet?’ ait.
‘Quid mihi fiet?’ ait: sonuerunt cymbala toto
Litore, et adtonita tympana pulsa manu.
Excidit illa metu, rupitque novissima verba;
Nullus in exanimi corpore sanguis erat. 540
Ecce Mimallonides sparsis in terga capillis:
Ecce leves satyri, praevia turba dei:
Ebrius, ecce, senex pando Silenus asello
Vix sedet, et pressas continet ante iubas.
Dum sequitur Bacchas, Bacchae fugiuntque petuntque 545
Quadrupedem ferula dum malus urget eques,
In caput aurito cecidit delapsus asello:
Clamarunt satyri ‘surge age, surge, pater.’
Iam deus in curru, quem summum texerat uvis,
Tigribus adiunctis aurea lora dabat: 550
Et color et Theseus et vox abiere puellae:
Terque fugam petiit, terque retenta metu est.

Horruit, ut graciles, agitat quas ventus, aristae,
Ut levis in madida canna palude tremit.
Cui deus 'en, adsum tibi cura fidelior' inquit: 555
 'Pone metum: Bacchi, Cnosias, uxor eris.
Munus habe caelum; caelo spectabere sidus;
 Saepe reges dubiam Cressa Corona ratem.'
Dixit, et e curru, ne tigres illa timeret,
 Desilit; inposito cessit harena pede: 560
Implicitamque sinu (neque enim pugnare valebat)
 Abstulit; in facili est omnia posse deo.
Pars 'Hymenaeae' canunt, pars clamant 'Euhion, euhoe!'
 Sic coeunt sacro nupta deusque toro.
Ergo ubi contigerint positi tibi munera Bacchi, 565
 Atque erit in socii femina parte tori,
Nycteliumque patrem nocturnaue sacra precare,
 Ne iubeant capiti vina nocere tuo.
Hic tibi multa licet sermone latentia tecto
 Dicere, quae dici sentiat illa sibi: 570
Blanditiasque leves tenui perscribere vino,
 Ut dominam in mensa se legat illa tuam:
Atque oculos oculis spectare fatentibus ignem:
 Saepe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.
Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis 575
 Pocula, quaque bibet parte puella, bibas:
Et quemcumque cibum digitis libaverit illa,
 Tu pete, dumque petis, sit tibi tacta manus.
Sint etiam tua vota, viro placuisse puellae:
 Utilior vobis factus amicus erit. 580
Huic, si sorte bibes, sortem concede priorem:
 Huic detur capiti missa corona tuo.
Sive erit inferior, seu par, prior omnia sumat:
 Nec dubites illi verba secunda loqui.
Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen: 585
 Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.
Inde procurator nimium quoque multa procurat,
 Et sibi mandatis plura videnda putat.
Certa tibi a nobis dabitur mensura bibendi:

Officium praestent mensque pedesque suum. 590
Iurgia praecipue vino stimulata caveto,
Et nimium faciles ad fera bella manus.
Occidit Eurytion stulte data vina bibendo;
Aptior est dulci mensa merumque ioco.
Si vox est, canta: si mollia brachia, salta: 595
Et quacumque potes dote placere, place.
Ebrietas ut vera nocet, sic ficta iuvabit:
Fac titubet blaeso subdola lingua sono,
Ut, quicquid facias dicasve protervius aequo,
Credatur nimium causa fuisse merum. 600
Et bene dic dominae, bene, cum quo dormiat illa;
Sed, male sit, tacita mente precare, viro.
At cum discedet mensa conviva remota,
Ipsa tibi accessus turba locumque dabit.
Insere te turbae, leviterque admotus eunti 605
Velle latus digitis, et pede tange pedem.
Conloquii iam tempus adest; fuge rustice longe
Hinc pudor; audentem Forsque Venusque iuvat.
Non tua sub nostras veniat facundia leges:
Fac tantum cupias, sponte disertus eris. 610
Est tibi agendus amans, imitandaque vulnera verbis;
Haec tibi quaeratur qualibet arte fides.
Nec credi labor est: sibi quaeque videtur amanda;
Pessima sit, nulli non sua forma placet.
Saepe tamen vere coepit simulator amare, 615
Saepe, quod incipiens finxerat esse, fuit.
Quo magis, o, faciles imitantibus este, puellae:
Fiet amor verus, qui modo falsus erat.
Blanditiis animum furtim deprendere nunc sit,
Ut pendens liquida ripa subestur aqua. 620
Nec faciem, nec te pigeat laudare capillos
Et teretes digitos exiguumque pedem:
Delectant etiam castas praeconia formae;
Virginibus curae grataque forma sua est.
Nam cur in Phrygiis Iunonem et Pallada silvis 625
Nunc quoque iudicium non tenuisse pudet?

Laudatas ostendit avis Iunonia pinnas:
Si tacitus spectes, illa recondit opes.
Quadrupedes inter rapidi certamina cursus
Depexaeque iubae plausaque colla iuvant. 630
Nec timide promitte: trahunt promissa puellas;
Pollicito testes quoslibet adde deos.
Iuppiter ex alto periuria ridet amantum,
Et iubet Aeolios inrita ferre notos.
Per Styga Iunoni falsum iurare solebat 635
Iuppiter; exemplo nunc favet ipse suo.
Expedit esse deos, et, ut expedit, esse putemus;
Dentur in antiquos tura merumque focos;
Nec secura quies illos similisque sopori
Detinet; innocue vivite: numen adest; 640
Reddite depositum; pietas sua foedera servet:
Fraus absit; vacuas caedis habete manus.
Ludite, si sapitis, solas impune puellas:
Hac minus est una fraude tuenda fides.
Fallite fallentes: ex magna parte profanum 645
Sunt genus: in laqueos quos posuere, cadant.
Dicitur Aegyptos caruisse iuvantibus arva
Imbribus, atque annos sicca fuisse novem,
Cum Thrasius Busirin adit, monstratque piari
Hospitis adfuso sanguine posse Iovem. 650
Illi Busiris 'fies Iovis hostia primus,'
Inquit 'et Aegypto tu dabis hospes aquam.'
Et Phalaris tauro violenti membra Perilli
Torruit: infelix inbuit auctor opus.
Iustus uterque fuit: neque enim lex aequior ulla est, 655
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.
Ergo ut periuras merito periuria fallant,
Exemplo doleat femina laesa suo.
Et lacrimae prosunt: lacrimis adamanta movebis:
Fac madidas videat, si potes, illa genas. 660
Si lacrimae (neque enim veniunt in tempore semper)
Deficient, uda lumina tange manu.
Quis sapiens blandis non misceat oscula verbis?

Illa licet non det, non data sume tamen.
 Pugnabit primo fortassis, et 'improbe' dicet: 665
 Pugnando vinci se tamen illa volet.
 Tantum ne noceant teneris male rapta labellis,
 Neve queri possit dura fuisse, cave.
 Oscula qui sumpsit, si non et cetera sumet,
 Haec quoque, quae data sunt, perdere dignus erit. 670
 Quantum defuerat pleno post oscula voto?
 Ei mihi, rusticitas, non pudor ille fuit.
 Vim licet appelles: grata est vis ista puellis:
 Quod iuvat, invitae saepe dedisse volunt.
 Quaecumque est veneris subita violata rapina, 675
 Gaudet, et improbitas muneris instar habet.
 At quae cum posset cogi, non tacta recessit,
 Ut simulet vultu gaudia, tristis erit.
 Vim passa est Phoebe: vis est allata sorori;
 Et gratus raptae raptor uterque fuit. 680
 Fabula nota quidem, sed non indigna referri,
 Scyrias Haemonio iuncta puella viro.
 Iam dea laudatae dederat mala praemia formae
 Colle sub Idaeo vincere digna duas:
 Iam nurus ad Priamum diverso venerat orbe, 685
 Graiaque in Iliacis moenibus uxor erat:
 Iurabant omnes in laesi verba mariti:
 Nam dolor unius publica causa fuit.
 Turpe, nisi hoc matris precibus tribuisset, Achilles
 Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat. 690
 Quid facis, Aeacide? non sunt tua munera lanae;
 Tu titulos alia Palladis arte petas.
 Quid tibi cum calathis? clipeo manus apta ferendo est:
 Pensa quid in dextra, qua cadet Hector, habes?
 Reice succinctos operoso stamine fusos! 695
 Quassanda est ista Pelias hasta manu.
 Forte erat in thalamo virgo regalis eodem;
 Haec illum stupro comperit esse virum.
 Viribus illa quidem victa est, ita credere oportet:
 Sed voluit vinci viribus illa tamen. 700

Saepe ‘mane!’ dixit, cum iam properaret Achilles;
Fortia nam posita sumpserat arma colo.
Vis ubi nunc illa est? Quid blanda voce moraris
Auctorem stupri, Deidamia, tui?
Scilicet ut pudor est quaedam coepisse priorem, 705
Sic alio gratum est incipiente pati.
A! nimia est iuveni propriae fiducia formae,
Expectat siquis, dum prior illa roget.
Vir prior accedat, vir verba precantia dicat:
Excipiet blandas comiter illa preces. 710
Ut potiare, roga: tantum cupit illa rogari;
Da causam voti principiumque tui.
Iuppiter ad veteres supplex heroidas ibat:
Corrupt magnum nulla puella Iovem.
Si tamen a precibus tumidos accedere fastus 715
Senseris, incepto parce referque pedem.
Quod refugit, multae cupiunt: odere quod instat;
Lenius instando taedia tolle tui.
Nec semper veneris spes est profitenda roganti:
Intret amicitiae nomine tectus amor. 720
Hoc aditu vidi tetricae data verba puellae:
Qui fuerat cultor, factus amator erat.
Candidus in nauta turpis color, aequoris unda
Debet et a radiis sideris esse niger:
Turpis et agricolae, qui vomere semper adunco 725
Et gravibus rastris sub Iove versat humum.
Et tibi, Palladiae petitur cui fama coronae,
Candida si fuerint corpora, turpis eris.
Palleat omnis amans: hic est color aptus amanti;
Hoc decet, hoc stulti non valuisse putant. 730
Pallidus in Side silvis errabat Orion,
Pallidus in lenta naide Daphnis erat.
Arguat et macies animum: nec turpe putaris
Palliolum nitidis inposuisse comis.
Attenuant iuvenum vigilatae corpora noctes 735
Curaque et in magno qui fit amore dolor.
Ut voto potiare tuo, miserabilis esto,

Ut qui te videat, dicere possit 'amas.'
 Conquerar, an moneam mixtum fas omne nefasque?
 Nomen amicitia est, nomen inane fides. 740
 Ei mihi, non tutum est, quod ames, laudare sodali;
 Cum tibi laudanti credidit, ipse subit.
 At non Actorides lectum temeravit Achillis:
 Quantum ad Pirithoum, Phaedra pudica fuit.
 Hermionam Pylades quo Pallada Phoebus, amabat, 745
 Quodque tibi geminus, Tyndari, Castor, erat.
 Siquis idem sperat, laturas poma myricas
 Speret, et e medio flumine mella petat.
 Nil nisi turpe iuvat: curae sua cuique voluptas:
 Haec quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit. 750
 Heu facinus! non est hostis metuendus amanti;
 Quos credis fidos, effuge, tutus eris.
 Cognatum fratremque cave carumque sodalem:
 Praebeat veros haec tibi turba metus.
 Finiturus eram, sed sunt diversa puellis 755
 Pectora: mille animos excipe mille modis.
 Nec tellus eadem parit omnia; vitibus illa
 Convenit, haec oleis; hac bene farra virent.
 Pectoribus mores tot sunt, quot in ore figurae;
 Qui sapit, innumeris moribus aptus erit, 760
 Utque leves Proteus modo se tenuabit in undas,
 Nunc leo, nunc arbor, nunc erit hirtus aper.
 Hi iaculo pisces, illi capiuntur ab hamis:
 Hos cava contento retia fune trahunt.
 Nec tibi conveniet cunctos modus unus ad annos: 765
 Longius insidias cerva videbit anus.
 Si doctus videre rudi, petulansve pudenti,
 Diffidet miserae protinus illa sibi.
 Inde fit, ut quae se timuit committere honesto,
 Vilis ad amplexus inferioris eat. 770
 Pars superat coepti, pars est exhausta laboris.
 Hic teneat nostras ancora iacta rates.

LIBER SECVNDVS ARTIS AMATORIAE

Dicite 'io Paeon!' et 'io' bis dicite 'Paeon!'
Decidit in casses praeda petita meos;
Laetus amans donat viridi mea carmina palma,
Praelata Ascraeo Maeonioque seni.
Talis ab armiferis Priameius hospes Amyclis 5
Candida cum rapta coniuge vela dedit;
Talis erat qui te curru victore ferebat,
Vecta peregrinis Hippodamia rotis.
Quid properas, iuuenis? mediis tua pinus in undis
Navigat, et longe quem peto portus abest. 10
Non satis est venisse tibi me vate puellam:
Arte mea capta est, arte tenenda mea est.
Nec minor est virtus, quam quaerere, parta tueri:
Causus inest illic; hoc erit artis opus.
Nunc mihi, siquando, puer et Cytherea, favete, 15
Nunc Erato, nam tu nomen amoris habes.
Magna paro, quas possit Amor remanere per artes,
Dicere, tam vasto pervagus orbe puer.
Et levis est, et habet geminas, quibus avolet, alas:
Difficile est illis inposuisse modum. 20
Hospitis effugio praestruxerat omnia Minos:
Audacem pinnis repperit ille viam.
Daedalus ut clausit conceptum crimine matris
Semibovemque virum semivirumque bovem,
'Sit modus exilio,' dixit 'iustissime Minos: 25
Accipiat cineres terra paterna meos.
Et quoniam in patria, fatis agitatus iniquis,
Vivere non potui, da mihi posse mori.
Da redditum puero, senis est si gratia vilis:
Si non vis puero parcere, parce seni.' 30
Dixerat haec; sed et haec et multo plura licebat
Dicere: regressus non dabat ille viro.
Quod simul ut sensit, 'nunc, nunc, o Daedale,' dixit:
'Materiam, qua sis ingeniosus, habes.

Possidet et terras et possidet aequora Minos: 35
Nec tellus nostrae nec patet unda fugae.
Restat iter caeli: caelo temptabimus ire.
Da veniam coepto, Iupiter alte, meo:
Non ego sidereas adfecto tangere sedes:
Qua fugiam dominum, nulla, nisi ista, via est. 40
Per Styga detur iter, Stygias transnabimus undas;
Sunt mihi naturae iura novanda meae.’
Ingenium mala saepe movent: quis crederet umquam
Aeris hominem carpere posse vias?
Remigium volucrum disponit in ordine pinnas, 45
Et leve per lini vincula nectit opus,
Imaque pars ceris adstringitur igne solutis,
Finitusque novae iam labor artis erat.
Tractabat ceramque puer pinnasque renidens,
Nescius haec umeris arma parata suis. 50
Cui pater ‘his’ inquit ‘patria est adeunda carinis,
Hac nobis Minos effugiendus ope.
Aera non potuit Minos, alia omnia clausit;
Quem licet, inventis aera rumpe meis.
Sed tibi non virgo Tegeaea comesque Bootae 55
Ensiger Orion aspiciendus erit:
Me pinnis sectare datis; ego praevious ibo:
Sit tua cura sequi; me duce tutus eris.
Nam sive aetherias vicino sole per auras
Ibimus, impatiens cera calor is erit: 60
Sive humiles propiore freto iactabimus alas,
Mobilis aequoreis pinna madescet aquis.
Inter utrumque vola; ventos quoque, nate, timeto,
Quaque ferent aerae, vela secunda dato.’
Dum monet, aptat opus puero, monstratque moveri, 65
Erudit infirmas ut sua mater aves.
Inde sibi factas umeris accommodat alas,
Perque novum timide corpora librat iter.
Iamque volaturus parvo dedit oscula nato,
Nec patriae lacrimas continuere genae. 70
Monte minor collis, campis erat altior aquis:

Hinc data sunt miserae corpora bina fugae.
Et movet ipse suas, et nati respicit alas
Daedalus, et cursus sustinet usque suos.
Iamque novum delectat iter, positoque timore 75
Icarus audaci fortius arte volat.
Hos aliquis, tremula dum captat arundine pisces,
Vidit, et inceptum dextra reliquit opus.
Iam Samos a laeva (fuerant Naxosque relictæ
Et Paros et Clario Delos amata deo) 80
Dextra Lebinthos erat silvisque umbrosa Calymne
Cinctaque piscosis Astypalaea vadis,
Cum puer, incautis nimium temerarius annis,
Altius egit iter, deseruitque patrem.
Vincla labant, et cera deo propiore liquescit, 85
Nec tenues ventos brachia mota tenent.
Territus a summo despexit in aequora caelo:
Nox oculis pavido venit oborta metu.
Tabuerant cerae: nudos quatit ille lacertos,
Et trepidat nec, quo sustineatur, habet. 90
Decidit, atque cadens 'pater, o pater, auferor!' inquit,
Clauserunt virides ora loquentis aquae.
At pater infelix, nec iam pater, 'Icare!' clamat,
'Icare,' clamat 'ubi es, quoque sub axe volas?'
'Icare' clamabat, pinnas aspexit in undis. 95
Ossa tegit tellus: aequora nomen habent.
Non potuit Minos hominis conpescere pinnas;
Ipse deum volucrem detinuisse paro.
Fallitur, Haemonias siquis decurrit ad artes,
Datque quod a teneri fronte revellit equi. 100
Non facient, ut vivat amor, Medeides herbae
Mixtaque cum magicis nenia Marsa sonis.
Phasias Aesoniden, Circe tenuisset Ulixem,
Si modo servari carmine posset amor.
Nec data profuerint pallentia philtra puellis: 105
Philtra nocent animis, vimque furoris habent.
Sit procul omne nefas; ut ameris, amabilis esto:
Quod tibi non facies solave forma dabit:

Sis licet antiquo Nireus adamatus Homero,
 Naiadumque tener crimine raptus Hylas, 110
 Ut dominam teneas, nec te mirere relictum,
 Ingenii dotes corporis adde bonis.
 Forma bonum fragile est, quantumque accedit ad annos
 Fit minor, et spatio carpitur ipsa suo.
 Nec violae semper nec hiantia lilia florent, 115
 Et riget amissa spina relictæ rosa.
 Et tibi iam venient cani, formosæ, capilli,
 Iam venient rugæ, quæ tibi corpus arent.
 Iam molire animum, qui duret, et adstrue formæ:
 Solus ad extremos permanet ille rogos. 120
 Nec levis ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes
 Cura sit et linguas edidicisse duas.
 Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulixes,
 Et tamen æquoreas torsit amore deas.
 A quotiens illum doluit properare Calypso, 125
 Remigioque aptas esse negavit aquas!
 Haec Troiæ casus iterumque iterumque rogabat:
 Ille referre aliter sæpe solebat idem.
 Litore constiterant: illic quoque pulchra Calypso
 Exigit Odrysii fata cruenta ducis. 130
 Ille levi virga (virgam nam forte tenebat)
 Quod rogat, in spisso litore pingit opus.
 'Haec' inquit 'Troia est' (muros in litore fecit):
 'Hic tibi sit Simois; hæc mea castra puta.
 Campus erat' (campumque facit), 'quem caede Dolonis 135
 Sparsimus, Haemonios dum vigil optat equos.
 Illic Sithonii fuerant tentoria Rhesi:
 Hac ego sum captis nocte revector equis.'
 Pluraque pingebat, subitus cum Pergama fluctus
 Abstulit et Rhesi cum duce castra suo. 140
 Tum dea 'quas' inquit 'fidæ tibi credis ituro,
 Perdiderint undæ nomina quanta, vides?'
 Ergo age, fallaci timide confide figuræ,
 Quisquis es, aut aliquid corpore pluris habe.
 Dexteræ præcipue capit indulgentia mentes; 145

Asperitas odium saevaue bella movet.
Odimus accipitrem, quia vivit semper in armis,
Et pavidum solitos in pecus ire lupos.
At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo,
Quasque colat tures, Chaonis ales habet. 150
Este procul, lites et amarae proelia linguae:
Dulcibus est verbis mollis alendus amor.
Lite fugent nuptaeque viros nuptasque mariti,
Inque vicem credant res sibi semper agi;
Hoc decet uxores; dos est uxoria lites: 155
Audiat optatos semper amica sonos.
Non legis iussu lectum venistis in unum:
Fungitur in vobis munere legis amor.
Blanditias molles auremque iuvantia verba
Adfer, ut adventu laeta sit illa tuo. 160
Non ego divitibus venio praeceptor amandi:
Nil opus est illi, qui dabit, arte mea;
Secum habet ingenium, qui, cum libet, ‘accipe’ dicit;
Cedimus: inventis plus placet ille meis.
Pauperibus vates ego sum, quia pauper amavi; 165
Cum dare non possem munera, verba dabam.
Pauper amet caute: timeat maledicere pauper,
Multaque divitibus non patienda ferat.
Me memini iratum dominae turbasse capillos:
Haec mihi quam multos abstulit ira dies! 170
Nec puto, nec sensi tunicam laniasse; sed ipsa
Dixerat, et pretio est illa redempta meo.
At vos, si sapitis, vestri peccata magistri
Effugite, et culpa damna timete meae.
Proelia cum Parthis, cum culta pax sit amica, 175
Et iocus, et causas quicquid amoris habet.
Si nec blanda satis, nec erit tibi comis amanti,
Perfer et obdura: postmodo mitis erit.
Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:
Frangis, si vires experiere tuas. 180
Obsequio tranantur aquae: nec vincere possis
Flumina, si contra, quam rapit unda, nates.

Obsequium tigresque domat Numidasque leones;
Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.
Quid fuit asperius Nonacrina Atalanta? 185
Succubuit meritis trux tamen illa viri.
Saepe suos casus nec mitia facta puellae
Flesse sub arboribus Milaniona ferunt;
Saepe tulit iusso fallacia retia collo,
Saepe fera torvos cuspide fixit apros: 190
Sensit et Hylaei contentum saucius arcum:
Sed tamen hoc arcu notior alter erat.
Non te Maenalias armatum scandere silvas,
Nec iubeo collo retia ferre tuo:
Pectora nec missis iubeo praebere sagittis; 195
Artis erunt cauto mollia iussa meae.
Cede repugnanti: cedendo victor abibis:
Fac modo, quas partes illa iubebit, agas.
Arguet, arguito; quicquid probat illa, probato;
Quod dicet, dicas; quod negat illa, neges. 200
Riserit, adride; si flebit, flere memento;
Imponat leges vultibus illa tuis.
Seu ludet, numerosque manu iactabit eburnos,
Tu male iactato, tu male iacta dato:
Seu iacies talos, victam ne poena sequatur, 205
Damnosi facito stent tibi saepe canes:
Sive latrocinii sub imagine calculus ibit,
Fac pereat vitreo miles ab hoste tuus.
Ipse tene distenta suis umbracula virgis,
Ipse fac in turba, qua venit illa, locum. 210
Nec dubita tereti scamnum producere lecto,
Et tenero soleam deme vel adde pedi.
Saepe etiam dominae, quamvis horrebis et ipse,
Argenti manus est calfacienda sinu.
Nec tibi turpe puta (quamvis sit turpe, placebit), 215
Ingenua speculum sustinuisse manu.
Ille, fatigata praebendo monstra noverca
Qui meruit caelum, quod prior ipse tulit,
Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas

Creditur, et lanas excoluisse rudes. 220
Paruit imperio dominae Tirynthius heros:
I nunc et dubita ferre, quod ille tulit.
Iussus adesse foro, iussa maturius hora
Fac semper venias, nec nisi serus abi.
Occurras aliquo, tibi dixerit: omnia differ, 225
Curre, nec inceptum turba moretur iter.
Nocte domum repetens epulis perfuncta redibit:
Tum quoque pro servo, si vocat illa, veni.
Rure erit, et dicet 'venias': Amor odit inertes:
Si rota defuerit, tu pede carpe viam. 230
Nec grave te tempus sitiensque Canicula tardet,
Nec via per iactas candida facta nives.
Militiae species amor est; discedite, segnes:
Non sunt haec timidis signa tuenda viris.
Nox et hiems longaeque viae saevique dolores 235
Mollibus his castris et labor omnis inest.
Saepe feres imbrem caelesti nube solutum,
Frigidus et nuda saepe iacebis humo.
Cynthia Admeti vaccas pavisse Pheraei
Fertur, et in parva delituisse casa. 240
Quod Phoebum decuit, quem non decet? exue fastus,
Curam mansuri quisquis amoris habes.
Si tibi per tutum planumque negabitur ire,
Atque erit opposita ianua fulta sera,
At tu per praeceps tecto delabere aperto: 245
Det quoque furtivas alta fenestra vias.
Laeta erit, et causam tibi se sciet esse pericli;
Hoc dominae certi pignus amoris erit.
Saepe tua poteras, Leandre, carere puella:
Transnabas, animum nosset ut illa tuum. 250
Nec pudor ancillas, ut quaeque erit ordine prima,
Nec tibi sit servos demeruisse pudor.
Nomine quemque suo (nulla est iactura) saluta,
Iunge tuis humiles, ambitiose, manus.
Sed tamen et servo (levis est inpensa) roganti 255
Porrige Fortunae munera parva die:

Porrigere et ancillae, qua poenas luce pependit
Lusa maritali Gallica veste manus.
Fac plebem, mihi crede, tuam; sit semper in illa
Ianitor et thalami qui iacet ante fores. 260
Nec dominam iubeo pretioso munere dones:
Parva, sed e parvis callidus apta dato.
Dum bene dives ager, cum rami pondere nutant,
Adferat in calatho rustica dona puer.
Rure suburbano poteris tibi dicere missa, 265
Illa vel in Sacra sint licet emptia via.
Adferat aut uvas, aut quas Amaryllis amabat++
At nunc castaneas non amat illa nuces.
Quin etiam turdoque licet missaque columba
Te memorem dominae testificare tuae. 270
Turpiter his emitur spes mortis et orba senectus.
A, pereant, per quos munera crimen habent!
Quid tibi praecipiam teneros quoque mittere versus?
Ei mihi, non multum carmen honoris habet.
Carmina laudantur, sed munera magna petuntur: 275
Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ipse placet.
Aurea sunt vere nunc saecula: plurimus auro
Venit honos: auro conciliatur amor.
Ipse licet venias Musis comitatus, Homere,
Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras. 280
Sunt tamen et doctae, rarissima turba, puellae;
Altera non doctae turba, sed esse volunt.
Utraque laudetur per carmina: carmina lector
Commendet dulci qualiacumque sono;
His ergo aut illis vigilatum carmen in ipsas 285
Forsitan exigui muneris instar erit.
At quod eris per te factururus, et utile credis,
Id tua te facito semper amica roget.
Libertas alicui fuerit promissa tuorum:
Hanc tamen a domina fac petat ille tua: 290
Si poenam servo, si vincula saeva remittis,
Quod factururus eras, debeat illa tibi:
Utilitas tua sit, titulus donetur amicae:

Perde nihil, partes illa potentis agat.
 Sed te, cuicumque est retinendae cura puellae, 295
 Attonitum forma fac putet esse sua.
 Sive erit in Tyriis, Tyrios laudabis amictus:
 Sive erit in Cois, Coa decere puta.
 Aurata est? ipso tibi sit pretiosior auro;
 Gausapa si sumpsit, gausapa sumpta proba. 300
 Astiterit tunicata, 'moves incendia' clama,
 Sed timida, caveat frigora, voce roga.
 Conpositum discrimen erit, discrimina lauda:
 Torserit igne comam, torte capille, place.
 Brachia saltantis, vocem mirare canentis, 305
 Et, quod desierit, verba querentis habe.
 Ipsos concubitus, ipsum venerere licebit
 Quod iuvat, et quae dat gaudia voce notes.
 Ut fuerit torva violentior illa Medusa,
 Fiet amatori lenis et aequa suo. 310
 Tantum, ne pateas verbis simulator in illis,
 Effice, nec vultu destrue dicta tuo.
 Si latet, ars prodest: adfert deprensa pudorem,
 Atque adimit merito tempus in omne fidem.
 Saepe sub autumnum, cum formosissimus annus, 315
 Plenaque purpureo subrubet uva mero,
 Cum modo frigoribus premimur, modo solvimur aestu,
 Aere non certo, corpora languor habet.
 Illa quidem valeat; sed si male firma cubarit,
 Et vitium caeli senserit aegra sui, 320
 Tunc amor et pietas tua sit manifesta puellae,
 Tum sere, quod plena postmodo falce metas.
 Nec tibi morosi veniant fastidia morbi,
 Perque tuas fiant, quae sinet ipsa, manus.
 Et videat flentem, nec taedeat oscula ferre, 325
 Et sicco lacrimas conbibat ore tuas.
 Multa vove, sed cuncta palam; quotiesque libebit,
 Quae referas illi, somnia laeta vide.
 Et veniat, quae lustret anus lectumque locumque,
 Praeferat et tremula sulphur et ova manu. 330

Omnibus his inerunt gratae vestigia curae:
In tabulas multis haec via fecit iter.
Nec tamen officiis odium quaeratur ab aegra:
Sit suus in blanda sedulitate modus:
Neve cibo prohibe, nec amari pocula suci 335
Porrige: rivalis misceat illa tuus.
Sed non cui dederas a litore carbasa vento,
Utendum, medio cum potiere freto.
Dum novus errat amor, vires sibi colligat usu:
Si bene nutrieris, tempore firmus erit. 340
Quem taurum metuis, vitulum mulcere solebas:
Sub qua nunc recubas arbore, virga fuit:
Nascitur exiguus, sed opes acquirit eundo,
Quaque venit, multas accipit amnis aquas.
Fac tibi consuescat: nil adsuetudine maius: 345
Quam tu dum capias, taedia nulla fuge.
Te semper videat, tibi semper praebeat aures;
Exhibeat vultus noxque diesque tuos.
Cum tibi maior erit fiducia, posse requiri,
Cum procul absenti cura futurus eris, 350
Da requiem: requietus ager bene credita reddit,
Terraque caelestes arida sorbet aquas.
Phyllida Demophoon praesens moderatius ussit:
Exarsit velis acrius illa datis.
Penelopen absens sollers torquebat Ulixes; 355
Phylacides aberat, Laodamia, tuus.
Sed mora tuta brevis: lentescunt tempore curae,
Vanescitque absens et novus intrat amor.
Dum Menelaus abest, Helene, ne sola iaceret,
Hospitis est tepido nocte recepta sinu. 360
Quis stupor hic, Menelae, fuit? tu solus abibas,
Isdem sub tectis hospes et uxor erant.
Accipitri timidas credis, furiose, columbas?
Plenum montano credis ovile lupo?
Nil Helene peccat, nihil hic committit adulter: 365
Quod tu, quod faceret quilibet, ille facit.
Cogis adulterium dando tempusque locumque;

Quid nisi consilio est usa puella tuo?
Quid faciat? vir abest, et adest non rusticus hospes,
Et timet in vacuo sola cubare toro. 370
Viderit Atrides: Helenen ego crimine solvo:
Usa est humani commoditate viri.
Sed neque fulvus aper media tam saevus in ira est,
Fulmineo rabidos cum rotat ore canes,
Nec lea, cum catulis lactentibus ubera praebet, 375
Nec brevis ignaro vipera laesa pede,
Femina quam socii deprensa paelice lecti:
Ardet et in vultu pignora mentis habet.
In ferrum flammasque ruit, positoque decore
Fertur, ut Aonii cornibus icta dei. 380
Coniugis admissum violataque iura marita est
Barbara per natos Phasias ulta suos.
Altera dira parens haec est, quam cernis, hirundo:
Aspice, signatum sanguine pectus habet.
Hoc bene compositos, hoc firmos solvit amores; 385
Crimina sunt cautis ista timenda viris.
Nec mea vos uni damnat censura puellae:
Di melius! vix hoc nupta tenere potest.
Ludite, sed furto celetur culpa modesto:
Gloria peccati nulla petenda sui est. 390
Nec dederis munus, cognosse quod altera possit,
Nec sint nequitiae tempora certa tuae.
Et, ne te capiat latebris sibi femina notis,
Non uno est omnis convenienda loco;
Et quotiens scribes, totas prius ipse tabellas 395
Inspice: plus multae, quam sibi missa, legunt.
Laesa Venus iusta arma movet, telumque remittit,
Et, modo quod questa est, ipse querare, facit.
Dum fuit Atrides una contentus, et illa
Casta fuit: vitio est improba facta viri. 400
Audierat laurumque manu vittasque ferentem
Pro nata Chrysen non valuisse sua:
Audierat, Lyrnesi, tuos, abducta, dolores,
Bellaque per turpis longius isse moras.

Haec tamen audierat: Priameida viderat ipsa: 405
 Victor erat praedae praeda pudenda suae.
 Inde Thyestiaden animo thalamoque recepit,
 Et male peccantem Tyndaris ulta virum.
 Quae bene celaris, siqua tamen acta patebunt,
 Illa, licet pateant, tu tamen usque nega. 410
 Tum neque subiectus, solito nec blandior esto:
 Haec animi multum signa nocentis habent:
 Sed lateri ne parce tuo: pax omnis in uno est;
 Concubitu prior est infitianda venus.
 Sunt, qui praecipiant herbas, satureia, nocentes 415
 Sumere; iudiciis ista venena meis;
 Aut piper urticae mordacis semine miscent,
 Tritaque in annoso flava pyrethra mero;
 Sed dea non patitur sic ad sua gaudia cogi,
 Colle sub umbroso quam tenet altus Eryx. 420
 Candidus, Alcathoi qui mittitur urbe Pelasga,
 Bulbus et, ex horto quae venit, herba salax
 Ovaeque sumantur, sumantur Hymettia mella,
 Quasque tulit folio pinus acuta nuces.
 Docta, quid ad magicas, Erato, deverteris artes? 425
 Interior curru meta terenda meo est.
 Qui modo celabas monitu tua crimina nostro,
 Flecte iter, et monitu detege furta meo.
 Nec levitas culpanda mea est: non semper eodem
 Impositos vento panda carina vehit. 430
 Nam modo Threicio Borea, modo currimus Euro,
 Saepe tument Zephyro lintea, saepe Noto.
 Aspice, ut in curru modo det fluitantia rector
 Lora, modo admissos arte retentet equos.
 Sunt quibus ingrate timida indulgentia servit, 435
 Et, si nulla subest aemula, languet amor.
 Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis,
 Nec facile est aequa commoda mente pati.
 Ut levis absumptis paulatim viribus ignis
 Ipse latet, summo canet in igne cinis, 440
 Sed tamen extinctas admoto sulphure flammās

Invenit, et lumen, quod fuit ante, redit:
Sic, ubi pigra situ securaque pectora torpent,
Acribus est stimulis eliciendus amor.
Fac timeat de te, tepidamque recalface mentem: 445
Palleat indicio criminis illa tui;
O quater et quotiens numero comprehendere non est
Felicem, de quo laesa puella dolet:
Quae, simul invitas crimen pervenit ad aures,
Excidit, et miserae voxque colorque fugit. 450
Ille ego sim, cuius laniet furiosa capillos:
Ille ego sim, teneras cui petat ungue genas,
Quem videat lacrimans, quem torvis spectet ocellis,
Quo sine non possit vivere, posse velit.
Si spatium quaeras, breve sit, quo laesa queratur, 455
Ne lenta vires colligat ira mora;
Candida iamdudum cingantur colla lacertis,
Inque tuos flens est accipienda sinus.
Oscula da flenti, Veneris da gaudia flenti,
Pax erit: hoc uno solvitur ira modo. 460
Cum bene saevierit, cum certa videbitur hostis,
Tum pete concubitus foedera, mitis erit.
Illic depositis habitat Concordia telis:
Illo, crede mihi, Gratia nata loco est.
Quae modo pugnarunt, iungunt sua rostra columbae, 465
Quarum blanditias verbaque murmur habet.
Prima fuit rerum confusa sine ordine moles,
Unaque erat facies sidera, terra, fretum;
Mox caelum impositum terris, humus aequore cincta est
Inque suas partes cessit inane chaos; 470
Silva feras, volucres aer accepit habendas,
In liquida, pisces, delituistis aqua.
Tum genus humanum solis errabat in agris,
Idque merae vires et rude corpus erat;
Silva domus fuerat, cibus herba, cubilia frondes: 475
Iamque diu nulli cognitus alter erat.
Blanda truces animos fertur moluisse voluptas:
Constiterant uno femina virque loco;

Quid facerent, ipsi nullo didicere magistro:
Arte Venus nulla dulce peregit opus. 480
Ales habet, quod amet; cum quo sua gaudia iungat,
Invenit in media femina piscis aqua;
Cerva parem sequitur, serpens serpente tenetur,
Haeret adulterio cum cane nexa canis;
Laeta salitur ovis: tauro quoque laeta iuvenca est: 485
Sustinet immundum sima capella marem;
In furias agitantur equae, spatioque remota
Per loca dividos amne sequuntur equos.
Ergo age et iratae medicamina fortia praebe:
Illa feri requiem sola doloris habent: 490
Illa Machaonios superant medicamina sucos:
His, ubi peccaris, restituendus eris.
Haec ego cum canerem, subito manifestus Apollo
Movit inauratae pollice fila lyrae.
In manibus laurus, sacris inducta capillis 495
Laurus erat; vates ille videndus adit.
Is mihi 'Lascivi' dixit 'praeceptor Amoris,
Duc, age, discipulos ad mea templa tuos,
Est ubi diversum fama celebrata per orbem
Littera, cognosci quae sibi quemque iubet. 500
Qui sibi notus erit, solus sapienter amabit,
Atque opus ad vires exiget omne suas.
Cui faciem natura dedit, spectetur ab illa:
Cui color est, umero saepe patente cubet:
Qui sermone placet, taciturna silentia vitet: 505
Qui canit arte, canat; qui bibit arte, bibat.
Sed neque declament medio sermone diserti,
Nec sua non sanus scripta poeta legat!
Sic monuit Phoebus: Phoebos parete monenti;
Certa dei sacro est huius in ore fides. 510
Ad propiora vocor. Quisquis sapienter amabit
Vincet, et e nostra, quod petet, arte feret.
Credita non semper sulci cum faenore reddunt,
Nec semper dubias adiuvat aura rates;
Quod iuvat, exiguum, plus est, quod laedat amantes; 515

Proponant animo multa ferenda suo.
Quot lepores in Atho, quot apes pascuntur in Hybla,
Caerula quot bacas Palladis arbor habet,
Litore quot conchae, tot sunt in amore dolores;
Quae patimur, multo spicula felle madent. 520
Dicta erit isse foras: intus fortasse videre est:
Isse foras, et te falsa videre puta.
Clausula tibi fuerit promissa ianua nocte:
Perfer et immunda ponere corpus humo.
Forsitan et vultu mendax ancilla superbo 525
Dicet 'quid nostras obsidet iste fores?'
Postibus et durae supplex blandire puellae,
Et capiti demptas in fore pone rosas.
Cum volet, accedes: cum te vitabit, abibis;
Dedecet ingenuos taedia ferre sui. 530
'Effugere hunc non est' quare tibi possit amica
Dicere? non omni tempore sensus obest.
Nec maledicta puta, nec verbera ferre puellae
Turpe, nec ad teneros oscula ferre pedes.
Quid moror in parvis? Animus maioribus instat; 535
Magna canam: toto pectore, vulgus, ades.
Ardua molimur, sed nulla, nisi ardua, virtus:
Difficilis nostra poscitur arte labor.
Rivalem patienter habe, victoria tecum
Stabit: eris magni victor in arce Iovis. 540
Haec tibi non hominem, sed quercus crede Pelasgas
Dicere: nil istis ars mea maius habet.
Innuet illa, feras; scribet, ne tange tabellas:
Unde volet, veniat; quoque libebit, eat.
Hoc in legitima praestant uxore mariti, 545
Cum, tener, ad partes tu quoque, somne, venis.
Hac ego, confiteor, non sum perfectus in arte;
Quid faciam? monitis sum minor ipse meis.
Mene palam nostrae det quisquam signa puellae,
Et patiar, nec me quo libet ira ferat? 550
Oscula vir dederat, memini, suus: oscula questus
Sum data; barbaria noster abundat amor.

Non semel hoc vitium nocuit mihi: doctior ille,
Quo veniunt alii conciliante viri.
Sed melius nescisse fuit: sine furta tegantur, 555
Ne fugiat ficto fassus ab ore pudor.
Quo magis, o iuvenes, deprendere parcite vestras:
Peccent, peccantes verba dedisse putent.
Crescit amor prensis; ubi par fortuna duorum est,
In causa damni perstat uterque sui. 560
Fabula narratur toto notissima caelo,
Mulciberis capti Marsque Venusque dolis.
Mars pater, insano Veneris turbatus amore,
De duce terribili factus amator erat.
Nec Venus oranti (neque enim dea mollior ulla est) 565
Rustica Gradivo difficilisque fuit.
A, quotiens lasciva pedes risisse mariti
Dicitur, et duras igne vel arte manus.
Marte palam simul est Vulcanum imitata, decebat,
Multaque cum forma gratia mixta fuit. 570
Sed bene concubitus primos celare solebant.
Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.
Indicio Solis (quis Solem fallere possit?)
Cognita Vulcano coniugis acta suae.
Quam mala, Sol, exempla moves! Pete munus ab ipsa 575
Et tibi, si taceas, quod dare possit, habet.
Mulciber obscuros lectum circaque superque
Disponit laqueos: lumina fallit opus.
Fingit iter Lemnon; veniunt ad foedus amantes:
Impliciti laqueis nudus uterque iacent. 580
Convocat ille deos; praebent spectacula capti:
Vix lacrimas Venerem continuisse putant.
Non vultus texisse suos, non denique possunt
Partibus obscenis opposuisse manus.
Hic aliquis ridens 'in me, fortissime Mavors, 585
Si tibi sunt oneri, vincula transfer!' ait.
Vix precibus, Neptune, tuis captiva resolvit
Corpora: Mars Thracen occupat, illa Paphon.
Hoc tibi pro facto, Vulcane: quod ante tegebant,

Liberius faciunt, ut pudor omnis abest: 590
Saepe tamen demens stulte fecisse fateris,
Teque ferunt artis paenituisse tuae.
Hoc vetiti vos este; vetat deprensa Dione
Insidias illas, quas tulit ipsa, dare.
Nec vos rivali laqueos disponite, nec vos 595
Excipite arcana verba notata manu.
Ista viri captent, si iam captanda putabunt,
Quos faciet iustos ignis et unda viros.
En, iterum testor: nihil hic, nisi lege remissum
Luditur: in nostris instita nulla iocis. 600
Quis Cereris ritus ausit vulgare profanis,
Magnaue Threicia sacra reperta Samo?
Exigua est virtus praestare silentia rebus:
At contra gravis est culpa tacenda loqui.
O bene, quod frustra captatis arbore pomis 605
Garrulus in media Tantalus aret aqua!
Praecipue Cytherea iubet sua sacra taceri:
Admoneo, veniat nequis ad illa loquax.
Condita si non sunt Veneris mysteria cistis,
Nec cava vesanis ictibus aera sonant, 610
At sic inter nos medio versantur in usu,
Se tamen inter nos ut latuisse velint.
Ipsa Venus pubem, quotiens velamina ponit,
Protegitur laeva semireducta manu.
In medio passimque coit pecus: hoc quoque viso 615
Avertit vultus nempe puella suos.
Conveniunt thalami furtis et ianua nostris,
Parsque sub iniecta veste pudenda latet:
Et si non tenebras, ad quiddam nubis opacae
Quaerimus, atque aliquid luce patente minus. 620
Tum quoque, cum solem nondum prohibebat et imbrem
Tegula, sed quercus tecta cibumque dabat,
In nemore atque antris, non sub Iove, iuncta voluptas;
Tanta rudi populo cura pudoris erat.
At nunc nocturnis titulos inponimus actis, 625
Atque emitur magno nil, nisi posse loqui!

Scilicet excuties omnes, ubi quaeque, puellas,
 Cuilibet ut dicas ‘haec quoque nostra fuit,’
Nec desint, quas tu digitis ostendere possis?
 Ut quamque adtigeris, fabula turpis erit? 630
Parva queror: fingunt quidam, quae vera negarent,
 Et nulli non se concubuisse ferunt.
Corpora si nequeunt, quae possunt, nomina tangunt,
 Famaque non tacto corpore crimen habet.
I nunc, claude fores, custos odiose puellae, 635
 Et centum duris postibus obde seras!
Quid tuti superest, cum nominis extat adulter,
 Et credi quod non contigit esse, cupit?
Nos etiam veros parce profitemur amores,
 Tectaque sunt solida mystica furta fide. 640
Parcite praecipue vitia exprobrare puellis,
 Utile quae multis dissimulasse fuit.
Nec suus Andromedae color est obiectus ab illo,
 Mobilis in gemino cui pede pinna fuit.
Omnibus Andromache visa est spatiosior aequo: 645
 Unus, qui modicam diceret, Hector erat.
Quod male fers, adsuesce, feres bene; multa vetustus
 Leniet, incipiens omnia sentit amor.
Dum novus in viridi coalescit cortice ramus,
 Concutiat tenerum quaelibet aura, cadet: 650
Mox eadem ventis, spatio durata, resistet,
 Firmaque adoptivas arbor habebit opes.
Eximit ipsa dies omnes e corpore mendas,
 Quodque fuit vitium, desinit esse mora.
Ferre novae nares taurorum terga recusant: 655
 Adsiduo domitas tempore fallit odor.
Nominibus mollire licet mala: fusca vocetur,
 Nigrior Illyrica cui pice sanguis erit:
Si straba, sit Veneri similis: si rava, Minervae:
 Sit gracilis, macie quae male viva sua est; 660
Dic habilem, quaecumque brevis, quae turgida, plenam,
 Et lateat vitium proximitate boni.
Nec quotus annus eat, nec quo sit nata, require,

Consule, quae rigidus munera Censor habet:
Praecipue si flore caret, meliusque peractum 665
Tempus, et albentes iam legit illa comas.
Utilis, o iuvenes, aut haec, aut serior aetas:
Iste feret segetes, iste serendus ager.
Dum vires annique sinunt, tolerate labores:
Iam veniet tacito curva senecta pede. 670
Aut mare remigiis, aut vomere findite terras,
Aut fera belligeras addite in arma manus,
Aut latus et vires operamque adferte puellis:
Hoc quoque militia est, hoc quoque quaerit opes.
Adde, quod est illis operum prudentia maior, 675
Soluti et artifices qui facit, usus adest:
Illae munditiis annorum damna rependunt,
Et faciunt cura, ne videantur anus.
Utque velis, venerem iungunt per mille figuras:
Invenit plures nulla tabella modos. 680
Illis sentitur non inritata voluptas:
Quod iuвет, ex aequo femina virque ferant.
Odi concubitus, qui non utrumque resolvunt;
Hoc est, cur pueri tangar amore minus.
Odi quae praebet, quia sit praebere necesse, 685
Siccaque de lana cogitat ipsa sua.
Quae datur officio, non est mihi grata voluptas:
Officium faciat nulla puella mihi.
Me voces audire iuvat sua gaudia fassas,
Quaeque morer meme sustineamque rogent. 690
Aspiciam dominae victos amentis ocellos:
Lingueat, et tangi se vetet illa diu.
Haec bona non primae tribuit natura iuventae,
Quae cito post septem lustra venire solent.
Qui properant, nova musta bibant: mihi fundat avitum 695
Consulibus priscis condita testa merum.
Nec platanus, nisi sera, potest obsistere Phoebus,
Et laedunt nudos prata novella pedes.
Scilicet Hermionen Helenae praeponere posses,
Et melior Gorge, quam sua mater, erat? 700

At venerem quicumque voles adtingere seram,
Si modo duraris, praemia digna feres.
Conscius, ecce, duos accepit lectus amantes:
Ad thalami clausas, Musa, resiste fores.
Sponte sua sine te celeberrima verba loquentur, 705
Nec manus in lecto laeva iacebit iners.
Invenient digiti, quod agant in partibus illis,
In quibus occulte spicula tingit Amor.
Fecit in Andromache prius hoc fortissimus Hector,
Nec solum bellis utilis ille fuit. 710
Fecit et in capta Lyrneside magnus Achilles,
Cum premeret mollem lassus ab hoste torum.
Illis te manibus tangi, Brisei, sinebas,
Imbutae Phrygia quae nece semper erant.
An fuit hoc ipsum, quod te, lasciva, iuaret, 715
Ad tua victrices membra venire manus?
Crede mihi, non est veneris properanda voluptas,
Sed sensim tarda prolificiunda mora.
Cum loca reppereris, quae tangi femina gaudet,
Non obstat, tangas quo minus illa, pudor. 720
Aspicias oculos tremulo fulgore micantes,
Ut sol a liquida saepe refulget aqua.
Accedent questus, accedet amabile murmur,
Et dulces gemitus aptaque verba ioco.
Sed neque tu dominam velis maioribus usus 725
Desere, nec cursus anteat illa tuos;
Ad metam properate simul: tum plena voluptas,
Cum pariter victi femina virque iacent.
Hic tibi versandus tenor est, cum libera dantur
Otia, furtivum nec timor urget opus. 730
Cum mora non tuta est, totis incumbere remis
Utile, et admisso subdere calcar equo.
Finis adest operi: palmam date, grata iuventus,
Sertaque odoratae myrtea fert comae.
Quantus apud Danaos Podalirius arte medendi, 735
Aeacides dextra, pectore Nestor erat,
Quantus erat Calchas extis, Telamonius armis,

Automedon curru, tantus amator ego.
Me vatem celebrate, viri, mihi dicite laudes,
Cantetur toto nomen in orbe meum. 740
Arma dedi vobis: dederat Vulcanus Achilli;
Vincite muneribus, vicit ut ille, datis.
Sed quicumque meo superarit Amazona ferro,
Inscribat spoliis 'Naso magister erat.'
Ecce, rogant tenerae, sibi dem praecepta, puellae: 745
Vos eritis chartae proxima cura meae!

LIBER TERTIVS ARTIS AMATORIAE

Arma dedi Danais in Amazonas; arma supersunt,
Quae tibi dem et turmae, Penthesilea, tuae.
Ite in bella pares; vincant, quibus alma Dione
Faverit et toto qui volat orbe puer.
Non erat armatis aequum concurrere nudas; 5
Sic etiam vobis vincere turpe, viri.
Dixerit e multis aliquis 'quid virus in angues
Adicis, et rabidae tradis ovile lupae?'
Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes;
Spectetur meritis quaeque puella suis. 10
Si minor Atrides Helenen, Helenesque sororem
Quo premat Atrides crimine maior habet,
Si scelere Oeclides Talaioniae Eriphylae
Vivus et in vivis ad Styga venit equis,
Est pia Penelope lustris errante duobus 15
Et totidem lustris bella gerente viro.
Respice Phylaciden et quae comes isse marito
Fertur et ante annos occubuisse suos.
Fata Pheretiadae coniunx Pagasaea redemit:
Proque viro est uxor funere lata viri. 20
'Accipe me, Capaneu! cineres miscebimus' inquit
Iphias, in medios desiluitque rogos.
Ipsa quoque et cultu est et nomine femina Virtus:
Non mirum, populo si placet illa suo.
Nec tamen hae mentes nostra poscuntur ab arte: 25
Conveniunt cumbae vela minora meae.
Nil nisi lascivi per me discuntur amores;
Femina praecipiam quo sit amanda modo.
Femina nec flammas nec saevos excutit arcus;
Parcius haec video tela nocere viris. 30
Saepe viri fallunt: tenerae non saepe puellae,
Paucaque, si quaeras, crimina fraudis habent.
Phasida iam matrem fallax dimisit Iason:
Venit in Aesonios altera nupta sinus.

Quantum in te, Theseu, volucres Ariadna marinas 35
Pavit, in ignoto sola relictā loco!
Quaere, novem cur una viae dicantur, et audi
Depositis silvas Phyllida flesse comis.
Et famam pietatis habet, tamen hospes et ensem
Praebuit et causam mortis, Elissa, tuae. 40
Quid vos perdiderit, dicam? nescistis amare:
Defuit ars vobis; arte perennat amor.
Nunc quoque nescirent: sed me Cytherea docere
Iussit, et ante oculos constitit ipsa meos.
Tum mihi 'Quid miserae' dixit 'meruere puellae?' 45
Traditur armatis vulgus inerme viris.
Illos artifices gemini fecere libelli:
Haec quoque pars monitis erudienda tuis.
Probra Therapnaeae qui dixerat ante maritae,
Mox cecinit laudes prosperiore lyra. 50
Si bene te novi (cultas ne laede puellas!)
Gratia, dum vives, ista petenda tibi est.'
Dixit, et e myrto (myrto nam vincta capillos
Constiterat) folium granaeque pauca dedit;
Sensimus acceptis numen quoque: purior aether 55
Fulsit, et e toto pectore cessit onus.
Dum facit ingenium, petite hinc praecepta, puellae,
Quas pudor et leges et sua iura sinunt.
Venturae memores iam nunc estote senectae:
Sic nullum vobis tempus abibit iners. 60
Dum licet, et vernos etiamnum educitis annos,
Ludite: eunt anni more fluentis aquae;
Nec quae praeteriit, iterum revocabitur unda,
Nec quae praeteriit, hora redire potest.
Utendum est aetate: cito pede labitur aetas, 65
Nec bona tam sequitur, quam bona prima fuit.
Hos ego, qui canent, frutices violaria vidi:
Hac mihi de spina grata corona data est.
Tempus erit, quo tu, quae nunc excludis amantes,
Frigida deserta nocte iacebis anus, 70
Nec tua frangetur nocturna ianua rixa,

Sparsa nec invenies limina mane rosa.
Quam cito (me miserum!) laxantur corpora rugis,
Et perit in nitido qui fuit ore color.
Quasque fuisse tibi canas a virgine iuras, 75
Spargentur subito per caput omne comae.
Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua iacta senes:
Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona; carpite florem,
Qui, nisi carptus erit, turpiter ipse cadet. 80
Adde, quod et partus faciunt breviora iuventae
Tempora: continua messe senescit ager.
Latmius Endymion non est tibi, Luna, rubori,
Nec Cephalus roseae praeda pudenda deae.
Ut Veneri, quem luget adhuc, donetur Adonis: 85
Unde habet Aenean Harmoniamque suos?
Ite per exemplum, genus o mortale, dearum,
Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate viris.
Ut iam decipiant, quid perditis? omnia constant;
Mille licet sumant, deperit inde nihil. 90
Conteritur ferrum, silices tenuantur ab usu:
Sufficit et damni pars caret illa metu.
Quis vetet adposito lumen de lumine sumi?
Quisve cavo vastas in mare servet aquas?
Et tamen ulla viro mulier 'non expedit' inquit? 95
Quid, nisi quam sumes, dic mihi, perdis aquam?
Nec vos prostituit mea vox, sed vana timere
Damna vetat: damnis munera vestra carent.
Sed me flaminibus venti maioris iturum,
Dum sumus in portu, provehat aura levis. 100
Ordior a cultu; cultis bene Liber ab uvis
Provenit, et culto stat seges alta solo.
Forma dei munus: forma quota quaeque superbit?
Pars vestrum tali munere magna caret.
Cura dabit faciem; facies neglecta peribit, 105
Idaliae similis sit licet illa deae.
Corpora si veteres non sic coluere puellae,
Nec veteres cultos sic habuere viros;

Si fuit Andromache tunicas induta valentes,
Quid mirum? duri militis uxor erat. 110
Scilicet Aiaci coniunx ornata venires,
Cui tegumen septem terga fuere boum?
Simplicitas rudis ante fuit: nunc aurea Roma est,
Et domiti magnas possidet orbis opes.
Aspice quae nunc sunt Capitolia, quaeque fuerunt: 115
Alterius dices illa fuisse Iovis.
Curia, concilio quae nunc dignissima tanto,
De stipula Tatio regna tenente fuit.
Quae nunc sub Phoebō ducibusque Palatia fulgent,
Quid nisi araturis pascua bubus erant? 120
Prisca iuvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor: haec aetas moribus apta meis.
Non quia nunc terrae lentum subducitur aurum,
Lectaque diverso litore concha venit:
Nec quia decrescunt effosso marmore montes, 125
Nec quia caeruleae mole fugantur aquae:
Sed quia cultus adest, nec nostros mansit in annos
Rusticitas, priscis illa superstes avis.
Vos quoque nec caris aures onerate lapillis,
Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua, 130
Nec prodite graves insuto vestibus auro,
Per quas nos petitis, saepe fugatis, opes.
Munditiis capimur: non sint sine lege capilli:
Admotae formam dantque negantque manus.
Nec genus ornatus unum est: quod quamque decebit 135
Eligat, et speculum consulate ante suum.
Longa probat facies capitis discrimina puri:
Sic erat ornatis Laodamia comis.
Exiguū summa nodum sibi fronte relinqui,
Ut pateant aures, ora rotunda volunt. 140
Alterius crines umero iactentur utroque:
Talis es adsumpta, Phoebe canore, lyra.
Altera succinctae religetur more Dianae,
Ut solet, attonitas cum petit illa feras.
Huic decet inflatos laxē iacuisse capillos: 145

Illa sit adstrictis impedienda comis;
Hanc placet ornari testudine Cyllenea:
Sustineat similes fluctibus illa sinus.
Sed neque ramosa numerabis in ilice glandes,
Nec quot apes Hyblae, nec quot in Alpe ferae, 150
Nec mihi tot positus numero comprehendere fas est:
Adicit ornatus proxima quaeque dies.
Et neglecta decet multas coma; saepe iacere
Hesternam credas; illa repexa modo est.
Ars casum simulat; sic capta vidit ut urbe 155
Alcides Iolen, ‘hanc ego’ dixit ‘amo.’
Talem te Bacchus Satyris clamantibus euhoe
Sustulit in currus, Cnosi relictas, suos.
O quantum indulget vestro natura decori,
Quarum sunt multis damna pianda modis! 160
Nos male detegimur, raptique aetate capilli,
Ut Borea frondes excutiente, cadunt.
Femina canitiem Germanis inficit herbis,
Et melior vero quaeritur arte color:
Femina procedit densissima crinibus emptis, 165
Proque suis alios efficit aere suos.
Nec rubor est emisse; palam venire videmus
Herculis ante oculos virgineumque chorum.
Quid de veste loquar? Nec vos, segmenta, requiro
Nec te, quae Tyrio murice, lana, rubes. 170
Cum tot prodierint pretio leviores colores,
Quis furor est census corpore ferre suos!
Aeris, ecce, color, tum cum sine nubibus aer,
Nec tepidus pluvias concitat auster aquas:
Ecce, tibi similis, quae quondam Phrixon et Hellen 175
Diceris Inois eripuisse dolis;
Hic undas imitatur, habet quoque nomen ab undis:
Crediderim nymphas hac ego veste tegi.
Ille crocum simulat: croceo velatur amictu,
Roscida luciferos cum dea iungit equos: 180
Hic Paphias myrtos, hic purpureas amethystos,
Albentesve rosas, Threiciamve gruem;

Nec glandes, Amarylli, tuae, nec amygdala desunt;
Et sua velleribus nomina cera dedit.
Quot nova terra parit flores, cum vere tepenti 185
Vitis agit gemmas pigraque fugit hiemps,
Lana tot aut plures sucos bibit; elige certos:
Nam non conveniens omnibus omnis erit.
Pulla decent niveas: Briseida pulla decebant:
Cum rapta est, pulla tum quoque veste fuit. 190
Alba decent fuscas: albis, Cephei, placebas:
Sic tibi vestitae pressa Seriphos erat.
Quam paene admonui, ne trux caper iret in alas,
Neve forent duris aspera crura pilis!
Sed non Caucasea doceo de rupe puellas, 195
Quaeque bibant undas, Myse Caice, tuas.
Quid si praecipiam ne fuscet inertia dentes,
Oraque suscepta mane laventur aqua?
Scitis et inducta candorem quaerere creta:
Sanguine quae vero non rubet, arte rubet. 200
Arte supercilii confinia nuda repletis,
Parvaeque sinceras velat aluta genas.
Nec pudor est oculos tenui signare favilla,
Vel prope te nato, lucide Cydne, croco.
Est mihi, quo dixi vestrae medicamina formae, 205
Parvus, sed cura grande, libellus, opus;
Hinc quoque praesidium laesae petitote figurae;
Non est pro vestris ars mea rebus iners.
Non tamen expositas mensa deprendat amator
Pyxidas: ars faciem dissimulata iuvat. 210
Quem non offendat toto faex inlita vultu,
Cum fluit in tepidos pondere lapsa sinus?
Oesypha quid redolent? quamvis mittatur Athenis
Demptus ab inmundo vellere sucus ovis.
Nec coram mixtas cervae sumpsisse medullas, 215
Nec coram dentes defricuisse probem;
Ista dabunt formam, sed erunt deformia visu:
Multaque, dum fiunt, turpia, facta placent;
Quae nunc nomen habent operosi signa Myronis

Pondus iners quondam duraque massa fuit; 220
Anulus ut fiat, primo conluditur aurum;
Quas geritis vestis, sordida lana fuit;
Cum fieret, lapis asper erat: nunc, nobile signum,
Nuda Venus madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Tu quoque dum coleris, nos te dormire putemus; 225
Aptius a summa conspiciere manu.
Cur mihi nota tuo causa est candoris in ore?
Claude forem thalami! quid rude prodis opus?
Multa viros nescire decet; pars maxima rerum
Offendat, si non interiora tegas. 230
Aurea quae splendent ornato signa theatro,
Inspice, contemnes: brattea ligna tegit;
Sed neque ad illa licet populo, nisi facta, venire,
Nec nisi summotis forma paranda viris.
At non pectendos coram praeberere capillos, 235
Ut iaceant fusi per tua terga, veto.
Illo praecipue ne sis morosa caveto
Tempore, nec lapsas saepe resolve comas.
Tuta sit ornatrix; odi, quae sauciat ora
Unguibus et rapta brachia figit acu. 240
Devovet, ut tangit, dominae caput illa, simulque
Plorat in invisas sanguinolenta comas.
Quae male crinita est, custodem in limine ponat,
Orneturve Bonae semper in aede deae.
Dictus eram subito cuidam venisse puellae: 245
Turbida perversas induit illa comas.
Hostibus eveniat tam foedi causa pudoris,
Inque nurus Parthas dedecus illud eat.
Turpe pecus mutilum, turpis sine gramine campus,
Et sine fronde frutex, et sine crine caput. 250
Non mihi venistis, Semele Ledeve, docendae,
Perque fretum falso, Sidoni, vecta bove,
Aut Helene, quam non stulte, Menelae, repossis,
Tu quoque non stulte, Troice raptor, habes.
Turba docenda venit, pulchrae turpesque puellae: 255
Pluraque sunt semper deteriora bonis.

Formosae non artis opem praeceptaque quaerunt:
Est illis sua dos, forma sine arte potens;
Cum mare compositum est, securus navita cessat:
Cum tumet, auxiliis adsidet ille suis. 260
Rara tamen mendo facies caret: occule mendas,
Quaque potes vitium corporis abde tui.
Si brevis es, sedeas, ne stans videre sedere:
Inque tuo iaceas quantulacumque toro;
Hic quoque, ne possit fieri mensura cubantis, 265
Iniecta lateant fac tibi veste pedes.
Quae nimium gracilis, pleno velamina filo
Sumat, et ex umeris latus amictus eat.
Pallida purpureis spargat sua corpora virgis,
Nigrior ad Pharii confuge piscis opem. 270
Pes malus in nivea semper celetur aluta:
Arida nec vinclis crura resolve suis.
Conveniunt tenues scapulis analemptrides altis:
Angustum circa fascia pectus eat.
Exiguo signet gestu, quodcumque loquetur, 275
Cui digiti pingues et scaber unguis erit.
Cui gravis oris odor numquam ieiuna loquatur,
Et semper spatio distet ab ore viri.
Si niger aut ingens aut non erit ordine natus
Dens tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres. 280
Quis credat? discunt etiam ridere puellae,
Quaeritur aque illis hac quoque parte decor.
Sint modici rictus, parvaeque utrimque lacunae,
Et summos dentes ima labella tegant.
Nec sua perpetuo contendant ilia risu, 285
Sed leve nescio quid femineumque sonent.
Est, quae perverso distorqueat ora cachinno:
Risum concussa est altera, flere putes.
Illa sonat raucum quiddam atque inamabile ridet,
Ut rudit a scabra turpis asella mola. 290
Quo non ars penetrat? discunt lacrimare decenter,
Quoque volunt plorant tempore, quoque modo.
Quid, cum legitima fraudatur littera voce,

Blaesaque fit iusso lingua coacta sono?
In vitio decor est: quaerunt male reddere verba; 295
Discunt posse minus, quam potuere, loqui.
Omnibus his, quoniam prosunt, inpendite curam:
Discite femineo corpora ferre gradu.
Est et in incessu pars non temnenda decoris:
Allicit ignotos ille fugatque viros. 300
Haec movet arte latus, tunicisque fluentibus auras
Accipit, expensos fertque superba pedes:
Illa velut coniunx Umbri rubicunda mariti
Ambulat, ingentes varica fertque gradus.
Sed sit, ut in multis, modus hic quoque: rusticus alter 305
Motus, concesso mollior alter erit.
Pars umeri tamen ima tui, pars summa lacerti
Nuda sit, a laeva conspicienda manu.
Hoc vos praecipue, niveae, decet: hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre umero, qua patet usque, libet. 310
Monstra maris Sirenes erant, quae voce canora
Quamlibet admissas detinere rates.
His sua Sisymphides auditis paene resolvit
Corpora, nam sociis inlita cera fuit.
Res est blanda canor: discant cantare puellae: 315
Pro facie multis vox sua lena fuit.
Et modo marmoreis referant audita theatris,
Et modo Niliacis carmina lusa modis.
Nec plectrum dextra, citharam tenuisse sinistra
Nesciat arbitrio femina docta meo. 320
Saxa ferasque lyra movit Rhodopeius Orpheus,
Tartareosque lacus tergeminumque canem.
Saxa tuo cantu, vindex iustissime matris,
Fecerunt muros officiosa novos.
Quamvis mutus erat, voci favisse putatur 325
Piscis, Arioniae fabula nota lyrae.
Disce etiam duplici genalia nablia palma
Verrere: conveniunt dulcibus illa iocis.
Sit tibi Callimachi, sit Coi nota poetae,
Sit quoque vinosi Teia Musa senis; 330

Nota sit et Sappho (quid enim lascivius illa?),
 Cuive pater vafri luditur arte Getae.
Et teneri possis carmen legisse Properti,
 Sive aliquid Galli, sive, Tibulle, tuum:
Dictaque Varroni fulvis insignia villis 335
 Vellera, germanae, Phrixe, querenda tuae:
Et profugum Aenean, altae primordia Romae,
 Quo nullum Latio clarius extat opus.
Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,
 Nec mea Lethaeis scripta dabuntur aquis: 340
Atque aliquis dicet 'nostri lege culta magistri
 Carmina, quis partes instruit ille duas:
Deve tribus libris, titulus quos signat Amorum,
 Elige, quod docili molliter ore legas:
Vel tibi composita cantetur Epistola voce: 345
 Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus.'
O ita, Phoebe, velis! ita vos, pia numina vatum,
 Insignis cornu Bacche, novemque deae!
Quis dubitet, quin scire velim saltare puellam,
 Ut moveat posito brachia iussa mero? 350
Artifices lateris, scenae spectacula, amantur:
 Tantum mobilitas illa decoris habet.
Parva monere pudet, talorum dicere iactus
 Ut sciat, et vires, tessera missa, tuas:
Et modo tres iactet numeros, modo cogitet, apte 355
 Quam subeat partem callida, quamque vocet.
Cautaque non stulte latronum proelia ludat,
 Unus cum gemino calculus hoste perit,
Bellatorque sua pressus sine compare bellat,
 Aemulus et coeptum saepe recurrit iter. 360
Reticuloque pilae leves fundantur aperto,
 Nec, nisi quam tolles, ulla movenda pila est.
Est genus, in totidem tenui ratione redactum
 Scriptula, quot menses lubricus annus habet:
Parva tabella capit ternos utrimque lapillos, 365
 In qua vicisse est continuasse suos.
Mille facesse iocos; turpe est nescire puellam

Ludere: ludendo saepe paratur amor.
Sed minimus labor est sapienter iactibus uti:
Maius opus mores composuisse suos. 370
Tum sumus incauti, studioque aperimur in ipso,
Nudaque per lusus pectora nostra patent;
Ira subit, deforme malum, lucrique cupido,
Iurgiaque et rixae sollicitusque dolor:
Crimina dicuntur, resonat clamoribus aether, 375
Invocat iratos et sibi quisque deos:
Nulla fides, tabulaeque novae per vota petuntur;
Et lacrimis vidi saepe madere genas.
Iuppiter a vobis tam turpia crimina pellat,
In quibus est ulli cura placere viro. 380
Hos ignava iocos tribuit natura puellis;
Materia ludunt uberiore viri.
Sunt illis celeresque pilae iaculumque trochique
Armaque et in gyros ire coactus equus.
Nec vos Campus habet, nec vos gelidissima Virgo, 385
Nec Tuscus placida devehit amnis aqua.
At licet et prodest Pompeias ire per umbras,
Virginis aetheriis cum caput ardet equis;
Visite laurigero sacrata Palatia Phoebō:
Ille Paraetonicas mersit in alta rates; 390
Quaeque soror coniunxque ducis monimenta pararunt,
Navalique gener cinctus honore caput;
Visite turicremas vaccae Memphitidos aras,
Visite conspicuis terna theatra locis;
Spectentur tepido maculosae sanguine harenae, 395
Metaque ferventi circueunda rota.
Quod latet, ignotum est: ignoti nulla cupido:
Fructus abest, facies cum bona teste caret.
Tu licet et Thamyram superes et Amoebea cantu,
Non erit ignotae gratia magna lyrae. 400
Si Venerem Cous nusquam posuisset Apelles,
Mersa sub aequoreis illa lateret aquis.
Quid petitur sacris, nisi tantum fama, poetis?
Hoc votum nostri summa laboris habet.

Cura deum fuerant olim regumque poetae: 405
Praemiaque antiqui magna tulere chori.
Sanctaque maiestas et erat venerabile nomen
Vatibus, et largae saepe dabantur opes.
Ennius emeruit, Calabris in montibus ortus,
Contiguus poni, Scipio magne, tibi. 410
Nunc ederae sine honore iacent, operataque doctis
Cura vigil Musis nomen inertis habet.
Sed famae vigilare iuvat: quis nosset Homerum,
Ilias aeternum si latuisset opus?
Quis Danaen nosset, si semper clusa fuisset, 415
Inque sua turri perlatusset anus?
Utilis est vobis, formosae, turba, puellae.
Saepe vagos ultra limina ferte pedes.
Ad multas lupa tendit oves, praedetur ut unam,
Et Iovis in multas devolat ales aves. 420
Se quoque det populo mulier speciosa videndam:
Quem trahat, e multis forsitan unus erit.
Omnibus illa locis maneat studiosa placendi,
Et curam tota mente decoris agat.
Causa ubique valet; semper tibi pendeat hamus: 425
Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit.
Saepe canes frustra nemorosis montibus errant,
Inque plagam nullo cervus agente venit.
Quid minus Andromedae fuerat sperare revinctae,
Quam lacrimas ulli posse placere suas? 430
Funere saepe viri vir quaeritur; ire solutis
Crinibus et fletus non tenuisse decet.
Sed vitate viros cultum formamque professos,
Quique suas ponunt in statione comas.
Quae vobis dicunt, dixerunt mille puellis: 435
Errat et in nulla sede moratur amor.
Femina quid faciat, cum sit vir levior ipsa,
Forsitan et plures possit habere viros?
Vix mihi credetis, sed credite: Troia maneret,
Praeceptis Priamo si foret usa satae. 440
Sunt qui mendaci specie grassentur amoris,

Perque aditus talis lucra pudenda petant.
Nec coma vos fallat liquido nitidissima nardo,
Nec brevis in rugas lingula pressa suas:
Nec toga decipiat filo tenuissima, nec si 445
Anulus in digitis alter et alter erit.
Forsitan ex horum numero cultissimus ille
Fur sit, et uratur vestis amore tuae.
'Redde meum!' clamant spoliatae saepe puellae,
'Redde meum!' toto voce boante foro. 450
Has, Venus, e templis multo radiantibus auro
Lenta vides lites Appiadesque tuae.
Sunt quoque non dubia quaedam mala nomina fama:
Deceptae multi crimen amantis habent.
Discite ab alterius vestras timuisse querellis; 455
Ianua fallaci ne sit aperta viro.
Parcite, Cecropides, iuranti credere Theseo:
Quos faciet testes, fecit et ante, deos.
Et tibi, Demophoon, Thesei criminis heres,
Phyllide decepta nulla relictas fides. 460
Si bene promittent, totidem promittite verbis:
Si dederint, et vos gaudia pacta date.
Illa potest vigiles flammis extinguere Vestae,
Et rapere e templis, Inachi, sacra tuis,
Et dare mixta viro tritis aconitis, 465
Accepto venerem munere siqua negat.
Fert animus propius consistere: supprime habenas,
Musa, nec admissis excutiare rotis.
Verba vadam temptent abiectis scripta tabellis:
Accipiat missas apta ministra notas. 470
Inspice: quodque leges, ex ipsis collige verbis,
Fingat, an ex animo sollicitusque roget.
Postque brevem rescribe moram: mora semper amantes
Incitat, exiguum si modo tempus habet.
Sed neque te facilem iuveni promitte roganti, 475
Nec tamen e duro quod petit ille nega.
Fac timeat speretque simul, quotiensque remittes,
Spesque magis veniat certa minorque metus.

Munda, sed e medio consuetaque verba, puellae,

Scribite: sermonis publica forma placet; 480

A! quotiens dubius scriptis exarsit amator,

Et nocuit formae barbara lingua bonae!

Sed quoniam, quamvis vittae careatis honore,

Est vobis vestros fallere cura viros,

Ancillae puerique manu perarate tabellas, 485

Pignora nec iuveni credite vestra novo.

Perfidus ille quidem, qui talia pignora servat, 489

Sed tamen Aetnaei fulminis instar habent.

Vidi ego pallentes isto terrore puellas 487

Servitium miseras tempus in omne pati.

Iudice me fraus est concessa repellere fraudem, 491

Armaque in armatos sumere iura sinunt.

Ducere consuescat multas manus una figuras,

(A! pereant, per quos ista monenda mihi)

Nec nisi deletis tutum rescribere ceris, 495

Ne teneat geminas una tabella manus.

Femina dicatur scribenti semper amator:

Illa sit in vestris, qui fuit ille, notis.

Si licet a parvis animum ad maiora referre,

Plenaque curvato pandere vela sinu, 500

Pertinet ad faciem rabidos compescere mores:

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.

Ora tument ira: nigrescunt sanguine venae:

Lumina Gorgoneo saevius igne micant.

‘I procul hinc,’ dixit ‘non es mihi, tibia, tanti,’ 505

Ut vidit vultus Pallas in amne suos.

Vos quoque si media speculum spectetis in ira,

Cognoscat faciem vix satis ulla suam.

Nec minus in vultu damnosa superbia vestro:

Comibus est oculis alliciendus amor. 510

Odimus inmodicos (experto credite) fastus:

Saepe tacens odii semina vultus habet.

Spectantem specta, ridenti mollia ride:

Innuet, acceptas tu quoque redde notas.

Sic ubi prolusit, rudibus puer ille relictis 515

Spicula de pharetra promit acuta sua.
Odinus et maestus: Tecmessam diligit Ajax;
Nos hilarem populum femina laeta capit.
Numquam ego te, Andromache, nec te, Tecmessa, rogarem,
Ut mea de vobis altera amica foret. 520
Credere vix videor, cum cogar credere partu,
Vos ego cum vestris concubuisse viris.
Scilicet Aiace mulier maestissima dixit
'Lux mea' quaeque solent verba iuvare viros?
Quis vetat a magnis ad res exempla minores 525
Sumere, nec nomen pertimuisse ducis?
Dux bonus huic centum commisit vite regendos,
Huic equites, illi signa tuenda dedit:
Vos quoque, de nobis quem quisque erit aptus ad usum,
Inspicite, et certo ponite quemque loco. 530
Munera det dives: ius qui profitebitur, adsit:
Facundus causam saepe clientis agat:
Carmina qui facimus, mittamus carmina tantum:
Hic chorus ante alios aptus amare sumus.
Nos facimus placitae late praeconia formae: 535
Nomen habet Nemesis, Cynthia nomen habet:
Vesper et Eoae novere Lycorida terrae:
Et multi, quae sit nostra Corinna, rogant.
Adde, quod insidiae sacris a vatibus absunt,
Et facit ad mores ars quoque nostra suos. 540
Nec nos ambitio, nec amor nos tangit habendi:
Contempto colitur lectus et umbra foro.
Sed facile haeremus, validoque perurimur aestu,
Et nimium certa scimus amare fide.
Scilicet ingenium placida mollitur ab arte, 545
Et studio mores convenienter eunt.
Vatibus Aoniis faciles estote, puellae:
Numen inest illis, Pieridesque favent.
Est deus in nobis, et sunt commercia caeli:
Sedibus aetheriis spiritus ille venit. 550
A doctis pretium scelus est sperare poetis;
Me miserum! scelus hoc nulla puella timet.

Dissimulate tamen, nec prima fronte rapaces
Este: novus viso casse resistet amans.
Sed neque vector equum, qui nuper sensit habenas, 555
Comparibus frenis artificemque reget,
Nec stabiles animos annis viridemque iuventam
Ut capias, idem limes agendus erit.
Hic rudis et castris nunc primum notus Amoris,
Qui tetigit thalamos praeda novella tuos, 560
Te solam norit, tibi semper inhaereat uni:
Cingenda est altis saepibus ista seges.
Effuge rivalem: vinctus, dum sola tenebis;
Non bene cum sociis regna Venusque manent.
Ille vetus miles sensim et sapienter amabit, 565
Multaque tironi non patienda feret:
Nec franget postes, nec saevis ignibus uret,
Nec dominae teneras adpetet ungue genas,
Nec scindet tunicasve suas tunicasve puellae,
Nec raptus flendi causa capillus erit. 570
Ista decent pueros aetate et amore calentes;
Hic fera composita vulnera mente feret.
Ignibus heu lentis uretur, ut umida faena,
Ut modo montanis silva recisa iugis.
Certior hic amor est: brevis et fecundior ille; 575
Quae fugiunt, celeri carpite poma manu.
Omnia tradantur: portas reseravimus hosti;
Et sit in infida prodicione fides.
Quod datur ex facili, longum male nutrit amorem:
Miscenda est laetis rara repulsa iocis. 580
Ante fores iaceat, 'crudelis ianua!' dicat,
Multaque summis, multa minanter agat.
Dulcia non ferimus: suco renovemur amaro;
Saepe perit ventis obruta cumba suis;
Hoc est, uxores quod non patiat amor: 585
Conveniunt illas, cum voluere, viri;
Adde forem, et duro dicat tibi ianitor ore
'Non potes,' exclusum te quoque tanget amor.
Ponite iam gladios hebetes: pugnetur acutis;

Nec dubito, telis quin petar ipse meis. 590
Dum cadit in laqueos captus quoque nuper amator,
Solum se thalamos speret habere tuos.
Postmodo rivalem partitaeque foedera lecti
Sentiat: has artes tolle, senescet amor.
Tum bene fortis equus reserato carcere currit, 595
Cum quos praetereat quosque sequatur habet.
Quamlibet extinctos iniuria suscitatur ignes:
En, ego (confiteor!) non nisi laesus amo.
Causa tamen nimium non sit manifesta doloris,
Pluraque sollicitus, quam sciet, esse putet. 600
Incitat et ficti tristis custodia servi,
Et nimium duri cura molesta viri.
Quae venit ex tuto, minus est accepta voluptas:
Ut sis liberior Thaide, finge metus.
Cum melius foribus possis, admitte fenestra, 605
Inque tuo vultu signa timentis habe.
Callida prosiliat dicatque ancilla 'perimus!'
Tu iuvenem trepidum quolibet abde loco.
Admiscenda tamen Venus est securae timori,
Ne tanti noctes non putet esse tuas. 610
Qua vafer eludi possit ratione maritus,
Quaque vigil custos, praeteriturus eram.
Nupta virum timeat: rata sit custodia nuptae;
Hoc decet, hoc leges iusque pudorque iubent.
Te quoque servari, modo quam vindicta redemit, 615
Quis ferat? Ut fallas, ad mea sacra veni!
Tot licet observent (adsit modo certa voluntas),
Quot fuerant Argo lumina, verba dabis.
Scilicet obstat custos, ne scribere possis,
Sumendae detur cum tibi tempus aquae? 620
Conscia cum possit scriptas portare tabellas,
Quas tegat in tepido fascia lata sinu?
Cum possit sura chartas celare ligatas,
Et vincto blandas sub pede ferre notas?
Caverit haec custos, pro charta conscia tergum 625
Praebeat, inque suo corpore verba ferat.

Tuta quoque est fallitque oculos e lacte recenti
Littera: carbonis pulvere tange, leges.
Fallet et umiduli quae fiet acumine lini,
Ut ferat occultas pura tabella notas. 630
Adfuit Acrisio servandae cura puellae:
Hunc tamen illa suo crimine fecit avum.
Quid faciat custos, cum sint tot in urbe theatra,
Cum spectet iunctos illa libenter equos,
Cum sedeat Phariae sistris operata iuvencae, 635
Quoque sui comites ire vetantur, eat,
Cum fuget a templis oculos Bona Diva virorum,
Praeterquam siquos illa venire iubet?
Cum, custode foris tunicas servante puellae,
Celent furtivos balnea multa iocos, 640
Cum, quotiens opus est, fallax aegrotet amica,
Et cedat lecto quamlibet aegra suo,
Nomine cum doceat, quid agamus, adultera clavis,
Quasque petas non det ianua sola vias?
Fallitur et multo custodis cura Lyaeo, 645
Illa vel Hispano lecta sit uva iugo;
Sunt quoque, quae faciant altos medicamina somnos,
Victaque Lethaea lumina nocte premant;
Nec male deliciis odiosum conscia tardis
Detinet, et longa iungitur ipsa mora. 650
Quid iuvat ambages praeceptaque parva movere,
Cum minimo custos munere possit emi?
Munera, crede mihi, capiunt hominesque deosque:
Placatur donis Iuppiter ipse datis.
Quid sapiens faciet, stultus cum munere gaudet? 655
Ipse quoque accepto munere mutus erit.
Sed semel est custos longum redimendus in aevum:
Saepe dabit, dederit quas semel ille manus.
Questus eram, memini, metuendos esse sodales:
Non tangit solos ista querella viros. 660
Credula si fueris, aliae tua gaudia carpent,
Et lepus hic aliis exagitatus erit.
Haec quoque, quae praebet lectum studiosa locumque

Crede mihi, mecum non semel illa fuit.
Nec nimium vobis formosa ancilla ministret: 665
Saepe vicem dominae praebuit illa mihi.
Quo feror insanus? quid aperto pectore in hostem
Mittor, et indicio prodor ab ipse meo?
Non avis aucupibus monstrat, qua parte petatur:
Non docet infestos currere cerva canes. 670
Viderit utilitas: ego coepta fideliter edam:
Lemniasin gladios in mea fata dabo.
Efficite (et facile est), ut nos credamus amari:
Prona venit cupidis in sua vota fides.
Spectet amabilius iuvenem, suspiret ab imo 675
Femina, tam sero cur veniatque roget:
Accedant lacrimae, dolor et de paelice fictus,
Et laniet digitis illius ora suis:
Iamdudum persuasus erit; miserebitur ultro,
Et dicet 'cura carpitur ista mei.' 680
Praecipue si cultus erit speculoque placebit,
Posse suo tangi credet amore deas.
Sed te, quaecumque est, moderate iniuria turbet,
Nec sis audita paelice mentis inops.
Nec cito credideris: quantum cito credere laedat, 685
Exemplum vobis non leve Procris erit.
Est prope purpureos colles florentis Hymetti
Fons sacer et viridi caespite mollis humus:
Silva nemus non alta facit; tegit arbutus herbam,
Ros maris et lauri nigraque myrtus olent: 690
Nec densum foliis buxum fragilesque myricae,
Nec tenues cytisi cultaque pinus abest.
Lenibus impulsae zephyris auraque salubri
Tot generum frondes herbaque summa tremitt.
Grata quies Cephalo: famulis canibusque relictis 695
Lassus in hac iuvenis saepe resedit humo,
'Quae' que 'meos releves aestus,' cantare solebat
'Accipienda sinu, mobilis aura, veni.'
Coniugis ad timidas aliquis male sedulus aures
Auditos memori detulit ore sonos; 700

Procris ut accepit nomen, quasi paelicis, Aurae,
 Excidit, et subito muta dolore fuit;
 Palluit, ut serae lectis de vite racemis
 Pallescunt frondes, quas nova laesit hiemps,
 Quaeque suos curvant matura cydonia ramos, 705
 Cornaque adhuc nostris non satis apta cibis.
 Ut rediit animus, tenues a pectore vestes
 Rumpit, et indignas sauciat ungue genas;
 Nec mora, per medias passis furibunda capillis
 Evolat, ut thyrso concita Baccha, vias. 710
 Ut prope perventum, comites in valle relinquit,
 Ipsa nemus tacito clam pede fortis init.
 Quid tibi mentis erat, cum sic male sana lateres,
 Procri? quis adtoniti pectoris ardor erat?
 Iam iam venturam, quaecumque erat Aura, putabas 715
 Scilicet, atque oculis probra videnda tuis.
 Nunc venisse piget (neque enim deprendere velles),
 Nunc iuvat: incertus pectora versat amor.
 Credere quae iubeant, locus est et nomen et index,
 Et quia mens semper quod timet, esse putat. 720
 Vidit ut oppressa vestigia corporis herba,
 Pulsantur trepidi corde micante sinus.
 Iamque dies medius tenues contraxerat umbras,
 Inque pari spatio vesper et ortus erant:
 Ecce, redivit Cephalus silvis, Cyllenia proles, 725
 Oraque fontana fervida pulsata aqua.
 Anxia, Procri, lates: solitas iacet ille per herbas,
 Et 'zephyri molles auraque' dixit 'ades!'
 Ut patuit miserae iucundus nominis error,
 Et mens et rediit verus in ora color. 730
 Surgit, et oppositas agitato corpore frondes
 Movit, in amplexus uxor itura viri:
 Ille feram movisse ratus, iuvenaliter artus
 Corripit, in dextra tela fuere manu.
 Quid facis, infelix? non est fera, supprime tela! 735
 Me miserum! iaculo fixa puella tuo est.
 'Ei mihi!' conclamat 'fixisti pectus amicum.

Hic locus a Cephalo vulnera semper habet.
Ante diem morior, sed nulla paelice laesa:
Hoc faciet positae te mihi, terra, levem. 740
Nomine suspectas iam spiritus exit in auras:
Labor, eo, cara lumina conde manu!’
Ille sinu dominae morientia corpora maesto
Sustinet, et lacrimis vulnera saeva lavat:
Exit, et incauto paulatim pectore lapsus 745
Excipitur miseri spiritus ore viri.
Sed repetamus opus: mihi nudis rebus eundum est,
Ut tangat portus fessa carina suos.
Sollicite expectas, dum te in convivia ducam,
Et quaeris monitus hac quoque parte meos. 750
Sera veni, positaque decens incede lucerna:
Grata mora venies; maxima lena mora est.
Etsi turpis eris, formosa videbere potis,
Et latebras vitiis nox dabit ipsa tuis.
Carpe cibos digitis: est quiddam gestus edendi: 755
Ora nec immunda tota perungue manu.
Neve domi praesume dapes, sed desine citra
Quam capis; es paulo quam potes esse minus;
Priamides Helenen avide si spectet edentem,
Oderit, et dicat ‘stulta rapina mea est.’ 760
Aptius est, deceatque magis potare puellas:
Cum Veneris puero non male, Bacche, facis.
Hoc quoque, qua patiens caput est, animusque pedesque
Constant: nec, quae sunt singula, bina vide.
Turpe iacens mulier multo madefacta Lyaeo: 765
Digna est concubitus quoslibet illa pati.
Nec somnis posita tutum succumbere mensa:
Per somnos fieri multa pudenda solent.
Ulteriora pudet docuisse: sed alma Dione
‘Praecipue nostrum est, quod pudet’ inquit ‘opus.’ 770
Nota sibi sit quaeque: modos a corpore certos
Sumite: non omnes una figura decet.
Quae facie praesignis erit, resupina iaceto:
Spectentur tergo, quis sua terga placent.

Milanion umeris Atalantes crura ferebat: 775
Si bona sunt, hoc sunt accipienda modo.
Parva vehatur equo: quod erat longissima, numquam
Thebais Hectoreo nupta resedit equo.
Strata premat genibus, paulum cervice reflexa,
Femina per longum conspicienda latus. 780
Cui femur est iuvenale, carent quoque pectora menda,
Stet vir, in obliquo fusa sit ipsa toro.
Nec tibi turpe puta crinem, ut Phylleia mater,
Solvere, et effusis colla reflecte comis.
Tu quoque, cui rugis uterum Lucina notavit, 785
Ut celer aversis utere Parthus equis.
Mille modi veneris; simplex minimique laboris,
Cum iacet in dextrum semisupina latus.
Sed neque Phoebei tripodes nec corniger Ammon
Vera magis vobis, quam mea Musa, canet: 790
Siqua fides arti, quam longo fecimus usu,
Credite: praestabunt carmina nostra fidem.
Sentiat ex imis venerem resoluta medullis
Femina, et ex aequo res iuвет illa duos.
Nec blandae voces iucundaque murmura cessent, 795
Nec taceant mediis improba verba iocis.
Tu quoque, cui veneris sensum natura negavit,
Dulcia mendaci gaudia finge sono.
Infelix, cui torpet hebes locus ille, puella,
Quo pariter debent femina virque frui. 800
Tantum, cum finges, ne sis manifesta, caveto:
Effice per motum luminaque ipsa fidem.
Quam iuвет, et voces et anhelitus arguat oris;
A! pudet, arcanas pars habet ista notas.
Gaudia post Veneris quae poscet munus amantem, 805
Illa suas nolet pondus habere preces.
Nec lucem in thalamos totis admitte fenestris;
Aptius in vestro corpore multa latent.
Lusus habet finem: cygnis descendere tempus,
Duxerunt collo qui iuga nostra suo. 810
Ut quondam iuvenes, ita nunc, mea turba, puellae

Inscribant spoliis 'Naso magister erat.'

REMEDIA AMORIS

Legerat huius Amor titulum nomenque libelli:
‘Bella mihi, video, bella parantur’ ait.
‘Parce tuum vatem sceleris damnare, Cupido,
Tradita qui toties te duce signa tuli.
Non ego Tydides, a quo tua saucia mater 5
In liquidum rediit aethera Martis equis.
Saepe tepent alii iuvenes: ego semper amavi,
Et si, quid faciam, nunc quoque, quaeris, amo.
Quin etiam docui, qua posses arte parari,
Et quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit. 10
Nec te, blande puer, nec nostras prodimus artes,
Nec nova praeteritum Musa retexit opus.
Siquis amat quod amare iuvat, feliciter ardens
Gaudeat, et vento naviget ille suo.
At siquis male fert indignae regna puellae, 15
Ne pereat, nostrae sentiat artis opem.
Cur aliquis laqueo collum nodatus amator
A trabe sublimi triste pendit onus?
Cur aliquis rigido fodit sua pectora ferro?
Invidiam caedis, pacis amator, habes. 20
Qui, nisi desierit, misero periturus amore est,
Desinat; et nulli funeris auctor eris.
Et puer es, nec te quicquam nisi ludere oportet:
Lude; decent annos mollia regna tuos.
[Nam poteras uti nudis ad bella sagittis: 25
Sed tua mortifero sanguine tela carent.]
Vitricus et gladiis et acuta dimicet hasta,
Et victor multa caede cruentus eat:
Tu cole maternas, tuto quibus utimur, artes,
Et quarum vitio nulla fit orba parens. 30
Effice nocturna frangatur ianua rixa,
Et tegat ornatas multa corona fores:
Fac coeant furtim iuvenes timidaeque puellae,
Verbaque dent cauto qualibet arte viro:

Et modo blanditias rigido, modo iurgia posti 35
Dicat et exclusus flebile cantet amans.
His lacrimis contentus eris sine crimine mortis;
Non tua fax avidos digna subire rogos.’
Haec ego: movit Amor gemmatas aureus alas,
Et mihi ‘propositum perforce’ dixit ‘opus.’ 40
Ad mea, decepti iuvenes, praecepta venite,
Quos suus ex omni parte fefellit amor.
Discite sanari, per quem didicistis amare:
Una manus vobis vulnus opemque feret.
Terra salutares herbas, eademque nocentes 45
Nutrit, et urticae proxima saepe rosa est;
Vulnus in Herculeo quae quondam fecerat hoste,
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.
Sed quaecumque viris, vobis quoque dicta, puellae,
Credite: diversis partibus arma damus, 50
E quibus ad vestros siquid non pertinet usus,
Attamen exemplo multa docere potest.
Utile propositum est saevas extinguere flammās,
Nec servum vitii pectus habere sui.
Vixisset Phyllis, si me foret usa magistro, 55
Et per quod novies, saepius isset iter;
Nec moriens Dido summa vidisset ab arce
Dardanias vento vela dedisse rates;
Nec dolor armasset contra sua viscera matrem,
Quae socii damno sanguinis ulta virum est. 60
Arte mea Tereus, quamvis Philomela placeret,
Per facinus fieri non meruisset avis.
Da mihi Pasiphaen, iam tauri ponet amorem:
Da Phaedram, Phaedrae turpis abibit amor.
Crede Parim nobis, Helenen Menelaus habebit, 65
Nec manibus Danais Pergama victa cadent.
Impia si nostros legisset Scylla libellos,
Haesisset capiti purpura, Nise, tuo.
Me duce damnosas, homines, conpescite curas,
Rectaque cum sociis me duce navis eat. 70
Naso legendus erat tum, cum didicistis amare:

Idem nunc vobis Naso legendus erit.
Publicus assertor dominis suppressa levabo
Pectora: vindictae quisque favete suae.
Te precor incipiens, adsit tua laurea nobis, 75
Carminis et medicae, Phoebe, repertor opis.
Tu pariter vati, pariter succurre medenti:
Utraque tutelae subdita cura tua est.
Dum licet, et modici tangunt praecordia motus,
Si piget, in primo limine siste pedem. 80
Opprime, dum nova sunt, subiti mala semina morbi,
Et tuus incipiens ire resistat equus.
Nam mora dat vires, teneras mora percoquit uvas,
Et validas segetes quae fuit herba, facit.
Quae praebet latas arbor spatiantibus umbras, 85
Quo posita est primum tempore virga fuit;
Tum poterat manibus summa tellure revelli:
Nunc stat in inmensum viribus aucta suis.
Quale sit id, quod amas, celeri circumspice mente,
Et tua laesuro subtrahe colla iugo. 90
Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.
Sed propera, nec te venturas differ in horas;
Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit:
Verba dat omnis amor, reperitque alimenta morando; 95
Optima vindictae proxima quaeque dies.
Flumina pauca vides de magnis fontibus orta:
Plurima collectis multiplicantur aquis.
Si cito sensisses, quantum peccare parares,
Non tegeres vultus cortice, Myrrha, tuos. 100
Vidi ego, quod fuerat primo sanabile, vulnus
Dilatatum longae damna tulisse morae.
Sed quia delectat Veneris decerpere fructum,
Dicimus adsidue 'cras quoque fiet idem.'
Interea tacitae serpunt in viscera flammae, 105
Et mala radices altius arbor agit.
Si tamen auxilii perierunt tempora primi,
Et vetus in capto pectore sedit amor,

Maius opus superest: sed non, quia serior aegro
Advocor, ille mihi destituendus erit. 110
Quam laesus fuerat, partem Poeantius heros
Certa debuerat praesecuisse manu;
Post tamen hic multos sanatus creditur annos
Supremam bellis imposuisse manum.
Qui modo nascentes properabam pellere morbos, 115
Admoveo tardam nunc tibi lentus opem.
Aut nova, si possis, sedare incendia temptes,
Aut ubi per vires procubuerit suas:
Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;
Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet. 120
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum descendere possit,
Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas.
Impatiens animus nec adhuc tractabilis artem
Respuit, atque odio verba monentis habet.
Adgrediar melius tum, cum sua vulnera tangi 125
Iam sinet, et veris vocibus aptus erit.
Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetet? non hoc illa monenda loco est.
Cum dederit lacrimas animumque impleverit aegrum,
Ille dolor verbis emoderandus erit. 130
Temporis ars medicina fere est: data tempore prosunt,
Et data non apto tempore vina nocent.
Quin etiam accendas vitia inritesque vetando,
Temporibus si non adgrediare suis.
Ergo ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte, 135
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis.
Haec, ut ames, faciunt; haec, quod fecere, tuentur;
Haec sunt iucundi causa cibusque mali.
Otia si tollas, periire Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptaeque iacent et sine luce faces. 140
Quam platanus vino gaudet, quam populus unda,
Et quam limosa canna palustris humo,
Tam Venus otia amat; qui finem quaeris amoris,
Cedit amor rebus: res age, tutus eris.
Languor, et inmodici sub nullo vindice somni, 145

Aleaque, et multo tempora quassa mero
Eripiunt omnes animo sine vulnere nervos:
Adfluit incautis insidiosus Amor.
Desidiam puer ille sequi solet, odit agentes:
Da vacuae menti, quo teneatur, opus. 150
Sunt fora, sunt leges, sunt, quos tuearis, amici:
Vade per urbanae splendida castra togae.
Vel tu sanguinei iuvenalia munera Martis
Suspice: deliciae iam tibi terga dabunt.
Ecce, fugax Parthus, magni nova causa triumphis, 155
Iam videt in campis Caesaris arma suis:
Vince Cupidineas pariter Parthasque sagittas,
Et refer ad patrios bina tropaea deos.
Ut semel Aetola Venus est a cuspide laesa,
Mandat amatori bella gerenda suo. 160
Quaeritur, Aegisthus quare sit factus adulter?
In promptu causa est: desidiosus erat.
Pugnabant alii tardis apud Ilion armis:
Transtulerat vires Graecia tota suas.
Sive operam bellis vellet dare, nulla gerebat: 165
Sive foro, vacuum litibus Argos erat.
Quod potuit, ne nil illic ageretur, amavit.
Sic venit ille puer, sic puer ille manet.
Rura quoque oblectant animos studiumque colendi:
Quaelibet huic curae cedere cura potest. 170
Colla iube domitos oneri supponere tauros,
Sauciet ut duram vomer aduncus humum:
Obrue versata Cerialia semina terra,
Quae tibi cum multo faenore reddat ager.
Aspice curvatos pomorum pondere ramos, 175
Ut sua, quod peperit, vix ferat arbor onus;
Aspice labentes iucundo murmure rivos;
Aspice tondentes fertile gramen oves.
Ecce, petunt rupes praeruptaque saxa capellae:
Iam referent haedis ubera plena suis; 180
Pastor inaequali modulatur harundine carmen,
Nec desunt comites, sedula turba, canes;

Parte sonant alia silvae mugitibus altae,
Et queritur vitulum mater abesse suum.
Quid, cum suppositos fugiunt examina fumos, 185
Ut relevent dempti vimina curva favi?
Poma dat autumnus: formosa est messibus aestas:
Ver praebet flores: igne levatur hiems.
Temporibus certis maturam rusticus uvam
Deligit, et nudo sub pede musta fluunt; 190
Temporibus certis desectas alligat herbas,
Et tonsam raro pectine verrit humum.
Ipse potes riguis plantam deponere in hortis,
Ipse potes rivos ducere lenis aquae.
Venerit insitio; fac ramum ramus adoptet, 195
Stetque peregrinis arbor operta comis.
Cum semel haec animum coepit mulcere voluptas,
Debilibus pinnis inritus exit Amor.
Vel tu venandi studium cole: saepe recessit
Turpiter a Phoebi victa sorore Venus. 200
Nunc leporem pronum catulo sectare sagaci,
Nunc tua frondosis retia tende iugis,
Aut pavidos terre varia formidine cervos,
Aut cadat adversa cuspide fossus aper.
Nocte fatigatum somnus, non cura puellae, 205
Excipit et pingui membra quiete levat.
Lenius est studium, studium tamen, alite capta
Aut lino aut calamis praemia parva sequi,
Vel, quae piscis edax avido male devoret ore,
Abdere sub parvis aera recurva cibis. 210
Aut his aut aliis, donec dediscis amare,
Ipse tibi furtim decipiendus eris.
Tu tantum quamvis firmis retinebere vinclis,
I procul, et longas carpere perge vias;
Flebis, et occurret desertae nomen amicae, 215
Stabit et in media pes tibi saepe via:
Sed quanto minus ire voles, magis ire memento;
Perfer, et invitos currere coge pedes.
Nec pluvias opta, nec te peregrina morentur

Sabbata, nec damnis Allia nota suis. 220
Nec quot transieris et quot tibi, quaere, supersint
Milia; nec, maneat ut prope, finge moras:
Tempora nec numera, nec crebro respice Romam,
Sed fuge: tutus adhuc Parthus ab hoste fuga est.
Dura aliquis praecepta vocet mea; dura fatemur 225
Esse; sed ut valeas, multa dolenda feres.
Saepe bibi sucos, quamvis invitus, amaros
Aeger, et oranti mensa negata mihi.
Ut corpus redimas, ferrum patieris et ignes,
Arida nec sitiens ora levabis aqua: 230
Ut valeas animo, quicquam tolerare negabis?
At pretium pars haec corpore maius habet.
Sed tamen est artis tristissima ianua nostrae,
Et labor est unus tempora prima pati.
Aspicias, ut prensos urant iuga prima iuencos, 235
Et nova velocem cingula laedat equum?
Forsitan a laribus patriis exire pigebit:
Sed tamen exhibis: deinde redire voles;
Nec te Lar patrius, sed amor revocabit amicae,
Praetendens culpae splendida verba tuae. 240
Cum semel exieris, centum solatia curae
Et rus et comites et via longa dabit.
Nec satis esse putes discedere; lentus abesto,
Dum perdat vires sitque sine igne cinis.
Quod nisi firmata properaris mente reverti, 245
Inferet arma tibi saeva rebellis Amor.
Quidquid et afueris, avidus sitiensque redibis,
Et spatium damno cesserit omne tuo.
Viderit, Haemoniae siquis mala pabula terrae
Et magicas artes posse iuvare putat. 250
Ista veneficii vetus est via; noster Apollo
Innocuam sacro carmine monstrat opem.
Me duce non tumulo prodire iubebitur umbra,
Non anus infami carmine rumpet humum;
Non seges ex aliis alios transibit in agros, 255
Nec subito Phoebi pallidus orbis erit.

Ut solet, aequoreas ibit Tiberinus in undas:
Ut solet, in niveis Luna vehetur equis.
Nulla recantatas deponent pectora curas,
Nec fugiet vivo sulphure victus amor. 260
Quid te Phasiacae iuverunt gramina terrae,
Cum cuperes patria, Colchi, manere domo?
Quid tibi profuerunt, Circe, Perseides herbae,
Cum sua Neritias abstulit aura rates?
Omnia fecisti, ne callidus hospes abiret: 265
Ille dedit certae lintea plena fugae.
Omnia fecisti, ne te ferus ureret ignis:
Longus in invito pectore sedit amor.
Vertere tu poteras homines in mille figuras,
Non poteras animi vertere iura tui. 270
Diceris his etiam, cum iam discedere vellet,
Dulichium verbis detinuisse ducem:
'Non ego, quod primo, memini, sperare solebam,
Iam precor, ut coniunx tu meus esse velis;
Et tamen, ut coniunx essem tua, digna videbar, 275
Quod dea, quod magni filia Solis eram.
Ne properes, oro; spatium pro munere posco:
Quid minus optari per mea vota potest?
Et freta mota vides, et debes illa timere:
Utilior velis postmodo ventus erit. 280
Quae tibi causa fugae? non hic nova Troia resurgit,
Non aliquis socios rursus ad arma vocat.
Hic amor et pax est, in qua male vulneror una,
Tutaeque sub regno terra futura tuo est.'
Illa loquebatur, navem solvebat Ulixes: 285
Inrita cum velis verba tulere noti.
Ardet et adsuetas Circe decurrit ad artes,
Nec tamen est illis adtenuatus amor.
Ergo quisquis opem nostra tibi poscis ab arte,
Deme beneficiis carminibusque fidem. 290
Si te causa potens domina retinebit in Urbe,
Accipe, consilium quod sit in Urbe meum.
Optimus ille sui vindex, laedentia pectus

Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.
 Sed cui tantum animi est, illum mirabor et ipse, 295
 Et dicam 'monitis non eget iste meis.'
 Tu mihi, qui, quod amas, aegre dediscis amare,
 Nec potes, et velles posse, docendus eris.
 Saepe refer tecum sceleratae facta puellae,
 Et pone ante oculos omnia damna tuos. 300
 'Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta rapina est:
 Sub titulum nostros misit avara lares.
 Sic mihi iuravit, sic me iurata fefellit,
 Ante suas quotiens passa iacere fores!
 Diligit ipsa alios, a me fastidit amari; 305
 Institor, heu, noctes, quas mihi non dat, habet!'
 Haec tibi per totos inacescant omnia sensus:
 Haec refer, hinc odii semina quaere tui.
 Atque utinam possis etiam facundus in illis
 Esse! dole tantum, sponte disertus eris. 310
 Haeserat in quadam nuper mea cura puella:
 Conveniens animo non erat illa meo:
 Curabar propriis aeger Podalirius herbis,
 Et, fateor, medicus turpiter aeger eram.
 Profuit adsidue vitiis insistere amicae, 315
 Idque mihi factum saepe salubre fuit.
 'Quam mala' dicebam 'nostrae sunt crura puellae!'
 Nec tamen, ut vere confiteamur, erant.
 'Brachia quam non sunt nostrae formosa puellae!'
 Et tamen, ut vere confiteamur, erant. 320
 'Quam brevis est!' nec erat; 'quam multum poscit amantem!'
 Haec odio venit maxima causa meo.
 Et mala sunt vicina bonis; errore sub illo
 Pro vitio virtus crimina saepe tulit.
 Qua potes, in peius dotes deflecte puellae, 325
 Iudiciumque brevi limite falle tuum.
 Turgida, si plena est, si fusca est, nigra vocetur:
 In gracili macies crimen habere potest.
 Et poterit dici petulans, quae rustica non est:
 Et poterit dici rustica, siqua proba est. 330

Quin etiam, quacumque caret tua femina dote,
Hanc moveat, blandis usque precare sonis.
Exige uti cantet, siqua est sine voce puella:
Fac saltet, nescit siqua movere manum.
Barbara sermone est? fac tecum multa loquatur; 335
Non didicit chordas tangere? posce lyram.
Durius incedit? fac inambulet; omne papillae
Pectus habent? vitium fascia nulla tegat.
Si male dentata est, narra, quod rideat, illi;
Mollibus est oculis? quod fleat illa, refer. 340
Proderit et subito, cum se non finxerit ulli,
Ad dominam celeres mane tulisse gradus.
Auferimur cultu; gemmis auroque teguntur
Omnia; pars minima est ipsa puella sui.
Saepe ubi sit, quod ames, inter tam multa requiras; 345
Decipit hac oculos aegide dives Amor.
Improvisus ades, deprendes tutus inermem:
Infelix vitiis excidet illa suis.
Non tamen huic nimium praecepto credere tutum est:
Fallit enim multos forma sine arte decens. 350
Tum quoque, compositis cum collinet ora venenis,
Ad dominae vultus (nec pudor obstat) eas.
Pyxidas invenies et rerum mille colores,
Et fluere in tepidos oesypa lapsa sinus.
Illa tuas redolent, Phineu, medicamina mensas: 355
Non semel hinc stomacho nausea facta meo est.
Nunc tibi, quae medio veneris praestemus in usu,
Eloquar: ex omni est parte fugandus amor.
Multa quidem ex illis pudor est mihi dicere; sed tu
Ingenio verbis concipe plura meis. 360
Nuper enim nostros quidam carpsere libellos,
Quorum censura Musa proterva mea est.
Dummodo sic placeam, dum toto canter in orbe,
Quamlibet impugnent unus et alter opus.
Ingenium magni livor detractat Homeri: 365
Quisquis es, ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.
Et tua sacrilegae laniarunt carmina linguae,

Pertulit huc victos quo duce Troia deos.
Summa petit livor; perflant altissima venti:
Summa petunt dextra fulmina missa Iovis. 370
At tu, quicumque es, quem nostra licentia laedit,
Si sapis, ad numeros exige quidque suos.
Fortia Maeonio gaudent pede bella referri;
Deliciis illic quis locus esse potest?
Grande sonant tragici; tragicos decet ira cothurnos: 375
Usibus e mediis soccus habendus erit.
Liber in adversos hostes stringatur iambus,
Seu celer, extremum seu trahat ille pedem.
Blanda pharetratos Elegia cantet Amores,
Et levis arbitrio ludat amica suo. 380
Callimachi numeris non est dicendus Achilles,
Cydyippe non est oris, Homere, tui.
Quis feret Andromaches peragentem Thaida partes?
Peccet, in Andromache Thaida quisquis agat.
Thais in arte mea est; lascivia libera nostra est; 385
Nil mihi cum vitta; Thais in arte mea est.
Si mea materiae respondet Musa iocosae,
Vicimus, et falsi criminis acta rea est.
Rumpere, Livor edax: magnum iam nomen habemus;
Maius erit, tantum quo pede coepit eat. 390
Sed nimium properas: vivam modo, plura dolebis;
Et capiunt animi carmina multa mei.
Nam iuvat et studium famae mihi crevit honore;
Principio clivi noster anhelat equus.
Tantum se nobis elegi debere fatentur, 395
Quantum Vergilio nobile debet epos.
Hactenus invidiae respondimus: attrahe lora
Fortius, et gyro curre, poeta, tuo.
Ergo ubi concubitus et opus iuvenale petetur,
Et prope promissae tempora noctis erunt, 400
Gaudia ne dominae, pleno si corpore sumes,
Te capiant, in eas quamlibet ante velim;
Quamlibet invenias, in qua tua prima voluptas
Desinat: a prima proxima segnis erit.

Sustentata venus gratissima; frigore soles, 405
Sole iuvant umbrae, grata fit unda siti.
Et pudet, et dicam: venerem quoque iunge figura,
Qua minime iungi quamque decere putas.
Nec labor efficere est: rarae sibi vera fatentur,
Et nihil est, quod se dedecuisse putent. 410
Tunc etiam iubeo totas aperire fenestras,
Turpiaque admisso membra notare die.
At simul ad metas venit finita voluptas,
Lassaque cum tota corpora mente iacent,
Dum piget, et malis nullam tetigisse puellam, 415
Tactusque tibi non videre diu,
Tunc animo signa, quaecumque in corpore menda est,
Luminaque in vitiis illius usque tene.
Forsitan haec aliquis (nam sunt quoque) parva vocabit,
Sed, quae non prosunt singula, multa iuvant. 420
Parva necat morsu spatiosum vipera taurum:
A cane non magno saepe tenetur aper.
Tu tantum numero pugna, praeceptaque in unum
Contrahe: de multis grandis acervus erit.
Sed quoniam totidem mores totidemque figurae, 425
Non sunt iudiciis omnia danda meis.
Quo tua non possunt offendi pectora facto,
Forsitan hoc alio iudice crimen erit.
Ille quod obscenas in aperto corpore partes
Viderat, in cursu qui fuit, haesit amor: 430
Ille quod a Veneris rebus surgente puella
Vidit in immundo signa pudenda toro.
Luditis, o siquos potuerunt ista movere:
Adflarant tepidae pectora vestra faces.
Adtrahat ille puer contentos fortius arcus: 435
Saucia maiorem turba petetis opem.
Quid, qui clam latuit reddente obscena puella,
Et vidit, quae mos ipse videre vetat?
Di melius, quam nos moneamus talia quemquam!
Ut prosint, non sunt expedienda tamen. 440
Hortor et, ut pariter binas habeatis amicas

(Fortior est, plures si quis habere potest):
Secta bipertito cum mens discurrit utroque,
Alterius vires subtrahit alter amor.
Grandia per multos tenuantur flumina rivos, 445
Saevaue diducto stipite flamma perit.
Non satis una tenet ceratas ancora puppes,
Nec satis est liquidis unicus hamus aquis:
Qui sibi iam pridem solacia bina paravit,
Iam pridem summa victor in arce fuit. 450
At tibi, qui fueris dominae male creditus uni,
Nunc saltem novus est inveniendus amor.
Pasiphaes Minos in Procride perdidit ignes:
Cessit ab Idaea coniuge victa prior.
Amphilochi frater ne Phegida semper amaret, 455
Calliroe fecit parte recepta tori.
Et Parin Oenone summos tenuisset ad annos,
Si non Oebalia paelice laesa foret.
Coniugis Odrysio placuisset forma tyranno:
Sed melior clausae forma sororis erat. 460
Quid moror exemplis, quorum me turba fatigat?
Successore novo vincitur omnis amor.
Fortius e multis mater desiderat unum,
Quam quem flens clamat 'tu mihi solus eras.'
Ac ne forte putes nova me tibi condere iura 465
(Atque utinam inventi gloria nostra foret!),
Vidit ut Atrides (quid enim non ille videret,
Cuius in arbitrio Graecia tota fuit?)
Marte suo captam Chryseida, victor amabat:
At senior stulte flebat ubique pater. 470
Quid lacrimas, odiose senex? bene convenit illis:
Officio natam laedis, inepte, tuo.
Quam postquam reddi Calchas, ope tutus Achilles,
Iusserat, et patria est illa recepta domo,
'Est' ait Atrides 'illius proxima forma, 475
Et, si prima sinat syllaba, nomen idem:
Hanc mihi, si sapiat, per se concedat Achilles:
Si minus, imperium sentiat ille meum.

Quod siquis vestrum factum hoc incusat, Achivi,
Est aliquid valida sceptrum tenere manu. 480
Nam si rex ego sum, nec mecum dormiat ulla,
In mea Thersites regna, licebit, eat.
Dixit, et hanc habuit solacia magna prioris,
Et posita est cura cura repulsa nova.
Ergo adsume novas auctore Agamemnone flammam, 485
Ut tuus in bivio distineatur amor.
Quaeris, ubi invenias? artes tu perlege nostras:
Plena puellarum iam tibi navis erit.
Quod siquid praecepta valent mea, siquid Apollo
Utile mortales perdocet ore meo, 490
Quamvis infelix media torreberis Aetna,
Frigidior glacie fac videare tuae:
Et sanum simula, ne, siquid forte dolebis,
Sentiat; et ride, cum tibi flendus eris.
Non ego te iubeo medias abrumpere curas: 495
Non sunt imperii tam fera iussa mei.
Quod non es, simula, positosque imitare furores:
Sic facies vere, quod meditatus eris.
Saepe ego, ne biberem, volui dormire videri:
Dum videor, somno lumina victa dedi: 500
Deceptum risi, qui se simularat amare,
In laqueos auceps decideratque suos.
Intrat amor mentes usu, dediscitur usu:
Qui poterit sanum fingere, sanus erit.
Dixerit, ut venias: pacta tibi nocte venito; 505
Veneris, et fuerit ianua clausa: feres.
Nec dic blanditias, nec fac convicia posti,
Nec latus in duro limine pone tuum.
Postera lux aderit: careant tua verba querellis,
Et nulla in vultu signa dolentis habe. 510
Iam ponet fastus, cum te languere videbit:
Hoc etiam nostra munus ab arte feres.
Te quoque falle tamen, nec sit tibi finis amandi
Propositus: frenis saepe repugnat equus.
Utilitas lateat; quod non profitebere, fiet: 515

Quae nimis apparent retia, vitat avis.
Nec sibi tam placeat, nec te contemnere possit;
Sume animos, animis cedat ut illa tuis.
Ianua forte patet? quamvis revocabere, transi.
Est data nox? dubita nocte venire data. 520
Posse pati facile est, ubi, si patientia desit,
Protinus ex facili gaudia ferre licet.
Et quisquam praecepta potest mea dura vocare?
En, etiam partes conciliantis ago.
Nam quoniam variant animi, variabimus artes; 525
Mille mali species, mille salutis erunt.
Corpora vix ferro quaedam sanantur acuto:
Auxilium multis sucus et herba fuit.
Mollior es, neque abire potes, vinctusque teneris,
Et tua saevus Amor sub pede colla premit? 530
Desine luctari: referant tua carbasa venti,
Quaque vocant fluctus, hac tibi remus eat.
Explenda est sitis ista tibi, quo perditus ardes;
Cedimus; e medio iam licet amne bibas:
Sed bibe plus etiam, quam quod praecordia poscunt, 535
Guttare fac pleno sumpta redundet aqua.
I, fruire usque tua, nullo prohibente, puella:
Illa tibi noctes auferat, illa dies.
Taedia quaere mali: faciunt et taedia finem.
Iam quoque, cum credes posse carere, mane, 540
Dum bene te cumules et copia tollat amorem,
Et fastidita non iuvet esse domo.
Fit quoque longus amor, quem diffidentia nutrit:
Hunc tu si quaeres ponere, pone metum.
Qui timet, ut sua sit, ne quis sibi detrahat illam, 545
Ille Machaonia vix ope sanus erit.
Plus amat e natis mater plerumque duobus,
Pro cuius reditu, quod gerit arma, timet.
Est prope Collinam templum venerabile portam;
Inposuit templo nomina celsus Eryx: 550
Est illic Lethaeus Amor, qui pectora sanat,
Inque suas gelidam lampadas addit aquam.

Illic et iuvenes votis oblivia poscunt,
Et siqua est duro capta puella viro.
Is mihi sic dixit (dubito, verusne Cupido, 555
An somnus fuerit: sed puto, somnus erat)
‘O qui sollicitos modo das, modo demis amores,
Adice praeceptis hoc quoque, Naso, tuis.
Ad mala quisque animum referat sua, ponet amorem;
Omnibus illa deus plusve minusve dedit. 560
Qui Puteal Ianumque timet celeresque Kalendas,
Torqueat hunc aeris mutua summa sui;
Cui durus pater est, ut voto cetera cedant,
Huic pater ante oculos durus habendus erit;
Hic male dotata pauper cum coniuge vivit, 565
Uxorem fato credat obesse suo.
Est tibi rure bono generosae fertilis uvae
Vinea? ne nascens usta sit uva, time.
Ille habet in reditu navim: mare semper iniquum
Cogitet et damno litora foeda suo. 570
Filius hunc miles, te filia nubilus angat;
Et quis non causas mille doloris habet?
Ut posses odisse tuam, Pari, funera fratrum
Debueras oculis substituuisse tuis.’
Plura loquebatur: placidum puerilis imago 575
Destituit somnum, si modo somnus erat.
Quid faciam? media navem Palinurus in unda
Deserit; ignotas cogor inire vias.
Quisquis amas, loca sola nocent, loca sola caveto!
Quo fugis? in populo tutior esse potes. 580
Non tibi secretis (augent secreta furores)
Est opus: auxilio turba futura tibi est.
Tristis eris, si solus eris, dominaeque relictæ
Ante oculos facies stabit, ut ipsa, tuos.
Tristior idcirco nox est quam tempora Phoebi; 585
Quae relevet luctus, turba sodalis abest.
Nec fuge conloquium, nec sit tibi ianua clausa,
Nec tenebris vultus flebilis abde tuos.
Semper habe Pyladen aliquem, qui curet Oresten:

Hic quoque amicitiae non levis usus erit. 590
 Quid, nisi secretae laeserunt Phyllida silvae?
 Certa necis causa est: incommitata fuit.
 Ibat, ut Edono referens trieterica Baccho
 Ire solet fuis barbara turba comis,
 Et modo, qua poterat, longum spectabat in aequor, 595
 Nunc in harenosa lassa iacebat humo.
 ‘Perfide Demophoon!’ surdas clamabat ad undas,
 Ruptaque singultu verba loquentis erant.
 Limes erat tenuis longa subnubilus umbra,
 Quo tulit illa suos ad mare saepe pedes. 600
 Nona terebatur miserae via: ‘viderit!’ inquit,
 Et spectat zonam pallida facta suam,
 Aspicit et ramos; dubitat, refugitque quod audet
 Et timet, et digitos ad sua colla refert.
 Sithoni, tum certe vellem non sola fuisses: 605
 Non flesset positis Phyllida silva comis.
 Phyllidis exemplo nimium secreta timete,
 Laese vir a domina, laesa puella viro.
 Praestiterat iuvenis quidquid mea Musa iubebat,
 Inque suae portu paene salutis erat: 610
 Reccidit, ut cupidos inter devenit amantes,
 Et, quae condiderat, tela resumpsit Amor.
 Siquis amas, nec vis, facito contagia vites;
 Haec etiam pecori saepe nocere solent.
 Dum spectant laesos oculi, laeduntur et ipsi, 615
 Multaque corporibus transitione nocent.
 In loca nonnumquam siccis arentia glebis
 De prope currenti flumine manat aqua:
 Manat amor tectus, si non ab amante recedas;
 Turbaque in hoc omnes ingeniosa sumus. 620
 Alter item iam sanus erat; vicinia laesit:
 Occursum dominae non tulit ille suae.
 Vulnus in antiquum rediit male firma cicatrix,
 Successumque artes non habuere meae.
 Proximus a tectis ignis defenditur aegre; 625
 Utile finitimis abstinuisse locis.

Nec quae ferre solet spatiantem porticus illam,
Te ferat, officium neve colatur idem.
Quid iuvat admonitu tepidam recalescere mentem?
Alter, si possis, orbis habendus erit. 630
Non facile esuriens posita retinebere mensa,
Et multam saliens incitat unda sitim.
Non facile est taurum visa retinere iuvenca,
Fortis equus visae semper adhinnit equae.
Haec ubi praestiteris, ut tandem litora tangas, 635
Non ipsam satis est deseruisse tibi.
Et soror et mater valeant et conscia nutrix,
Et quisquis dominae pars erit ulla tuae.
Nec veniat servus, nec flens ancillula fictum
Suppliciter dominae nomine dicat 'ave!' 640
Nec si scire voles, quid agat, tamen, illa, rogabis;
Perfer! erit lucro lingua retenta tuo.
Tu quoque, qui causam finiti reddis amoris,
Deque tua domina multa querenda refers,
Parce queri; melius sic ulciscere tacendo, 645
Ut desideriiis effluat illa tuis.
Et malim taceas quam te desisse loquaris:
Qui nimium multis 'non amo' dicit, amat.
Sed meliore fide paulatim extinguitur ignis
Quam subito; lente desine, tutus eris. 650
Flumine perpetuo torrens solet altior ire:
Sed tamen haec brevis est, illa perennis aqua.
Fallat, et in tenues evanidus exeat auras,
Perque gradus molles emoriatur amor.
Sed modo dilectam scelus est odisse puellam: 655
Exitus ingeniis convenit iste feris.
Non curare sat est: odio qui finit amorem,
Aut amat, aut aegre desinet esse miser.
Turpe vir et mulier, iuncti modo, protinus hostes;
Non illas lites Appias ipsa probat. 660
Saepe reas faciunt, et amant; ubi nulla simultas
Incidit, admonitu liber aberrat amor.
Forte aderam iuveni; dominam lectica tenebat:

Horrebant saevis omnia verba minis.
Iamque vadaturus 'lectica prodeat' inquit; 665
Prodierat: visa coniuge mutus erat.
Et manus et manibus duplices cecidere tabellae,
Venit in amplexus, atque 'ita vincis' ait.
Tutius est aptumque magis discedere pace,
Nec petere a thalamis litigiosa fora. 670
Munera quae dederas, habeat sine lite, iubeto:
Esse solent magno damna minora bono.
Quod si vos aliquis casus conducet in unum,
Mente memor tota quae damus arma, tene.
Nunc opus est armis; hic, o fortissime, pugna: 675
Vincenda est telo Penthesilea tuo.
Nunc tibi rivalis, nunc durum limen amanti,
Nunc subeant mediis inrita verba deis.
Nec compone comas, quia sis venturus ad illam,
Nec toga sit laxo conspicienda sinu. 680
Nulla sit, ut placeas alienae cura puellae;
Iam facito e multis una sit illa tibi.
Sed quid praecipue nostris conatibus obstet
Eloquar, exemplo quemque docente suo.
Desinimus tarde, quia nos speramus amari: 685
Dum sibi quisque placet, credula turba sumus.
At tu nec voces (quid enim fallacius illis?)
Crede, nec aeternos pondus habere deos.
Neve puellarum lacrimis moveare, caveto:
Ut flerent, oculos erudiere suos. 690
Artibus innumeris mens oppugnatur amantum,
Ut lapis aequoreis undique pulsus aquis.
Nec causas aperi, quare divortia malis:
Nec dic, quid doleas: clam tamen usque dole.
Nec peccata refer, ne diluat: ipse favebis, 695
Ut melior causa causa sit illa tua.
Qui silet, est firmus; qui dicit multa puellae
Probra, satisfieri postulat ille sibi.
Non ego Dulichio furari more sagittas,
Nec raptas ausim tinguere in amne faces: 700

Nec nos purpureas pueri resecabimus alas,
 Nec sacer arte mea laxior arcus erit.
 Consilium est, quodcumque cano: parete canenti,
 Tuque, favens coeptis, Phoebe saluber, ades.
 Phoebus adest: sonuere lyrae, sonuere pharetrae; 705
 Signa deum nosco per sua: Phoebus adest.
 Confer Amyclaeis medicatum vellus aenis
 Murice cum Tyrio; turpius illud erit:
 Vos quoque formosis vestras conferte puellas;
 Incipiet dominae quemque pudere suae: 710
 Utraque formosae Paridi potuere videri,
 Sed sibi conlatam vicit utramque Venus.
 Nec solam faciem, mores quoque confer et artes:
 Tantum iudicio ne tuus obsit amor.
 Exiguum est, quod deinde canam; sed profuit illud 715
 Exiguum multis: in quibus ipse fui.
 Scripta cave relegas blandae servata puellae:
 Constantes animos scripta relecta movent.
 Omnia pone feros (pones invitus) in ignes,
 Et dic 'ardoris sit rogos iste mei.' 720
 Thestias absentem succendit stipite natum:
 Tu timide flammae perfida verba dabis?
 Si potes, et ceras remove: quid imagine muta
 Carperis? hoc periit Laodamia modo.
 Et loca saepe nocent; fugito loca conscia vestri 725
 Concubitus; causas illa doloris habent.
 'Hic fuit, hic cubuit; thalamo dormivimus illo:
 Hic mihi lasciva gaudia nocte dedit.'
 Admonitu refricatur amor, vulnusque novatum
 Scinditur: infirmis culpa pusilla nocet. 730
 Ut, paene extinctum cinerem si sulphure tangas,
 Vivet et e minimo maximus ignis erit,
 Sic, nisi vitaris quidquid renovabit amorem,
 Flamma redardescet, quae modo nulla fuit.
 Argolides cuperent fugisse Capherea puppes, 735
 Teque, senex, luctus ignibus ulte tuos.
 Praeterita cautus Niseide navita gaudet:

Tu loca, quae nimium grata fuere, cave.
Haec tibi sint Syrtes: haec Acroceraunia vita:
Hic vomit epotas dira Charybdis aquas. 740
Sunt quae non possunt aliquo cogente iuberi,
Saepe tamen casu facta iuvare solent.
Perdat opes Phaedra, parces, Neptune, nepoti,
Nec faciet pavidos taurus avitus equos.
Cnosida fecisses inopem, sapienter amasset: 745
Divitiis alitur luxuriosus amor.
Cur nemo est, Hecalen, nulla est, quae ceperit Iron?
Nempe quod alter egens, altera pauper erat.
Non habet, unde suum paupertas pascat amorem:
Non tamen hoc tanti est, pauper ut esse velis. 750
At tanti tibi sit non indulgere theatri,
Dum bene de vacuo pectore cedat amor.
Enervant animos citharae lotosque lyraeque
Et vox et numeris brachia mota suis.
Illic adsidue ficti saltantur amantes: 755
Quod caveas, actor, quam iuvet, arte docet.
Eloquar invitus: teneros ne tange poetas!
Summoveo dotes impius ipse meas.
Callimachum fugito: non est inimicus Amori:
Et cum Callimacho tu quoque, Coe, noces. 760
Me certe Sappho meliorem fecit amicae,
Nec rigidos mores Teia Musa dedit.
Carmina quis potuit tuto legisse Tibulli,
Vel tua, cuius opus Cynthia sola fuit?
Quis poterit lecto durus discedere Gallo? 765
Et mea nescio quid carmina tale sonant.
Quod nisi dux operis vatem frustratur Apollo,
Aemulus est nostri maxima causa mali:
At tu rivalem noli tibi fingere quemquam,
Inque suo solam crede iacere toro. 770
Acrius Hermionen ideo dilexit Orestes,
Esse quod alterius coeperat illa viri.
Quid, Menelae, doles? ibas sine coniuge Creten,
Et poteras nupta lentus abesse tua.

Ut Paris hanc rapuit, nunc demum uxore carere 775
Non potes: alterius crevit amore tuus.
Hoc et in abducta Briseide flebat Achilles,
Illam Plisthenio gaudia ferre viro;
Nec frustra flebat, mihi credite: fecit Atrides,
Quod si non faceret, turpiter esset iners. 780
Certe ego fecissem, nec sum sapientior illo:
Invidiae fructus maximus ille fuit.
Nam sibi quod numquam tactam Briseida iurat
Per sceptrum, sceptrum non putat esse deos.
Di faciant, possis dominae transire relictæ 785
Limina, proposito sufficiantque pedes.
Et poteris; modo velle tene: nunc fortiter ire,
Nunc opus est celeri subdere calcar equo.
Illo Lotophagos, illo Sirenas in antro
Esse puta; remis adice vela tuis. 790
Hunc quoque, quo quondam nimium rivale dolebas,
Vellem desineres hostis habere loco.
At certe, quamvis odio remanente, saluta;
Oscula cum poteris iam dare, sanus eris.
Ecce, cibos etiam, medicinae fungar ut omni 795
Munere, quos fugias quosque sequare, dabo.
Daunius, an Libycis bulbus tibi missus ab oris,
An veniat Megaris, noxius omnis erit.
Nec minus erucas aptum vitare salaces,
Et quicquid Veneri corpora nostra parat. 800
Utilius sumas acuentes lumina rutas,
Et quidquid Veneri corpora nostra negat.
Quid tibi praecipiam de Bacchi munere, quaeris?
Spe brevius monitis expediere meis.
Vina parant animum Veneri, nisi plurima sumas 805
Et stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.
Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis:
Lenis alit flammæ, grandior aura necat.
Aut nulla ebrietas, aut tanta sit, ut tibi curas
Eripiat; siqua est inter utrumque, nocet. 810
Hoc opus exegi: fessae date sarta carinae;

Contigimus portus, quo mihi cursus erat.
Postmodo reddetis sacro pia vota poetae,
Carminē sanati femina virque meo.

METAMORPHOSES

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LIBER PRIMVS

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
corpora; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi
ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!

Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum 5
unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe,
quem dixere chaos: rudis indigestaque moles
nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem
non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum.
nullus adhuc mundo praebebat lumina Titan, 10
nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebe,
nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
ponderibus librata suis, nec bracchia longo
margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite;
utque erat et tellus illic et pontus et aer, 15
sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda,
lucis egens aer; nulli sua forma manebat,
obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
frigida pugnabant calidis, umentia siccis,
mollia cum duris, sine pondere, habentia pondus. 20

Hanc deus et melior litem natura diremit.
nam caelo terras et terris abscidit undas
et liquidum spisso secrevit ab aere caelum.
quae postquam evolvit caecoque exemit acervo,
dissociata locis concordiae pace ligavit: 25
igneae convexi vis et sine pondere caeli
emicuit summaque locum sibi fecit in arce;
proximus est aer illi levitate locoque;
densior his tellus elementaque grandia traxit
et pressa est gravitate sua; circumfluitumor 30
ultima possedit solidumque coercuit orbem.

Sic ubi dispositam quisquis fuit ille deorum
congeriem secuit sectamque in membra coegit,
principio terram, ne non aequalis ab omni

parte foret, magni speciem glomeravit in orbis. 35
tum freta diffundi rapidisque tumescere ventis
iussit et ambitae circumdare litora terrae;
addidit et fontes et stagna immensa lacusque
fluminaque obliquis cinxit declivia ripis,
quae, diversa locis, partim sorbentur ab ipsa, 40
in mare perveniunt partim campoque recepta
liberioris aquae pro ripis litora pulsant.
iussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
fronde tegi silvas, lapidosos surgere montes,
utque duae dextra caelum totidemque sinistra 45
parte secant zonae, quinta est ardentior illis,
sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
cura dei, totidemque plagae tellure premuntur.
quarum quae media est, non est habitabilis aestu;
nix tegit alta duas; totidem inter utramque locavit 50
temperiemque dedit mixta cum frigore flamma.

Inminet his aer, qui, quanto est pondere terrae
pondus aquae levius, tanto est onerosior igni.
illic et nebulas, illic consistere nubes
iussit et humanas motura tonitrua mentes 55
et cum fulminibus facientes fulgura ventos.

His quoque non passim mundi fabricator habendum
aera permisit; vix nunc obsistitur illis,
cum sua quisque regat diverso flamina tractu,
quin lanient mundum; tanta est discordia fratrum. 60
Eurus ad Auroram Nabataeaeque regna recessit
Persidaeque et radiis iuga subdita matutinis;
vesper et occiduo quae litora sole tepescunt,
proxima sunt Zephyro; Scythiam septemque triones
horrifer invasit Boreas; contraria tellus 65
nubibus adsiduis pluviaque madescit ab Austro.
haec super inposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
aethera nec quicquam terrenae faecis habentem.

Vix ita limitibus dissaepserat omnia certis,
cum, quae pressa diu fuerant caligine caeca, 70
sidera coeperunt toto effervescere caelo;

neu regio foret ulla suis animalibus orba,
astra tenent caeleste solum formaeque deorum,
cesserunt nitidis habitandae piscibus undae,
terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis aer. 75

Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altae
deerat adhuc et quod dominari in cetera posset:
natus homo est, sive hunc divino semine fecit
ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo,
sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto 80
aethere cognati retinebat semina caeli.
quam satus Iapeto, mixtam pluvialibus undis,
finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum,
pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
os homini sublime dedit caelumque videre 85
iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus:
sic, modo quae fuerat rudis et sine imagine, tellus
induit ignotas hominum conversa figuras.

Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindice nullo,
sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat. 90
poena metusque aberant, nec verba minantia fixo
aere legebantur, nec supplex turba timebat
iudicis ora sui, sed erant sine vindice tuti.
nondum caesa suis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem,
montibus in liquidas pinus descenderat undas, 95
nullaque mortales praeter sua litora norant;
nondum praecipites cingebant oppida fossae;
non tuba directi, non aeris cornua flexi,
non galeae, non ensis erat: sine militis usu
mollia securae peragebant otia gentes. 100
ipsa quoque immunis rastroque intacta nec ullis
saucia vomeribus per se dabat omnia tellus,
contentique cibus nullo cogente creatis
arbuteos fetus montanaque fraga legebant
cornaque et in duris haerentia mora rubetis 105
et quae deciderant patula Iovis arbore glandes.
ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris
mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores;

mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,
nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis; 110
flumina iam lactis, iam flumina nectaris ibant,
flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

Postquam Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso
sub Iove mundus erat, subiit argentea proles,
auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior aere. 115
Iuppiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris
perque hiemes aestusque et inaequalis autumnos
et breve ver spatiis exegit quattuor annum.
tum primum siccis aer fervoribus ustus
canduit, et ventis glacies adstricta pependit; 120
tum primum subiere domos; domus antra fuerunt
et densi frutices et vinctae cortice virgae.
semina tum primum longis Cerealia sulcis
obruta sunt, pressique iugo gemuere iuveni.

Tertia post illam successit aenea proles, 125
saevior ingeniis et ad horrida promptior arma,
non scelerata tamen; de duro est ultima ferro.
protinus inrupit venae peioris in aevum
omne nefas: fugere pudor verumque fidesque;
in quorum subiere locum fraudesque dolusque 130
insidiaeque et vis et amor sceleratus habendi.
vela dabant ventis nec adhuc bene noverat illos
navita, quaeque prius steterant in montibus altis,
fluctibus ignotis insultavere carinae,
communemque prius ceu lumina solis et auras 135
cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.
nec tantum segetes alimentaue debita dives
poscebatur humus, sed itum est in viscera terrae,
quasque recondiderat Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
effodiuntur opes, inritamenta malorum. 140
iamque nocens ferrum ferroque nocentius aurum
prodierat, prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
sanguineaue manu crepitantia concutit arma.
vivitur ex raptō: non hospes ab hospite tutus,
non socer a genero, fratrum quoque gratia rara est; 145

inminet exitio vir coniugis, illa mariti,
lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercae,
filius ante diem patrios inquit in annos:
victa iacet pietas, et virgo caede madentis
ultima caelestum terras Astraea reliquit. 150

Neve foret terris securior arduus aether,
adfectasse ferunt regnum caeleste gigantas
altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montis.
tum pater omnipotens misso perfregit Olympum
fulmine et excussit subiecto Pelion Ossae. 155
obruta mole sua cum corpora dira iacerent,
perfusam multo natorum sanguine Terram
immaduisse ferunt calidumque animasse cruorem
et, ne nulla suae stirpis monumenta manerent,
in faciem vertisse hominum; sed et illa propago 160
contemptrix superum saevaeque avidissima caedis
et violenta fuit: scires e sanguine natos.

Quae pater ut summa vidit Saturnius arce,
ingemit et facto nondum vulgata recenti
foeda Lycaoniae referens convivia mensae 165
ingentes animo et dignas Iove concipit iras
conciliumque vocat: tenuit mora nulla vocatos.

Est via sublimis, caelo manifesta sereno;
lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.
hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis 170
regalemque domum: dextra laevaque deorum
atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.
plebs habitat diversa locis: hac parte potentes
caelicolae clarique suos posuere penates;
hic locus est, quem, si verbis audacia detur, 175
haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.

Ergo ubi marmoreo superi sedere recessu,
celsior ipse loco sceptroque innixus eburno
terrificam capitis concussit terque quaterque
caesariem, cum qua terram, mare, sidera movit. 180
talibus inde modis ora indignantia solvit:
‘non ego pro mundi regno magis anxius illa

tempestate fui, qua centum quisque parabat
inicere anguipedum captivo bracchia caelo.
nam quamquam ferus hostis erat, tamen illud ab uno 185
corpore et ex una pendebat origine bellum;
nunc mihi qua totum Nereus circumsonat orbem,
perdendum est mortale genus: per flumina iuro
infera sub terras Stygio labentia luco!
cuncta prius temptanda, sed inmedicabile curae 190
ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.
sunt mihi semidei, sunt, rustica numina, nymphae
faunique satyrique et monticolae silvani;
quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore,
quas dedimus, certe terras habitare sinamus. 195
an satis, o superi, tutos fore creditis illos,
cum mihi, qui fulmen, qui vos habeoque regoque,
struxerit insidias notus feritate Lycaon?’

Confremuere omnes studiisque ardentibus ausum
taliam deposcunt: sic, cum manus in pia saevit 200
sanguine Caesareo Romanum exstinguere nomen,
attonitum tantae subito terrore ruinae
humanum genus est totusque perhorruit orbis;
nec tibi grata minus pietas, Auguste, tuorum
quam fuit illa Iovi. qui postquam voce manuque 205
murmura compressit, tenuere silentia cuncti.
substitit ut clamor pressus gravitate regentis,
Iuppiter hoc iterum sermone silentia rupit:
‘ille quidem poenas (curam hanc dimittite!) solvit;
quod tamen admissum, quae sit vindicta, docebo. 210
contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
quam cupiens falsam summo delabor Olympo
et deus humana lustris sub imagine terras.
longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum,
enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero. 215
Maenala transieram latebris horrenda ferarum
et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycae:
Arcadis hinc sedes et inhospita tecta tyranni
ingredior, traherent cum sera crepuscula noctem.

signa dedi venisse deum, vulgusque precari 220
coeperat: inridet primo pia vota Lycaon,
mox ait “experiar deus hic discrimine aperto
an sit mortalis: nec erit dubitabile verum.”
nocte gravem somno necopina perdere morte
comparat: haec illi placet experientia veri; 225
nec contentus eo, missi de gente Molossa
obsidis unius iugulum mucrone resolvit
atque ita semineces partim ferventibus artus
mollit aquis, partim subiecto torruit igni.
quod simul inposuit mensis, ego vindice flamma 230
in domino dignos everti tecta penates;
territus ipse fugit nactusque silentia ruris
exululat frustra loqui conatur: ab ipso
colligit os rabiem solitaeque cupidine caedis
vertitur in pecudes et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet. 235
in villos abeunt vestes, in crura lacerti:
fit lupo et veteris servat vestigia formae;
canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultus,
idem oculi lucent, eadem feritatis imago est.
occidit una domus, sed non domus una perire 240
digna fuit: qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinys.
in facinus iurasse putes! dent ocios omnes,
quas meruere pati, (sic stat sententia) poenas.’

Dicta Iovis pars voce probant stimulosque frementi
adiiungunt, alii partes adsensibus implent. 245
est tamen humani generis iactura dolori
omnibus, et quae sit terrae mortalibus orbae
forma futura rogant, quis sit laturus in aras
tura, ferisne paret populandas tradere terras.
taliam quaerentes (sibi enim fore cetera curae) 250
rex superum trepidare vetat subolemque priori
dissimilem populo promittit origine mira.

Iamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras;
sed timuit, ne forte sacer tot ab ignibus aether
conciperet flammas longusque ardesceret axis: 255
esse quoque in fati reminiscitur, adfore tempus,

quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia caeli
ardeat et mundi moles obsessa laboret.
tela reponuntur manibus fabricata cyclopum;
poena placet diversa, genus mortale sub undis 260
perdere et ex omni nimbos demittere caelo.

Protinus Aeoliis Aquilonem claudit in antris
et quaecumque fugant inductas flamina nubes
emittitque Notum. madidis Notus evolat alis,
terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum; 265
barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis;
fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaeque sinusque.
utque manu lata pendentia nubila pressit,
fit fragor: hinc densi funduntur ab aethere nimbi;
nuntia Iunonis varios induta colores 270
concepit Iris aquas alimentaque nubibus adfert.
sternuntur segetes et deplorata coloni
vota iacent, longique perit labor inritus anni.

Nec caelo contenta suo est Iovis ira, sed illum
caeruleus frater iuvat auxiliaribus undis. 275
convocat hic amnes: qui postquam tecta tyranni
intravere sui, 'non est hortamine longo
nunc' ait 'utendum; vires effundite vestras:
sic opus est! aperite domos ac mole remota
fluminibus vestris totas inmittite habenas!' 280
iusserat; hi redeunt ac fontibus ora relaxant
et defrenato volvuntur in aequora cursu.

Ipse tridente suo terram percussit, at illa
intremuit motuque vias patefecit aquarum.
exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos 285
cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque virosque
tectaque cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris.
si qua domus mansit potuitque resistere tanto
indeiecta malo, culmen tamen altior huius
unda tegit, pressaeque latent sub gurgite turres. 290
iamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant:
omnia pontus erant, derant quoque litora ponto.

Occupat hic collem, cumba sedet alter adunca

et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper arabat:
ille supra segetes aut mersae culmina villae 295
navigat, hic summa piscem deprendit in ulmo.
figitur in viridi, si fors tulit, ancora prato,
aut subiecta terunt curvae vineta carinae;
et, modo qua graciles gramen carpsere capellae,
nunc ibi deformes ponunt sua corpora phocae. 300
mirantur sub aqua lucos urbesque domosque
Nereides, silvasque tenent delphines et altis
incursant ramis agitataque robora pulsant.
nat lupus inter oves, fulvos vehit unda leones,
unda vehit tigres; nec vires fulminis apro, 305
crura nec ablato prosunt velocia cervo,
quaesitisque diu terris, ubi sistere possit,
in mare lassatis volucris vaga decidit alis.
obruerat tumulos inmensa licentia ponti,
pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus. 310
maxima pars unda rapitur; quibus unda pepercit,
illos longa domant inopi ieiunia victu.

Separat Aonios Oetaeis Phocis ab arvis,
terra ferax, dum terra fuit, sed tempore in illo
pars maris et latus subitarum campus aquarum. 315
mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
nomine Parnasos, superantque cacumina nubes.
hic ubi Deucalion (nam cetera texerat aequor)
cum consorte tori parva rate vectus adhaesit,
Corycidas nymphas et numina montis adorant 320
fatidicamque Themis, quae tunc oracla tenebat:
non illo melior quisquam nec amantior aequi
vir fuit aut illa metuentior ulla deorum.
Iuppiter ut liquidis stagnare paludibus orbem
et superesse virum de tot modo milibus unum, 325
et superesse vidit de tot modo milibus unam,
innocuos ambo, cultores numinis ambo,
nubila disiecit nimbisque aquilone remotis
et caelo terras ostendit et aethera terris.
nec maris ira manet, positoque tricuspede telo 330

mulcet aquas rector pelagi supraque profundum
exstantem atque umeros innato murice tectum
caeruleum Tritona vocat conchaeque sonanti
inspirare iubet fluctusque et flumina signo
iam revocare dato: cava bucina sumitur illi, 335
tortilis in latum quae turbine crescit ab imo,
bucina, quae medio concepit ubi aera ponto,
litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebo;
tum quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba
contigit et cecinit iussos inflata receptus, 340
omnibus audita est telluris et aequoris undis,
et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.
iam mare litus habet, plenos capit alveus amnes,
flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur;
surgit humus, crescunt sola decrescentibus undis, 345
postque diem longam nudata cacumina silvae
ostendunt limumque tenent in fronde relictum

Redditus orbis erat; quem postquam vidit inanem
et desolatas agere alta silentia terras,
Deucalion lacrimis ita Pyrrham adfatur obortis: 350
‘o soror, o coniunx, o femina sola superstes,
quam commune mihi genus et patruelis origo,
deinde torus iunxit, nunc ipsa pericula iungunt,
terrarum, quascumque vident occasus et ortus,
nos duo turba sumus; possedit cetera pontus. 355
haec quoque adhuc vitae non est fiducia nostrae
certa satis; terrent etiamnum nubila mentem.
quis tibi, si sine me fatis erepta fuisses,
nunc animus, miseranda, foret? quo sola timorem
ferre modo posses? quo consolante doleres! 360
namque ego (crede mihi), si te quoque pontus haberet,
te sequerer, coniunx, et me quoque pontus haberet.
o utinam possim populos reparare paternis
artibus atque animas formatae infundere terrae!
nunc genus in nobis restat mortale duobus. 365
sic visum superis: hominumque exempla manemus.’
dixerat, et flebant: placuit caeleste precari

numen et auxilium per sacras quaerere sortes.
nulla mora est: adeunt pariter Cephesidas undas,
ut nondum liquidas, sic iam vada nota secantes. 370
inde ubi libatos inroravere liquores
vestibus et capiti, flectunt vestigia sanctae
ad delubra deae, quorum fastigia turpi
pallebant musco stabantque sine ignibus arae.
ut templi tetigere gradus, procumbit uterque 375
pronus humi gelidoque pavens dedit oscula saxo
atque ita 'si precibus' dixerunt 'numina iustis
victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum,
dic, Themis, qua generis damnum reparabile nostri
arte sit, et mersis fer opem, mitissima, rebus!' 380

Mota dea est sortemque dedit: 'discedite templo
et velate caput cinctasque resolvite vestes
ossaque post tergum magnae iactate parentis!'
obstupere diu: rumpitque silentia voce
Pyrrha prior iussisque deae parere recusat, 385
detque sibi veniam pavido rogat ore pavetque
laedere iactatis maternas ossibus umbras.
interea repetunt caecis obscura latebris
verba datae sortis secum inter seque volutant.
inde Promethides placidis Epimethida dictis 390
mulcet et 'aut fallax' ait 'est sollertia nobis,
aut (pia sunt nullumque nefas oracula suadent!)
magna parens terra est: lapides in corpore terrae
ossa reor dici; iacere hos post terga iubemur.'

Coniugis augurio quamquam Titania mota est, 395
spes tamen in dubio est: adeo caelestibus ambo
diffidunt monitis; sed quid temptare nocebit?
descendunt: velantque caput tunicasque recingunt
et iussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.
saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?) 400
ponere duritiem coepere suumque rigorem
mollirique mora mollitaque ducere formam.
mox ubi creverunt naturaque mitior illis
contigit, ut quaedam, sic non manifesta videri

forma potest hominis, sed uti de marmore coepta 405
non exacta satis rudibusque simillima signis,
quae tamen ex illis aliquo pars umida suco
et terrena fuit, versa est in corporis usum;
quod solidum est flectique nequit, mutatur in ossa,
quae modo vena fuit, sub eodem nomine mansit, 410
inque brevi spatio superiorum numine saxa
missa viri manibus faciem traxere virorum
et de femineo reparata est femina iactu.
inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum
et documenta damus qua simus origine nati. 415

Cetera diversis tellus animalia formis
sponte sua peperit, postquam vetus umor ab igne
percaluit solis, caenumque udaeque paludes
intumuerunt aestu, fecundaque semina rerum
vivaci nutrita solo ceu matris in alvo 420
creverunt faciemque aliquam cepere morando.
sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluus agros
Nilus et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo
aetherioque recens exarsit sidere limus,
plurima cultores versis animalia glaebis 425
inveniunt et in his quaedam modo coepta per ipsum
nascendi spatium, quaedam imperfecta suisque
trunca vident numeris, et eodem in corpore saepe
altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus.
quippe ubi temperiem sumpsere umorque calorque, 430
conciunt, et ab his oriuntur cuncta duobus,
cumque sit ignis aquae pugna, vapor umidus omnes
res creat, et discors concordia fetibus apta est.
ergo ubi diluvio tellus lutulenta recenti
solibus aetheriis altoque recanduit aestu, 435
edidit innumeras species; partimque figuras
rettulit antiquas, partim nova monstra creavit.

Illa quidem nolle, sed te quoque, maxime Python,
tum genuit, populisque novis, incognita serpens,
terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas. 440
hunc deus arcitenens, numquam letalibus armis

ante nisi in dammis capreisque fugacibus usus,
mille gravem telis exhausta paene pharetra
perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.
neve operis famam posset delere vetustas, 445
instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos,
Pythia de domitae serpentis nomine dictos.
hic iuvenum quicumque manu pedibusve rotave
vicerat, aesculeae capiebat frondis honorem.
nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine 450
tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira,
Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo 455
‘quid’ que ‘tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus armis?’
dixerat: ‘ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis. 460
tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores
inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras!’
filius huic Veneris ‘figat tuus omnia, Phoebe,
te meus arcus’ ait; ‘quantoque animalia cedunt
cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra.’ 465
dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis
inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
quod facit, auratum est et cuspidem fulget acuta, 470
quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine plumbum.
hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit, at illo
laesit Apollineas traiecit per ossa medullas;
protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
silvarum latebris captivarumque ferarum 475
exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebe:
vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.
multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes

inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat
nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat. 480
saepe pater dixit: 'generum mihi, filia, debes,'
saepe pater dixit: 'debes mihi, nata, nepotes';
illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales
pulchra verecundo suffuderat ora rubore
inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis 485
'da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime,' dixit
'virginitate frui! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae.'
ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas
esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat:
Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes, 490
quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,
utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis,
ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator
vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,
sic deus in flammis abiit, sic pectore toto 495
uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.
spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos
et 'quid, si comantur?' ait. videt igne micantes
sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non
est vidisse satis; laudat digitosque manusque 500
bracciaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos;
si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit ocior aura
illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit:
'nympha, precor, Penei, mane! non insequor hostis;
nympha, mane! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem, 505
sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae,
hostes quaeque suos: amor est mihi causa sequendi!
me miserum! ne prona cadas indignave laedi
crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris!
aspera, qua properas, loca sunt: moderatius, oro, 510
curre fugamque inhibe, moderatius insequar ipse.
cui placeas, inquire tamen: non incola montis,
non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregesque
horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis,
quem fugias, ideoque fugis: mihi Delphica tellus 515

et Claros et Tenedos Patareaque regia servit;
Iuppiter est genitor; per me, quod eritque fuitque
estque, patet; per me concordant carmina nervis.
certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta
certior, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit! 520
inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.
ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis
nec prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes!’

Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 525
fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit,
tum quoque visa decens; nudabant corpora venti,
obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,
et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos,
auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra 530
perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque monebat
ipse Amor, admisso sequitur vestigia passu.
ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem;
alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere 535
sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,
alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprehensus, et ipsis
morsibus eripitur tangentialiaque ora relinquit:
sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.
qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris, 540
ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis
inminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.
viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque
victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas
‘fer, pater,’ inquit ‘opem! si flumina numen habetis, 545
qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!’
[quae facit ut laedar mutando perde figuram.]
vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,
mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,
in frondem crines, in ramos brachia crescunt, 550
pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,
ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positaque in stipite dextra
sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus
complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis 555
oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.
cui deus 'at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,
arbor eris certe' dixit 'mea! semper habebunt
te coma, te citharae, te nostrae, laure, pharetrae;
tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum laeta Triumphum 560
vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;
postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos
ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum,
utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,
tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!' 565
finierat Paean: factis modo laurea ramis
adnuat utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.

Est nemus Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique claudit
silva: vocant Tempe; per quae Peneos ab imo
effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis 570
deiectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
nubila conduit summisque adspergine silvis
inpluit et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat:
haec domus, haec sedes, haec sunt penetralia magni
amnis, in his residens facto de cautibus antro, 575
undis iura dabat nymphisque colentibus undas.
conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
nescia, gratentur consolenturne parentem,
populifer Sperchios et inrequietus Enipeus
Apidanosque senex lenisque Amphrysos et Aeas, 580
moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit inpetus illos,
in mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.
Inachus unus abest imoque reconditus antro
fletibus auget aquas natamque miserrimus Io
luget ut amissam: nescit, vitane fruatur 585
an sit apud manes; sed quam non invenit usquam,
esse putat nusquam atque animo peiora veretur.

Viderat a patrio redeuntem Iuppiter illam
flumine et 'o virgo Iove digna tuoque beatum

nescio quem factura toro, pete' dixerat 'umbras 590
altorum nemorum' (et nemorum monstraverat umbras)
'dum calet, et medio sol est altissimus orbe!
quodsi sola times latebras intrare ferarum,
praeside tuta deo nemorum secreta subibis,
nec de plebe deo, sed qui caelestia magna 595
sceptris manu teneo, sed qui vaga fulmina mitto.
ne fuge me!' fugiebat enim. iam pascua Lerna
consitaque arboribus Lyrcea reliquerat arva,
cum deus inducta latas caligine terras
occuluit tenuitque fugam rapuitque pudorem. 600

Interea medios Iuno despexit in Argos
et noctis faciem nebulas fecisse volucres
sub nitido mirata die, non fluminis illas
esse, nec umentis sensit tellure remitti;
atque suus coniunx ubi sit circumspicit, ut quae 605
deprent totiens iam nosset furta mariti.
quem postquam caelo non repperit, 'aut ego fallor
aut ego laedor' ait delapsaque ab aethere summo
constitit in terris nebulasque recedere iussit.
coniugis adventum praesenserat inque nitentem 610
Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille iuencam;
bos quoque formosa est. speciem Saturnia vaccae,
quamquam invita, probat nec non, et cuius et unde
quove sit armento, veri quasi nescia quaerit.
Iuppiter e terra genitam mentitur, ut auctor 615
desinat inquiri: petit hanc Saturnia munus.
quid faciat? crudele suos addicere amores,
non dare suspectum est: Pudor est, qui suadeat illinc,
hinc dissuadet Amor. victus Pudor esset Amore,
sed leve si munus sociae generisque torique 620
vacca negaretur, poterat non vacca videri!

Paelice donata non protinus exiit omnem
diva metum timuitque Iovem et fuit anxia furti,
donec Arestoridae servandam tradidit Argo.
centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat 625
inde suis vicibus capiebant bina quietem,

cetera servabant atque in statione manebant.
constiterat quocumque modo, spectabat ad Io,
ante oculos Io, quamvis aversus, habebat.
luce sinit pasci; cum sol tellure sub alta est, 630
claudit et indigno circumdat vincula collo.
frondibus arboreis et amara pascitur herba.
proque toro terrae non semper gramen habenti
incubat infelix limosaeque flumina potat.
illa etiam supplex Argo cum bracchia vellet 635
tendere, non habuit, quae bracchia tenderet Argo,
conatoque queri mugitus edidit ore
pertimuitque sonos propriaque exterrita voce est.
venit et ad ripas, ubi ludere saepe solebat,
Inachidas: rictus novaque ut conspexit in unda 640
cornua, pertimuit seque exsternata refugit.
naides ignorant, ignorat et Inachus ipse,
quae sit; at illa patrem sequitur sequiturque sorores
et patitur tangi seque admirantibus offert.
decerptas senior porrexerat Inachus herbas: 645
illa manus lambit patriisque dat oscula palmis
nec retinet lacrimas et, si modo verba sequantur,
oret opem nomenque suum casusque loquatur;
littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit,
corporis indicium mutati triste peregit. 650
‘me miserum!’ exclamat pater Inachus inque gementis
cornibus et nivea pendens cervice iuvencae
‘me miserum!’ ingeminat; ‘tunc es quaesita per omnes
nata mihi terras? tu non inventa reperta
luctus eras levior! retices nec mutua nostris 655
dicta refers, alto tantum suspiria ducis
pectore, quodque unum potes, ad mea verba remugis!
at tibi ego ignarus thalamos taedasque parabam,
spesque fuit generi mihi prima, secunda nepotum.
de grege nunc tibi vir, nunc de grege natus habendus. 660
nec finire licet tantos mihi morte dolores;
sed nocet esse deum, praeclosaque ianua leti
aeternum nostros luctus extendit in aevum.’

talia maerenti stellatus submovet Argus
ereptamque patri diversa in pascua natam 665
abstrahit. ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omnes.

Nec superum rector mala tanta Phoronidos ultra
ferre potest natumque vocat, quem lucida partu
Pleias enixa est letoque det imperat Argum. 670
parva mora est alas pedibus virgamque potenti
somniaferam sumpsisse manu tegumenque capillis.
haec ubi disposuit, patria Iove natus ab arce
desilit in terras; illic tegumenque removet
et posuit pennas, tantummodo virga retenta est: 675
hac agit, ut pastor, per devia rura capellas
dum venit abductas, et structis cantat avenis.
voce nova captus custos Iunonius ‘at tu,
quisquis es, hoc poteris mecum considerare saxo’
Argus ait; ‘neque enim pecori fecundior ullo 680
herba loco est, aptamque vides pastoribus umbram.’

Sedit Atlantiades et euntem multa loquendo
detinuit sermone diem iunctisque canendo
vincere harundinibus servantia lumina temptat.
ille tamen pugnat molles evincere somnos 685
et, quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
parte tamen vigilat. quaerit quoque (namque reperta
fistula nuper erat), qua sit ratione reperta.

Tum deus ‘Arcadiae gelidis sub montibus’ inquit
‘inter hamadryadas celeberrima Nonacrinas 690
naias una fuit: nymphae Syringa vocabant.
non semel et satyros eluserat illa sequentes
et quoscumque deos umbrosaue silva feraxque
rus habet. Ortygiam studiis ipsaque colebat
virginitate deam; ritu quoque cincta Dianae 695
falleret et posset credi Latonia, si non
corneus huic arcus, si non foret aureus illi;
sic quoque fallebat.

Redeuntem colle Lycao
Pan videt hanc pinuque caput praecinctus acuta

talia verba refert — restabat verba referre 700
et precibus spretis fugisse per avia nympham,
donec harenosi placidum Ladonis ad amnem
venerit; hic illam cursum inpedientibus undis
ut se mutarent liquidas orasse sorores,
Panaque cum prensam sibi iam Syringa putaret, 705
corpore pro nymphae calamos tenuisse palustres,
dumque ibi suspirat, motos in harundine ventos
effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti.
arte nova vocisque deum dulcedine captum
‘hoc mihi colloquium tecum’ dixisse ‘manebit,’ 710
atque ita disparibus calamis compagine cerae
inter se iunctis nomen tenuisse puellae.
talia dicturus vidit Cyllenius omnes
subcubuisse oculos adoptataque lumina somno;
supprimit extemplo vocem firmatque soporem 715
languida permulcens medicata lumina virga.
nec mora, falcato nutantem vulnerat ense,
qua collo est confine caput, saxoque cruentum
deicit et maculat praeruptam sanguine rupem.
Arge, iaces, quodque in tot lumina lumen habebas, 720
exstinctum est, centumque oculos nox occupat una.

Excipit hos volucrisque suae Saturnia pennis
collocat et gemmis caudam stellantibus inplet.
protinus exarsit nec tempora distulit irae
horriferamque oculis animoque obiecit Erinyn 725
paelicis Argolicae stimulosque in pectore caecos
condidit et profugam per totum exercuit orbem.
ultimus inmenso restabas, Nile, labori;
quem simulac tetigit, positisque in margine ripae
procubuit genibus resupinoque ardua collo, 730
quos potuit solos, tollens ad sidera vultus
et gemitu et lacrimis et luctisono mugitu
cum Iove visa queri finemque orare malorum.
coniugis ille suae complexus colla lacertis,
finiat ut poenas tandem, rogat ‘in’ que ‘futurum 735
pone metus’ inquit: ‘numquam tibi causa doloris

haec erit,' et Stygias iubet hoc audire paludes.

Ut lenita dea est, vultus capit illa priores
fitque, quod ante fuit: fugiunt e corpore saetae,
cornua decrescunt, fit luminis artior orbis, 740
contrahitur rictus, redeunt umerique manusque,
ungulaque in quinos dilapsa absumitur unguis:
de bove nil superest formae nisi candor in illa.
officioque pedum nymphe contenta duorum
erigitur metuitque loqui, ne more iuvencae 745
mugiat, et timide verba intermissa retemptat.

Nunc dea linigera colitur celeberrima turba.
huic Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem
creditur esse Iovis perque urbes iuncta parenti
templa tenet. fuit huic animis aequalis et annis 750
Sole satus Phaethon, quem quondam magna loquentem
nec sibi cedentem Phoeboque parente superbum
non tulit Inachides 'matri' que ait 'omnia demens
credis et es tumidus genitoris imagine falsi.'
erubuit Phaethon iramque pudore repressit 755
et tulit ad Clymenen Epaphi convicia matrem
'quo' que 'magis doleas, genetrix' ait, 'ille ego liber,
ille ferox tacui! pudet haec opprobria nobis
et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.
at tu, si modo sum caelesti stirpe creatus, 760
ede notam tanti generis meque adsere caelo!'
dixit et implicuit materno bracchia collo
perque suum Meropisque caput taedasque sororum
traderet oravit veri sibi signa parentis.
ambiguum Clymene precibus Phaethontis an ira 765
mota magis dicti sibi criminis utraque caelo
bracchia porrexit spectansque ad lumina solis
'per iubar hoc' inquit 'radiis insigne coruscis,
nate, tibi iuro, quod nos auditque videtque,
hoc te, quem spectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem, 770
Sole satum; si ficta loquor, neget ipse videndum
se mihi, sitque oculis lux ista novissima nostris!
nec longus labor est patrios tibi nosse penates.

unde oritur, domus est terrae contermina nostrae:
si modo fert animus, gradere et scitabere ab ipso!’ 775
emicat extemplo laetus post talia matris
dicta suae Phaethon et concipit aethera mente
Aethiopasque suos positosque sub ignibus Indos
sidereis transit patriosque adit inpiger ortus.

LIBER SECVNDVS

Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo,
cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat,
argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae.
materiam superabat opus: nam Mulciber illic 5
aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras
terrarumque orbem caelumque, quod imminet orbi.
caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum
Proteaque ambiguum ballaenarumque prementem
Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis 10
Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videtur,
pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos,
pisce vehi quaedam: facies non omnibus una,
non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.
terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque 15
fluminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris.
haec super inposita est caeli fulgentis imago,
signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.

Quo simul adclivi Clymeneia limite proles
venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis, 20
protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus
consistitque procul; neque enim propiora ferebat
lumina: purpurea velatus veste sedebat
in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.
a dextra laevaue Dies et Mensis et Annus 25
Saeculaque et positae spatiis aequalibus Horae
Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona,
stabat nuda Aestas et spicea sarta gerebat,
stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
et glacialis Hiems canos hirsuta capillos. 30

Ipse loco medius rerum novitate paventem
Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit
'quae' que 'viae tibi causa? quid hac' ait 'arce petisti,
progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti?'

ille refert: 'o lux inmensi publica mundi, 35
Phoebe pater, si das usum mihi nominis huius,
nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris!'
dixerat, at genitor circum caput omne micantes 40
deposuit radios propiusque accedere iussit
amplexumque dato 'nec tu meus esse negari
dignus es, et Clymene veros' ait 'edidit ortus,
quoque minus dubites, quodvis pete munus, ut illud
me tribuente feras! promissi testis adesto 45
dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris!'
vix bene desierat, currus rogat ille paternos
inque diem alipedum ius et moderamen equorum.

Paenituit iurasse patrem: qui terque quaterque
concutiens inlustre caput 'temeraria' dixit 50
'vox mea facta tua est; utinam promissa liceret
non dare! confiteor, solum hoc tibi, nate, negarem.
dissuadere licet: non est tua tuta voluntas!
magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis
munera convenient nec tam puerilibus annis: 55
sors tua mortalis, non est mortale, quod optas.
plus etiam, quam quod superis contingere possit,
nescius adfectas; placeat sibi quisque licebit,
non tamen ignifero quisquam consistere in axe
me valet excepto; vasti quoque rector Olympi, 60
qui fera terribili iaculatur fulmina dextra,
non agat hos currus: et quid Iove maius habemus?
ardua prima via est et qua vix mane recentes
enituntur equi; medio est altissima caelo,
unde mare et terras ipsi mihi saepe videre 65
fit timor et pavida trepidat formidine pectus;
ultima prona via est et eget moderamine certo:
tunc etiam quae me subiectis excipit undis,
ne ferar in praeceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri.
adde, quod adsidua rapitur vertigine caelum 70
sideraque alta trahit celerique volumine torquet.

nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit
inpetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
finge datos currus: quid ages? poterisne rotatis
obvius ire polis, ne te citus auferat axis? 75
forsitan et lucos illic urbesque deorum
concipias animo delubraque ditia donis
esse: per insidias iter est formasque ferarum!
utque viam teneas nulloque errore traharis,
per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri 80
Haemoniosque arcus violentique ora Leonis
saevaue circuitu curvantem bracchia longo
Scorpion atque aliter curvantem bracchia Cancrum.
nec tibi quadripedes animosos ignibus illis,
quos in pectore habent, quos ore et naribus efflant, 85
in promptu regere est: vix me patiuntur, ubi acres
incaluere animi cervixque repugnat habenis. —
at tu, funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor,
nate, cave, dum resque sinit tua corrige vota!
scilicet ut nostro genitum te sanguine credas, 90
pignora certa petis: do pignora certa timendo
et patrio pater esse metu probor. adspice vultus
ecce meos; utinamque oculos in pectora posses
inserere et patrias intus deprendere curas!
denique quidquid habet dives, circumspice, mundus 95
eque tot ac tantis caeli terraeque marisque
posce bonis aliquid; nullam patiēte repulsam.
deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine poena,
non honor est: poenam, Phaethon, pro munere poscis!
quid mea colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis? 100
ne dubita! dabitur (Stygias iuravimus undas),
quodcumque optaris; sed tu sapientius opta!’

Finierat monitus; dictis tamen ille repugnat
propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.
ergo, qua licuit, genitor cunctatus ad altos 105
deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo;

per iuga chrysolithi positaeque ex ordine gemmae
clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebō. 110

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque
perspicit, ecce vigil nitido patefecit ab ortu
purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum
atria: diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit. 115

Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit
cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae,
iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
iussa deae celeres peragunt ignemque vomentes,
ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis 120
quadripedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena.
tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati
contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammae
inposuitque comae radios praesagaque luctus
pectore sollicito repetens suspiria dixit: 125
‘si potes his saltem monitis parere parentis
parce, puer, stimulis et fortius utere loris!
sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volentes.
nec tibi directos placeat via quinque per arcus!
sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes, 130
zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
effugit australem iunctamque aquilonibus arcton:
hac sit iter — manifesta rotae vestigia cernes —
utque ferant aequos et caelum et terra calores,
nec preme nec summum molire per aethera currum! 135
altius egressus caelestia tecta cremabis,
inferius terras; medio tutissimus ibis.
neu te dexterior tortum declinet ad Anguem,
neve sinisterior pressam rota ducat ad Aram,
inter utrumque tene! Fortunae cetera mando, 140
quae iuvet et melius quam tu tibi consulat opto.
dum loquor, Hesperio positas in litore metas
umida nox tetigit; non est mora libera nobis!
poscimus: effulget tenebris Aurora fugatis.
corripe lora manu, vel, si mutabile pectus 145

est tibi, consiliis, non curribus utere nostris!
dum potes et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas,
dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes,
quae tutus spectes, sine me dare lumina terris!’

Occupat ille levem iuvenali corpore currum 150
statque super manibusque leves contingere habenas
gaudet et invito grates agit inde parenti.

Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinnitibus auras
flammiferis implent pedibusque repagula pulsant. 155
quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis,
reppulit, et facta est inmensi copia caeli,
corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis
obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati
praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros. 160
sed leve pondus erat nec quod cognoscere possent
Solis equi, solitaque iugum gravitate carebat;
utque labant curvae iusto sine pondere naves
perque mare instabiles nimia levitate feruntur,
sic onere adsueto vacuus dat in aera saltus 165
succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.

Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquunt
quadriiugi spatium nec quo prius ordine currunt.
ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas
nec scit qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet illis. 170
tum primum radiis gelidi caluere Triones
et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingui,
quaeque polo posita est glaciali proxima Serpens,
frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli,
incaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras; 175
te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote,
quamvis tardus eras et te tua plaustra tenebant.

Ut vero summo despexit ab aethere terras
infelix Phaethon penitus penitusque iacentes,
palluit et subito genua intremuere timore 180
suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen abortae,
et iam mallet equos numquam tetigisse paternos,

iam cognosse genus piget et valuisse rogando,
iam Meropis dici cupiens ita fertur, ut acta
praecipiti pinus borea, cui victa remisit 185
frena suus rector, quam dis votisque reliquit.
quid faciat? multum caeli post terga relictum,
ante oculos plus est: animo metitur utrumque
et modo, quos illi fatum contingere non est,
prospicit occasus, interdum respicit ortus, 190
quidque agat ignarus stupet et nec frena remittit
nec retinere valet nec nomina novit equorum.
sparsa quoque in vario passim miracula caelo
vastarumque videt trepidus simulacra ferarum.
est locus, in geminos ubi bracchia concavat arcus 195
Scorpius et cauda flexisque utrimque lacertis
porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum:
hunc puer ut nigri madidum sudore veneni
vulnera curvata minitantem cuspidē vidit,
mentis inops gelida formidine lora remisit. 200

Quae postquam summum tetigere iacentia tergum,
exspatiantur equi nulloque inhibente per auras
ignotae regionis eunt, quaque inpetus egit,
hac sine lege ruunt altoque sub aethere fixis
incursant stellis rapiuntque per avia currum 205
et modo summa petunt, modo per declive viasque
praecipites spatio terrae propiore feruntur,
inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna
admiratur equos, ambustaque nubila fumant.
corripitur flammis, ut quaeque altissima, tellus 210
fissaque agit rimas et sucis aret ademptis;
pabula canescunt, cum frondibus uritur arbor,
materiamque suo praebet seges arida damno.
parva queror: magnae pereunt cum moenibus urbes,
cumque suis totas populis incendia gentis 215
in cinerem vertunt; silvae cum montibus ardent;
ardet Athos Taurusque Cilix et Tmolus et Oete
et tum sicca, prius creberrima fontibus, Ide
virgineusque Helicon et nondum Oeagrius Haemus:

ardet in inmensum geminatis ignibus Aetne 220
Parnasosque biceps et Eryx et Cynthus et Othrys
et tandem nivibus Rhodope caritura Mimasque
Dindymaque et Mycale natusque ad sacra Cithaeron.
nec prosunt Scythiae sua frigora: Caucasus ardet
Ossaque cum Pindo maiorque ambobus Olympus 225
aeriaeque Alpes et nubifer Appenninus.

Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem
adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus
ferventisque auras velut e fornace profunda
ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit; 230
et neque iam cineres eiectatamque favillam
ferre potest calidoque involvitur undique fumo,
quoque eat aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus
nescit et arbitrio volucrum raptatur equorum.

Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato 235
Aethiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem;
tum facta est Libye raptis umoribus aestu
arida, tum nymphae passis fontesque lacusque
deflevire comis; quaerit Boeotia Dircen,
Argos Amymonen, Ephyre Pirenidas undas; 240
nec sortita loco distantes flumina ripas
tuta manent: mediis Tanais fumavit in undis
Peneosque senex Teuthranteusque Caicus
et celer Ismenos cum Phegiaco Erymantho
arsurusque iterum Xanthos flavusque Lycormas, 245
quique recurvatis ludit Maeandros in undis,
Mygdoniusque Melas et Taenarius Eurotas.
arsit et Euphrates Babylonius, arsit Orontes
Thermodonque citus Gangesque et Phasis et Hister;
aestuat Alpheos, ripae Spercheides ardent, 250
quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum,
et, quae Maeonias celebrabant carmine ripas
flumineae volucres, medio caluere Caystro;
Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem 255
pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles.

fors eadem Ismarios Hebrum cum Strymone siccāt
Hesperiosque amnes, Rhenum Rhodanumque Padumque
cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Thybrin.
dissilit omne solum, penetratque in Tartara rimis 260
lumen et infernum terret cum coniuge regem;
et mare contrahitur siccaeque est campus harenae,
quod modo pontus erat, quosque altum texerat aequor,
exsistunt montes et sparsas Cycladas augent.
ima petunt pisces, nec se super aequora curvi 265
tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras;
corpora phocarum summo resupina profundo
exanimata natant: ipsum quoque Nerea fama est
Doridaque et natas tepidis latuisse sub antris.
ter Neptunus aquis cum torvo bracchia vultu 270
exserere ausus erat, ter non tulit aeris ignes.

Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata ponto,
inter aquas pelagi contractosque undique fontes,
qui se condiderant in opacae viscera matris,
sustulit oppressos collo tenus arida vultus 275
opposuitque manum fronti magnoque tremore
omnia concutiens paulum subsedit et infra,
quam solet esse, fuit fractaque ita voce locuta est:
‘si placet hoc meruique, quid o tua fulmina cessant,
summe deum? liceat periturae viribus ignis 280
igne perire tuo clademque auctore levare!
vix equidem fauces haec ipsa in verba resolvo’;
(presserat ora vapor) ‘tostos en adspice crines
inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillae!
hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem 285
officiiue refers, quod adunci vulnera aratri
rastrorumque fero totoque exerceor anno,
quod pecori frondes alimentaue mitia, fruges
humano generi, vobis quoque tura ministro?
sed tamen exitium fac me meruisse: quid undae, 290
quid meruit frater? cur illi tradita sorte
aequora decrescunt et ab aethere longius absunt?
quodsi nec fratris nec te mea gratia tangit,

at caeli miserere tui! circumspice utrumque:
fumat uterque polus! quos si vitiaverit ignis, 295
atria vestra ruent! Atlas en ipse laborat
vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem!
si freta, si terrae pereunt, si regia caeli,
in chaos antiquum confundimur! eripe flammis,
si quid adhuc superest, et rerum consule summae!’ 300

Dixerat haec Tellus: neque enim tolerare vaporem
ulterius potuit nec dicere plura suumque
rettulit os in se propioraque manibus antra;
at pater omnipotens, superos testatus et ipsum,
qui dederat currus, nisi opem ferat, omnia fato 305
interitura gravi, summam petit arduus arcem,
unde solet nubes latis inducere terris,
unde movet tonitrus vibrataque fulmina iactat;
sed neque quas posset terris inducere nubes
tunc habuit, nec quos caelo demitteret imbres: 310
intonat et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure
misit in aurigam pariterque animaque rotisque
expulit et saevis conpescuit ignibus ignes.
consternantur equi et saltu in contraria facto
colla iugo eripiunt abruptaque lora relinquunt: 315
illic frena iacent, illic temone revulsus
axis, in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum
sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.

At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos
volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu 320
fertur, ut interdum de caelo stella sereno
etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe
excipit Eridanus fumantiaque abluit ora.
Naides Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma 325
corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum:
hic : sitvs : est : phaethon : cvrrvs : avriga : paterni
qvem : si : non : tenvit : magnis : tamen : excidit : avsis

Nam pater obductos luctu miserabilis aegro
condiderat vultus, et, si modo credimus, unum 330

isse diem sine sole ferunt: incendia lumen
praebebant aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.
at Clymene postquam dixit, quaecumque fuerunt
in tantis dicenda malis, lugubris et amens
et laniata sinus totum percensuit orbem 335
exanimisque artus primo, mox ossa requirens
repperit ossa tamen peregrina condita ripa
incubuitque loco nomenque in marmore lectum
perfudit lacrimis et aperto pectore fovit.
nec minus Heliades fletus et, inania morti 340
munera, dant lacrimas, et caesae pectora palmis
non auditurum miseras Phaethonta querellas
nocte dieque vocant adsternunturque sepulcro.
luna quater iunctis inplerat cornibus orbem;
illae more suo (nam morem fecerat usus) 345
plangorem dederant: e quis Phaethusa, sororum
maxima, cum vellet terra procumbere, quæta est
deriguisset pedes; ad quam conata venire
candida Lampetie subita radice retenta est;
tertia, cum crinem manibus laniare pararet, 350
avellit frondes; hæc stipite crura teneri,
illa dolet fieri longos sua bracchia ramos,
dumque ea mirantur, complectitur inguina cortex
perque gradus uterum pectusque umerosque manusque
ambit, et exstabant tantum ora vocantia matrem. 355
quid faciat mater, nisi, quo trahat inpetus illam,
huc eat atque illuc et, dum licet, oscula iungat?
non satis est: truncis avellere corpora temptat
et teneros manibus ramos abrumpit, at inde
sanguineae manant tamquam de vulnere guttae. 360
'parce, precor, mater,' quaecumque est saucia, clamat,
'parce, precor: nostrum laceratur in arbore corpus
iamque vale' — cortex in verba novissima venit.
inde fluunt lacrimae, stillataque sole rigescunt
de ramis electra novis, quæ lucidus amnis 365
excipit et nuribus mittit gestanda Latinis.

Adfuit huic monstro proles Stheneleia Cynus,

qui tibi materno quamvis a sanguine iunctus,
mente tamen, Phaethon, propior fuit. ille relicto
(nam Ligurum populos et magnas rexerat urbes) 370
imperio ripas virides amnemque querellis
Eridanum inplerat silvamque sororibus auctam,
cum vox est tenuata viro canaeque capillos
dissimulant plumae collumque a pectore longe
porrigitur digitosque ligat iunctura rubentis, 375
penna latus velat, tenet os sine acumine rostrum.
fit nova Cynus avis nec se caeloque Iovique
credit, ut iniuste missi memor ignis ab illo;
stagna petit patulosque lacus ignemque perosus
quae colat elegit contraria flumina flammis. 380

Squalidus interea genitor Phaethontis et expers
ipse sui decoris, qualis, cum deficit orbem,
esse solet, lucemque odit seque ipse diemque
datque animum in luctus et luctibus adicit iram
officiumque negat mundo. 'satis' inquit 'ab aevi 385
sors mea principiis fuit inrequieta, pigetque
actorum sine fine mihi, sine honore laborum!
quilibet alter agat portantes lumina currus!
si nemo est omnesque dei non posse fatentur,
ipse agat ut saltem, dum nostras temptat habenas, 390
orbatura patres aliquando fulmina ponat!
tum sciet ignipedum vires expertus equorum
non meruisse necem, qui non bene rexerit illos.'

Talia dicentem circumstant omnia Solem
numina, neve velit tenebras inducere rebus, 395
supplice voce rogant; missos quoque Iuppiter ignes
excusat precibusque minas regaliter addit.
colligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes
Phoebus equos stimuloque dolens et verbere saevit
(saevit enim) natumque obiectat et inputat illis. 400

At pater omnipotens ingentia moenia caeli
circuit et, ne quid labefactum viribus ignis
corruat, explorat. quae postquam firma suique
roboris esse videt, terras hominumque labores

perspicit. Arcadiae tamen est inpensior illi 405
cura suae: fontesque et nondum audentia labi
flumina restituit, dat terrae gramina, frondes
arboribus, laesasque iubet revirescere silvas.
dum redit itque frequens, in virgine Nonacrina
haesit, et accepti caluere sub ossibus ignes. 410
non erat huius opus lanam mollire trahendo
nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos;
et modo leve manu iaculum, modo sumpserat arcum,
miles erat Phoebes: nec Maenalon attigit ulla 415
gratior hac Triviae; sed nulla potentia longa est.

Uterius medio spatium sol altus habebat,
cum subit illa nemus, quod nulla ceciderat aetas;
exuit hic umero pharetram lentosque retendit
arcus inque solo, quod texerat herba, iacebat 420
et pictam posita pharetram cervice premebat.
Iuppiter ut vidit fessam et custode vacantem,
'hoc certe furtum coniunx mea nesciet' inquit,
'aut si rescierit, sunt, o sunt iurgia tanti!'
protinus induitur faciem cultumque Dianae 425
atque ait: 'o comitum, virgo, pars una mearum,
in quibus es venata iugis?' de caespite virgo
se levat et 'salve numen, me iudice' dixit,
'audiat ipse licet, maius Iove.' ridet et audit
et sibi praeferrī se gaudet et oscula iungit, 430
nec moderata satis nec sic a virgine danda.
qua venata foret silva, narrare parantem
inpedit amplexu nec se sine crimine prodit.
illa quidem contra, quantum modo femina posset
(adspiceres utinam, Saturnia, mitior esses), 435
illa quidem pugnat, sed quem superare puella,
quisve Iovem poterat? superum petit aethera victor
Iuppiter: huic odio nemus est et conscia silva;
unde pedem referens paene est oblita pharetram
tollere cum telis et quem suspenderat arcum. 440

Ecce, suo comitata choro Dictynna per altum

Maenalon ingrediens et caede superba ferarum
adspicit hanc visamque vocat: clamata refugit
et timuit primo, ne Iuppiter esset in illa;
sed postquam pariter nymphas incedere vidit, 445
sensit abesse dolos numerumque accessit ad harum.
heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!
vix oculos attollit humo nec, ut ante solebat,
iuncta deae lateri nec toto est agmine prima,
sed silet et laesi dat signa rubore pudoris; 450
et, nisi quod virgo est, poterat sentire Diana
mille notis culpam: nymphae sensisse feruntur.
orbe resurgebant lunaria cornua nono,
cum de venatu fraternis languida flammis,
nacta nemus gelidum dea, quo cum murmure labens 455
ibat et attritas versabat rivus harenas.
ut loca laudavit, summas pede contigit undas;
his quoque laudatis 'procul est' ait 'arbiter omnis:
nuda superfusus tinguamus corpora lymphis!'
Parrhasis erubuit; cunctae velamina ponunt; 460
una moras quaerit: dubitanti vestis adempta est,
qua posita nudo patuit cum corpore crimen.
attonitae manibusque uterum celare volenti
'i procul hinc' dixit 'nec sacros pollue fontis!'
Cynthia deque suo iussit secedere coetu. 465

Senserat hoc olim magni matrona Tonantis
distuleratque graves in idonea tempora poenas.
causa morae nulla est, et iam puer Arcas (id ipsum
indoluit Iuno) fuerat de paelice natus.
quo simul obvertit saevam cum lumine mentem, 470
'scilicet hoc etiam restabat, adultera' dixit,
'ut fecunda fores, fieretque iniuria partu
nota, Iovisque mei testatum dedecus esset.
haud inpune feres: adimam tibi namque figuram,
qua tibi, quaque places nostro, inportuna, marito.' 475
dixit et adversam prensis a fronte capillis
stravit humi pronam. tendebat bracchia supplex:
bracchia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis

curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in unguis
officioque pedum fungi laudataque quondam 480
ora Iovi lato fieri deformia rictu.
neve preces animos et verba precantia flectant,
posse loqui eripitur: vox iracunda minaxque
plenaque terroris rauco de gutture fertur;
mens antiqua tamen facta quoque mansit in ursa, 485
adsiduoque suos gemitu testata dolores
qualescumque manus ad caelum et sidera tollit
ingratumque Iovem, nequeat cum dicere, sentit.
a! quotiens, sola non ausa quiescere silva,
ante domum quondamque suis erravit in agris! 490
a! quotiens per saxa canum latratibus acta est
venatrixque metu venantum territa fugit!
saepe feris latuit visis, oblita quid esset,
ursaque conspectos in montibus horruit ursos
pertimuitque lupos, quamvis pater esset in illis. 495

Ecce Lycaoniae proles ignara parentis,
Arcas adest ter quinque fere natalibus actis;
dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus eligit aptos
nexilibusque plagis silvas Erymanthidas ambit,
incidit in matrem, quae restitit Arcade viso 500
et cognoscenti similis fuit: ille refugit
inmotosque oculos in se sine fine tenentem
nescius extimuit propiusque accedere aventi
vulnifico fuerat fixurus pectora telo:
arcuit omnipotens pariterque ipsosque nefasque 505
sustulit et pariter raptos per inania vento
inposuit caelo vicinaque sidera fecit.

Intumuit Iuno, postquam inter sidera paelex
fulsit, et ad canam descendit in aequora Tethyn
Oceanumque senem, quorum reverentia movit 510
saepe deos, causamque viae scitantibus inquit:
‘quaeritis, aetheriis quare regina deorum
sedibus huc adsim? pro me tenet altera caelum!
mentior, obscurum nisi nox cum fecerit orbem,
nuper honoratas summo, mea vulnera, caelo 515

videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem
ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit.
et vero quisquam Iunonem laedere nolit
offensamque tremat, quae prosum sola nocendo?
o ego quantum egi! quam vasta potentia nostra est! 520
esse hominem vetui: facta est dea! sic ego poenas
sontibus inpono, sic est mea magna potestas!
vindictet antiquam faciem vultusque ferinos
detrahat, Argolica quod in ante Phoronide fecit
cur non et pulsa ducit Iunone meoque 525
collocat in thalamo socerumque Lycaona sumit?
at vos si laesae tangit contemptus alumnae,
gurgite caeruleo septem prohibete triones
sideraque in caelo stupri mercede recepta
pellite, ne puro tinguatur in aequore paelex!’ 530

Di maris adnuerant: habili Saturnia curru,
ingreditur liquidum pavonibus aethera pictis,
tam nuper pictis caeso pavonibus Argo,
quam tu nuper eras, cum candidus ante fuisses,
corve loquax, subito nigrantis versus in alas. 535
nam fuit haec quondam niveis argentea pennis
ales, ut aequaret totas sine labe columbas,
nec servaturis vigili Capitolia voce
cederet anseribus nec amanti flumina cycno.
lingua fuit damno: lingua faciente loquaci 540
qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo

Pulchrrior in tota quam Larisaea Coronis
non fuit Haemonia: placuit tibi, Delphice, certe,
dum vel casta fuit vel inobservata, sed ales
sensit adulterium Phoebieus, utque latentem 545
detegeret culpam, non exorabilis index,
ad dominum tendebat iter. quem garrula motis
consequitur pennis, scitetur ut omnia, cornix
auditaque viae causa ‘non utile carpis’
inquit ‘iter: ne sperne meae praesagia linguae! 550
quid fuerim quid simque vide meritumque require:
invenies nocuisse fidem. nam tempore quodam

Pallas Erichonium, prolem sine matre creatam,
clauserat Actaeo texta de vimine cista
virginibusque tribus gemino de Cecrope natis 555
et legem dederat, sua ne secreta viderent.
abdita fronde levi densa specular ab ulmo,
quid facerent: commissa duae sine fraude tuentur,
Pandrosos atque Herse; timidas vocat una sorores
Aglauros nodosque manu diducit, et intus 560
infantemque vident adporrectumque draconem.
acta deae refero. pro quo mihi gratia talis
redditur, ut dicar tutela pulsa Minervae
et ponar post noctis avem! mea poena volucres
admonuisse potest, ne voce pericula quaerant. 565
at, puto, non ultro nequiquam tale rogantem
me petiit! — ipsa licet hoc a Pallade quaeras:
quamvis irata est, non hoc irata negabit.
nam me Phocaica clarus tellure Coroneus
(nota loquor) genuit, fueramque ego regia virgo 570
divitibusque procis (ne me contemne) petebar:
forma mihi nocuit. nam cum per litora lentis
passibus, ut soleo, summa spatiarer harena,
vidit et incaluit pelagi deus, utque precando
tempora cum blandis absumpsit inania verbis, 575
vim parat et sequitur. fugio densumque relinquo
litus et in molli nequiquam lassor harena.
inde deos hominesque voco; nec contigit ullum
vox mea mortalem: mota est pro virgine virgo
auxiliumque tulit. tendebam bracchia caelo: 580
bracchia coeperunt levibus nigrescere pennis;
reicere ex umeris vestem molibar, at illa
pluma erat inque cutem radices egerat imas;
plangere nuda meis conabar pectora palmis,
sed neque iam palmas nec pectora nuda gerebam; 585
currebam, nec, ut ante, pedes retinebat harena,
sed summa tollebar humo; mox alta per auras
evehor et data sum comes inculcata Minervae.
quid tamen hoc prodest, si diro facta volucris

crimine Nyctimene nostro successit honori? 590
an quae per totam res est notissima Lesbion,
non audita tibi est, patrium temerasse cubile
Nyctimenen? avis illa quidem, sed conscia culpa
conspicuum lucemque fugit tenebrisque pudorem
celat et a cunctis expellitur aethere toto.’ 595

Talia dicenti ‘tibi’ ait ‘revocamina’ corvus
‘sint, precor, ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen.’
nec coeptum dimittit iter dominoque iacentem
cum iuvene Haemonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
laurea delapsa est audito crimine amantis, 600
et pariter vultusque deo plectrumque colorque
excidit, utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
arma adsueta capit flexumque a cornibus arcum
tendit et illa suo totiens cum pectore iuncta
indevitato traiecit pectora telo. 605
icta dedit gemitum tractoque a corpore ferro
candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore
et dixit: ‘potui poenas tibi, Phoebe, dedisse,
sed peperisse prius; duo nunc moriemur in una.’
hactenus, et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit; 610
corpus inane animae frigus letale secutum est.

Paenitet heu! sero poenae crudelis amantem,
seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odit;
odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
scire coactus erat, nec non arcumque manumque 615
odit cumque manu temeraria tela sagittas
conlapsamque fovet seraque ope vincere fata
nititur et medicas exercet inaniter artes.
quae postquam frustra temptata rogamque parari
vidit et arsuros supremis ignibus artus, 620
tum vero gemitus (neque enim caelestia tingui
ora licet lacrimis) alto de corde petitos
edidit, haud aliter quam cum spectante iuvenca
lactentis vituli dextra libratus ab aure
tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu. 625
ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores

et dedit amplexus iniustaque iusta peregit,
non tulit in cineres labi sua Phoebus eosdem
semina, sed natum flammis uteroque parentis
eripuit geminique tulit Chironis in antrum, 630
sperantemque sibi non falsae praemia linguae
inter aves albas vetuit consistere corvum.

Semifer interea divinae stirpis alumno
laetus erat mixtoque oneri gaudebat honore;
ecce venit rutilus umeros protecta capillis 635
filia centauri, quam quondam nympha Chariclo
fluminis in rapidi ripis enixa vocavit
Ocyroen: non haec artes contenta paternas
edidicisse fuit, fatorum arcana canebat.
ergo ubi vaticinos concepit mente furores 640
incaluitque deo, quem clausum pectore habebat,
adspicit infantem ‘toto’ que ‘salutifer orbi
cresce, puer!’ dixit; ‘tibi se mortalia saepe
corpora debebunt, animas tibi reddere ademptas
fas erit, idque semel dis indignantibus ausus 645
posse dare hoc iterum flamma prohibebere avita,
eque deo corpus fies exsanguis deusque,
qui modo corpus eras, et bis tua fata novabis.
tu quoque, care pater, nunc immortalis et aevus
omnibus ut maneat nascendi lege creatus, 650
posse mori cupies, tum cum cruciabere dirae
sanguine serpentis per saucia membra recepto;
teque ex aeterno patientem numina mortis
efficient, triplicesque deae tua fila solvent.’
restabat fatis aliquid: suspirat ab imis 655
pectoribus, lacrimaeque genis labuntur abortae,
atque ita ‘praevertunt’ inquit ‘me fata, vetorque
plura loqui, vocisque meae praecluditur usus.
non fuerant artes tanti, quae numinis iram
contraxere mihi: mallet nescisse futura! 660
iam mihi subduci facies humana videtur,
iam cibus herba placet, iam latis currere campis
impetus est: in equam cognataque corpora vertor.

tota tamen quare? pater est mihi nempe biformis.
taliam dicenti pars est extrema querellae 665
intellecta parum confusaque verba fuerunt;
mox nec verba quidem nec equae sonus ille videtur
sed simulantis equam, parvoque in tempore certos
edidit hinnitus et brachia movit in herbas.
tum digiti coeunt et quinos alligat ungues 670
perpetuo cornu levis ungula, crescit et oris
et colli spatium, longae pars maxima pallae
cauda fit, utque vagi crines per colla iacebant,
in dextras abiere iubas, pariterque novata est
et vox et facies; nomen quoque monstra dedere. 675

Flebat opemque tuam frustra Philyreus heros,
Delphice, poscebat. nam nec rescindere magni
iussa Iovis poteras, nec, si rescindere posses,
tunc aderas: Elin Messeniaque arva colebas.
illud erat tempus, quo te pastoria pellis 680
textit, onusque fuit baculum silvestre sinistrae,
alterius dispar septenis fistula cannis.
dumque amor est curae, dum te tua fistula mulcet,
incustoditae Pylios memorantur in agros
processisse boves: videt has Atlantide Maia 685
natus et arte sua silvis occultat abactas.
senserat hoc furtum nemo nisi notus in illo
rure senex; Battum vicinia tota vocabat.
divitis hic saltus herbosaque pascua Nelei
nobiliumque greges custos servabat equarum. 690
hunc tenuit blandaque manu seduxit et illi
'quisquis es, hospes' ait, 'si forte armenta requirit
haec aliquis, vidisse nega neu gratia facto
nulla rependatur, nitidam cape praemia vaccam!'
et dedit. accepta voces has reddidit hospes: 695
'tutus eas! lapis iste prius tua furta loquetur,'
et lapidem ostendit. simulat Iove natus abire;
mox redit et versa pariter cum voce figura
'rustice, vidisti si quas hoc limite' dixit
'ire boves, fer opem furtoque silentia deme! 700

iuncta suo pretium dabitur tibi femina tauro.
at senior, postquam est merces geminata, 'sub illis
montibus' inquit 'erunt,' et erant sub montibus illis.
risit Atlantiades et 'me mihi, perfide, prodis?
me mihi prodis?' ait periuraque pectora vertit 705
in durum silicem, qui nunc quoque dicitur index,
inque nihil merito vetus est infamia saxo.

Hinc se sustulerat paribus caducifer alis,
Munychiosque volans agros gratamque Minervae
despectabat humum cultique arbusta Lycei. 710
illa forte die castae de more puellae
vertice supposito festas in Palladis arces
pura coronatis portabant sacra canistris.
inde revertentes deus adspicit ales iterque
non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem: 715
ut volucris visis rapidissima miluus extis,
dum timet et densi circumstant sacra ministri,
flectitur in gyrum nec longius audet abire
spemque suam motis avidus circumvolat alis,
sic super Actaeas agilis Cyllenius arces 720
inclinat cursus et easdem circinat auras.
quanto splendidior quam cetera sidera fulget
Lucifer, et quanto quam Lucifer aurea Phoebe,
tanto virginibus praestantior omnibus Herse
ibat eratque decus pompae comitumque suarum. 725
obstupuit forma Iove natus et aethere pendens
non secus exarsit, quam cum Balearica plumbum
funda iacit: volat illud et incandescit eundo
et, quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit ignes.
vertit iter caeloque petit terrena relicto 730
nec se dissimulat: tanta est fiducia formae.
quae quamquam iusta est, cura tamen adiuvat illam
permulcetque comas chlamydemque, ut pendeat apte,
collocat, ut limbus totumque adpareat aurum,
ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit et arcet, 735
virga sit, ut tersis niteant talaria plantis.

Pars secreta domus ebore et testudine cultos

tres habuit thalamos, quorum tu, Pandrose, dextrum,
Aglauros laevum, medium possederat Herse.
quae tenuit laevum, venientem prima notavit 740
Mercurium nomenque dei scitarier ausa est
et causam adventus; cui sic respondit Atlantis
Pleionesque nepos 'ego sum, qui iussa per auras
verba patris porto; pater est mihi Iuppiter ipse.
nec fingam causas, tu tantum fida sorori 745
esse velis prolisque meae matertera dici:
Herse causa viae; faveas oramus amanti.'
adspicit hunc oculis isdem, quibus abdita nuper
viderat Aglauros flavae secreta Minervae,
proque ministerio magni sibi ponderis aurum 750
postulat: interea tectis excedere cogit.

Vertit ad hanc torvi dea bellica luminis orbem
et tanto penitus traxit suspiria motu,
ut pariter pectus positamque in pectore forti
aegida concuteret: subit, hanc arcana profana 755
detexisse manu, tum cum sine matre creatam
Lemnicolae stirpem contra data foedera vidit,
et gratamque deo fore iam gratamque sorori
et ditem sumpto, quod avara poposcerat, auro.
protinus Invidiae nigro squalentia tabo 760
tectis petit: domus est imis in vallibus huius
abdita, sole carens, non ulli pervia vento,
tristis et ignavi plenissima frigoris et quae
igne vacet semper, caligine semper abundet.
huc ubi pervenit belli metuenda virago, 765
constitit ante domum (neque enim succedere tectis
fas habet) et postes extrema cuspide pulsat.
concussae patuere fores. videt intus edentem
vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,
Invidiam visaque oculos avertit; at illa 770
surgit humo pigre semesarumque relinquit
corpora serpentum passuque incedit inerti.
utque deam vidit formaque armisque decoram,
ingemuit vultumque una ac suspiria duxit.

pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto. 775
nusquam recta acies, livent robigine dentes,
pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno;
risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores;
nec fruitur somno, vigilantibus excita curis,
sed videt ingratos intabescitque videndo 780
successus hominum carpitque et carpitur una
suppliciumque suum est. quamvis tamen oderat illam,
talibus adfata est breviter Tritonia dictis:
'inface tabe tua natarum Cecropis unam:
sic opus est. Aglauros ea est.' haud plura locuta 785
fugit et inpressa tellurem reppulit hasta.

Illa deam obliquo fugientem lumine cernens
murmura parva dedit successurumque Minervae
indoluit baculumque capit, quod spinea totum
vincula cingebant, adopertaque nubibus atris, 790
quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva
exuritque herbas et summa cacumina carpit
adflatuque suo populos urbesque domosque
polluit et tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem
ingeniis opibusque et festa pace virentem 795
vixque tenet lacrimas, quia nil lacrimabile cernit.
sed postquam thalamos intravit Cecrope natae,
iussa facit pectusque manu ferrugine tincta
tangit et hamatis praecordia sentibus inplet
inspiratque nocens virus piceumque per ossa 800
dissipat et medio spargit pulmone venenum,
neve mali causae spatium per latius errent,
germanam ante oculos fortunatumque sororis
coniugium pulchraque deum sub imagine ponit
cunctaque magna facit; quibus inritata dolore 805
Cecropis occulto mordetur et anxia nocte
anxia luce gemit lentaque miserrima tabe
liquitur, et glacies incerto saucia sole,
felicitisque bonis non lenius uritur Herses,
quam cum spinosis ignis supponitur herbis, 810
quae neque dant flammam lentoque vapore cremantur.

saepe mori voluit, ne quicquam tale videret,
saepe velut crimen rigido narrare parenti;
denique in adverso venientem limine sedit
exclusura deum. cui blandimenta precesque 815
verbaque iactanti mitissima ‘desine!’ dixit,
‘hinc ego me non sum nisi te motura repulso.’
‘stemus’ ait ‘pacto’ velox Cyllenius ‘isto!’
caelestique fores virga patefecit: at illi
surgere conanti partes, quascumque sedendo 820
flectimur, ignava nequeunt gravitate moveri:
illa quidem pugnat recto se attollere trunco,
sed genuum iunctura riget, frigusque per ungues
labitur, et pallent amisso sanguine venae;
utque malum late solet inmedicabile cancer 825
serpere et inlaesas vitiatas addere partes,
sic letalis hiems paulatim in pectora venit
vitalesque vias et respiramina clausit,
nec conata loqui est nec, si conata fuisset,
vocis habebat iter: saxum iam colla tenebat, 830
oraeque duruerant, signumque exsanguis sedebat;
nec lapis albus erat: sua mens infecerat illam.

Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae
cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras
linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis. 835
sevocat hunc genitor nec causam fassus amoris
‘fide minister’ ait ‘iussorum, nate, meorum,
pelle moram solitoque celer delabere cursu,
quaeque tuam matrem tellus a parte sinistra
suspicit (indigenae Sidonida nomine dicunt), 840
hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci
armentum regale vides, ad litora verte!’
dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuveni
litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis
ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat. 845
non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
maiestas et amor; sceptri gravitate relictas
ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisulcis

ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem,
induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuencis 850
mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis.
quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri
calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster.
colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent,
cornua vara quidem, sed quae contendere possis 855
facta manu, puraque magis perlucida gemma.
nullae in fronte minae, nec formidabile lumen:
pacem vultus habet. miratur Agenore nata,
quod tam formosus, quod proelia nulla minetur;
sed quamvis mitem metuit contingere primo, 860
mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.
gaudet amans et, dum veniat sperata voluptas,
oscula dat manibus; vix iam, vix cetera differt;
et nunc adludit viridique exsultat in herba,
nunc latus in fulvis niveum deponit harenis; 865
paulatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet
virginea plaudenda manu, modo cornua sertis
inpedienda novis; ausa est quoque regia virgo
nescia, quem premeret, tergo considerare tauri,
cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim 870
falsa pedum primis vestigia ponit in undis;
inde abit ulterius medii que per aequora ponti
fert praedam: pavet haec litusque ablata relictum
respicit et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso
inposita est; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes.

LIBER TERTIVS

Iamque deus posita fallacis imagine tauri
se confessus erat Dictaeaeque rura tenebat,
cum pater ignarus Cadmo perquirere raptam
imperat et poenam, si non invenerit, addit
exilium, facto pius et sceleratus eodem. 5
orbe pererrato (quis enim deprendere possit
furta Iovis?) profugus patriamque iramque parentis
vitat Agenorides Phoebique oracula simplex
consultit et, quae sit tellus habitanda, requirit.
‘bos tibi’ Phoebus ait ‘solis occurret in arvis, 10
nullum passa iugum curvique immunis aratri.
hac duce carpe vias et, qua requieverit herba,
moenia fac condas Boeotiaque illa vocato.’
vix bene Castalio Cadmus descenderat antro,
incustoditam lente videt ire iuvenecam 15
nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem.
subsequitur pressoque legit vestigia gressu
auctoremque viae Phoebum taciturnus adorat.
iam vada Cephisi Panopesque evaserat arva:
bos stetit et tollens speciosam cornibus altis 20
ad caelum frontem mugitibus inpulit auras
atque ita respiciens comites sua terga sequentis
procubuit teneraque latus submitit in herba.
Cadmus agit grates peregrinaeque oscula terrae
figit et ignotos montes agrosque salutat. 25

Sacra Iovi facturus erat: iubet ire ministros
et petere e vivis libandas fontibus undas.
silva vetus stabat nulla violata securi,
et specus in media virgis ac vimine densus
efficiens humilem lapidum conpagibus arcum 30
uberibus fecundus aquis; ubi conditus antro
Martius anguis erat, cristis praesignis et auro;
igne micant oculi, corpus tumet omne venenis,
tresque vibrant linguae, triplici stant ordine dentes.

quem postquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti 35
infausto tetigere gradu, demissaque in undas
urna dedit sonitum, longo caput extulit antro
caeruleus serpens horrendaque sibila misit.
effluxere urnae manibus sanguisque reliquit
corpus et attonitos subitus tremor occupat artus. 40
ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbes
torquet et immensos saltu sinuatur in arcus
ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras
despicit omne nemus tantoque est corpore, quanto,
si totum spectes, geminas qui separat arctos. 45
nec mora, Phoenicas, sive illi tela parabant
sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
occupat: hos morsu, longis complexibus illos,
hos necat adflati funesta tabe veneni.

Fecerat exiguas iam sol altissimus umbras: 50
quae mora sit sociis, miratur Agenore natus
vestigatque viros. tegumen derepta leoni
pellis erat, telum splendenti lancea ferro
et iaculum teloque animus praestantior omni.
ut nemus intravit letataque corpora vidit 55
victoremque supra spatiosi tergoris hostem
tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua,
'aut ultor vestrae, fidissima pectora, mortis,
aut comes' inquit 'ero.' dixit dextraque molarem
sustulit et magnum magno conamine misit. 60
illius impulsu cum turribus ardua celsis
moenia mota forent, serpens sine vulnere mansit
loricaeque modo squamis defensus et atrae
duritia pellis validos cute reppulit ictus;
at non duritia iaculum quoque vicit eadem, 65
quod medio lentae spinae curvamine fixum
constitit et totum descendit in ilia ferrum.
ille dolore ferox caput in sua terga retorsit
vulneraque adspexit fixumque hastile momordit,
idque ubi vi multa partem labefecit in omnem, 70
vix tergo eripuit; ferrum tamen ossibus haesit.

tum vero postquam solitas accessit ad iras
causa recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis,
spumaque pestiferos circumfluit albida rictus,
terraque rasa sonat squamis, quique halitus exit 75
ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.

ipse modo inmensum spiris facientibus orbem
cingitur, interdum longa trabe rector adstat,
inpete nunc vasto ceu concitus imbris amnis
fertur et obstantis proturbat pectore silvas. 80
cedit Agenorides paulum spolioque leonis
sustinet incursus instantiaque ora retardat
cuspidem praetenta: furit ille et inania duro
vulnera dat ferro figitque in acumine dentes.
iamque venenifero sanguis manare palato 85
coeperat et virides adspergine tinxerat herbas;
sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu
laesaque colla dabat retro plagamque sedere
cedendo arcebat nec longius ire sinebat,
donec Agenorides coniectum in guttura ferrum 90
usque sequens pressit, dum retro quercus eunti
obstitit et fixa est pariter cum robore cervix.
pondere serpentis curvata est arbor et ima
parte flagellari gemit sua robora caudae.

Dum spatium victor victi considerat hostis, 95
vox subito audita est; neque erat cognoscere promptum,
unde, sed audita est: 'quid, Agenore nate, peremptum
serpentem spectas? et tu spectabere serpens.'
ille diu pavidus pariter cum mente colorem
perdiderat, gelidoque comae terrore rigeant: 100
ecce viri fautrix superas delapsa per auras
Pallas adest motaeque iubet supponere terrae
vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri.
paret et, ut presso sulcum patefecit aratro,
spargit humi iussos, mortalia semina, dentes. 105
inde (fide maius) glaebae coepere moveri,
primaque de sulcis acies adparuit hastae,
tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,

mox umeri pectusque onerataque brachia telis
exsistunt, crescitque seges clipeata virorum: 110
sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris,
surgere signa solent primumque ostendere vultus,
cetera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
tota patent imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Territus hoste novo Cadmus capere arma parabat: 115
‘ne cape!’ de populo, quem terra creaverat, unus
exclamat ‘nec te civilibus insere bellis!’
atque ita terrigenis rigido de fratribus unum
comminus ense ferit, iaculo cadit eminus ipse;
hunc quoque qui leto dederat, non longius illo 120
vivit et exspirat, modo quas acceperat auras,
exemploque pari furit omnis turba, suoque
Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres.
iamque brevis vitae spatium sortita iuventus
sanguineam tepido plangebatur pectore matrem, 125
quinque superstitibus, quorum fuit unus Echion.
is sua iecit humo monitu Tritonidis arma
fraternaeque fidem pacis petiitque deditque:
hos operis comites habuit Sidonius hospes,
cum posuit iussus Phoebeis sortibus urbem. 130

Iam stabant Thebae, poteras iam, Cadme, videri
exilio felix: soceri tibi Marsque Venusque
contigerant; huc adde genus de coniuge tanta,
tot natos natasque et, pignora cara, nepotes,
hos quoque iam iuvenes; sed scilicet ultima semper 135
exspectanda dies hominis, dicique beatus
ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

Prima nepos inter tot res tibi, Cadme, secundas
causa fuit luctus, alienaque cornua fronti
addita, vosque, canes satiatae sanguine erili. 140
at bene si quaeras, Fortunae crimen in illo,
non scelus invenies; quod enim scelus error habebat?

Mons erat infectus variarum caede ferarum,
iamque dies medius rerum contraxerat umbras
et sol ex aequo meta distabat utraque, 145

cum iuvenis placido per devia lustra vagantes
participes operum conpellat Hyantius ore:
‘lina madent, comites, ferrumque cruore ferarum,
fortunaque dies habuit satis; altera lucem
cum croceis invecta rotis Aurora reducet, 150
propositum repetemus opus: nunc Phoebus utraque
distat idem meta finditque vaporibus arva.
sistite opus praesens nodosaque tollite lina!’
iussa viri faciunt intermittuntque laborem.

Vallis erat piceis et acuta densa cupressu, 155
nomine Gargaphie succinctae sacra Dianae,
cuius in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu
arte laboratum nulla: simulaverat artem
ingenio natura suo; nam pumice vivo
et levibus tofis nativum duxerat arcum; 160
fons sonat a dextra tenui perlucidus unda,
margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.
hic dea silvarum venatu fessa solebat
virgineos artus liquido perfundere rore.
quo postquam subiit, nympharum tradidit uni 165
armigerae iaculum pharetramque arcusque retentos,
altera depositae subiecit bracchia pallae,
vincla duae pedibus demunt; nam doctior illis
Ismenis Crocale sparsos per colla capillos
colligit in nodum, quamvis erat ipsa solutis. 170
excipiunt laticem Nepheleque Hyaleque Rhanisque
et Psecas et Phiale funduntque capacibus urnis.
dumque ibi perluitur solita Titania lympa,
ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte laborum
per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans 175
pervenit in lucum: sic illum fata ferebant.
qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra,
sicut erant, nudae viso sua pectora nymphae
percussere viro subitisque ululatibus omne
inplevere nemus circumfusaeque Dianam 180
corporibus texere suis; tamen altior illis
ipsa dea est colloque tenus supereminet omnis.

qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu
nubibus esse solet aut purpureae Aurorae,
is fuit in vultu visae sine veste Dianae. 185
quae, quamquam comitum turba est stipata suarum,
in latus obliquum tamen adstitit oraque retro
flexit et, ut vellet promptas habuisse sagittas,
quas habuit sic hausit aquas vultumque virilem
perfudit spargensque comas ultricibus undis 190
addidit haec cladis praenuntia verba futurae:
‘nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narres,
sit poteris narrare, licet!’ nec plura minata
dat sparso capiti vivacis cornua cervi,
dat spatium collo summasque cacuminat aures 195
cum pedibusque manus, cum longis bracchia mutat
cruribus et velat maculoso vellere corpus;
additus et pavor est: fugit Autonoeius heros
et se tam celerem cursu miratur in ipso.
ut vero vultus et cornua vidit in unda, 200
‘me miserum!’ dicturus erat: vox nulla secuta est!
ingemuit: vox illa fuit, lacrimaeque per ora
non sua fluxerunt; mens tantum pristina mansit.
quid faciat? repetatne domum et regalia tecta
an lateat silvis? pudor hoc, timor impedit illud. 205

Dum dubitat, videre canes, primique Melampus
Ichnobatesque sagax latratu signa dedere,
Cnosius Ichnobates, Spartana gente Melampus.
inde ruunt alii rapida velocius aura,
Pamphagos et Dorceus et Oribasos, Arcades omnes, 210
Nebrophonosque valens et trux cum Laelape Theron
et pedibus Pterelas et naribus utilis Agre
Hylaeusque ferox nuper percussus ab apro
deque lupo concepta Nape pecudesque secuta
Poemenis et natis comitata Harpyia duobus 215
et substricta gerens Sicyonius ilia Ladon
et Dromas et Canache Sticteque et Tigris et Alce
et niveis Leucon et villis Asbolos atris
praevalidusque Lacon et cursu fortis Aello

et Thoos et Cyprio velox cum fratre Lycisce 220
et nigram medio frontem distinctus ab albo
Harpalos et Melaneus hirsutaque corpore Lachne
et patre Dictaeo, sed matre Laconide nati
Labros et Argiodus et acutae vocis Hylactor
quosque referre mora est: ea turba cupidine praedae 225
per rupes scopulosque adituque carentia saxa,
quaque est difficilis quaque est via nulla, sequuntur.
ille fugit per quae fuerat loca saepe secutus,
heu! famulos fugit ipse suos. clamare libebat:
'Actaeon ego sum: dominum cognoscite vestrum!' 230
verba animo desunt; resonat latratibus aether.
prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit,
proxima Theridamas, Oresitrophos haesit in armo:
tardius exierant, sed per compendia montis
anticipata via est; dominum retinentibus illis, 235
cetera turba coit confertque in corpore dentes.
iam loca vulneribus desunt; gemit ille sonumque,
etsi non hominis, quem non tamen edere possit
cervus, habet maestisque replet iuga nota querellis
et genibus pronis supplex similisque roganti 240
circumfert tacitos tamquam sua bracchia vultus.
at comites rapidum solitis hortatibus agmen
ignari instigant oculisque Actaeona quaerunt
et velut absentem certatim Actaeona clamant
(ad nomen caput ille refert) et abesse queruntur 245
nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
vellet abesse quidem, sed adest; velletque videre,
non etiam sentire canum fera facta suorum.
undique circumstant, mersisque in corpore rostris
dilacerant falsi dominum sub imagine cervi, 250
nec nisi finita per plurima vulnera vita
ira pharetratae fertur satiata Dianae.

Rumor in ambiguo est; aliis violentior aequo
visa dea est, alii laudant dignamque severa
virginitate vocant: pars invenit utraque causas. 255
sola Iovis coniunx non tam, culpetne probetne,

eloquitur, quam clade domus ab Agenore ductae
gaudet et a Tyria collectum paelice transfert
in generis socios odium; subit ecce priori
causa recens, gravidamque dolet de semine magni 260
esse Iovis Semelen; dum linguam ad iurgia solvit,
‘profeci quid enim totiens per iurgia?’ dixit,
‘ipsa petenda mihi est; ipsam, si maxima Iuno
rite vocor, perdam, si me gemmantia dextra
sceptrata tenere decet, si sum regina Iovisque 265
et soror et coniunx, certe soror. at, puto, furto est
contenta, et thalami brevis est iniuria nostri.
concipit++id derat++manifestaque crimina pleno
fert utero et mater, quod vix mihi contigit, uno
de Iove vult fieri: tanta est fiducia formae. 270
fallat eam faxo; nec sum Saturnia, si non
ab Iove mersa suo Stygias penetrabit in undas.’

Surgit ab his solio fulvaeque recondita nube
limen adit Semeles nec nubes ante removit
quam simulavit anum posuitque ad tempora canos 275
sulcavitque cutem rugis et curva trementi
membra tulit passu; vocem quoque fecit anilem,
ipsaque erat Beroe, Semeles Epidauria nutrix.
ergo ubi captato sermone diuque loquendo
ad nomen venere Iovis, suspirat et ‘opto, 280
Iuppiter ut sit’ ait; ‘metuo tamen omnia: multi
nomine divorum thalamos iniere pudicos.
nec tamen esse Iovem satis est: det pignus amoris,
si modo verus is est; quantusque et qualis ab alta
Iunone excipitur, tantus talisque, rogato, 285
det tibi complexus suaque ante insignia sumat!’

Talibus ignaram Iuno Cadmeida dictis
formarat: rogat illa Iovem sine nomine munus.
cui deus ‘elige!’ ait ‘nullam patiēre repulsam,
quoque magis credas, Stygii quoque conscia sunt 290
numina torrentis: timor et deus ille deorum est.’
laeta malo nimiumque potens perituraque amantis
obsequio Semele ‘qualem Saturnia’ dixit

‘te solet amplecti, Veneris cum foedus initis,
da mihi te talem!’ voluit deus ora loquentis 295
opprimere: exierat iam vox properata sub auras.
ingemuit; neque enim non haec optasse, neque ille
non iurasse potest. ergo maestissimus altum
aethera conscendit vultuque sequentia traxit
nubila, quis nimbos inmixtaque fulgura ventis 300
addidit et tonitrus et inevitabile fulmen;
qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere temptat
nec, quo centimanum deiecerat igne Typhoea,
nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo est.
est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra cyclophum 305
saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit irae:
tela secunda vocant superi; capit illa domumque
intrat Agenoream. corpus mortale tumultus
non tulit aetherios donisque iugalibus arsit.
imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo 310
eripitur patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
insuitur femori maternaque tempora complet.
furtim illum primis Ino matertera cunis
educat, inde datum nymphae Nyseides antris
occuluere suis lactisque alimenta dedere. 315

Dumque ea per terras fatali lege geruntur
tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi,
forte Iovem memorant diffusum nectare curas
seposuisse graves vacuaque agitassem remissos
cum Iunone iocos et ‘maior vestra profecto est, 320
quam quae contingit maribus’ dixisse ‘voluptas.’
illa negat. placuit quae sit sententia docti
quaerere Tiresiae: Venus huic erat utraque nota.
nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva
corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu 325
deque viro factus (mirabile) femina septem
egerat autumnos; octavo rursus eosdem
vidit, et ‘est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae’
dixit, ‘ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,
nunc quoque vos feriam.’ percussis anguibus isdem 330

forma prior rediit, genetivaeque venit imago.
arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa
dicta Iovis firmat: gravius Saturnia iusto
nec pro materia fertur doluisse suique
iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte; 335
at pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam
facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto
scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes
inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti; 340
prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumpsit
caerula Liriope, quam quondam flumine curvo
inplicuit clausaeque suis Cephisos in undis
vim tulit: enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno
infantem nymphe, iam tunc qui posset amari, 345
Narcissumque vocat. de quo consultus, an esset
tempora maturae visurus longa senectae,
fatidicus vates 'si se non noverit' inquit.
vana diu visa est vox auguris: exitus illam
resque probat letique genus novitasque furoris. 350
namque ter ad quinos unum Cephisius annum
addiderat poteratque puer iuvenisque videri:
multi illum iuvenes, multae cupiere puellae;
sed fuit in tenera tam dura superbia forma,
nulli illum iuvenes, nullae tetigere puellae. 355
adspicit hunc trepidos agitantem in retia cervos
vocalis nymphe, quae nec reticere loquenti
nec prior ipsa loqui didicit, resonabilis Echo.

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat et tamen usum
garrula non alium, quam nunc habet, oris habebat, 360
reddere de multis ut verba novissima posset.
fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprendere posset
sub Iove saepe nymphas in monte iacentis,
illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat,
dum fugerent nymphae. postquam hoc Saturnia sensit, 365
'huius' ait 'linguae, qua sum delusa, potestas
parva tibi dabitur vocisque brevissimus usus.'

reque minas firmat. tantum haec in fine loquendi
ingeminat voces auditaque verba reportat.
ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem 370
vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim,
quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit,
non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis
admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammās.
o quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis 375
et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat
nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est
exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.
forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido
dixerat: 'ecquis adest?' et 'adest' responderat Echo. 380
hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,
voce 'veni!' magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem.
respicit et rursus nullo veniente 'quid' inquit
'me fugis?' et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit.
perstat et alternae deceptus imagine vocis 385
'huc coeamus' ait, nullique libentius umquam
responsura sono 'coeamus' rettulit Echo
et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva
ibat, ut iniceret sperato brachia collo;
ille fugit fugiensque 'manus complexibus aufer!' 390
ante' ait 'emoriā, quam sit tibi copia nostri';
rettulit illa nihil nisi 'sit tibi copia nostri!'
spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora
protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris;
sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsae; 395
extenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae
adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus
corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa supersunt:
vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.
inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur, 400
omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.

Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas
luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles;
inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens

‘sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiatur amato!’ 405
dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis.
fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae
contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volucris
nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus; 410
gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat,
silvaeque sole locum passura tepescere nullo.
hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu
procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus,
dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit, 415
dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae
spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod umbra est.
adstupet ipse sibi vultuque inmotus eodem
haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum;
spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus 420
et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines
inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque
oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse:
se cupit inprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.
inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,
in mediis quotiens visum captantia collum
bracchia mersit aquis nec se deprendit in illis!
quid videat, nescit; sed quod videt, uritur illo, 430
atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
quod petis, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdes!
ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est:
nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque manetque; 435
tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis!

Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis
abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fusus in herba
spectat inexploto mendacem lumine formam
perque oculos perit ipse suos; paulumque levatus 440
ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas

‘ecquis, io silvae, crudelius’ inquit ‘amavit?
scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.
ecquem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,
qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo? 445
et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque,
non tamen invenio’ ++tantus tenet error amantem++
‘quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens
nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis;
exigua prohibemur aqua! cupit ipse teneri: 450
nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,
hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.
posse putes tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus obstat.
quisquis es, huc exi! quid me, puer unice, fallis
quove petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas 455
est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque nymphae!
spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,
cumque ego porrexī tibi bracchia, porrigis ultro,
cum risi, adrides; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi
me lacrimante tuas; nutu quoque signa remittis 460
et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,
verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras!
iste ego sum: sensi, nec me mea fallit imago;
uror amore mei: flammās moveoque feroque.
quid faciam? roger anne rogem? quid deinde rogabo? 465
quod cupio mecum est: inopem me copia fecit.
o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem!
votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset.
iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae
longa meae superant, primoque exstinguor in aevo. 470
nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores,
hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset;
nunc duo concordēs anima moriemur in una.’

Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem
et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto 475
reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,
‘quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem
desere!’ clamavit; ‘liceat, quod tangere non est,

adspicere et misero praebere alimenta furori!’
dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora 480
nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.
pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,
non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,
parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis
ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem. 485
quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,
non tulit ulterius, sed ut intabescere flavae
igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae
sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore
liquitur et tecto paulatim carpitur igni; 490
et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,
nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,
nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.
quae tamen ut vidit, quamvis irata memorque,
indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis ‘eheu’ 495
dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus ‘eheu’;
cumque suos manibus percusserat ille lacertos,
haec quoque reddebat sonitum plangoris eundem.
ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:
‘heu frustra dilecte puer!’ totidemque remisit 500
verba locus, dictoque vale ‘vale’ inquit et Echo.
ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba,
lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:
tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,
in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores 505
naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,
planxerunt dryades; plangentibus adsonat Echo.
iamque rogum quassasque faces feretrumque parabant:
nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem
inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis. 510

Cognita res meritam vati per Achaidas urbes
attulerat famam, nomenque erat auguris ingens;
spernit Echionides tamen hunc ex omnibus unus
contemptor superum Pentheus praesagaque ridet
verba senis tenebrasque et cladem lucis ademptae 515

obicit. ille movens albentia tempora canis
‘quam felix esses, si tu quoque luminis huius
orbus’ ait ‘fieres, ne Bacchica sacra videres!
namque dies aderit, quam non procul auguror esse,
qua novus huc veniat, proles Semeleia, Liber, 520
quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore,
mille lacer spargere locis et sanguine silvas
foedabis matremque tuam matrisque sorores.
eveniet! neque enim dignabere numen honore,
meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris.’ 525
taliam dicentem proturbat Echione natus;
dicta fides sequitur, responsaque vatis aguntur.

Liber adest, festisque fremunt ululatibus agri:
turba ruit, mixtaeque viris matresque nurusque
vulgusque proceresque ignota ad sacra feruntur. 530
‘Quis furor, anguigenae, proles Mavortia, vestras
attonuit mentes?’ Pentheus ait; ‘aerane tantum
aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu
et magicae fraudes, ut, quos non bellicus ensis,
non tuba terruerit, non strictis agmina telis, 535
femineae voces et mota insania vino
obsценique greges et inania tympana vincant?
vosne, senes, mirer, qui longa per aequora vecti
hac Tyron, hac profugos posuistis sede penates,
nunc sinitis sine Marte capi? vosne, acrior aetas, 540
o iuvenes, propiorque meae, quos arma tenere,
non thyrsos, galeaque tegi, non fronde decebat?
este, precor, memores, qua sitis stirpe creati,
illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
sumite serpentis! pro fontibus ille lacuque 545
interiit: at vos pro fama vincite vestra!
ille dedit leto fortes: vos pellite molles
et patrium retinete decus! si fata vetabant
stare diu Thebas, utinam tormenta virique
moenia diruerent, ferrumque ignisque sonarent! 550
essemus miseri sine crimine, sorsque querenda,
non celanda foret, lacrimaeque pudore carerent;

at nunc a puero Thebae capientur inermi,
quem neque bella iuvant nec tela nec usus equorum,
sed madidus murra crinis mollesque coronae 555
purpuraque et pictis intextum vestibus aurum,
quem quidem ego actutum (modo vos absistite) cogam
adsumptumque patrem commentaque sacra fateri.
an satis Acrisio est animi, contemnere vanum
numen et Argolicas venienti claudere portas: 560
Pentheia terrebit cum totis advena Thebis?
ite citi' (famulis hoc imperat), 'ite ducemque
attrahite huc vinctum! iussis mora segnis abesto!'
hunc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cetera turba suorum
corripiunt dictis frustra inhibere laborant. 565
acrior admonitu est inritaturque retenta
et crescit rabies remoraminaque ipsa nocebant:
sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti,
lenius et modico strepitu decurrere vidi;
at quacumque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant, 570
spumeus et fervens et ab obice saevior ibat.

Ecce cruentati redeunt et, Bacchus ubi esset,
quaerenti domino Bacchum vidisse negarunt;
'hunc' dixere 'tamen comitem famulumque sacrorum
cepimus' et tradunt manibus post terga ligatis 575
sacra dei quendam Tyrrhena gente secutum.
adspicit hunc Pentheus oculis, quos ira tremendos
fecerat, et quamquam poenae vix tempora differt,
'o periture tuaque aliis documenta dature
morte,' ait, 'ede tuum nomen nomenque parentum 580
et patriam, morisque novi cur sacra frequentes!'
ille metu vacuus 'nomen mihi' dixit 'Acoetes,
patria Maeonia est, humili de plebe parentes.
non mihi quae duri colerent pater arva iuvenci,
lanigerosve greges, non ulla armenta reliquit; 585
pauper et ipse fuit linoque solebat et hamis
decipere et calamo salientis ducere pisces.
ars illi sua census erat; cum traderet artem,
"accipe, quas habeo, studii successor et heres,"

dixit “opes,” moriensque mihi nihil ille reliquit 590
praeter aquas: unum hoc possum adpellare paternum.
mox ego, ne scopulis haererem semper in isdem,
addidici regimen dextra moderante carinae
flectere et Oleniae sidus pluviale capellae
Taygetenque Hyadasque oculis Arctonque notavi 595
ventorumque domos et portus puppibus aptos.
forte petens Delum Chiaie telluris ad oras
adplicor et dextris adducor litora remis
doque levis saltus udaeque inmittor harenae:
nox ibi consumpta est; aurora rubescere primo 600
coeperat: exsurgo laticesque inferre recentis
admoneo monstroque viam, quae ducat ad undas;
ipse quid aura mihi tumulo promittat ab alto
prospicio comitesque voco repetoque carinam.
“adsumus en” inquit sociorum primus Opheltes, 605
utque putat, praedam deserto nactus in agro,
virginea puerum ducit per litora forma.
ille mero somnoque gravis titubare videtur
vixque sequi; specto cultum faciemque gradumque:
nil ibi, quod credi posset mortale, videbam. 610
et sensi et dixi sociis: “quod numen in isto
corpore sit, dubito; sed corpore numen in isto est!
quisquis es, o faveas nostrisque laboribus adsis;
his quoque des veniam!” “pro nobis mitte precari!”
Dictys ait, quo non alius conscendere summas 615
ocior antemnas prensoque rudente relabi.
hoc Libys, hoc flavus, prorae tutela, Melanthus,
hoc probat Alcimedon et, qui requiemque modumque
voce dabat remis, animorum hortator, Epopeus,
hoc omnes alii: praedae tam caeca cupido est. 620
“non tamen hanc sacro violari pondere pinum
perpetiar” dixi: “pars hic mihi maxima iuris”
inque aditu obsisto: furit audacissimus omni
de numero Lycabas, qui Tusca pulsus ab urbe
exilium dira poenam pro caede luebat; 625
is mihi, dum resto, iuvenali guttura pugno

rupit et excussum misisset in aequora, si non
haesissem, quamvis amens, in fune retentus.
inpia turba probat factum; tum denique Bacchus
(Bacchus enim fuerat), veluti clamore solutus 630
sit sopor aque mero redeant in pectora sensus,
“quid facitis? quis clamor?” ait “qua, dicite, nautae,
huc ope perveni? quo me deferre paratis?”
“pone metum” Proreus, “et quos contingere portus
ede velis!” dixit; “terra sistere petita.” 635
“Naxon” ait Liber “cursus advertite vestros!
illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus.”
per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant
sic fore meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae.
dextera Naxos erat: dextra mihi linthea danti 640
“quid facis, o demens? quis te furor,” inquit “Acoete,”
pro se quisque, “tenet? laevam pete!” maxima nutu
pars mihi significat, pars quid velit ore susurro.
obstipui “capiat” que “aliquis moderamina!” dixi
meque ministerio scelerisque artis removi. 645
increpor a cunctis, totumque in murmure agmen;
e quibus Aethalion “te scilicet omnis in uno
nostra salus posita est!” ait et subit ipse meumque
explet opus Naxoque petit diversa relictam.
tum deus inludens, tamquam modo denique fraudem 650
senserit, e puppi pontum prospectat adunca
et flenti similis “non haec mihi litora, nautae,
promisistis” ait, “non haec mihi terra rogata est!
quo merui poenam facto? quae gloria vestra est,
si puerum iuvenes, si multi fallitis unum?” 655
iamdudum flebam: lacrimas manus in pia nostras
ridet et inpellit properantibus aequora remis.
per tibi nunc ipsum (nec enim praesentior illo
est deus) adiuro, tam me tibi vera referre
quam veri maiora fide: stetit aequore puppis 660
haud aliter, quam si siccam navale teneret.
illi admirantes remorum in verbere perstant
velaque deducunt geminaque ope currere temptant:

inpediunt hederæ remos nexuque recurvo
 serpunt et gravidis distinguunt vela corymbis. 665
 ipse racemiferis frontem circumdatus uvis
 pampineis agitat velatam frondibus hastam;
 quem circa tigres simulacraque inania lyncum
 pictarumque iacent fera corpora pantherarum.
 exsiluere viri, sive hoc insania fecit 670
 sive timor, primusque Medon nigrescere toto
 corpore et expresso spinae curvamine flecti
 incipit. huic Lycabas “in quae miracula” dixit
 “verteris?” et lati rictus et panda loquenti
 naris erat, squamamque cutis durata trahebat. 675
 at Libys obstantis dum vult obvertere remos,
 in spatium resilire manus breve vidit et illas
 iam non esse manus, iam pinnas posse vocari.
 alter ad intortos cupiens dare bracchia funes
 bracchia non habuit truncoque repandus in undas 680
 corpore desiluit: falcata novissima cauda est,
 qualia dividuae sinuantur cornua lunae.
 undique dant saltus multaque adspergine rorant
 emerguntque iterum redeuntque sub aequora rursus
 inque chori ludunt speciem lascivaque iactant 685
 corpora et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant.
 de modo viginti (tot enim ratis illa ferebat)
 restabam solus: pavidum gelidumque trementi
 corpore vixque meum firmat deus “excute” dicens
 “corde metum Diamque tene!” delatus in illam 690
 accessi sacris Baccheaque sacra frequento.’
 ‘Praebuimus longis’ Pentheus ‘ambagibus aures,’
 inquit ‘ut ira mora vires absumere posset.
 praecipitem, famuli, rapite hunc cruciataque diris
 corpora tormentis Stygiae demittite nocti!’ 695
 protinus abstractus solidis Tyrrhenus Acoetes
 clauditur in tectis; et dum crudelia iussae
 instrumenta necis ferrumque ignesque parantur,
 sponte sua patuisse fores lapsasque lacertis
 sponte sua fama est nullo solvente catenas. 700

Perstat Echionides, nec iam iubet ire, sed ipse
vadi, ubi electus facienda ad sacra Cithaeron
cantibus et clara bacchantum voce sonabat.
ut fremit acer equus, cum bellicus aere canoro
signa dedit tubicen pugnaeque adsumit amorem, 705
Pentheas sic ictus longis ululatus aether
movet, et audito clamore recanduit ira.

Monte fere medio est, cingentibus ultima silvis,
purus ab arboribus, spectabilis undique, campus:
hic oculis illum cernentem sacra profanis 710
prima videt, prima est insano concita cursu,
prima suum misso violavit Pentheas thyrsos
mater et 'o geminae' clamavit 'adeste sorores!
ille aper, in nostris errat qui maximus agris,
ille mihi feriendus aper.' ruit omnis in unum 715
turba furens; cunctae coeunt trepidumque sequuntur,
iam trepidum, iam verba minus violenta loquentem,
iam se damnantem, iam se peccasse fatentem.
saucius ille tamen 'fer opem, matertera' dixit
'Autonos! moveant animos Actaeonis umbrae!' 720
illa, quis Actaeon, nescit dextramque precanti
abstulit, Inos lacerata est altera raptu.
non habet infelix quae matri brachia tendat,
trunca sed ostendens dereptis vulnera membris
'adspice, mater!' ait. visis ululavit Agave 725
collaque iactavit movitque per aera crinem
avulsumque caput digitis complexa cruentis
clamat: 'io comites, opus hoc victoria nostra est!'
non citius frondes autumnis frigore tactas
iamque male haerentes alta rapit arbore ventus, 730
quam sunt membra viri manibus direpta nefandis.
talibus exemplis monitae nova sacra frequentant
turaque dant sanctasque colunt Ismenides aras.

LIBER QVARTVS

At non Alcithoe Minyeias orgia censet
accipienda dei, sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum
progeniem negat esse Iovis sociasque sorores
impietatis habet. festum celebrare sacerdos
inmunesque operum famulas dominasque suorum 5
pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas,
serta coma, manibus frondentis sumere thyrsos
iusserat et saevam laesi fore numinis iram
vaticinatus erat: parent matresque nurusque
telasque calathosque infectaque pensa reponunt 10
turaque dant Bacchumque vocant Bromiumque Lyaeumque
ignigenamque satumque iterum solumque bimatrem;
additur his Nyseus indetonsusque Thyoneus
et cum Lenaeo genialis consitor uvae
Nyteliusque Eleleusque parens et Iacchus et Euhan, 15
et quae praeterea per Graias plurima gentes
nomina, Liber, habes. tibi enim inconsumpta iuventa est,
tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
conspiceris caelo; tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,
virgineum caput est; Oriens tibi victus, adusque 20
decolor extremo qua tinguitor India Gange.
Pentheia tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum
sacrilegos mactas, Tyrrhenaque mittis in aequor
corpora, tu biiugum pictis insignia frenis
colla premis lyncum. bacchae satyrique sequuntur, 25
quique senex ferula titubantis ebrius artus
sustinet et pando non fortiter haeret asello.
quacumque ingrederis, clamor iuvenalis et una
femineae voces impulsaque tympana palmis
concavaque aera sonant longoque foramine buxus. 30
‘Placatus mitisque’ rogant Ismenides ‘adsis,’
iussaque sacra colunt; solae Minyeides intus
intempestiva turbantes festa Minerva
aut ducunt lanas aut stamina pollice versant

aut haerent telae famulasque laboribus urgent. 35
e quibus una levi deducens pollice filum
‘dum cessant aliae commentaque sacra frequentant,
nos quoque, quas Pallas, melior dea, detinet’ inquit,
‘utile opus manuum vario sermone levemus
perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri 40
non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures!’
dicta probant primamque iubent narrare sorores.
illa, quid e multis referat (nam plurima norat),
cogitat et dubia est, de te, Babylonia, narret,
Derceti, quam versa squamis velantibus artus 45
stagna Palaestini credunt motasse figura,
an magis, ut sumptis illius filia pennis
extremos albis in turribus egerit annos,
nais an ut cantu nimiumque potentibus herbis
verterit in tacitos iuvenalia corpora pisces, 50
donec idem passa est, an, quae poma alba ferebat
ut nunc nigra ferat contactu sanguinis arbor:
hoc placet; hanc, quoniam vulgaris fabula non est,
talibus orsa modis lana sua fila sequente:
‘Pyramus et Thisbe, iuvenum pulcherrimus alter, 55
altera, quas Oriens habuit, praelata puellis,
contiguas tenuere domos, ubi dicitur altam
coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.
notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
tempore crevit amor; taedae quoque iure coissent, 60
sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
ex aequo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
consciis omnis abest; nutu signisque loquuntur,
quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis aestuat ignis.
fissus erat tenui rima, quam duxerat olim, 65
cum fieret, paries domui communis utrique.
id vitium nulli per saecula longa notatum++
quid non sentit amor?++primi vidistis amantes
et vocis fecistis iter, tutaeque per illud
murmure blanditiae minimo transire solebant. 70
saepe, ubi constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,

inque vices fuerat captatus anhelitus oris,
“invide” dicebant “paries, quid amantibus obstas?
quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore iungi
aut, hoc si nimium est, vel ad oscula danda pateres? 75
nec sumus ingrati: tibi nos debere fatemur,
quod datus est verbis ad amicas transitus auris.”
talìa diversa nequiquam sede locuti
sub noctem dixere “vale” partique dedere
oscula quisque suae non pervenientia contra. 80
postera nocturnos Aurora removerat ignes,
solque pruinosas radiis siccaverat herbas:
ad solitum coiere locum. tum murmure parvo
multa prius questi statuunt, ut nocte silenti
fallere custodes foribusque excedere temptent, 85
cumque domo exierint, urbis quoque tecta relinquant,
neve sit errandum lato spatiantibus arvo,
convenient ad busta Nini lateantque sub umbra
arboris: arbor ibi niveis uberrima pomis,
ardua morus, erat, gelido contermina fonti. 90
pacta placent; et lux, tarde discedere visa,
praecipitatur aquis, et aquis nox exit ab isdem.

‘Callida per tenebras versato cardine Thisbe
egreditur fallitque suos adopertaque vultum
pervenit ad tumulum dictaque sub arbore sedit. 95
audacem faciebat amor. venit ecce recenti
caede leaena boum spumantis oblita rictus
depositura sitim vicini fontis in unda;
quam procul ad lunae radios Babylonia Thisbe
vidit et obscurum timido pede fugit in antrum, 100
dumque fugit, tergo velamina lapsa reliquit.
ut lea saeva sitim multa conpescuit unda,
dum redit in silvas, inventos forte sine ipsa
ore cruentato tenues laniavit amictus.
serius egressus vestigia vidit in alto 105
pulvere certa ferae totoque expalluit ore
Pyramus; ut vero vestem quoque sanguine tinctam
repperit, “una duos” inquit “nox perdet amantes,

e quibus illa fuit longa dignissima vita;
nostra nocens anima est. ego te, miseranda, peremi, 110
in loca plena metus qui iussi nocte venires
nec prior huc veni. nostrum divellite corpus
et scelerata fero consumite viscera morsu,
o quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe leones!
sed timidi est optare necem.” velamina Thisbes 115
tollit et ad pactae secum fert arboris umbram,
utque dedit notae lacrimas, dedit oscula vesti,
“accipe nunc” inquit “nostri quoque sanguinis haustus!”
quoque erat accinctus, demisit in ilia ferrum,
nec mora, ferventi moriens e vulnere traxit. 120
ut iacuit resupinus humo, cruor emicat alte,
non aliter quam cum vitiato fistula plumbo
scinditur et tenui stridente foramine longas
eiaculatur aquas atque ictibus aera rumpit.
arborei fetus adspergine caedis in atram 125
vertuntur faciem, madefactaque sanguine radix
purpureo tinguit pendentia mora colore.

‘Ecce metu nondum posito, ne fallat amantem,
illa redivit iuvenemque oculis animoque requirit,
quantaque vitarit narrare pericula gestit; 130
utque locum et visa cognoscit in arbore formam,
sic facit incertam pomi color: haeret, an haec sit.
dum dubitat, tremebunda videt pulsare cruentum
membra solum, retroque pedem tulit, oraque buxo
pallidiora gerens exhorruit aequoris instar, 135
quod tremit, exigua cum summum stringitur aura.
sed postquam remorata suos cognovit amores,
percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos
et laniata comas amplexaque corpus amatum
vulnera supplevit lacrimis fletumque cruori 140
miscuit et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens
“Pyrame,” clamavit, “quis te mihi casus ademit?
Pyrame, responde! tua te carissima Thisbe
nominat; exaudi vultusque attolle iacentes!”
ad nomen Thisbes oculos a morte gravatos 145

Pyramus erexit visaque recondidit illa.

‘Quae postquam vestemque suam cognovit et ense
vidit ebur vacuum, “tua te manus” inquit “amorque
perdidit, infelix! est et mihi fortis in unum
hoc manus, est et amor: dabit hic in vulnera vires. 150
persequar extinctum letique miserrima dicar
causa comesque tui: quique a me morte revelli
heu sola poteras, poteris nec morte revelli.
hoc tamen amborum verbis estote rogati,
o multum miseri meus illiusque parentes, 155
ut, quos certus amor, quos hora novissima iunxit,
conponi tumulto non invideatis eodem;
at tu quae ramis arbor miserabile corpus
nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum,
signa tene caedis pullosque et luctibus aptos 160
semper habe fetus, gemini monimenta cruoris.”
dixit et aptato pectus mucrone sub imum
incubuit ferro, quod adhuc a caede tepebat.
vota tamen tetigere deos, tetigere parentes;
nam color in pomo est, ubi permaturuit, ater, 165
quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna.’

Desierat: mediumque fuit breve tempus, et orsa est
dicere Leuconoe: vocem tenuere sorores.
‘hunc quoque, siderea qui temperat omnia luce,
cepit amor Solem: Solis referemus amores. 170
primus adulterium Veneris cum Marte putatur
hic vidisse deus; videt hic deus omnia primus.
indoluit facto Iunonigenaeque marito
furta tori furtique locum monstravit, at illi
et mens et quod opus fabrilis dextra tenebat 175
excidit: extemplo graciles ex aere catenas
retiaque et laqueos, quae lumina fallere possent,
elimat. non illud opus tenuissima vincant
stamina, non summo quae pendet aranea tigno;
utque levis tactus momentaque parva sequantur, 180
efficit et lecto circumdata collocat arte.
ut venere torum coniunx et adulter in unum,

arte viri vinculisque nova ratione paratis
in mediis ambo deprensi amplexibus haerent.
Lemnius extemplo valvas patefecit eburnas 185
inmisitque deos; illi iacuere ligati
turpiter, atque aliquis de dis non tristibus optat
sic fieri turpis; superi risere, diuque
haec fuit in toto notissima fabula caelo.

‘Exigit indicii memorem Cythereia poenam 190
inque vices illum, tectos qui laesit amores,
laedit amore pari. quid nunc, Hyperione nate,
forma colorque tibi radiataque lumina prosunt?
nempe, tuis omnes qui terras ignibus uris,
ureris igne novo; quique omnia cernere debes, 195
Leucothoen spectas et virgine figis in una,
quos mundo debes, oculos. modo surgis Eoo
temperius caelo, modo serius incidis undis,
spectandique mora brumalis porrigis horas;
deficis interdum, vitiumque in lumina mentis 200
transit et obscurus mortalia pectora terres.
nec tibi quod lunae terris propioris imago
obstiterit, palles: facit hunc amor iste colorem.
diligis hanc unam, nec te Clymeneque Rhodosque
nec tenet Aëtae genetrix pulcherrima Circes 205
quaque tuos Clytie quamvis despecta petebat
concubitus ipsoque illo grave vulnus habebat
tempore: Leucothoe multarum obliviam fecit,
gentis odoriferae quam formosissima partu
edidit Eurynome; sed postquam filia crevit, 210
quam mater cunctas, tam matrem filia vicit.
rexit Achaemenias urbes pater Orchamus isque
septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.

‘Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum:
ambrosiam pro gramine habent; ea fessa diurnis 215
membra ministeriis nutrit reparatque labori.
dumque ibi quadrupedes caelestia pabula carpunt
noxque vicem peragit, thalamos deus intrat amatos,
versus in Eurynomes faciem genetricis, et inter

bis sex Leucothoen famulas ad lumina cernit 220
levia versato ducentem stamina fuso.
ergo ubi ceu mater carae dedit oscula natae,
“res” ait “arcana est: famulae, discedite neve
eripite arbitrium matri secreta loquendi.”
paruerant, thalamoque deus sine teste relicto 225
“ille ego sum” dixit, “qui longum metior annum,
omnia qui video, per quem videt omnia tellus,
mundi oculus: mihi, crede, places.” pavet illa, metuque
et colus et fusus digitis cecidere remissis.
ipse timor decuit. nec longius ille moratus 230
in veram rediit speciem solitumque nitorem;
at virgo quamvis inopino territa visu
victa nitore dei posita vim passa querella est.

‘Invidit Clytie (neque enim moderatus in illa
Solis amor fuerat) stimulataque paelicis ira 235
vulgat adulterium diffamatamque parenti
indicat. ille ferox inmansuetusque precantem
tendentemque manus ad lumina Solis et “ille
vim tulit invitae” dicentem defodit alta
crudus humo tumulumque super gravis addit harenae. 240
dissipat hunc radiis Hyperione natus iterque
dat tibi, qua possis defossos promere vultus;
nec tu iam poteras enectum pondere terrae
tollere, nympha, caput corpusque exsanguie iacebas:
nil illo fertur volucrum moderator equorum 245
post Phaethonteos vidisse dolentius ignes.
ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus
si queat in vivum temptat revocare calorem;
sed quoniam tantis fatum conatibus obstat,
nectare odorato sparsit corpusque locumque 250
multaque praequestus “tanges tamen aethera” dixit.
protinus inbutum caelesti nectare corpus
delicuit terramque suo madefecit odore,
virgaque per glaebas sensim radicibus actis
turea surrexit tumulumque cacumine rupit. 255

‘At Clytien, quamvis amor excusare dolorem

indiciumque dolor poterat, non amplius auctor
lucis adit Venerisque modum sibi fecit in illa.
tabuit ex illo dementer amoribus usa;
nympharum inpatiens et sub Iove nocte dieque 260
sedit humo nuda nudis incompta capillis,
perque novem luces expers undaeque cibique
rore mero lacrimisque suis ieiunia pavit
nec se movit humo; tantum spectabat euntis
ora dei vultusque suos flectebat ad illum. 265
membra ferunt haesisse solo, partemque coloris
luridus exsanguis pallor convertit in herbas;
est in parte rubor violaeque simillimus ora
flos tegit. illa suum, quamvis radice tenetur,
vertitur ad Solem mutataque servat amorem.’ 270
dixerat, et factum mirabile ceperat auris;
pars fieri potuisse negant, pars omnia veros
posse deos memorant: sed non est Bacchus in illis.

Poscitur Alcithoe, postquam siluere sorores.
quae radio stantis percurrens stamina telae 275
‘vulgatos taceo’ dixit ‘pastoris amores
Daphnidis Idaei, quem nymphe paelicis ira
contulit in saxum: tantus dolor urit amantes;
nec loquor, ut quondam naturae iure novato
ambiguus fuerit modo vir, modo femina Sithon. 280
te quoque, nunc adamas, quondam fidissime parvo,
Celmi, Iovi largoque satos Curetas ab imbri
et Crocon in parvos versum cum Smilace flores
praetereo dulcique animos novitate tenebo.

‘Unde sit infamis, quare male fortibus undis 285
Salmacis enervet tactosque remolliat artus,
discite. causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.
Mercurio puerum diva Cythereide natum
naides Idaeis enutrivere sub antris,
cuius erat facies, in qua materque paterque 290
cognosci possent; nomen quoque traxit ab illis.
is tria cum primum fecit quinquennia, montes
deseruit patrios Idaque altrice relictas

ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
 flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem. 295
 ille etiam Lycias urbes Lyciaeque propinquos
 Caras adit: videt hic stagnum lucentis ad imum
 usque solum lymphae; non illic canna palustris
 nec steriles ulvae nec acuta cuspide iunci;
 perspicuus liquor est; stagni tamen ultima vivo 300
 caespite cinguntur semperque virentibus herbis.
 nympa colit, sed nec venatibus apta nec arcus
 flectere quae soleat nec quae contendere cursu,
 solaque naiadum celeri non nota Dianae.
 saepe suas illi fama est dixisse sorores 305
 “Salmaci, vel iaculum vel pictas sume pharetras
 et tua cum duris venatibus otia misce!”
 nec iaculum sumit nec pictas illa pharetras,
 nec sua cum duris venatibus otia miscet,
 sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus, 310
 saepe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines
 et, quid se deceat, spectatas consulit undas;
 nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu
 mollibus aut foliis aut mollibus incubat herbis,
 saepe legit flores. et tum quoque forte legebat, 315
 cum puerum vidit visumque optavit habere.
 ‘Nec tamen ante adiit, etsi properabat adire,
 quam se conposuit, quam circumspexit amictus
 et finxit vultum et meruit formosa videri.
 tunc sic orsa loqui: “puer o dignissime credi 320
 esse deus, seu tu deus es, potes esse Cupido,
 sive es mortalis, qui te genuere, beati,
 et frater felix, et fortunata profecto,
 si qua tibi soror est, et quae dedit ubera nutrix;
 sed longe cunctis longeque beatior illa, 325
 si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere taeda.
 haec tibi sive aliqua est, mea sit furtiva voluptas,
 seu nulla est, ego sim, thalamumque ineamus eundem.”
 nais ab his tacuit. pueri rubor ora notavit;
 nescit, enim, quid amor; sed et erubuisse decebat: 330

hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis
aut ebori tincto est aut sub candore rubenti,
cum frustra resonant aera auxiliaria, lunae.
poscenti nymphae sine fine sororia saltem
oscula iamque manus ad eburnea colla ferenti 335
“desinis, an fugio tecumque” ait “ista relinquo?”
Salmacis extimuit “loca” que “haec tibi libera trado,
hospes” ait simulatque gradu discedere verso,
tum quoque respiciens, fruticumque recondita silva
delituit flexuque genu submitit; at ille, 340
scilicet ut vacuis et inobservatus in herbis,
huc it et hinc illuc et in adludentibus undis
summa pedum taloque tenus vestigia tinguunt;
nec mora, temperie blandarum captus aquarum
mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit. 345
tum vero placuit, nudaque cupidine formae
Salmacis exarsit; flagrant quoque lumina nymphae,
non aliter quam cum puro nitidissimus orbe
opposita speculi referitur imagine Phoebus;
vixque moram patitur, vix iam sua gaudia differt, 350
iam cupit amplecti, iam se male continet amens.
ille cavis velox adplauso corpore palmis
desilit in latices alternaque bracchia ducens
in liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea si quis
signa tegat claro vel candida lilia vitro. 355
“vicinus et meus est” exclamat nais, et omni
veste procul iacta mediis inmittitur undis,
pugnantemque tenet, luctantiaque oscula carpit,
subiectatque manus, invitaque pectora tangit,
et nunc hac iuveni, nunc circumfunditur illac; 360
denique nitentem contra elabique volentem
inpicat ut serpens, quam regia sustinet ales
sublimemque rapit: pendens caput illa pedesque
adligat et cauda spatiantes inpicat alas;
utve solent hederæ longos intexere truncos, 365
utque sub aequoribus deprensum polypus hostem
continet ex omni dimissis parte flagellis.

perstat Atlantiades sperataque gaudia nymphae
denegat; illa premit commissaque corpore toto
sicut inhaerebat, “pugnes licet, inprobe,” dixit, 370
“non tamen effugies. ita, di, iubeatis, et istum
nulla dies a me nec me deducat ab isto.”
vota suos habuere deos; nam mixta duorum
corpora iunguntur, faciesque inducitur illis
una. velut, si quis conducat cortice ramos, 375
crescendo iungi pariterque adolescere cernit,
sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci,
nec duo sunt et forma duplex, nec femina dici
nec puer ut possit, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.

‘Ergo ubi se liquidas, quo vir descenderat, undas 380
semimarem fecisse videt mollitaque in illis
membra, manus tendens, sed iam non voce virili
Hermaphroditus ait: “nato date munera vestro,
et pater et genetrix, amborum nomen habenti:
quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat inde 385
semivir et tactis subito mollescat in undis!”
motus uterque parens nati rata verba biformis
fecit et incesto fontem medicamine tinxit.’

Finis erat dictis, et adhuc Minyeia proles
urguet opus spernitque deum festumque profanat, 390
tympana cum subito non adparentia raucis
obstrepuere sonis, et adunco tibia cornu
tinnulaque aera sonant; redolent murraeque crocique,
resque fide maior, coepere virescere telae
inque hederæ faciem pendens frondescere vestis; 395
pars abit in vites, et quae modo fila fuerunt,
palmite mutantur; de stamine pampinus exit;
purpura fulgorem pictis adcommodat uvis.
iamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
quod tu nec tenebras nec possis dicere lucem, 400
sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia noctis:
tectæ repente quati pinguesque ardere videntur
lampades et rutilis conlucere ignibus aedes
falsaque saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum,

fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores 405
diversaeque locis ignes ac lumina vitant,
dumque petunt tenebras, parvos membrana per artus
porrigitur tenuique includit bracchia pinna;
nec qua perdidierint veterem ratione figuram,
scire sinunt tenebrae: non illas pluma levavit, 410
sustinuere tamen se perlucentibus alis
conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem
emittunt peraguntque levi stridore querellas.
tectaque, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae
nocte volant seroque tenent a vespere nomen. 415

Tum vero totis Bacchi memorabile Thebis
numen erat, magnasque novi matertera vires
narrat ubique dei de totque sororibus expers
una doloris erat, nisi quem fecere sorores:
adspicit hanc natis thalamoque Athamantis habentem 420
sublimes animos et alumno numine Iuno
nec tulit et secum: 'potuit de paelice natus
vertere Maeonios pelagoque inmergere nautas
et laceranda suae nati dare viscera matri
et triplices operire novis Minyeidas alis: 425
nil poterit Iuno nisi inultos flere dolores?
idque mihi satis est? haec una potentia nostra est?
ipse docet, quid agam (fas est et ab hoste doceri),
quidque furor valeat, Penthea caede satisque
ac super ostendit: cur non stimuletur eatque 430
per cognata suis exempla furoribus Ino?'

Est via declivis funesta nubila taxo:
ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes;
Styx nebulas exhalat iners, umbraeque recentes
descendunt illac simulacraque functa sepulcris: 435
pallor hiemsque tenent late loca senta, novique,
qua sit iter, manes, Stygiam quod ducat ad urbem,
ignorant, ubi sit nigri fera regia Ditis.
mille capax aditus et apertas undique portas
urbs habet, utque fretum de tota flumina terra, 440
sic omnes animas locus accipit ille nec ulli

exiguus populo est turbamve accedere sentit.
errant exsanguis sine corpore at ossibus umbrae,
parsque forum celebrant, pars imi tecta tyranni,
pars aliquas artes, antiquae imitamina vitae. 445

Sustinet ire illuc caelesti sede relictæ 447
(tantum odiis iraeque dabat) Saturnia Iuno;
quo simul intravit sacroque a corpore pressum
ingemuit limen, tria Cerberus extulit ora 450
et tres latratus semel edidit; illa sorores
Nocte vocat genitas, grave et inplacabile numen:
carceris ante fores clausas adamante sedebant
deque suis atros pectebant crinibus angues.
quam simul agnorunt inter caliginis umbras, 455
surrexere deae; sedes scelerata vocatur:
viscera praebebat Tityos lanianda novemque
iugeribus distentus erat; tibi, Tantale, nullae
deprenduntur aquae, quaeque inminet, effugit arbor;
aut petis aut urgues rediturum, Sisyphe, saxum; 460
volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque,
molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae
adsiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.

Quos omnes acie postquam Saturnia torva
vidit et ante omnes Ixiona, rursus ab illo 465
Sisyphon adspiciens ‘cur hic e fratribus’ inquit
‘perpetuas patitur poenas, Athamanta superbum
regia dives habet, qui me cum coniuge semper
sprevit?’ et exponit causas odiique viaeque,
quidque velit: quod vellet, erat, ne regia Cadmi 470
staret, et in facinus traherent Athamanta sorores.
imperium, promissa, preces confundit in unum
sollicitatque deas: sic haec Iunone locuta,
Tisiphone canos, ut erat, turbata capillos
movit et obstantes reiecit ab ore colubras 475
atque ita ‘non longis opus est ambagibus,’ inquit;
‘facta puta, quaecumque iubes; inamabile regnum
desere teque refer caeli melioris ad auras.’
laeta redit Iuno, quam caelum intrare parantem

roratis lustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris. 480

Nec mora, Tisiphone madefactam sanguine sumit
inportuna facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem
induitur pallam, tortoque incingitur angue
egrediturque domo. Luctus comitatur euntem
et Pavor et Terror trepidoque Insania vultu. 485
limine constiterat: postes tremuisse feruntur
Aeolii pallorque fores infecit acernas
solque locum fugit. monstris est territa coniunx,
terrītus est Athamas, tectoque exire parabant:
obstitit infelix aditumque obsedit Erinys, 490
nexaque vipereis distendens brachia nodis
caesariem excussit: motae sonuere colubrae,
parsque iacent umeris, pars circum pectora lapsae
sibila dant saniemque vomunt linguisque coruscant.
inde duos mediis abruptit crinibus angues 495
pestiferaque manu raptos inmisit, at illi
Inosque sinus Athamanteosque pererrant
inspirantque graves animas; nec vulnera membris
ulla ferunt: mens est, quae diros sentiat ictus.
attulerat secum liquidī quoque monstra veneni, 500
oris Cerberei spumas et virus Echidnae
erroresque vagos caecaeque obliviae mentis
et scelus et lacrimas rabiemque et caedis amorem,
omnia trita simul, quae sanguine mixta recenti
coxerat aere cavo viridi versata cicuta; 505
dumque pavent illi, vergit furiale venenum
pectus in amborum praecordiaque intima movit.
tum face iactata per eundem saepius orbem
consequitur motis velociter ignibus ignes.
sic victrix iussique potens ad inania magni 510
regna redit Ditis sumptumque recingitur anguem.

Protinus Aeolides media furibundus in aula
clamat 'io, comites, his retia tendite silvis!
hic modo cum gemina visa est mihi prole leaena'
utque ferae sequitur vestigia coniugis amens 515
deque sinu matris ridentem et parva Learchum

bracchia tendentem rapit et bis terque per auras
more rotat fundae rigidoque infantia saxo
discutit ora ferox; tum denique concita mater,
seu dolor hoc fecit seu sparsi causa veneni, 520
exululat passisque fugit male sana capillis
teque ferens parvum nudis, Melicerta, lacertis
'euhoe Bacche' sonat: Bacchi sub nomine Iuno
risit et 'hos usus praestet tibi' dixit 'alumnus!'
inminet aequoribus scopulus: pars ima cavatur 525
fluctibus et tectas defendit ab imbribus undas,
summa riget frontemque in apertum porrigit aequor;
occupat hunc (vires insania fecerat) Ino
seque super pontum nullo tardata timore
mittit onusque suum; percussa recanduit unda. 530

At Venus, inmeritae neptis miserata labores,
sic patruo blandita suo est 'o numen aquarum,
proxima cui caelo cessit, Neptune, potestas,
magna quidem posco, sed tu miserere meorum,
iactari quos cernis in Ionio inmenso, 535
et dis adde tuis. aliqua et mihi gratia ponto est,
si tamen in medio quondam concreta profundo
spuma fui Graiumque manet mihi nomen ab illa.'
adnuat oranti Neptunus et abstulit illis,
quod mortale fuit, maiestatemque verendam 540
inposuit nomenque simul faciemque novavit
Leucothoeque deum cum matre Palaemona dixit.

Sidoniae comites, quantum valere secutae
signa pedum, primo videre novissima saxo;
nec dubium de morte ratae Cadmeida palmis 545
deplanxere domum scissae cum veste capillos,
utque parum iustae nimiumque in paelice saevae
invidiam fecere deae. convicia Iuno
non tulit et 'faciam vos ipsas maxima' dixit
'saevitiae monimenta meae'; res dicta secuta est. 550
nam quae praecipue fuerat pia, 'persequar' inquit
'in freta reginam' saltumque datura moveri
haud usquam potuit scopuloque adfixa cohaesit;

altera, dum solito temptat plangore ferire
pectora, temptatos sensit riguisse lacertos; 555
illa, manus ut forte tetenderat in maris undas;
saxea facta manus in easdem porrigit undas;
huius, ut arreptum laniabat vertice crinem,
duratos subito digitos in crine videres:
quo quaeque in gestu deprensa est, haesit in illo. 560
pars volucres factae, quae nunc quoque gurgite in illo
aequora destringunt summis Ismenides alis.

Nescit Agenorides natam parvumque nepotem
aequoris esse deos; luctu serieque malorum
victus et ostentis, quae plurima viderat, exit 565
conditor urbe sua, tamquam fortuna locorum,
non sua se premeret, longisque erroribus actus
contigit Illyricos profuga cum coniuge fines.
iamque malis annisque graves dum prima retractant
fata domus releguntque suos sermone labores, 570
‘num sacer ille mea traiectus cuspide serpens’
Cadmus ait ‘fuerat, tum cum Sidone profectus
vipereos sparsi per humum, nova semina, dentes?
quem si cura deum tam certa vindicat ira,
ipse precor serpens in longam porrigar alvum.’ 575
dixit, et ut serpens in longam tenditur alvum
durataeque cuti squamas increscere sentit
nigraque caeruleis variari corpora guttis
in pectusque cadit pronus, commissaque in unum
paulatim tereti tenuantur acumine crura. 580
bracchia iam restant: quae restant bracchia tendit
et lacrimis per adhuc humana fluentibus ora
‘accede, o coniunx, accede, miserrima’ dixit,
‘dumque aliquid superest de me, me tange manumque
accipe, dum manus est, dum non totum occupat anguis.’ 585
ille quidem vult plura loqui, sed lingua repente
in partes est fissa duas, nec verba volenti
sufficiunt, quotiensque aliquos parat edere questus,
sibilat: hanc illi vocem natura reliquit.
nuda manu feriens exclamat pectora coniunx: 590

‘Cadme, mane teque, infelix, his exue monstris!
Cadme, quid hoc? ubi pes, ubi sunt umerique manusque
et color et facies et, dum loquor, omnia? cur non
me quoque, caelestes, in eandem vertitis anguem?’
dixerat, ille suae lambebat coniugis ora 595
inque sinus caros, veluti cognosceret, ibat
et dabat amplexus adsuetaque colla petebat.
quisquis adest (aderant comites), terretur; at illa
lubrica permulcet cristati colla draconis,
et subito duo sunt iunctoque volumine serpunt, 600
donec in adpositi nemoris subiere latebras,
nunc quoque nec fugiunt hominem nec vulnere laedunt
quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.

Sed tamen ambobus versae solacia formae
magna nepos dederat, quem debellata colebat 605
India, quem positis celebrabat Achaia templis;
solus Abantiades ab origine cretus eadem
Acrisius superest, qui moenibus arceat urbis
Argolicae contraque deum ferat arma genusque
non putet esse Iovis: neque enim Iovis esse putabat 610
Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro.
mox tamen Acrisium (tanta est praesentia veri)
tam violasse deum quam non agnosce nepotem
paenitet: inpositus iam caelo est alter, at alter
viperei referens spoliū memorabile monstri 615
aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis,
cumque super Libycas victor penderet harenas,
Gorgonei capitis guttae cecidere cruentae;
quas humus exceptas varios animavit in angues,
unde frequens illa est infestaque terra colubris. 620

Inde per inmensum ventis discordibus actus
nunc huc, nunc illuc exemplo nubis aquosae
fertur et ex alto seductas aethere longe
despectat terras totumque supervolat orbem.
ter gelidas Arctos, ter Cancri bracchia vidit, 625
saepe sub occasus, saepe est ablatas in ortus,
iamque cadente die, veritus se credere nocti,

constitit Hesperio, regnis Atlantis, in orbe
exiguamque petit requiem, dum Lucifer ignes
evocet Aurorae, currus Aurora diurnos. 630
hic hominum cunctos ingenti corpore praestans
Iapetionides Atlas fuit: ultima tellus
rege sub hoc et pontus erat, qui Solis anhelis
aequora subdit equis et fessos excipit axes.
mille greges illi totidemque armenta per herbas 635
errabant, et humum vicinia nulla premebat;
arboreae frondes auro radiante nitentes
ex auro ramos, ex auro poma tegebant.
'hospes' ait Perseus illi, 'seu gloria tangit
te generis magni, generis mihi Iuppiter auctor; 640
sive es mirator rerum, mirabere nostras;
hospitium requiemque peto.' memor ille vetustae
sortis erat; Themis hanc dederat Parnasia sortem:
'tempus, Atlas, veniet, tua quo spoliabitur auro
arbor, et hunc praedae titulum Iove natus habebit.' 645
id metuens solidis pomaria clauserat Atlas
moenibus et vasto dederat servanda draconi
arcebatque suis externos finibus omnes.
huic quoque 'vade procul, ne longe gloria rerum,
quam mentiris' ait, 'longe tibi Iuppiter absit!' 650
vimque minis addit manibusque expellere temptat
cunctantem et placidis miscentem fortia dictis.
viribus inferior (quis enim par esset Atlantis
viribus?) 'at, quoniam parvi tibi gratia nostra est,
accipe munus!' ait laevaue a parte Medusae 655
ipse retro versus squalentia protulit ora.
quantus erat, mons factus Atlas: nam barba comaeque
in silvas abeunt, iuga sunt umerique manusque,
quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen,
ossa lapis fiunt; tum partes altus in omnes 660
crevit in inmensum (sic, di, statuistis) et omne
cum tot sideribus caelum requievit in illo.

Clause rat Hippotades Aetnaeo carcere ventos,
admonitorque operum caelo clarissimus alto

Lucifer ortus erat: pennis ligat ille resumptis 665
parte ab utraque pedes teloque accingitur unco
et liquidum motis talaribus aera findit.
gentibus innumeris circumque infraque relictis
Aethiopum populos Cepheaque conspicit arva.
illic inmeritam maternae pendere linguae 670
Andromedan poenas iniustus iusserat Ammon;
quam simul ad duras religatam bracchia cautes
vidit Abantiades, nisi quod levis aura capillos
moverat et tepido manabant lumina fletu,
marmoreum ratus esset opus; trahit inscius ignes 675
et stupet et visae correptus imagine formae
paene suas quater est oblitus in aere pennas.
ut stetit, 'o' dixit 'non istis digna catenis,
sed quibus inter se cupidi iunguntur amantes,
pande requirenti nomen terraeque tuumque, 680
et cur vincla geras.' primo silet illa nec audet
adpellare virum virgo, manibusque modestos
celasset vultus, si non religata fuisset;
lumina, quod potuit, lacrimis inplevit obortis.
saepius instanti, sua ne delicta fateri 685
nolle videretur, nomen terraeque suumque,
quantaque maternae fuerit fiducia formae,
indicat, et nondum memoratis omnibus unda
insonuit, veniensque inmenso belua ponto
inminet et latum sub pectore possidet aequor. 690
conclamat virgo: genitor lugubris et una
mater adest, ambo miseri, sed iustius illa,
nec secum auxilium, sed dignos tempore fletus
plangoremque ferunt vinctoque in corpore adhaerent,
cum sic hospes ait 'lacrimarum longa manere 695
tempora vos poterunt, ad opem brevis hora ferendam est.
hanc ego si peterem Perseus Iove natus et illa,
quam clausam inplevit fecundo Iuppiter auro,
Gorgonis anguicomae Perseus superator et alis
aerias ausus iactatis ire per auras, 700
praeferrer cunctis certe gener; addere tantis

dotibus et meritum, faveant modo numina, tempto:
ut mea sit servata mea virtute, paciscor.’
accipiunt legem (quis enim dubitaret?) et orant
promittuntque super regnum dotale parentes. 705

Ecce, velut navis praefixo concita rostro
sulcat aquas iuvenum sudantibus acta lacertis,
sic fera dimotis impulsu pectoris undis;
tantum aberat scopulis, quantum Balearica torto
funda potest plumbo medii transmittere caeli, 710
cum subito iuvenis pedibus tellure repulsa
arduus in nubes abiit: ut in aequore summo
umbra viri visa est, visam fera saevit in umbram,
utque Iovis praepes, vacuo cum vidit in arvo
praebentem Phoebō liventia terga draconem, 715
occupat aversum, neu saeva retorqueat ora,
squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus unguēs,
sic celeri missus praeceps per inane volatu
terga ferae pressit dextroque frementis in armo
Inachides ferrum curvo tenus abdidit hamo. 720
vulnere laesa gravi modo se sublimis in auras
attollit, modo subdit aquis, modo more ferocis
versat apri, quem turba canum circumsona terret.
ille avidos morsus velocibus effugit alis
quaque patet, nunc terga cavis super obsita conchis, 725
nunc laterum costas, nunc qua tenuissima cauda
desinit in piscem, falcato verberat ense;
belua puniceo mixtos cum sanguine fluctus
ore vomit: maduere graves adspergine pennae.
nec bibulis ultra Perseus talaribus ausus 730
credere conspexit scopulum, qui vertice summo
stantibus exstat aquis, operitur ab aequore moto.
nixus eo rupisque tenens iuga prima sinistra
ter quater exegit repetita per ilia ferrum.
litora cum plausu clamor superasque deorum 735
inplevere domos: gaudent generumque saluant
auxiliumque domus servatoremque fatentur
Cassiope Cepheusque pater; resoluta catenis

incedit virgo, pretiumque et causa laboris.
ipse manus hausta victrices abluit unda, 740
anguiferumque caput dura ne laedat harena,
mollit humum foliis natasque sub aequore virgas
sternit et inponit Phorcynidos ora Medusae.
virga recens bibulaque etiamnum viva medulla
vim rapuit monstri tactuque induruit huius 745
percepitque novum ramis et fronde rigorem.
at pelagi nymphae factum mirabile temptant
pluribus in virgis et idem contingere gaudent
semina ex illis iterant iactata per undas:
nunc quoque curaliis eadem natura remansit, 750
duritiam tacto capiant ut ab aere quodque
vimen in aequore erat, fiat super aequora saxum.

Dis tribus ille focos totidem de caespite ponit,
laevum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica virgo,
ara Iovis media est; mactatur vacca Minervae, 755
alipedi vitulus, taurus tibi, summe deorum.
protinus Andromedan et tanti praemia facti
indotata rapit; taedas Hymenaeus Amorque
praecutiunt; largis satiantur odoribus ignes,
sertaque dependent tectis et ubique lyraeque 760
tibiae et cantus, animi felicia laeti
argumenta, sonant; reseratis aurea valvis
atria tota patent, pulchroque instructa paratu
Cepheni proceres ineunt convivia regis.

Postquam epulis functi generosi munere Bacchi 765
diffudere animos, cultusque genusque locorum
quaerit Lyncides moresque animumque virorum;
qui simul edocuit, 'nunc, o fortissime,' dixit 769
'fare, precor, Perseu, quanta virtute quibusque
artibus abstuleris crinita draconibus ora!'
narrat Agenorides gelido sub Atlante iacentem
esse locum solidae tutum munimine molis;
cuius in introitu geminas habitasse sorores
Phorcidas unius partitas luminis usum; 775
id se sollerti furtim, dum traditur, astu

supposita cepisse manu perque abdita longe
deviaque et silvis horrentia saxa fragosis
Gorgoneas tetigisse domos passimque per agros
perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque 780
in silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa.

se tamen horrendae clipei, quem laeva gerebat,
aere repperusso formam adspexisse Medusae,
dumque gravis somnus colubrasque ipsamque tenebat,
eripuisse caput collo; pennisque fugacem 785
Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos.

Addidit et longi non falsa pericula cursus,
quae freta, quas terras sub se vidisset ab alto
et quae iactatis tetigisset sidera pennis;
ante exspectatum tacuit tamen. excipit unus 790
ex numero procerum quaerens, cur sola sororum
gesserit alternis inmixtos crinibus angues.
hospes ait: 'quoniam scitaris digna relatu,
accipe quaesiti causam. clarissima forma
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum 795
illa, nec in tota conspectior ulla capillis
pars fuit: inveni, qui se vidisse referret.
hanc pelagi rector templo vitiasse Minervae
dicitur: aversa est et castos aegide vultus
nata Iovis textit, neve hoc inpune fuisset, 800
Gorgoneum crinem turpes mutavit in hydros.
nunc quoque, ut attonitos formidine terreat hostes,
pectore in adverso, quos fecit, sustinet angues.'

LIBER QVINTVS

Dumque ea Cephenum medio Danaeius heros
agmine commemorat, fremida regalia turba
atria conplentur, nec coniugialia festa
qui canat est clamor, sed qui fera nuntiet arma;
inque repentinos convivia versa tumultus 5
adsimilare freto possis, quod saeva quietum
ventorum rabies motis exasperat undis.
primus in his Phineus, belli temerarius auctor,
fraxineam quatiens aeratae cuspidis hastam
'en' ait, 'en adsum praereptae coniugis ultor; 10
nec mihi te pennae nec falsum versus in aurum
Iuppiter eripiet!' conanti mittere Cepheus
'quid facis?' exclamat, 'quae te, germane, furentem
mens agit in facinus? meritisne haec gratia tantis
redditur? hac vitam servatae dote rependis? 15
quam tibi non Perseus, verum si quaeris, ademit,
sed grave Nereidum numen, sed corniger Ammon,
sed quae visceribus veniebat belua ponti
exsaturanda meis; illo tibi tempore rapta est,
quo peritura fuit, nisi si, crudelis, id ipsum 20
exigis, ut pereat, luctuque levabere nostro.
scilicet haud satis est, quod te spectante revincta est
et nullam quod opem patruus sponsusve tulisti;
insuper, a quoquam quod sit servata, dolebis
praemiaque eripies? quae si tibi magna videntur, 25
ex illis scopulis, ubi erant adfixa, petisses.
nunc sine, qui petiit, per quem haec non orba senectus,
ferre, quod et meritis et voce est pactus, eumque
non tibi, sed certae praelatum intellege morti.'

Ille nihil contra, sed et hunc et Persea vultu 30
alterno spectans petat hunc ignorat an illum:
cunctatusque brevi contortam viribus hastam,
quantas ira dabat, nequiquam in Persea misit.
ut stetit illa toro, stratis tum denique Perseus

exsiluit teloque ferox inimica remisso 35
pectora rupisset, nisi post altaria Phineus
isset: et (indignum) scelerato profuit ara.
fronte tamen Rhoeti non inrita cuspis adhaesit,
qui postquam cecidit ferrumque ex osse revulsum est
calcitrat et positas adspergit sanguine mensas. 40
tum vero indomitas ardescit vulgus in iras,
telaque coniciunt, et sunt, qui Cephea dicunt
cum genero debere mori; sed limine tecti
exierat Cepheus testatus iusque fidemque
hospitique deos, ea se prohibente moveri. 45
bellica Pallas adest et protegit aegide fratrem
datque animos.

Erat Indus Athis, quem flumine Gange
edita Limnaee vitreis peperisse sub undis
creditur, egregius forma, quam divite cultu
augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis, 50
indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus obibat
aureus; ornabant aurata monilia collum
et madidos murra curvum crinale capillos;
ille quidem iaculo quamvis distantia misso
figere doctus erat, sed tendere doctior arcus. 55
tum quoque lenta manu flectentem cornua Perseus
stipite, qui media positus fumabat in ara,
perculit et fractis confudit in ossibus ora.

Hunc ubi laudatos iactantem in sanguine vultus
Assyrius vidit Lycabas, iunctissimus illi 60
et comes et veri non dissimulator amoris,
postquam exhalantem sub acerbo vulnere vitam
deploravit Athin, quos ille tetenderat arcus
arripit et 'mecum tibi sint certamina!' dixit;
'nec longum pueri fato laetabere, quo plus 65
invidiae quam laudis habes.' haec omnia nondum
dixerat: emicuit nervo penetrabile telum
vitatumque tamen sinuosa veste pependit.
vertit in hunc harpen spectatam caede Medusae
Acrisioniades adigitque in pectus; at ille 70

iam moriens oculis sub nocte natantibus atra
circumspexit Athin seque adclinavit ad illum
et tulit ad manes iunctae solacia mortis.

Ecce Syenites, genitus Metione, Phorbas
et Libys Amphimедon, avidi committere pugman, 75
sanguine, quo late tellus madefacta tepebat,
conciderant lapsi; surgentibus obstitit ensis,
alterius costis, iugulo Phorbantis adactus.

At non Actoriden Erytum, cui lata bipennis
telum erat, hamato Perseus petit ense, sed altis 80
exstantem signis multaeque in pondere massae
ingentem manibus tollit cratera duabus
infigitque viro; rutilum vomit ille cruorem
et resupinus humum moribundo vertice pulsat.
inde Semiramio Polydegmona sanguine cretum 85
Caucasiumque Abarin Sperchionidenque Lycetum
intonsumque comas Helicen Phlegyanque Clytumque
sternit et exstructos morientum calcat acervos.

Nec Phineus ausus concurrere comminus hosti
intorquet iaculum, quod detulit error in Idan, 90
expertem frustra belli et neutra arma secutum.
ille tuens oculis inमितem Phinea torvis
'quandoquidem in partes' ait 'abstrahor, accipe, Phineu,
quem fecisti, hostem pensaque hoc vulnere vulnus!'
iamque remissurus tractum de corpore telum 95
sanguine defectos cecidit conlapsus in artus.

Tum quoque Cephenum post regem primus Hodites
ense iacet Clymeni, Prothoenora percutit Hypseus,
Hypsea Lyncides. fuit et grandaevus in illis
Emathion, aequi cultor timidusque deorum, 100
qui, quoniam prohibent anni bellare, loquendo
pugnat et incessit scelerataque devovet arma;
huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
decutit ense caput, quod protinus incidit arae
atque ibi semianimi verba exsecrantia lingua 105
edidit et medios animam exspiravit in ignes.

Hinc gemini fratres Broteasque et caestibus Ammon

invicti, vinci si possent caestibus enses,
Phinea cecidere manu Cererisque sacerdos
Ampycus albenti velatus tempora vitta, 110
tu quoque, Lampetide, non hos adhibendus ad usus,
sed qui, pacis opus, citharam cum voce moveres;
iussus eras celebrare dapes festumque canendo.
quem procul adstantem plectrumque inbelle tenentem
Pedasus inridens ‘Stygiis cane cetera’ dixit 115
‘manibus!’ et laevo mucronem tempore fixit;
concidit et digitis morientibus ille retemptat
fila lyrae, casuque ferit miserabile carmen.
nec sinit hunc inpune ferox cecidisse Lycormas
raptaque de dextro robusta repagula posti 120
ossibus inlisit mediae cervicis, at ille
procubuit terrae mactati more iuvenci.
demere temptabat laevi quoque robora postis
Cinyphius Pelates; temptanti dextera fixa est
cuspidem Marmaridae Corythi lignoque cohaesit; 125
haerenti latus hausit Abas, nec corrui ille,
sed retinente manum moriens e poste pependit.
sternitur et Melaneus, Perseia castra secutus,
et Nasamoniaci Dorylas ditissimus agri,
dives agri Dorylas, quo non possederat alter 130
latius aut totidem tollebat turis acervos.
huius in obliquo missum stetit inguine ferrum:
letifer ille locus. quem postquam vulneris auctor
singultantem animam et versantem lumina vidit
Bactrius Halcyoneus, ‘hoc, quod premis,’ inquit ‘habeto 135
de tot agris terrae!’ corpusque exsanguem reliquit.
torquet in hunc hastam calido de vulnere raptam
ultor Abantiades; media quae nare recepta
cervice exacta est in partesque eminet ambas;
dumque manum Fortuna iuvat, Clytiumque Claninque, 140
matre satus una, diverso vulnere fudit:
nam Clytiae per utrumque gravi librata lacerto
fraxinus acta femur, iaculum Clanis ore momordit.
occidit et Celadon Mendesius, occidit Astreus

matre Palaestina dubio genitore creatus, 145
Aethionque sagax quondam ventura videre,
tunc ave deceptus falsa, regisque Thoactes
armiger et caeso genitore infamis Agyrtes.

Plus tamen exhausto superest; namque omnibus unum
opprimere est animus, coniurata undique pugnant 150
agmina pro causa meritum inpugnante fidemque;
hac pro parte socer frustra pius et nova coniunx
cum genetrice favent ululatuque atria complent,
sed sonus armorum superat gemitusque cadentum,
pollutosque simul multo Bellona penates 155
sanguine perfundit renovataque proelia miscet.

Circueunt unum Phineus et mille secuti
Phinea: tela volant hiberna grandine plura
praeter utrumque latus praeterque et lumen et aures.
adplicat hic umeros ad magnae saxa columnae 160
tutaque terga gerens adversaque in agmina versus
sustinet instantes: instabat parte sinistra
Chaonius Molpeus, dextra Nabataeus Ethemon.
tigris ut auditis diversa valle duorum
exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum 165
nescit, utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque,
sic dubius Perseus, dextra laevane feratur,
Molpea traieci submovit vulnere cruris
contentusque fuga est; neque enim dat tempus Ethemon,
sed furit et cupiens alto dare vulnera collo 170
non circumspectis exactum viribus ensem
fregit, in extrema percussae parte columnae:
lamina dissiluit dominique in gutture fixa est.
non tamen ad letum causas satis illa valentes
plaga dedit; trepidum Perseus et inermia frustra 175
bracchia tendentem Cyllenide confodit harpe.

Verum ubi virtutem turbae succumbere vidit,
‘auxilium’ Perseus, ‘quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,’
dixit ‘ab hoste petam: vultus avertite vestros,
si quis amicus adest!’ et Gorgonis extulit ora. 180
‘quaere alium, tua quem moveant miracula’ dixit

Thescelus; utque manu iaculum fatale parabat
mittere, in hoc haesit signum de marmore gestu.
proximus huic Ampyx animi plenissima magni
pectora Lyncidae gladio petit: inque petendo 185
dextera dirigit nec citra mota nec ultra est.
at Nileus, qui se genitum septemplíce Nilo
ementitus erat, clipeo quoque flumina septem
argento partim, partim caelaverat auro,
'adspice' ait 'Perseu, nostrae primordia gentis: 190
magna feres tacitas solacia mortis ad umbras,
a tanto cecidissem viro'; pars ultima vocis
in medio suppressa sono est, adaptataque velle
ora loqui credas, nec sunt ea pervia verbis.
increpat hos 'vitio' que 'animi, non viribus' inquit 195
'Gorgoneis torpetis' Eryx. 'incurrite mecum
et prosternite humi iuvenem magica arma moventem!'
incursurus erat: tenuit vestigia tellus,
inmotusque silex armataque mansit imago.

Hi tamen ex merito poenas subiere, sed unus 200
miles erat Persei: pro quo dum pugnat, Aconteus
Gorgone conspecta saxo concrevit oborto;
quem ratus Astyages etiamnum vivere, longo
ense ferit: sonuit tinnitibus ensis acutis.
dum stupet Astyages, naturam traxit eandem, 205
marmoreoque manet vultus mirantis in ore.
nomina longa mora est media de plebe virorum
dicere: bis centum restabant corpora pugnae,
Gorgone bis centum riguerunt corpora visa.

Paenitet iniusti tum denique Phineas belli; 210
sed quid agat? simulacra videt diversa figuris
adgnoscatque suos et nomine quemque vocatum
poscit opem credensque parum sibi proxima tangit
corpora: marmor erant; avertitur atque ita supplex
confessasque manus obliquaque brachia tendens 215
'vincis' ait, 'Perseu! remove tua monstra tuaeque
saxificos vultus, quaecumque est, tolle Medusae,
tolle, precor! non nos odium regnique cupido

conpult ad bellum, pro coniuge movimus arma!
causa fuit meritis melior tua, tempore nostra: 220
non cessisse piget; nihil, o fortissime, praeter
hanc animam concede mihi, tua cetera sunt!’
taliam dicenti neque eum, quem voce rogabat,
respicere audenti ‘quod’ ait, ‘timidissime Phineu,
et possum tribuisse et magnum est munus inertii,++ 225
pone metum!++tribuam: nullo violabere ferro.
quin etiam mansura dabo monimenta per aevum,
inque domo soceri semper spectabere nostri,
ut mea se sponsi soletur imagine coniunx.’
dixit et in partem Phorcynida transtulit illam, 230
ad quam se trepido Phineus obverterat ore.
tum quoque conanti sua vertere lumina cervix
deriguit, saxoque oculorum induruit umor,
sed tamen os timidum vultusque in marmore supplex
submissaeque manus faciesque obnoxia mansit. 235

Victor Abantiades patrios cum coniuge muros
intrat et inmeriti vindex ultorque parentis
adgreditur Proetum; nam fratre per arma fugato
Acrisioneas Proetus possederat arces.
sed nec ope armorum nec, quam male ceperat, arce 240
torva colubriferi superavit lumina monstri.

Te tamen, o parvae rector, Polydecta, Seriphi,
nec iuvenis virtus per tot spectata labores
nec mala mollierant, sed inexorabile durus
exerces odium, nec iniqua finis in ira est; 245
detrectas etiam laudem fictamque Medusae
arguis esse necem. ‘dabimus tibi pignora veri.
parcite luminibus!’ Perseus ait oraue regis
ore Medusaeo silicem sine sanguine fecit.

Hactenus aurigenae comitem Tritonia fratri 250
se dedit; inde cava circumdata nube Seriphon
deserit, a dextra Cythno Gyaroque relictis,
quaque super pontum via visa brevissima, Thebas
virgineumque Heliconam petit. quo monte potita
constitit et doctas sic est adfata sorores: 255

‘fama novi fontis nostras pervenit ad aures,
 dura Medusaei quem praepetis ungula rupit.
 is mihi causa viae; volui mirabile factum
 cernere; vidi ipsum materno sanguine nasci.’
 excipit Uranie: ‘quaecumque est causa videndi 260
 has tibi, diva, domos, animo gratissima nostro es.
 vera tamen fama est: est Pegasus huius origo
 fontis’ et ad latices deduxit Pallada sacros.
 quae mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas
 silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum 265
 antraque et innumeris distinctas floribus herbas
 felicesque vocat pariter studioque locoque
 Mnemonidas; quam sic adfata est una sororum:
 ‘o, nisi te virtus opera ad maiora tulisset,
 in partem ventura chori Tritonia nostri, 270
 vera refers meritoque probas artesque locumque,
 et gratam sortem, tutae modo simus, habemus.
 sed (vetitum est adeo scelerei nihil) omnia terrent
 virgineas mentes, dirusque ante ora Pyreneus
 vertitur, et nondum tota me mente recepi. 275
 Daulida Threicio Phoceaue milite rura
 ceperat ille ferox iniustaque regna tenebat;
 templa petebamus Parnasia: vidit euntes
 nostraque fallaci veneratus numina vultu
 “Mnemonides” (cognorat enim), “consistite” dixit 280
 “nec dubitate, precor, tecto grave sidus et imbrem”
 (imber erat) “vitare meo; subiere minores
 saepe casas superi.” dictis et tempore motae
 adnuimusque viro primasque intravimus aedes.
 desierant imbres, victoque aquilonibus austro 285
 fusca repurgato fugiebant nubila caelo:
 inpetus ire fuit; claudit sua tecta Pyreneus
 vimque parat, quam nos sumptis effugimus alis.
 ipse secuturo similis stetit arduus arce
 “qua” que “via est vobis, erit et mihi” dixit “eadem” 290
 seque iacit vecors e summae culmine turris
 et cadit in vultus discussisque ossibus oris

tundit humum moriens scelerato sanguine tinctam.’

Musa loquebatur: pennae sonuere per auras,
voxque salutantum ramis veniebat ab altis. 295
suspicit et linguae quaerit tam certa loquentes
unde sonent hominemque putat Iove nata locutum;
ales erat. numeroque novem sua fata querentes
institerant ramis imitantes omnia picae.

miranti sic orsa deae dea ‘nuper et istae 300
auxerunt volucrum victae certamine turbam.

Pieros has genuit Pellaeis dives in arvis,
Paeonis Euippe mater fuit; illa potentem
Lucinam noviens, noviens paritura, vocavit.
intumuit numero stolidarum turba sororum 305
perque tot Haemonias et per tot Achaidas urbes
huc venit et tali committit proelia voce:

“desinite indoctum vana dulcedine vulgus
fallere; nobiscum, si qua est fiducia vobis,
Thespiades, certate, deae. nec voce, nec arte 310
vincemur totidemque sumus: vel cedite victae
fonte Medusaeo et Hyantea Aganippe,
vel nos Emathiis ad Paeonas usque nivosos
cedemus campis! dirimant certamina nymphae.”

‘Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum 315
turpius; electae iurant per flumina nymphae
factaque de vivo pressere sedilia saxo.

tunc sine sorte prior quae se certare professa est,
bella canit superum falsoque in honore gigantas
ponit et extenuat magnorum facta deorum; 320
emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terrae
caelitibus fecisse metum cunctosque dedisse
terga fugae, donec fessos Aegyptia tellus
ceperit et septem discretus in ostia Nilus.

huc quoque terrigenam venisse Typhoea narrat 325
et se mentitis superos celasse figuris;
“duxque gregis” dixit “fit Iuppiter: unde recurvis
nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon;
Delius in corvo, proles Semeleia capro,

fele soror Phoebi, nivea Saturnia vacca, 330
pisce Venus latuit, Cyllenius ibidis alis.”

‘Hactenus ad citharam vocalia moverat ora:
poscimur Aonides,++sed forsitan otia non sint,
nec nostris praebere vacet tibi cantibus aures.’
‘ne dubita vestrumque mihi refer ordine carmen!’ 335

Pallas ait nemorisque levi consedit in umbra;
Musa refert: ‘dedimus summam certaminis uni;
surgit et inmissos hedera collecta capillos
Calliope querulas praetemptat pollice chordas
atque haec percussis subiungit carmina nervis: 340

“Prima Ceres unco glaebam dimovit aratro,
prima dedit fruges alimentaue mitia terris,
prima dedit leges; Cereris sunt omnia munus;
illa canenda mihi est. utinam modo dicere possim
carmina digna dea! certe dea carmine digna est. 345

“Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris
Trinacris et magnis subiectum molibus urguet
aetherias ausum sperare Typhoea sedes.
nititur ille quidem pugnatque resurgere saepe,
dextra sed Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro, 350
laeva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybaeo crura premuntur,
degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus harenas
eiecat flammamque ferox vomit ore Typhoeus.
saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae
oppidaque et magnos devolvere corpore montes: 355

inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentum,
ne pateat latoque solum retegatur hiatu
inmissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.
hanc metuens cladem tenebrosa sede tyrannus
exierat curruque atrorum vectus equorum 360
ambibat Sicalae cautus fundamina terrae.

postquam exploratum satis est loca nulla labare
depositoque metu, videt hunc Erycina vagantem
monte suo residens natumque amplexa volucrem
‘arma manusque meae, mea, nate, potentia’ dixit, 365
‘illa, quibus superas omnes, cape tela, Cupido,

inque dei pectus celeres molire sagittas,
cui triplicis cessit fortuna novissima regni.
tu superos ipsumque Iovem, tu numina ponti
victa domas ipsumque, regit qui numina ponti: 370
Tartara quid cessant? cur non matrisque tuumque
imperium profers? agitur pars tertia mundi,
et tamen in caelo, quae iam patientia nostra est,
spernimur, ac mecum vires minuuntur Amoris.
Pallada nonne vides iaculatricemque Dianam 375
abscessisse mihi? Cereris quoque filia virgo,
si patiemur, erit; nam spes adfectat easdem.
at tu pro socio, si qua est ea gratia, regno
iunge deam patruo.' dixit Venus; ille pharetram
solvit et arbitrio matris de mille sagittis 380
unam seposuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla
nec minus incerta est nec quae magis audiat arcus,
oppositoque genu curvavit flexile cornum
inque cor hamata percussit harundine Ditem.
“Haud procul Hennaëis lacus est a moenibus altae, 385
nomine Pergus, aquae: non illo plura Caystros
carmina cynorum labentibus audit in undis.
silva coronat aquas cingens latus omne suisque
frondibus ut velo Phoebeos submovet ictus;
frigora dant rami, Tyrios humus umida flores: 390
perpetuum ver est. quo dum Proserpina luco
ludit et aut violas aut candida lilia carpit,
dumque puellari studio calathosque sinumque
inplet et aequales certat superare legendo,
paene simul visa est dilectaque raptaque Diti: 395
usque adeo est properatus amor. dea territa maesto
et matrem et comites, sed matrem saepius, ore
clamat, et ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora,
collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis,
tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis, 400
haec quoque virgineum movit iactura dolorem.
raptor agit currus et nomine quemque vocando
exhortatur equos, quorum per colla iubasque

excudit obscura tinctas ferrugine habenas,
perque lacus altos et olentia sulphure fertur 405
stagna Palicorum rupta ferventia terra
et qua Bacchiadae, bimari gens orta Corinθο,
inter inaequales posuerunt moenia portus.

“Est medium Cyanes et Pisaeae Arethusae,
quod coit angustis inclusum cornibus aequor: 410
hic fuit, a cuius stagnum quoque nomine dictum est,
inter Sicelidas Cyane celeberrima nymphas.
gurgite quae medio summa tenus exstitit alvo
adgnovitque deam ‘ne’ c ‘longius ibitis!’ inquit;
‘non potes invitae Cereris gener esse: roganda, 415
non rapienda fuit. quodsi componere magnis
parva mihi fas est, et me dilexit Anapis;
exorata tamen, nec, ut haec, exterrita nupsi.’
dixit et in partes diversas bracchia tendens
obstitit. haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram 420
terribilesque hortatus equos in gurgitis ima
contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto
condidit; icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit
et pronos currus medio cratere recepit.

“At Cyane, raptamque deam contemptaque fontis 425
iura sui maerens, inconsolabile vulnus
mente gerit tacita lacrimisque absumitur omnis
et, quarum fuerat magnum modo numen, in illas
extenuatur aquas: molliri membra videres,
ossa pati flexus, ungues posuisse rigorem; 430
primaque de tota tenuissima quaeque liquescunt,
caerulei crines digitique et crura pedesque
(nam brevis in gelidas membris exilibus undas
transitus est); post haec umeri tergusque latusque
pectoraque in tenues abeunt evanida rivos; 435
denique pro vivo vitiatas sanguine venas
lympha subit, restatque nihil, quod prendere possis.

“Interea pavidae nequiquam filia matri
omnibus est terris, omni quaesita profundo.
illam non udis veniens Aurora capillis 440

cessantem vidit, non Hesperus; illa duabus
flammiferas pinus manibus succendit ab Aetna
perque pruinosas tulit inrequieta tenebras;
rursus ubi alma dies hebetarat sidera, natam
solis ab occasu solis quaerebat ad ortus. 445
fessa labore sitim conceperat, oraque nulli
conluerant fontes, cum tectam stramine vidit
forte casam parvasque fores pulsavit; at inde
prodit anus divamque videt lymphamque roganti
dulce dedit, tosta quod texerat ante polenta. 450
dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax
constitit ante deam risitque avidamque vocavit.
offensa est neque adhuc epota parte loquentem
cum liquido mixta perfudit diva polenta:
conbibit os maculas et, quae modo brachia gessit, 455
crura gerit; cauda est mutatis addita membris,
inque brevem formam, ne sit vis magna nocendi,
contrahitur, parvaeque minor mensura lacerta est.
mirantem flentemque et tangere monstra parantem
fugit anum latebramque petit aptumque pudori 460
nomen habet variis stellatus corpora guttis.

“Quas dea per terras et quas erraverit undas,
dicere longa mora est; quaerenti defuit orbis;
Sicaniam repetit, dumque omnia lustrat eundo,
venit et ad Cyanen. ea ni mutata fuisset, 465
omnia narrasset; sed et os et lingua volenti
dicere non aderant, nec, quo loqueretur, habebat;
signa tamen manifesta dedit notamque parenti,
illo forte loco delapsam in gurgite sacro
Persephones zonam summis ostendit in undis. 470
quam simul agnovit, tamquam tum denique raptam
scisset, inornatos laniavit diva capillos
et repetita suis percussit pectora palmis.
nescit adhuc, ubi sit; terras tamen increpat omnes
ingratasque vocat nec frugum munere dignas, 475
Trinacriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni
repperit. ergo illic saeva vertentia glaebas

fregit aratra manu, parilique irata colonos
ruricolasque boves leto dedit arvaque iussit
fallere depositum vitiataque semina fecit. 480
fertilitas terrae latum vulgata per orbem
falsa iacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis,
et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber;
sideraque ventique nocent, avidaeque volucres
semina iacta legunt; lolium tribulique fatigant 485
triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.

“Tum caput Eleis Alpheias extulit undis
rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures
atque ait ‘o toto quaesitae virginis orbe
et frugum genetrix, inmensos siste labores 490
neve tibi fidae violenta irascere terrae.
terra nihil meruit patuitque invita rapinae,
nec sum pro patria supplex: huc hospita veni.
Pisa mihi patria est et ab Elide ducimus ortus,
Sicaniam peregrina colo, sed gratior omni 495
haec mihi terra solo est: hos nunc Arethusa penates,
hanc habeo sedem. quam tu, mitissima, serva.
mota loco cur sim tantique per aequoris undas
advehar Ortygiam, veniet narratibus hora
tempestiva meis, cum tu curaque levata 500
et vultus melioris eris. mihi pervia tellus
praebet iter, subterque imas ablata cavernas
hic caput attollo desuetaque sidera cerno.
ergo dum Stygio sub terris gurgite labor,
visa tua est oculis illic Proserpina nostris: 505
illa quidem tristis neque adhuc interrita vultu,
sed regina tamen, sed opaci maxima mundi,
sed tamen inferni pollens matrona tyranni!’
Mater ad auditas stupuit ceu saxeae voces
attonitaeque diu similis fuit, utque dolore 510
pulsa gravi gravis est amentia, curribus oras
exit in aetherias: ibi toto nubila vultu
ante Iovem passis stetit invidiosa capillis
‘pro’ que ‘meo veni supplex tibi, Iuppiter,’ inquit

‘sanguine proque tuo: si nulla est gratia matris, 515
nata patrem moveat, neu sit tibi cura, precamur,
vilior illius, quod nostro est edita partu.
en quaesita diu tandem mihi nata reperta est,
si reperire vocas amittere certius, aut si
scire, ubi sit, reperire vocas. quod rapta, feremus, 520
dummodo reddat eam! neque enim praedone marito
filia digna tua est, si iam mea filia non est.’

Iuppiter excepit ‘commune est pignus onusque
nata mihi tecum; sed si modo nomina rebus
addere vera placet, non hoc iniuria factum, 525
verum amor est; neque erit nobis gener ille pudori,
tu modo, diva, velis. ut desint cetera, quantum est
esse Iovis fratrem! quid, quod nec cetera desunt
nec cedit nisi sorte mihi?++sed tanta cupido
si tibi discidii est, repetet Proserpina caelum, 530
lege tamen certa, si nullos contigit illic
ore cibos; nam sic Parcarum foedere cautum est.’

“Dixerat, at Cereri certum est educere natam;
non ita fata sinunt, quoniam ieiunia virgo
solverat et, cultis dum simplex errat in hortis, 535
puniceum curva decerpserat arbore pomum
sumptaque pallenti septem de cortice grana
presserat ore suo, solusque ex omnibus illud
Ascalaphus vidit, quem quondam dicitur Orphne,
inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, 540
ex Acheronte suo silvis peperisse sub atris;
vidit et indicio redivitum crudelis ademit.
ingemuit regina Erebi testemque profanam
fecit avem sparsumque caput Phlegethontide lympa
in rostrum et plumas et grandia lumina vertit. 545
ille sibi ablatus fulvis amicitur in alis
inque caput crescit longosque reflectitur unguis
vixque movet natas per inertia bracchia pennas
foedaque fit volucris, venturi nuntia luctus,
ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen. 550

“Hic tamen indicio poenam linguaue videri

commeruisse potest; vobis, Acheloides, unde
pluma pedesque avium, cum virginis ora geratis?
an quia, cum legeret vernos Proserpina flores,
in comitum numero, doctae Sirenes, eratis? 555
quam postquam toto frustra quaesistis in orbe,
protinus, et vestram sentirent aequora curam,
posse super fluctus alarum insistere remis
optastis facilesque deos habuistis et artus
vidistis vestros subitis flavescere pennis. 560
ne tamen ille canor mulcendas natus ad aures
tantaque dos oris linguae deperderet usum,
virginei vultus et vox humana remansit.

“At medius fratrisque sui maestaeque sororis
Iuppiter ex aequo volventem dividit annum: 565
nunc dea, regnorum numen commune duorum,
cum matre est totidem, totidem cum coniuge menses.
vertitur extemplo facies et mentis et oris;
nam modo quae poterat Diti quoque maesta videri,
laeta deae frons est, ut sol, qui tectus aquosis 570
nubibus ante fuit, victis e nubibus exit.

“Exigit alma Ceres nata secura recepta,
quae tibi causa fugae, cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons.
conticuere undae, quarum dea sustulit alto
fonte caput viridesque manu siccata capillos 575
fluminis Elei veteres narravit amores.
‘pars ego nympharum, quae sunt in Achaide,’ dixit
‘una fui, nec me studiosius altera saltus
legit nec posuit studiosius altera casses.
sed quamvis formae numquam mihi fama petita est, 580
quamvis fortis eram, formosae nomen habebam,
nec mea me facies nimium laudata iuvabat,
quaque aliae gaudere solent, ego rustica dote
corporis erubui crimenque placere putavi.
lassa revertebar (memini) Stympthalide silva; 585
aestus erat, magnumque labor geminaverat aestum:
invenio sine vertice aquas, sine murmure euntes,
perspicuas ad humum, per quas numerabilis alte

calculus omnis erat, quas tu vix ire putares.
cana salicta dabant nutritaque populus unda 590
sponte sua natas ripis declivibus umbras.
accessi primumque pedis vestigia tinxī,
poplite deinde tenuis; neque eo contenta, recingor
molliaque inpono salici velamina curvae
nudaque mergor aquis. quas dum ferioque trahoque 595
mille modis labens excussaue brachia iacto,
nescio quod medio sensi sub gurgite murmur
territaque insisto propioris margine ripae.
“quo properas, Arethusa?” suis Alpheos ab undis,
“quo properas?” iterum rauco mihi dixerat ore. 600
sicut eram, fugio sine vestibus (altera vestes
ripa meas habuit): tanto magis instat et ardet,
et quia nuda fui, sum visa paratior illi.
sic ego currebam, sic me ferus ille premebat,
ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae, 605
ut solet accipiter trepidas urgere columbas.
usque sub Orchomenon Psophidaque Cyllenenque
Maenaliasque sinus gelidumque Erymanthon et Elin
currere sustinui, nec me velocior ille;
sed tolerare diu cursus ego viribus inpar 610
non poteram, longi patiens erat ille laboris.
per tamen et campos, per opertos arbore montes,
saxa quoque et rupes et, qua via nulla, cucurri.
sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat; 615
sed certe sonitusque pedum terrebat et ingens
crinales vittas adflabat anhelitus oris.
fessa labore fugae “fer opem, deprendimur,” inquam
“armigerae, Diana, tuae, cui saepe dedisti
ferre tuos arcus inclusaue tela pharetra!” 620
mota dea est spissisque ferens e nubibus unam
me super iniecit: lustrat caligine tectam
amnis et ignarus circum cava nubila quaerit
bisque locum, quo me dea texerat, inscius ambit
et bis “io Arethusa” vocavit, “io Arethusa!” 625

quid mihi tunc animi miserae fuit? anne quod agnae est,
si qua lupos audit circum stabula alta frementes,
aut lepori, qui vepre latens hostilia cernit
ora canum nullosque audet dare corpore motus?
non tamen abscedit; neque enim vestigia cernit 630
longius ulla pedum: servat nubemque locumque.
occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus,
caeruleaeque cadunt toto de corpore guttae,
quaque pedem movi, manat lacus, eque capillis
ros cadit, et citius, quam nunc tibi facta renarro, 635
in latices mutor. sed enim cognoscit amatas
amnis aquas positoque viri, quod sumpserat, ore
vertitur in proprias, et se mihi misceat, undas.
Delia rupit humum, caecisque ego mersa cavernis
advehor Ortygiam, quae me cognomine divae 640
grata meae superas eduxit prima sub auras.’

“Hac Arethusa tenus; geminos dea fertilis angues
curribus admovit frenisque coercuit ora
et medium caeli terraeque per aera vecta est
atque levem currum Tritonida misit in urbem 645
Triptolemo partimque rudi data semina iussit
spargere humo, partim post tempora longa recultae.
iam super Europen sublimis et Asida terram
vectus erat iuvenis: Scythicas advertitur oras.
rex ibi Lyncus erat; regis subit ille penates. 650
qua veniat, causamque viae nomenque rogatus
et patriam, ‘patria est clarae mihi’ dixit ‘Athenae;
Triptolemus nomen; veni nec puppe per undas,
nec pede per terras: patuit mihi pervius aether.
dona fero Cereris, latos quae sparsa per agros 655
frugiferas messes alimentaque mitia reddant.’
barbarus invidit tantique ut muneris auctor
ipse sit, hospitio recipit somnoque gravatum
adgreditur ferro: conantem figere pectus
lynca Ceres fecit rursusque per aera iussit 660
Mopsopium iuvenem sacros agitare iugales.”

‘Finierat doctos e nobis maxima cantus;

at nymphae vicisse deas Heliconae colentes
concordi dixere sono: convicia victae
cum iacerent, “quoniam” dixi “certamine vobis 665
supplicium meruisse parum est maledictaque culpae
additis et non est patientia libera nobis,
ibimus in poenas et, qua vocat ira, sequemur.”
rident Emathides spernuntque minacia verba,
conantesque loqui et magno clamore protervas 670
intentare manus pennas exire per ungues
adspexere suos, operiri brachia plumis,
alteraque alterius rigido concreescere rostro
ora videt volucresque novas accedere silvis;
dumque volunt plangi, per brachia mota levatae 675
aere pendebant, nemorum convicia, picae.
Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia prisca remansit
raucaque garrulitas studiumque inmane loquendi.’

LIBER SEXTVS

Præbuerat dictis Tritonia talibus aures
carminaque Aonidum iustamque probaverat iram;
tum secum: 'laudare parum est, laudemur et ipsae
numina nec sperni sine poena nostra sinamus.'
Maeoniaeque animum fatis intendit Arachnes, 5
quam sibi lanificae non cedere laudibus artis
audierat. non illa loco nec origine gentis
clara, sed arte fuit: pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tinguebat murice lanas;
occiderat mater, sed et haec de plebe suoque 10
aequa viro fuerat; Lydas tamen illa per urbes
quaesierat studio nomen memorabile, quamvis
orta domo parva parvis habitabat Hypaepis.
huius ut adspicerent opus admirabile, saepe
deseruere sui nymphae vineta Timoli, 15
deseruere suas nymphae Pactolides undas.
nec factas solum vestes, spectare iuvabat
tum quoque, cum fierent: tantus decor adfuit arti,
sive rudem primos lanam glomerabat in orbes,
seu digitis subigebat opus repetitaque longo 20
vellera mollibat nebulas aequantia tractu,
sive levi teretem versabat pollice fusum,
seu pingebat acu; scires a Pallade doctam.
quod tamen ipsa negat tantaque offensa magistra
'certet' ait 'mecum: nihil est, quod victa recusem!' 25
Pallas anum simulat: falsosque in tempora canos
addit et infirmos, baculo quos sustinet, artus.
tum sic orsa loqui 'non omnia grandior aetas,
quae fugiamus, habet: seris venit usus ab annis.
consilium ne sperne meum: tibi fama petatur 30
inter mortales faciendae maxima lanæ;
cede deae veniamque tuis, temeraria, dictis
supplice voce roga: veniam dabit illa roganti.'
adspicit hanc torvis inceptaque fila relinquit

vixque manum retinens confessaque vultibus iram 35
talibus obscuram resecuta est Pallada dictis:
‘mentis inops longaue venis confecta senecta,
et nimium vixisse diu nocet. audiat istas,
si qua tibi nurus est, si qua est tibi filia, voces;
consilii satis est in me mihi, neve monendo 40
profecisse putes, eadem est sententia nobis.
cur non ipsa venit? cur haec certamina vitat?’
tum dea ‘venit!’ ait formamque removit anilem
Palladaque exhibuit: venerantur numina nymphae
Mygdonidesque nurus; sola est non territa virgo, 45
sed tamen erubuit, subitusque invita notavit
ora rubor rursusque evanuit, ut solet aer
purpureus fieri, cum primum Aurora movetur,
et breve post tempus candescere solis ab ortu.
perstat in incepto stolidaeque cupidine palmae 50
in sua fata ruit; neque enim Iove nata recusat
nec monet ulterius nec iam certamina differt.
haud mora, constituunt diversis partibus ambae
et gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas:
tela iugo vincta est, stamen secernit harundo, 55
inseritur medium radiis subtemen acutis,
quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum
percusso paviunt insecti pectine dentes.
utraque festinant cinctaeque ad pectora vestes
bracchia docta movent, studio fallente laborem. 60
illic et Tyrium quae purpura sensit aenum
textur et tenues parvi discriminis umbrae;
qualis ab imbre solent percussis solibus arcus
inficere ingenti longum curvamine caelum;
in quo diversi niteant cum mille colores, 65
transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit:
usque adeo, quod tangit, idem est; tamen ultima distant.
illic et lentum filis inmittitur aurum
et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.

Cecropia Pallas scopulum Mavortis in arce 70
pingit et antiquam de terrae nomine litem.

bis sex caelestes medio Iove sedibus altis
augusta gravitate sedent; sua quemque deorum
inscribit facies: Iovis est regalis imago;
stare deum pelagi longoque ferire tridente 75
aspera saxa facit, medioque e vulnere saxi
exsiluisse fretum, quo pignore vindicet urbem;
at sibi dat clipeum, dat acutae cuspidis hastam,
dat galeam capiti, defenditur aegide pectus,
percussamque sua simulat de cusptide terram 80
edere cum bacis fetum canentis olivae;
mirarique deos: operis Victoria finis.
ut tamen exemplis intellegat aemula laudis,
quod pretium speret pro tam furialibus ausis
quattuor in partes certamina quattuor addit, 85
clara colore suo, brevibus distincta sigillis:
Threiciam Rhodopen habet angulus unus et Haemum,
nunc gelidos montes, mortalia corpora quondam,
nomina summorum sibi qui tribuere deorum;
altera Pygmaeae fatum miserabile matris 90
pars habet: hanc Iuno victam certamine iussit
esse gruem populisque suis indicere bellum;
pinxit et Antigonem, ausam contendere quondam
cum magni consorte Iovis, quam regia Iuno
in volucrem vertit, nec profuit Ilion illi 95
Laomedonve pater, sumptis quin candida pennis
ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro;
qui superest solus, Cinyran habet angulus orbem;
isque gradus templi, natarum membra suarum,
amplectens saxoque iacens lacrimare videtur. 100
circuit extremas oleis pacalibus oras
(is modus est) operisque sua facit arbore finem.

Maeonis elusam designat imagine tauri
Europam: verum taurum, freta vera putares;
ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas 105
et comites clamare suas tactumque vereri
adsilientis aquae timidasque reducere plantas.
fecit et Asterien aquila luctante teneri,

fecit olorinis Ledam recubare sub alis;
addidit, ut satyri celatus imagine pulchram 110
Iuppiter inplerit gemino Nyctei da fetu,
Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tiryntia, cepit,
aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis,
Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens.
te quoque mutatum torvo, Neptune, iuvenco 115
virgine in Aeolia posuit; tu visus Enipeus
gignis Aloidas, aries Bisaltida fallis,
et te flava comas frugum mitissima mater
sensit equum, sensit volucrem crinita colubris
mater equi volucris, sensit delphina Melantho: 120
omnibus his faciemque suam faciemque locorum
reddidit. est illic agrestis imagine Phoebus,
utque modo accipitris pennas, modo terga leonis
gesserit, ut pastor Macareida luserit Issen,
Liber ut Erigonen falsa deceperit uva, 125
ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit.
ultima pars telae, tenui circumdata limbo,
nexilibus flores hederis habet intertextos.

Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor
possit opus: doluit successu flava virago 130
et rupit pictas, caelestia crimina, vestes,
utque Cytoriaco radium de monte tenebat,
ter quater Idmoniae frontem percussit Arachnes.
non tulit infelix laqueoque animosa ligavit
guttura: pendentem Pallas miserata levavit 135
atque ita 'vive quidem, pende tamen, inproba' dixit,
'lexque eadem poenae, ne sis secura futuri,
dicta tuo generi serisque nepotibus esto!'
post ea discedens sucis Hecateidos herbae
sparsit: et extemplo tristi medicamine tactae 140
defluxere comae, cum quis et naris et aures,
fitque caput minimum; toto quoque corpore parva est:
in latere exiles digiti pro cruribus haerent,
cetera venter habet, de quo tamen illa remittit
stamen et antiquas exercet aranea telas. 145

Lydia tota fremit, Phrygiaeque per oppida facti
rumor it et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem.
ante suos Niobe thalamos cognoverat illam,
tum cum Maeoniam virgo Sipylumque colebat;
nec tamen admonita est poena popularis Arachnes, 150
cedere caelitibus verbisque minoribus uti.
multa dabant animos; sed enim nec coniugis artes
nec genus amborum magnique potentia regni
sic placuere illi, quamvis ea cuncta placerent,
ut sua progenies; et felicissima matrum 155
dicta foret Niobe, si non sibi visa fuisset.
nam sata Tiresia venturi praescia Manto
per medias fuerat divino concita motu
vaticinata vias: 'Ismenides, ite frequentes
et date Latonae Latonigenisque duobus 160
cum prece tura pia lauroque innectite crinem:
ore meo Latona iubet.' paretur, et omnes
Thebaides iussis sua tempora frondibus ornant
turaque dant sanctis et verba precantia flammis.

Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba 165
vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro
et, quantum ira sinit, formosa; movensque decoro
cum capite inmissos umerum per utrumque capillos
constitit, utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos,
'quis furor auditos' inquit 'praeponere visis 170
caelestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras,
numen adhuc sine ture meum est? mihi Tantalus auctor,
cui licuit soli superiorum tangere mensas;
Pleiadum soror est genetrix mea; maximus Atlas
est avus, aetherium qui fert cervicibus axem; 175
Iuppiter alter avus; socero quoque gloriior illo.
me gentes metuunt Phrygiae, me regia Cadmi
sub domina est, fidibusque mei commissa mariti
moenia cum populis a meque viroque reguntur.
in quamcumque domus adverti lumina partem, 180
inmensae spectantur opes; accedit eodem
digna dea facies; huc natas adice septem

et totidem iuvenes et mox generosque nurusque!
quaerite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam,
nescio quoque audete satam Titanida Coeo 185
Latonam praeferre mihi, cui maxima quondam
exiguam sedem pariturae terra negavit!
nec caelo nec humo nec aquis dea vestra recepta est:
exsul erat mundi, donec miserata vagantem
“hospita tu terris erras, ego” dixit “in undis” 190
instabilemque locum Delos dedit. illa duorum
facta parens: uteri pars haec est septima nostri.
sum felix (quis enim neget hoc?) felixque manebo
(hoc quoque quis dubitet?): tutam me copia fecit.
maior sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere, 195
multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet.
excessere metum mea iam bona. fingite demi
huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum:
non tamen ad numerum redigar spoliata duorum,
Latonae turbam, qua quantum distat ab orba? 200
ite — satis pro re sacri — laurumque capillis
ponite!’ deponunt et sacra infecta relinquunt,
quodque licet, tacito venerantur murmure numen.

Indignata dea est summoque in vertice Cynthi
talibus est dictis gemina cum prole locuta: 205
‘en ego vestra parens, vobis animosa creatis,
et nisi Iunoni nulli cessura dearum,
an dea sim, dubitor perque omnia saecula cultis
arceor, o nati, nisi vos succurritis, aris.
nec dolor hic solus; diro convicia facto 210
Tantalus adiecit vosque est postponere natis
ausa suis et me, quod in ipsam reccidat, orbam
dixit et exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam.’
adiectura preces erat his Latona relatis:
‘desine!’ Phoebus ait, ‘poenae mora longa querella est!’ 215
dixit idem Phoebe, celerique per aera lapsu
contigerant tecti Cadmeida nubibus arcem.

Planus erat lateque patens prope moenia campus,
adsiduis pulsatus equis, ubi turba rotarum

duraque mollierat subiectas ungula glaebas. 220
pars ibi de septem genitis Amphione fortes
conscendunt in equos Tyrioque rubentia suco
terga premunt auroque graves moderantur habenas.
e quibus Ismenus, qui matri sarcina quondam
prima suae fuerat, dum certum flectit in orbem 225
quadripedis cursus spumantiaque ora coercet,
'ei mihi!' conclamat medioque in pectore fixa
tela gerit frenisque manu moriente remissis
in latus a dextro paulatim defluit armo.
proximus audito sonitu per inane pharetrae 230
frena dabat Sipylus, veluti cum praescius imbris
nube fugit visa pendentiaque undique rector
carbasa deducit, ne qua levis effluat aura:
frena tamen dantem non evitabile telum
consequitur, summaque tremens cervice sagitta 235
haesit, et exstabat nudum de gutture ferrum;
ille, ut erat, pronus per crura admissa iubasque
volvitur et calido tellurem sanguine foedat.
Phaedimus infelix et aviti nominis heres
Tantalus, ut solito finem inposuere labori, 240
transierant ad opus nitidae iuvenale palaestrae;
et iam contulerant arto luctantia nexu
pectora pectoribus, cum tento concita nervo,
sicut erant iuncti, traiecit utrumque sagitta.
ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore 245
membra solo posuere, simul suprema iacentes
lumina versarunt, animam simul exhalarunt.
adspicit Alphenor laniataque pectora plangens
advolat, ut gelidos complexibus adlevet artus,
inque pio cadit officio; nam Delius illi 250
intima fatifero rupit praecordia ferro.
quod simul eductum est, pars et pulmonis in hamis
eruta cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras.
at non intonsum simplex Damasicthona vulnus
adfcit: ictus erat, qua crus esse incipit et qua 255
molli nervosus facit internodia poples.

dumque manu temptat trahere exitiabile telum,
altera per iugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.
expulit hanc sanguis seque eiaculatus in altum
emicat et longe terebrata prosilit aura. 260
ultimus Ilioneus non profectura precando
bracchia sustulerat 'di' que 'o communiter omnes,'
dixerat ignarus non omnes esse rogandos
'parcite!' motus erat, cum iam revocabile telum
non fuit, arcitenens; minimo tamen occidit ille 265
vulnere, non alte percusso corde sagitta.

Fama mali populique dolor lacrimaeque suorum
tam subitae matrem certam fecere ruinae,
mirantem potuisse irascentemque, quod ausi
hoc essent superi, quod tantum iuris haberent; 270
nam pater Amphion ferro per pectus adacto
finierat moriens pariter cum luce dolorem.
heu! quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa,
quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris
et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem 275
invidiosa suis; at nunc miseranda vel hosti!
corporibus gelidis incumbit et ordine nullo
oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes;
a quibus ad caelum liventia bracchia tollens
'pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore, 280
pascere' ait 'satiisque meo tua pectora luctu!
[corque ferum satia!]' dixit. 'per funera septem]
efferor: exsulta victrixque inimica triumph!
cur autem victrix? miserae mihi plura supersunt,
quam tibi felici; post tot quoque funera vinco!' 285

Dixerat, et sonuit contento nervus ab arcu;
qui praeter Nioben unam conterruit omnes:
illa malo est audax. stabant cum vestibis atris
ante toros fratrum demisso crine sorores;
e quibus una trahens haerentia viscere tela 290
inposito fratri moribunda relanguit ore;
altera solari miseram conata parentem
conticuit subito duplicataque vulnere caeco est.

[oraque compressit, nisi postquam spiritus ibat]
haec frustra fugiens collabitur, illa sorori 295
inmoritur; latet haec, illam trepidare videres.
sexque datis leto diversaque vulnera passis
ultima restabat; quam toto corpore mater,
tota veste tegens 'unam minimamque relinque!
de multis minimam posco' clamavit 'et unam.'
dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit: orba resedit
exanimis inter natos natasque virumque
deriguitque malis; nullos movet aura capillos,
in vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis
stant inmoti genis, nihil est in imagine vivum. 305
ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
congelat, et venae desistunt posse moveri;
nec flecti cervix nec brachia reddere motus
nec pes ire potest; intra quoque viscera saxum est.
flet tamen et validi circumdata turbine venti 310
in patriam rapta est: ibi fixa cacumine montis
liquitur, et lacrimas etiam nunc marmora manant.

Tum vero cuncti manifestam numinis iram
femina virque timent cultuque inpensius omnes
magna gemelliparae venerantur numina divae; 315
utque fit, a facto propiore priora renarrant.
e quibus unus ait: 'Lyciae quoque fertilis agris
non inpune deam veteres sprevere coloni.
res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum,
mira tamen: vidi praesens stagnumque locumque 320
prodigio notum. nam me iam grandior aevo
inpatiensque viae genitor deducere lectos
iusserat inde boves gentisque illius eunti
ipse ducem dederat, cum quo dum pascua lustrum,
ecce lacu medio sacrorum nigra favilla 325
ara vetus stabat tremulis circumdata cannis.
restitit et pavido "faveas mihi!" murmure dixit
dux meus, et simili "faveas!" ego murmure dixi.
Naiadum Faunine foret tamen ara rogabam
indigenaene, dei, cum talia rettulit hospes: 330

“non hac, o iuvenis, montanum numen in ara est;
illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia coniunx
orbem interdixit, quam vix erratica Delos
orantem accepit tum, cum levis insula nabat;
illic incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmae 335
edidit invita geminos Latona noverca.
hinc quoque Iunonem fugisse puerpera fertur
inque suo portasse sinu, duo numina, natos.
iamque Chimaeriferae, cum sol gravis ureret arva,
finibus in Lyciae longo dea fessa labore 340
sidereo siccata sitim collegit ab aestu,
uberaque ebiberant avidi lactantia nati.
forte lacum mediocris aquae prospexit in imis
vallibus; agrestes illic fruticosa legebant
vimina cum iuncis gratamque paludibus ulvam; 345
accessit positoque genu Titania terram
pressit, ut hauriret gelidos potura liquores.
rustica turba vetat; dea sic adfata vetantis:
‘quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum est.
nec solem proprium natura nec aera fecit 350
nec tenues undas: ad publica munera veni;
quae tamen ut detis, supplex peto. non ego nostros
abluere hic artus lassataque membra parabam,
sed relevare sitim. caret os umore loquentis,
et fauces arent, vixque est via vocis in illis. 355
haustus aquae mihi nectar erit, vitamque fatebor
accepisse simul: vitam dederitis in unda.
hi quoque vos moveant, qui nostro bracchia tendunt
parva sinu,’ et casu tendebant bracchia nati.
quem non blanda deae potuissent verba movere? 360
hi tamen orantem perstant prohibere minasque,
ni procul abscedat, conviciaque insuper addunt.
nec satis est, ipsos etiam pedibusque manuque
turbavere lacus imoque e gurgite mollem
huc illuc limum saltu movere maligno. 365
distulit ira sitim; neque enim iam filia Coei
supplicat indignis nec dicere sustinet ultra

verba minora dea tollensque ad sidera palmas
‘aeternum stagno’ dixit ‘vivatis in isto!’
eveniunt optata deae: iuvat esse sub undis 370
et modo tota cava submergere membra palude,
nunc proferre caput, summo modo gurgite nare,
saepe super ripam stagni consistere, saepe
in gelidos resilire lacus, sed nunc quoque turpes
litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore, 375
quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant.
vox quoque iam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt,
ipsaque dilatant patulos convicia rictus;
terga caput tangunt, colla intercepta videntur,
spina viret, venter, pars maxima corporis, albet, 380
limosoque novae saliunt in gurgite ranae.”

Sic ubi nescio quis Lycia de gente virorum
rettulit exitium, satyri reminiscitur alter,
quem Tritoniaca Latous harundine victum
adfecit poena. ‘quid me mihi detrahis?’ inquit; 385
‘a! piget, a! non est’ clamabat ‘tibia tanti.’
clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus,
nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat; cruor undique manat,
detectique patent nervi, trepidaeque sine ulla
pelle micant venae; salientia viscera possis 390
et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras.
illum ruricolae, silvarum numina, fauni
et satyri fratres et tunc quoque carus Olympus
et nymphae flerunt, et quisquis montibus illis
lanigerosque greges armentaque bucera pavit. 395
fertilis inmaduit madefactaque terra caducas
concepit lacrimas ac venis perbibit imis;
quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras.
inde petens rapidus ripis declivibus aequor
Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiae liquidissimus amnis. 400

Talibus extemplo redit ad praesentia dictis
vulgus et exstinctum cum stirpe Amphiona luget;
mater in invidia est: hanc tunc quoque dicitur unus
flesse Pelops umeroque, suas a pectore postquam

deduxit vestes, ebur ostendisse sinistro. 405
concolor hic umerus nascendi tempore dextro
corporeusque fuit; manibus mox caesa paternis
membra ferunt iunxisse deos, aliisque repertis,
qui locus est iuguli medius summique lacerti,
defuit: inpositum est non conparentis in usum 410
partis ebur, factoque Pelops fuit integer illo.

Finitimi proceres coeunt, urbesque propinquae
oravere suos ire ad solacia reges,
Argosque et Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae
et nondum torvae Calydon invisae Dianae 415
Orchomenosque ferax et nobilis aere Corinthus
Messeneque ferox Patraeque humilesque Cleonae
et Nelea Pylos neque adhuc Pittheia Troezen,
quaeque urbes aliae bimari clauduntur ab Isthmo
exteriusque sitae bimari spectantur ab Isthmo; 420
credere quis posset? solae cessastis Athenae.
obstitit officio bellum, subvectaque ponto
barbara Mopsopios terrebant agmina muros.

Threicius Tereus haec auxiliaribus armis
fuderat et clarum vincendo nomen habebat; 425
quem sibi Pandion opibusque virisque potentem
et genus a magno ducentem forte Gradivo
conubio Procnes iunxit; non pronuba Iuno,
non Hymenaeus adest, non illi Gratia lecto:
Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas, 430
Eumenides stravere torum, tectoque profanus
incubuit bubo thalamique in culmine sedit.
hac ave coniuncti Procne Tereusque, parentes
hac ave sunt facti; gratata est scilicet illis
Thracia, disque ipsi grates egere; diemque, 435
quaque data est claro Pandione nata tyranno
quaque erat ortus Itys, festum iussere vocari:
usque adeo latet utilitas.

Iam tempora Titan
quinque per autumnos repetiti duxerat anni,
cum blandita viro Procne 'si gratia' dixit 440

‘ulla mea est, vel me visendae mitte sorori,
vel soror huc veniat: redituram tempore parvo
promittes socero; magni mihi muneris instar
germanam vidisse dabis.’ iubet ille carinas
in freta deduci veloque et remige portus 445
Cecropios intrat Piraeaeque litora tangit.
ut primum soceri data copia, dextera dextrae
iungitur, et fausto committitur omine sermo.
coeperat, adventus causam, mandata referre
coniugis et celeres missae spondere recursus: 450
ecce venit magno dives Philomela paratu,
divitior forma; quales audire solemus
naidas et dryadas mediis incedere silvis,
si modo des illis cultus similesque paratus.
non secus exarsit conspecta virgine Tereus, 455
quam si quis canis ignem supponat aristis
aut frondem positasque cremet faenilibus herbas.
digna quidem facies; sed et hunc innata libido
exstimulat, pronumque genus regionibus illis
in Venerem est: flagrat vitio gentisque suoque. 460
impetus est illi comitum corrumpere curam
nutricisque fidem nec non ingentibus ipsam
sollicitare datis totumque inpendere regnum
aut rapere et saevo raptam defendere bello;
et nihil est, quod non effreno captus amore 465
ausit, nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammas.
iamque moras male fert cupidoque revertitur ore
ad mandata Procnes et agit sua vota sub illa.
facundum faciebat amor, quotiensque rogabat
ulterius iusto, Procnen ita velle ferebat. 470
addidit et lacrimas, tamquam mandasset et illas.
pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecae
noctis habent! ipso sceleris molimine Tereus
creditur esse pius laudemque a crimine sumit.
quid, quod idem Philomela cupit, patriosque lacertis 475
blanda tenens umeros, ut eat visura sororem,
perque suam contraque suam petit ipsa salutem.

spectat eam Tereus praecontrectatque videndo
osculaque et collo circumdata bracchia cernens
omnia pro stimulis facibusque ciboque furoris 480
accipit, et quotiens amplexitur illa parentem,
esse parens vellet: neque enim minus inpius esset.
vincitur ambarum genitor prece: gaudet agitique
illa patri grates et successisse duabus
id putat infelix, quod erit lugubre duabus. 485

Iam labor exiguus Phoebo restabat, equique
pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:
regales epulae mensis et Bacchus in auro
ponitur; hinc placido dant turgida corpora somno.
at rex Odrysius, quamvis secessit, in illa 490
aestuat et repetens faciem motusque manusque
qualia vult fingit quae nondum vidit et ignes
ipse suos nutrit cura removente soporem.
lux erat, et generi dextram complexus euntis
Pandion comitem lacrimis commendat obortis: 495
‘hanc ego, care gener, quoniam pia causa coegit,
et voluere ambae (voluisti tu quoque, Tereu)
do tibi perque fidem cognataque pectora supplex,
per superos oro, patrio ut tuearis amore
et mihi sollicitae lenimen dulce senectae 500
quam primum (omnis erit nobis mora longa) remittas;
tu quoque quam primum (satis est procul esse sororem),
si pietas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito!’
mandabat pariterque suae dabat oscula natae,
et lacrimae mites inter mandata cadebant; 505
utque fide pignus dextras utriusque poposcit
inter seque datas iunxit natamque nepotemque
absentes pro se memori rogat ore saluent;
supremumque vale pleno singultibus ore
vix dixit timuitque suae praesagia mentis. 510

Ut semel inposita est pictae Philomela carinae,
admotumque fretum remis tellusque repulsa est,
‘vicimus!’ exclamat, ‘mecum mea vota feruntur!’
exsultatque et vix animo sua gaudia differt

barbarus et nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa, 515
non aliter quam cum pedibus praedator obuncis
deposuit nido leporem Iovis ales in alto;
nulla fuga est capto, spectat sua praemia raptor.

Iamque iter effectum, iamque in sua litora fessis
puppibus exierant, cum rex Pandione natam 520
in stabula alta trahit, silvis obscura vetustis,
atque ibi pallentem trepidamque et cuncta timentem
et iam cum lacrimis, ubi sit germana, rogantem
includit fassusque nefas et virginem et unam
vi superat frustra clamato saepe parente, 525
saepe sorore sua, magnis super omnia divis.
illa tremit velut agna pavens, quae saucia cani
ore excussa lupi nondum sibi tuta videtur,
utque columba suo madefactis sanguine plumis
horret adhuc avidosque timet, quibus haeserat, ungues. 530
mox ubi mens rediit, passos laniata capillos,
lugenti similis caesis plangore lacertis
intendens palmas ‘o diris barbare factis,
o crudelis’ ait, ‘nec te mandata parentis
cum lacrimis movere piis nec cura sororis 535
nec mea virginitas nec coniugialia iura?
omnia turbasti; paelex ego facta sororis,
tu geminus coniunx, hostis mihi debita Procne!
quin animam hanc, ne quod facinus tibi, perfide, restet,
eripis? atque utinam fecisses ante nefandos 540
concubitus: vacuas habuissem criminis umbras.
si tamen haec superi cernunt, si numina divum
sunt aliquid, si non perierunt omnia mecum,
quandocumque mihi poenas dabis! ipsa pudore
proiecto tua facta loquar: si copia detur, 545
in populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor,
inplebo silvas et conscia saxa movebo;
audiet haec aether et si deus ullus in illo est!’

Talibus ira feri postquam commota tyranni
nec minor hac metus est, causa stimulatus utraque, 550
quo fuit accinctus, vagina liberat ensem

arreptamque coma fixis post terga lacertis
vincla pati cogit; iugulum Philomela parabat
spemque suae mortis viso conceperat ense:
ille indignantem et nomen patris usque vocantem 555
luctantemque loqui comprehensam forcipe linguam
abstulit ense fero. radix micat ultima linguae,
ipsa iacet terraeque tremens inmurmurat atrae,
utque salire solet mutilatae cauda colubrae,
palpitat et moriens dominae vestigia quaerit. 560
hoc quoque post facinus (vix ausim credere) fertur
saepe sua lacerum repetisse libidine corpus.

Sustinet ad Procnem post talia facta reverti;
coniuge quae viso germanam quaerit, at ille
dat gemitus fictos commentaque funera narrat, 565
et lacrimae fecere fidem. velamina Procne
deripit ex umeris auro fulgentia lato
induiturque atras vestes et inane sepulcrum
constituit falsisque piacula manibus infert
et luget non sic lugendae fata sororis. 570

Signa deus bis sex acto lustraverat anno;
quid faciat Philomela? fugam custodia claudit,
structa rigent solido stabulorum moenia saxo,
os mutum facti caret indice. grande doloris
ingenium est, miserisque venit sollertia rebus: 575
stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela
purpureasque notas filis intexuit albis,
indicium sceleris; perfectaue tradidit uni,
utque ferat dominae, gestu rogat; illa rogata
pertulit ad Procnem nec scit, quid tradat in illis. 580
evolvit vestes saevi matrona tyranni
germanaeque suae fatum miserabile legit
et (mirum potuisse) silet: dolor ora repressit,
verbaque quaerenti satis indignantia linguae
defuerunt, nec flere vacat, sed fasque nefasque 585
confusura ruit poenaeque in imagine tota est.

Tempus erat, quo sacra solent trieterica Bacchi
Sithoniae celebrare nurus: (nox conscia sacris,

nocte sonat Rhodope tinnitibus aeris acuti)
nocte sua est egressa domo regina deique 590
ritibus instruitur furialiaque accipit arma;
vite caput tegitur, lateri cervina sinistro
veller a dependent, umero levis incubat hasta.
concita per silvas turba comitante suarum
terribilis Procne furiisque agitata doloris, 595
Bacche, tuas simulat: venit ad stabula avia tandem
exululatque euhoeque sonat portasque refringit
germanamque rapit raptaeque insignia Bacchi
induit et vultus hederarum frondibus abdit
attonitamque trahens intra sua moenia ducit. 600

Ut sensit tetigisse domum Philomela nefandam,
horruit infelix totoque expalluit ore;
nacta locum Procne sacrorum pignora demit
oraque develat miserae pudibunda sororis
amplexumque petit; sed non attollere contra 605
sustinet haec oculos paelex sibi visa sororis
deiectoque in humum vultu iurare volenti
testarique deos, per vim sibi dedecus illud
inlatum, pro voce manus fuit. ardet et iram
non capit ipsa suam Procne fletumque sororis 610
corripiens 'non est lacrimis hoc' inquit 'agendum,
sed ferro, sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
possit. in omne nefas ego me, germana, paravi:
aut ego, cum facibus regalia tecta cremabo,
artificem mediis inmittam Terea flammis, 615
aut linguam atque oculos et quae tibi membra pudorem
abstulerunt ferro rapiam, aut per vulnera mille
sontem animam expellam! magnum quodcumque paravi;
quid sit, adhuc dubito.'

Peragit dum talia Procne,
ad matrem veniebat Itys; quid possit, ab illo 620
admonita est oculisque tuens inmitibus 'a! quam
es similis patri!' dixit nec plura locuta
triste parat facinus tacitaque exaestuat ira.
ut tamen accessit natus matrique salutem

attulit et parvis adduxit colla lacertis 625
mixtaque blanditiis puerilibus oscula iunxit,
mota quidem est genetrix, infractaque constitit ira
invitique oculi lacrimis maduere coactis;
sed simul ex nimia mentem pietate labare
sensit, ab hoc iterum est ad vultus versa sororis 630
inque vicem spectans ambos 'cur admovet' inquit
'alter blanditias, rapta silet altera lingua?
quam vocat hic matrem, cur non vocat illa sororem?
cui sis nupta, vide, Pandione nata, marito!
degeneras! scelus est pietas in coniuge Tereo.' 635
nec mora, traxit Ityn, veluti Gangetica cervae
lactentem fetum per silvas tigris opacas,
utque domus altae partem tenuere remotam,
tendentemque manus et iam sua fata videntem
et 'mater! mater!' clamantem et colla petentem 640
ense ferit Procne, lateri qua pectus adhaeret,
nec vultum vertit. satis illi ad fata vel unum
vulnus erat: iugulum ferro Philomela resolvit,
vivaque adhuc animaeque aliquid retinentia membra
dilaniant. pars inde cavis exsultat aenis, 645
pars veribus stridunt; manant penetralia tabo.

His adhibet coniunx ignarum Terea mensis
et patrii moris sacrum mentita, quod uni
fas sit adire viro, comites famulosque removit.
ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito 650
vescitur inque suam sua viscera congerit alvum,
tantaque nox animi est, 'Ityn huc accersite!' dixit.
dissimulare nequit crudelia gaudia Procne
iamque suae cupiens exsistere nuntia cladis
'intus habes, quem poscis' ait: circumspicit ille 655
atque, ubi sit, quaerit; quaerenti iterumque vocanti,
sicut erat sparsis furiali caede capillis,
prosiluit Ityosque caput Philomela cruentum
misit in ora patris nec tempore maluit ullo
posse loqui et meritis testari gaudia dictis. 660
Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit

vipereasque ciet Stygia de valle sorores
et modo, si posset, reserato pectore diras
egerere inde dapes semesaue viscera gestit,
flet modo seque vocat bustum miserabile nati, 665
nunc sequitur nudo genitas Pandione ferro.
corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares:
pendebant pennis. quarum petit altera silvas,
altera tecta subit, neque adhuc de pectore caedis
excessere notae, signataque sanguine pluma est. 670
ille dolore suo poenaeque cupidine velox
vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristae.
prominet inmodicum pro longa cuspidē rostrum;
nomen epops volucris, facies armata videtur.

Hic dolor ante diem longaeque extrema senectae 675
tempora Tartareas Pandiona misit ad umbras.
sceptra loci rerumque capit moderamen Eretheus,
iustitia dubium validisne potentior armis.
quattuor ille quidem iuvenes totidemque creatat
femineae sortis, sed erat par forma duarum. 680
e quibus Aeolides Cephalus te coniuge felix,
Procri, fuit; Boreae Tereus Thracesque nocebant,
dilectaue diu caruit deus Orithyia,
dum rogat et precibus mavult quam viribus uti;
ast ubi blanditiis agitur nihil, horridus ira, 685
quae solita est illi nimiumque domestica vento,
'et merito!' dixit; 'quid enim mea tela reliqui,
saevitiam et vires iramque animosque minaces,
admovique preces, quarum me dedecet usus?
apta mihi vis est: vi tristia nubila pello, 690
vi freta concutio nodosaue robora verto
induroque nives et terras grandine pulso;
idem ego, cum fratres caelo sum nactus aperto
(nam mihi campus is est), tanto molimine luctor,
ut medius nostris concursibus insonet aether 695
exsiliantque cavis elisi nubibus ignes;
idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terrae
supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,

sollicito manes totumque tremoribus orbem.
hac ope debueram thalamos petiisse, socerque 700
non orandus erat mihi sed faciendus Erectheus.’
haec Boreas aut his non inferiora locutus
excussit pennas, quarum iactatibus omnis
adflata est tellus latumque perhorruit aequor,
pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam 705
verrit humum pavidamque metu caligine tectus
Orithyian amans fulvis amplectitur alis.
dum volat, arserunt agitati fortius ignes,
nec prius aerii cursus suppressit habenas,
quam Ciconum tenuit populos et moenia raptor. 710
illic et gelidi coniunx Actaea tyranni
et genetrix facta est, partus enixa gemellos,
cetera qui matris, pennas genitoris haberent.
non tamen has una memorant cum corpore natas,
barbaque dum rutilis aberat subnixa capillis, 715
inplumes Calaisque puer Zetesque fuerunt;
mox pariter pennae ritu coepere volucrum
cingere utrumque latus, pariter flavescere malae.
ergo ubi concessit tempus puerile iuventae,
vellera cum Minyis nitido radiantia villo 720
per mare non notum prima petiere carina.

LIBER SEPTIMVS

Iamque fretum Minyae Pagasaea puppe secabant,
perpetuaque trahens inopem sub nocte senectam
Phineus visus erat, iuvenesque Aquilone creati
virgineas volucres miseri senis ore fugarant,
multaque perpassi claro sub Iasone tandem 5
contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas.
dumque adeunt regem Phrixeaque vellera poscunt
lexque datur Minyis magnorum horrenda laborum,
concipit interea validos Aeetias ignes
et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem 10
vincere non poterat, 'frustra, Medea, repugnas:
nescio quis deus obstat,' ait, 'mirumque, nisi hoc est,
aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur.
nam cur iussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur?
sunt quoque dura nimis! cur, quem modo denique vidi, 15
ne pereat, timeo? quae tanti causa timoris?
excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammas,
si potes, infelix! si possem, sanior essem!
sed trahit invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido,
mens aliud suadet: video meliora proboque, 20
deteriora sequor. quid in hospite, regia virgo,
ureris et thalamos alieni concipis orbis?
haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. vivat an ille
occidat, in dis est. vivat tamen! idque precari
vel sine amore licet: quid enim commisit Iason? 25
quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas
et genus et virtus? quem non, ut cetera desint,
ore movere potest? certe mea pectora movit.
at nisi opem tulero, taurorum adflabitur ore
concurreretque suae segeti, tellure creatis 30
hostibus, aut avido dabitur fera praeda draconi.
hoc ego si patiar, tum me de tigride natam,
tum ferrum et scopulos gestare in corde fatebor!
cur non et specto pereuntem oculosque videndo

conscelero? cur non tauros exhortor in illum 35
terrigenasque feros insopitumque draconem?
di meliora velint! quamquam non ista precanda,
sed facienda mihi. — prodamne ego regna parentis,
atque ope nescio quis servabitur advena nostra,
ut per me sospes sine me det lintea ventis 40
virque sit alterius, poenae Medea relinquer?
si facere hoc aliamve potest praeponere nobis,
occidat ingratus! sed non is vultus in illo,
non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formae,
ut timeam fraudem meritique oblivia nostri. 45
et dabit ante fidem, cogamque in foedera testes
esse deos. quid tuta times? accingere et omnem
pelle moram: tibi se semper debebit Iason,
te face sollemni iunget sibi perque Pelasgas
servatrix urbes matrum celebrabere turba. 50
ergo ego germanam fratremque patremque deosque
et natale solum ventis ablata relinquam?
nempe pater saevus, nempe est mea barbara tellus,
frater adhuc infans; stant mecum vota sororis,
maximus intra me deus est! non magna relinquam, 55
magna sequar: titulum servatae pubis Achivae
notitiamque soli melioris et oppida, quorum
hic quoque fama viget, cultusque artesque locorum,
quemque ego cum rebus, quas totus possidet orbis,
Aesoniden mutasse velim, quo coniuge felix 60
et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam.
quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis
dicuntur montes ratibusque inimica Charybdis
nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis
Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo? 65
nempe tenens, quod amo, gremioque in Iasonis haerens
per freta longa ferar; nihil illum amplexa verebor
aut, siquid metuam, metuam de coniuge solo. —
coniugiumne putas speciosaque nomina culpae
inponis, Medea, tuae? — quin adspice, quantum 70
adgrediare nefas, et, dum licet, effuge crimen!’

dixit, et ante oculos rectum pietasque pudorque
constiterant, et victa dabat iam terga Cupido.

Ibat ad antiquas Hecates Perseidos aras,
quas nemus umbrosum secretaque silva tegebat, 75
et iam fortis erat, pulsusque recesserat ardor,
cum videt Aesoniden exstinctaque flamma reluxit.
erubuere genae, totoque recanduit ore,
utque solet ventis alimenta adsumere, quaeque
parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla 80
crescere et in veteres agitata resurgere vires,
sic iam lenis amor, iam quem languere putares,
ut vidit iuvenem, specie praesentis inarsit.
et casu solito formosior Aesone natus
illa luce fuit: posses ignoscere amanti. 85
spectat et in vultu veluti tum denique viso
lumina fixa tenet nec se mortalia demens
ora videre putat nec se declinat ab illo;
ut vero coepitque loqui dextramque prehendit
hospes et auxilium submissa voce rogavit 90
promisitque torum, lacrimis ait illa profusis:
'quid faciam, video: nec me ignorantia veri
decipiet, sed amor. servabere munere nostro,
servatus promissa dato!' per sacra triformis
ille deae lucoque foret quod numen in illo 95
perque patrem soceri cernentem cuncta futuri
eventusque suos et tanta pericula iurat:
creditus accepit cantatas protinus herbas
edidicitque usum laetusque in tecta recessit.

Postera depulerat stellas Aurora micantes: 100
conveniunt populi sacrum Mavortis in arvom
consistuntque iugis; medio rex ipse resedit
agmine purpureus sceptroque insignis eburno.
ecce adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant
aeripedes tauri, tactaeque vaporibus herbae 105
ardent, utque solent pleni resonare camini,
aut ubi terrena silices fornace soluti
concipiunt ignem liquidarum adspergine aquarum,

pectora sic intus clausas volventia flammās
gutturaeque usta sonant; tamen illis Aesone natus 110
obvius it. vertere truces venientis ad ora
terribiles vultus praefixaque cornua ferro
pulveremque solum pede pulsare bisulco
fumificisque locum mugitibus impleverunt.
deriguere metu Minyae; subit ille nec ignes 115
sentit anhelatos (tantum medicamina possunt!)
pendulaque audaci mulcet palearia dextra
suppositosque iugo pondus grave cogit aratri
ducere et insuetum ferro proscindere campum:
mirantur Colchi, Minyae clamoribus augent 120
adiciuntque animos. galea tum sumit aena
vipereos dentes et aratos spargit in agros.
semina mollit humus valido praetincta veneno,
et crescunt fiuntque sati nova corpora dentes,
utque hominis speciem materna sumit in alvo 125
perque suos intus numeros componitur infans
nec nisi maturus communes exit in auras,
sic, ubi visceribus gravidæ telluris imago
effecta est hominis, feto consurgit in arvo,
quodque magis mirum est, simul edita concutit arma. 130
quos ubi viderunt praeacutæ cuspidis hastas
in caput Haemonii iuvenis torquere parantis,
demisere metu vultumque animumque Pelasgi;
ipsa quoque extimuit, quæ tutum fecerat illum.
utque peti vidit iuvenem tot ab hostibus unum, 135
palluit et subito sine sanguine frigida sedit,
neve parum valeant a se data gramina, carmen
auxiliare canit secretasque advocat artes.
ille gravem medios silicem iaculatus in hostes
a se depulsum Martem convertit in ipsos: 140
terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres
civilique cadunt acie. gratantur Achivi
victoremque tenent avidisque amplexibus haerent.
tu quoque victorem conplecti, barbara, velles:
obstitit incepto pudor, at complexa fuisses, 145

sed te, ne faceres, tenuit reverentia famae.
quod licet, adfectu tacito laetaris agisque
carminibus grates et dis auctoribus horum.

Pervigilem superest herbis sopire draconem,
qui crista linguisque tribus praesignis et uncis 150
dentibus horrendus custos erat arboris aureae.
hunc postquam sparsit Lethaei gramine suci
verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos,
quae mare turbatum, quae concita flumina sistunt,
somnus in ignotos oculos sibi venit, et auro 155
heros Aesonius potitur spolioque superbus
muneris auctorem secum, spolia altera, portans
victor Iolciacos tetigit cum coniuge portus.

Haemoniae matres pro gnatis dona receptis
grandaevique ferunt patres congestaque flamma 160
tura liquefaciunt, inductaque cornibus aurum
victima vota cadit, sed abest gratantibus Aeson
iam propior leto fessusque senilibus annis,
cum sic Aesonides: 'o cui debere salutem
confiteor, coniunx, quamquam mihi cuncta dedisti 165
excessitque fidem meritorum summa tuorum,
si tamen hoc possunt (quid enim non carmina possunt?)
deme meis annis et demptos adde parenti!'
nec tenuit lacrimas: mota est pietate rogantis,
dissimilemque animum subiit Aeeta relictus; 170
nec tamen adfectus talis confessa 'quod' inquit
'excidit ore tuo, coniunx, scelus? ergo ego cuiquam
posse tuae videor spatium transcribere vitae?
nec sinat hoc Hecate, nec tu petis aequa; sed isto,
quod petis, experiar maius dare munus, Iason. 175
arte mea soceri longum temptabimus aevum,
non annis revocare tuis, modo diva triformis
adiuvet et praesens ingentibus adnuat ausis.'

Tres aberant noctes, ut cornua tota coirent
efficerentque orbem; postquam plenissima fulsit 180
ac solida terras spectavit imagine luna,
egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,

nuda pedem, nudos umeris infusa capillos,
fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis
incomitata gradus: homines volucresque ferasque 185
solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmure saepes,
inmotaeque silent frondes, silet umidus aer,
sidera sola micant: ad quae sua bracchia tendens
ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine crinem
inroravit aquis ternisque ululatibus ora 190
solvit et in dura submisso poplite terra
'Nox' ait 'arcanis fidissima, quaeque diurnis
aurea cum luna succeditis ignibus astra,
tuque, triceps Hecate, quae coeptis conscia nostris
adiutrixque venis cantusque artisque magorum, 195
quaeque magos, Tellus, pollentibus instruis herbis,
auraeque et venti montesque amnesque lacusque,
dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste,
quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
in fontes rediere suos, concussaue sisto, 200
stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello
nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque,
vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces,
vivaue saxa sua convulsaue robora terra
et silvas moveo iubeoque tremescere montis 205
et mugire solum manesque exire sepulcris!
te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesaea labores
aera tuos minuant; currus quoque carmine nostro
pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora venenis!
vos mihi taurorum flammās hebetastis et unco 210
inpatiens oneris collum pressistis aratro,
vos serpentigenis in se fera bella dedistis
custodemque rudem somni sopistis et aurum
vindice decepto Graias misistis in urbes:
nunc opus est sucis, per quos renovata senectus 215
in florem redeat primosque recolligat annos,
et dabitis. neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra,
nec frustra volucrum tractus cervice draconum
currus adest.' aderat demissus ab aethere currus.

quo simul adscendit frenataque colla draconum 220
permulsit manibusque leves agitavit habenas,
sublimis rapitur subiectaque Thessala Tempe
despicit et certis regionibus adplicat angues:
et quas Ossa tulit, quas altum Pelion herbas,
Othrysqe Pindusque et Pindo maior Olympus, 225
perspicit et placitas partim radice revellit,
partim succidit curvamine falcis aenae.
multa quoque Apidani placuerunt gramina ripis,
multa quoque Amphrysi, neque eras immunis, Enipeu;
nec non Peneos nec non Spercheides undae 230
contribuere aliquid iuncosaque litora Boebes;
carpsit et Euboica vivax Anthedone gramen,
nondum mutato vulgatum corpore Glauci.

Et iam nona dies curru pennisque draconum
nonaque nox omnes lustrantem viderat agros, 235
cum rediit; neque erant tacti nisi odore dracones,
et tamen annosae pellem posuere senectae.
constitit adveniens citra limenque foresque
et tantum caelo tegitur refugitque viriles
contactus, statuitque aras de caespite binas, 240
dexteriore Hecates, ast laeva parte Iuventae.
has ubi verbenis silvaque incinxit agresti,
haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
sacra facit cultrosque in guttura velleris atrii
conicit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas; 245
tum super invergens liquidi carchesia mellis
alteraque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis,
verba simul fudit terrenaque numina civit
umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem,
ne properent artus anima fraudare senili. 250

Quos ubi placavit precibusque et murmure longo,
Aesonis effctum proferri corpus ad auras
iussit et in plenos resolutum carmine somnos
exanimi similem stratis porrexit in herbis.
hinc procul Aesoniden, procul hinc iubet ire ministros 255
et monet arcanis oculos remove profanos.

diffugiunt iussi; passis Medea capillis
bacchantum ritu flagrantis circuit aras
multifidasque faces in fossa sanguinis atra
tinguit et infectas geminis accendit in aris 260
terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat.

Interea validum posito medicamen aeno
fervet et exultat spumisque tumentibus albet.
illic Haemonia radices valle resectas
seminaque floresque et sucos incoquit atros; 265
adicit extremo lapides Oriente petitos
et quas Oceani refluxum mare lavit harenas;
addit et exceptas luna pernocte pruinas
et strigis infamis ipsis cum carnibus alas
inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos 270
ambigui prosecta lupi; nec defuit illis
squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chelydri
vivacisque iecur cervi; quibus insuper addit
ova caputque novem cornicis saecula passae.
his et mille aliis postquam sine nomine rebus 275
propositum instruxit mortali barbara maius,
arenti ramo iampridem mitis olivae
omnia confudit summisque inmiscuit ima.
ecce vetus calido versatus stipes aeno
fit viridis primo nec longo tempore frondes 280
induit et subito gravidis oneratur olivis:
at quacumque cavo spumas eiecit aeno
ignis et in terram guttae cecidere calentes,
vernatur humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt.
quae simul ac vidit, stricto Medea recludit 285
ense senis iugulum veteremque exire cruorem
passa replet sucis; quos postquam conbibit Aeson
aut ore acceptos aut vulnere, barba comaeque
canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem,
pulsa fugit macies, abeunt pallorque situsque, 290
adiectoque cavae supplentur corpore rugae,
membraque luxuriant: Aeson miratur et olim
ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos.

Viderat ex alto tanti miracula monstri

Liber et admonitus, iuvenes nutricibus annos 295
posse suis reddi, capit hoc a Colchide munus.

Neve doli cessent, odium cum coniuge falsum
Phasias adsimulat Peliaeque ad limina supplex
confugit; atque illam, quoniam gravis ipse senecta est,
excipiunt natae; quas tempore callida parvo 300

Colchis amicitiae mendacis imagine cepit,
dumque refert inter meritorum maxima demptos
Aesonis esse situs atque hac in parte moratur,
spes est virginibus Pelia subiecta creatis,
arte suum parili revirescere posse parentem, 305
idque petunt pretiumque iubent sine fine pacisci.
illa brevi spatio silet et dubitare videtur
suspenditque animos ficta gravitate rogantum.

mox ubi pollicita est, 'quo sit fiducia maior
muneris huius' ait, 'qui vestri maximus aevo est 310
dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet.'

protinus innumeris effetus laniger annis
attrahitur flexo circum cava tempora cornu;
cuius ut Haemonio marcentia guttura cultro
fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum, 315
membra simul pecudis validosque venefica sucos
mergit in aere cavo: minuunt ea corporis artus
cornuaque exurunt nec non cum cornibus annos,
et tener auditur medio balatus aeno:

nec mora, balatum mirantibus exsilit agnus 320
lascivitque fuga lactantiaque ubera quaerit.

Obstipuere satae Pelia, promissaque postquam
exhibuere fidem, tum vero inpensius instant.
ter iuga Phoebus equis in Hiberno flumine mersis
dempserat et quarta radiantia nocte micabant 325
sidera, cum rapido fallax Aetias igni
imponit purum laticem et sine viribus herbas.
iamque neci similis resoluta corpore regem

et cum rege suo custodes somnus habebat,
quem dederant cantus magicaeque potentia linguae; 330

intrarant iussae cum Colchide limina natae
ambierantque torum: 'quid nunc dubitatis inertes?
stringite' ait 'gladios veteremque haurite crurorem,
ut repleam vacuas iuvenali sanguine venas!
in manibus vestris vita est aetasque parentis: 335
si pietas ulla est nec spes agitatis inanis,
officium praestate patri telisque senectam
exigite, et saniem coniecto emittite ferro!'
his, ut quaeque pia est, hortatibus in pia prima est
et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus: haud tamen ictus 340
ulla suos spectare potest, oculosque reflectunt,
caecaque dant saevis aversae vulnera dextris.
ille cruore fluens, cubito tamen adlevat artus,
semilacerque toro temptat consurgere, et inter
tot medius gladios pallentia brachia tendens 345
'quid facitis, gnatae? quid vos in fata parentis
armat?' ait: cecidere illis animique manusque;
plura locuturo cum verbis guttura Colchis
abstulit et calidis laniatum mersit in undis.

Quod nisi pennatis serpentibus isset in auras, 350
non exempta foret poenae: fugit alta superque
Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta, superque
Othryn et eventu veteris loca nota Cerambi:
hic ope nympharum sublatum in aera pennis,
cum gravis infuso tellus foret obruta ponto, 355
Deucalioneas effugit inobrutus undas.
Aeoliam Pitane a laeva parte relinquit
factaque de saxo longi simulacra draconis
Idaeumque nemus, quo nati furta, iuvenum,
occulit Liber falsi sub imagine cervi, 360
quaque pater Corythi parva tumultus harena est,
et quos Maera novo latratu terruit agros,
Eurypylique urbem, qua Coae cornua matres
gesserunt tum, cum discederet Herculis agmen,
Phoebeamque Rhodon et Ialysios Telchinas, 365
quorum oculos ipso vitiantes omnia visu
Iuppiter exosus fraternis subdidit undis;

transit et antiquae Cartheia moenia Ceae,
qua pater Alcidas placidam de corpore natae
miraturus erat nasci potuisse columbam. 370
inde lacus Hyries videt et Cycneia Tempe,
quae subitus celebravit olor: nam Phylus illic
imperio pueri volucrisque ferumque leonem
tradiderat domitos; taurum quoque vincere iussus
vicerat et spreto totiens iratus amore 375
praemia poscenti taurum suprema negabat;
ille indignatus 'cupies dare' dixit et alto
desiluit saxo; cuncti cecidisse putabant:
factus olor niveis pendebat in aere pennis;
at genetrix Hyrie, servati nescia, flendo 380
delicuit stagnumque suo de nomine fecit.
adiacet his Pleuron, in qua trepidantibus alis
Ophias effugit natorum vulnera Combe;
inde Calaureae Letoidos adspicit arva
in volucrem versi cum coniuge conscia regis. 385
dextera Cyllene est, in qua cum matre Menephron
concubitus erat saevarum more ferarum;
Cephison procul hinc deflentem fata nepotis
respicit in tumidam phocen ab Apolline versi
Eumelique domum lugentis in aere natum. 390

Tandem vipereis Ephyren Pirenida pennis
contigit: hic aevo veteres mortalia primo
corpora vulgarunt pluvialibus edita fungis.
sed postquam Colchis arsit nova nupta venenis
flagrantemque domum regis mare vidit utrumque, 395
sanguine natorum perfunditur inpius ensis,
ultaque se male mater Iasonis effugit arma.
hinc Titaniacis ablata draconibus intrat
Palladas arces, quae te, iustissima Phene,
teque, senex Peripha, pariter videre volantes 400
innixamque novis neptem Polypemonis alis.
excipit hanc Aegeus facto damnandus in uno,
nec satis hospitium est, thalami quoque foedere iungit.

Iamque aderat Theseus, proles ignara parenti,

qui virtute sua bimarem pacaverat Isthmon: 405
huius in exitium miscet Medea, quod olim
attulerat secum Scythicis aconiton ab oris.
illud Echidnaeae memorant e dentibus ortum
esse canis: specus est tenebroso caecus hiatu,
est via declivis, per quam Tiryntius heros 410
restantem contraque diem radiosque micantes
obliquantem oculos nexis adamante catenis
Cerberon abstraxit, rabida qui concitus ira
inplevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
et sparsit virides spumis albescentibus agros; 415
has concesse putant nactasque alimenta feracis
fecundique soli vires cepisse nocendi;
quae quia nascuntur dura vivacia caute,
agrestes aconita vocant. ea coniugis astu
ipse parens Aegeus nato porrexit ut hosti. 420
sumpserat ignara Theseus data pocula dextra,
cum pater in capulo gladii cognovit eburno
signa sui generis facinusque excussit ab ore.
effugit illa necem nebulis per carmina motis;

At genitor, quamquam laetatur sospite nato, 425
attonitus tamen est, ingens discrimine parvo
committi potuisse nefas: fovet ignibus aras
muneribusque deos inplet, feriuntque secures
colla torosa boum victorum cornua vittis.
nullus Erechthis fertur celebratior illo 430
inluxisse dies: agitant convivia patres
et medium vulgus nec non et carmina vino
ingenium faciente canunt: 'te, maxime Theseu,
mirata est Marathon Cretaei sanguine tauri,
quodque suis securus arat Cromyona colonus, 435
munus opusque tuum est; tellus Epidauria per te
clavigeram vidit Vulcani occumbere prolem,
vidit et inमितem Cephisias ora Procrusten,
Cercyonis letum vidit Cerealis Eleusin.
occidit ille Sinis magnis male viribus usus, 440
qui poterat curvare trabes et agebat ab alto

ad terram late sparsuras corpora pinus.
tutus ad Alcathoen, Lelegeia moenia, limes
composito Scirone patet, sparsisque latronis
terra negat sedem, sedem negat ossibus unda; 445
quae iactata diu fertur durasse vetustas
in scopulos: scopulis nomen Scironis inhaeret.
si titulos annosque tuos numerare velimus,
facta prement annos. pro te, fortissime, vota
publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus.’ 450
consonat adsensu populi precibusque faventum
regia, nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est.

Nec tamen (usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,
sollicitumque aliquid laetis intervenit) Aegeus
gaudia percepit nato secura recepto: 455
bella parat Minos; qui quamquam milite, quamquam
classe valet, patria tamen est firmissimus ira
Androgeique necem iustis ulciscitur armis.
ante tamen bello vires acquirit amicas,
quaque potens habitus volucris freta classe pererrat: 460
hinc Anaphen sibi iungit et Astypaleia regna,
(promissis Anaphen, regna Astypaleia bello);
hinc humilem Myconon cretosaeque rura Cimoli
florentemque thymo Syron planamque Seriphon
marmoreamque Paron, quamque inopia prodidit Arne 465
Siphnon et accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro
mutata est in avem, quae nunc quoque diligit aurum,
nigra pedes, nigris velata monedula pennis.

At non Oliaros Didymeque et Tenos et Andros
et Gyaros nitidaeque ferax Peparethos olivae 470
Cnosiacas iuvare rates; latere inde sinistro
Oenopiam Minos petit, Aeacideia regna:
Oenopiam veteres adpellavere, sed ipse
Aeacus Aeginam genetricis nomine dixit.
turba ruit tantaeque virum cognoscere famae 475
expetit; occurrunt illi Telamonque minorque
quam Telamon Peleus et proles tertia Phocus;
ipse quoque egreditur tardus gravitate senili

Aeacus et, quae sit veniendi causa, requirit.
admonitus patrii luctus suspirat et illi 480
dicta refert rector populorum talia centum:
‘arma iuves oro pro gnato sumpta piaequae
pars sis militiae; tumulo solacia posco.’
huic Asopiades ‘petis inrita’ dixit ‘et urbi
non facienda meae; neque enim coniunctior ulla 485
Cecropidis est hac tellus: ea foedera nobis.’
tristis abit ‘stabunt’ que ‘tibi tua foedera magno’
dixit et utilius bellum putat esse minari
quam gerere atque suas ibi praeconsumere vires.
classis ab Oenopiis etiamnum Lyctia muris 490
spectari poterat, cum pleno concita velo
Attica puppis adest in portusque intrat amicos,
quae Cephalum patriaeque simul mandata ferebat.
Aeacidae longo iuvenes post tempore visum
agnovere tamen Cephalum dextrasque dedere 495
inque patris duxere domum: spectabilis heros
et veteris retinens etiamnum pignora formae
ingreditur ramumque tenens popularis olivae
a dextra laevaue duos aetate minores
maior habet, Clyton et Buten, Pallante creatos. 500

Postquam congressus primi sua verba tulerunt,
Cecropidae Cephalus peragit mandata rogatque
auxilium foedusque refert et iura parentum,
imperiumque peti totius Achaidos addit.
sic ubi mandatam iuvit facundia causam, 505
Aeacus, in capulo sceptri nitente sinistra,
‘ne petite auxilium, sed sumite’ dixit, ‘Athenae,
nec dubie vires, quas haec habet insula, vestras
ducite, et (o maneat rerum status iste mearum!)
robor non desunt; superat mihi miles et hoc est, 510
gratia dis, felix et inexcusabile tempus.’
‘immo ita sit’ Cephalus, ‘crescat tua civibus opto
urbs’ ait; ‘adveniens equidem modo gaudia cepi,
cum tam pulchra mihi, tam par aetate iuventus
obvia processit; multos tamen inde requiro, 515

quos quondam vidi vestra prius urbe receptus.
Aeacus ingemuit tristique ita voce locutus:
‘flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est;
hanc utinam possem vobis memorare sine illo!
ordine nunc repetam, neu longa ambage morer vos, 520
ossa cinisque iacent, memori quos mente requiris,
et quota pars illi rerum periere mearum!
dira lues ira populis Iunonis iniquae
incidit exosae dictas a paelice terras.
dum visum mortale malum tantaeque latebat 525
causa nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte medendi:
exitium superabat opem, quae victa iacebat.
principio caelum spissa caligine terras
pressit et ignavos inclusit nubibus aestus;
dumque quater iunctis explevit cornibus orbem 530
Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,
letiferis calidi spirarunt aestibus austri.
constat et in fontis vitium venisse lacusque,
miliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros
errasse atque suis fluvios temerasse venenis. 535
strage canum primo volucrumque oviumque boumque
inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi.
concidere infelix validos miratur arator
inter opus tauros medioque recumbere sulco;
lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus aegros 540
sponte sua lanaeque cadunt et corpora tabent;
acer equus quondam magnaeque in pulvere famae
degenerat palmas veterumque oblitus honorum
ad praesepe gemit leto moriturus inerti.
non aper irasci meminit, non fidere cursu 545
cerva nec armentis incurrere fortibus ursi.
omnia languor habet: silvisque agrisque viisque
corpora foeda iacent, vitiantur odoribus aerae.
mira loquar: non illa canes avidaeque volucres,
non cani tetigere lupi; dilapsa liquescunt 550
adflatuque nocent et agunt contagia late.

‘Pervenit ad miseros damno graviore colonos

pestis et in magnae dominatur moenibus urbis.
viscera torrentur primo, flammaeque latentis
indicium rubor est et ductus anhelitus; igni 555
aspera lingua tumet, tepidisque arentia ventis
ora patent, auraeque graves captantur hiatu.
non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt,
nuda sed in terra ponunt praecordia, nec fit
corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet. 560
nec moderator adest, inque ipsos saeva medentes
erumpit clades, obsuntque auctoribus artes;
quo propior quisque est servitque fidelius aegro,
in partem leti citius venit, utque salutis
spes abiit finemque vident in funere morbi, 565
indulgent animis et nulla, quid utile, cura est:
utile enim nihil est. passim positoque pudore
fontibus et fluviis puteisque capacibus haerent,
nec sitis est exstincta prius quam vita bibendo.
inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere et ipsis 570
inmoriuntur aquis, aliquis tamen haurit et illas;
tantaque sunt miseris invisi taedia lecti,
prosiliunt aut, si prohibent consistere vires,
corpora devolvunt in humum fugiuntque penates
quisque suos, sua cuique domus funesta videtur, 575
et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine; partim
semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant,
adspiceres, flentes alios terraque iacentes
lassaque versantes supremo lumina motu;
membraque pendentis tendunt ad sidera caeli, 580
hic illic, ubi mors deprenderat, exhalantes.

‘Quid mihi tunc animi fuit? an, quod debuit esse,
ut vitam odissem et cuperem pars esse meorum?
quo se cumque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
vulgus erat stratum, veluti cum putria motis 585
poma cadunt ramis agitataque ilice glandes.
templa vides contra gradibus sublimia longis:
Iuppiter illa tenet. quis non altaribus illis
inrita tura dedit? quotiens pro coniuge coniunx,

pro gnato genitor dum verba precantia dicit, 590
non exoratis animam finivit in aris,
inque manu turis pars inconsumpta reperta est!
admoti quotiens templis, dum vota sacerdos
concepit et fundit durum inter cornua vinum,
haud exspectato ceciderunt vulnere tauri! 595
ipse ego sacra Iovi pro me patriaque tribusque
cum facerem natis, mugitus victima diros
edidit et subito conlapsa sine ictibus ullis
exiguo tinxit subiectos sanguine cultros.
exta quoque aegra notas veri monitusque deorum 600
perdiderant: tristes penetrant ad viscera morbi.
ante sacros vidi proiecta cadavera postes,
ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras.
pars animam laqueo claudunt mortisque timorem
morte fugant ultroque vocant venientia fata. 605
corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur
funeribus (neque enim capiebant funera portae):
aut inhumata premunt terras aut dantur in altos
indotata rogos; et iam reverentia nulla est,
deque rogis pugnant alienisque ignibus ardent. 610
qui lacrimant, desunt, indeffetaeque vagantur
natorumque patrumque animae iuvenumque senumque,
nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.

Attonitus tanto miserarum turbine rerum,
“Iuppiter o!” dixi, “si te non falsa loquuntur 615
dicta sub amplexus Aeginae Asopidos isse,
nec te, magne pater, nostri pudet esse parentem,
aut mihi redde meos aut me quoque conde sepulcro!”
ille notam fulgore dedit tonitruque secundo.
“accipio sintque ista precor felicia mentis 620
signa tuae!” dixi, “quod das mihi, pigneror omen.”
forte fuit iuxta patulis rarissima ramis
sacra Iovi quercus de semine Dodonaeo;
hic nos frugilegas adspeximus agmine longo
grande onus exiguo formicas ore gerentes 625
rugosoque suum servantes cortice callem;

dum numerum miror, “totidem, pater optime,” dixi,
“tu mihi da cives et inania moenia supple!”
intremuit ramisque sonum sine flamine motis
alta dedit quercus: pavido mihi membra timore 630
horruerant, stabantque comae; tamen oscula terrae
roboribusque dedi, nec me sperare fatebar;
sperabam tamen atque animo mea vota fovebam.
nox subit, et curis exercita corpora somnus
occupat: ante oculos eadem mihi quercus adesse 635
et ramis totidem totidemque animalia ramis
ferre suis visa est pariterque tremescere motu
graniferumque agmen subiectis spargere in arvis;
crescere desubito et maius maiusque videri
ac se tollere humo rectoque adsistere trunco 640
et maciem numerumque pedum nigrumque colorem
ponere et humanam membris inducere formam.
somnus abit: damno vigilans mea visa querorque
in superis opis esse nihil; at in aedibus ingens
murmur erat, vocesque hominum exaudire videbar 645
iam mihi desuetas; dum suspicor has quoque somni
esse, venit Telamon properus foribusque reclusis
“speque fideque, pater”, dixit “maiora videbis:
egredere!” egredior, qualesque in imagine somni
visus eram vidisse viros, ex ordine tales 650
adspicio noscoque: adeunt regemque salutant.
vota Iovi solvo populisque recentibus urbem
partior et vacuos priscis cultoribus agros,
Myrmidonasque voco nec origine nomina fraudo.
corpora vidisti; mores, quos ante gerebant, 655
nunc quoque habent: parcum genus est patiensque laborum
quaesitique tenax et quod quaesita reservet.
hi te ad bella pares annis animisque sequentur,
cum primum qui te feliciter attulit eurus’
(eurus enim attulerat) ‘fuerit mutatus in austrum.’ 660

Talibus atque aliis longum sermonibus illi
inplevere diem; lucis pars ultima mensae
est data, nox somnis. iubar aureus extulerat Sol,

flabat adhuc eurus redituraque vela tenebat:
ad Cephalum Pallante sati, cui grandior aetas, 665
ad regem Cephalus simul et Pallante creati
conveniunt, sed adhuc regem sopor altus habebat.
excipit Aeacides illos in limine Phocus;
nam Telamon fraterque viros ad bella legebant.
Phocus in interius spatium pulchrosque recessus 670
Cecropidas ducit, cum quis simul ipse resedit.
adspicit Aeoliden ignota ex arbore factum
ferre manu iaculum, cuius fuit aurea cuspis.
pauca prius mediis sermonibus ille locutus
‘sum nemorum studiosus’ ait ‘caedisque ferinae; 675
qua tamen e silva teneas hastile recisum,
iamdudum dubito: certe si fraxinus esset,
fulva colore foret; si cornus, nodus inesset.
unde sit, ignoro, sed non formosius isto
viderunt oculi telum iaculabile nostri.’ 680
excipit Actaeis e fratribus alter et ‘usum
maiores specie mirabere’ dixit ‘in isto.
consequitur, quodcumque petit, fortunaque missum
non regit, et revolat nullo referente cruentum.’
tum vero iuvenis Nereius omnia quaerit, 685
cur sit et unde datum, quis tanti muneris auctor.
quae petit, ille refert, sed enim narrare pudori est,
qua tulerit mercede; silet tactusque dolore
coniugis amissae lacrimis ita fatur obortis:
‘hoc me, nate dea, (quis possit credere?) telum 690
flere facit facietque diu, si vivere nobis
fata diu dederint; hoc me cum coniuge cara
perdidit: hoc utinam caruissem munere semper!

‘Procris erat, si forte magis pervenit ad aures
Orithyia tuas, raptae soror Orithyiae, 695
si faciem moresque velis conferre duarum,
dignior ipsa rapi! pater hanc mihi iunxit Erectheus,
hanc mihi iunxit amor: felix dicebar eramque;
non ita dis visum est, aut nunc quoque forsitan essem.
alter agebatur post sacra iugalia mensis, 700

cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis
vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti
lutea mane videt pulsas Aurora tenebris
invitumque rapit. liceat mihi vera referre
pace deae: quod sit roseo spectabilis ore, 705
quod teneat lucis, teneat confinia noctis,
nectareis quod alatur aquis, ego Procrin amabam;
pectore Procris erat, Procris mihi semper in ore.
sacra tori coitusque novos thalamosque recentes
primaque deserti referebam foedera lecti: 710
mota dea est et “siste tuas, ingrate, querellas;
Procrin habe!” dixit, “quod si mea provida mens est,
non habuisse voles.” meque illi irata remisit.
cum redeo mecumque deae memorata retracto,
esse metus coepit, ne iura iugalia coniunx 715
non bene servasset: facies aetasque iubebat
credere adulterium, prohibebant credere mores;
sed tamen afueram, sed et haec erat, unde redibam,
criminis exemplum, sed cuncta timemus amantes.
quaerere, quod doleam, statuo donisque pudicam 720
sollicitare fidem; favet huic Aurora timori
inmutatque meam (videor sensisse) figuram.
Palladius in eo non cognoscendus Athenas
ingrediorque domum; culpa domus ipsa carebat
castaque signa dabat dominoque erat anxia raptis: 725
vix aditus per mille dolos ad Erechthida factus.
ut vidi, obstipui meditataque paene reliqui
temptamenta fide; male me, quin vera faterer,
continui, male, quin, et oportuit, oscula ferrem.
tristis erat (sed nulla tamen formosior illa 730
esse potest tristi) desiderioque dolebat
coniugis abrepti: tu collige, qualis in illa,
Phoece, decor fuerit, quam sic dolor ipse decebat!
quid referam, quotiens temptamina nostra pudici
reppulerint mores, quotiens “ego” dixerit “uni 735
servor; ubicumque est, uni mea gaudia servo.”
cui non ista fide satis experientia sano

magna foret? non sum contentus et in mea pugno
vulnera, dum census dare me pro nocte loquendo
muneraque augendo tandem dubitare coegi. 740
exclamo male victor: “adest, mala, fictus adulter!
verus eram coniunx! me, perfida, teste teneris.”
illa nihil; tacito tantummodo victa pudore
insidiosa malo cum coniuge limina fugit;
offensaque mei genus omne perosa virorum 745
montibus errabat, studiis operata Dianae.
tum mihi deserto violentior ignis ad ossa
pervenit: orabam veniam et peccasse fatebar
et potuisse datis simili succumbere culpae
me quoque muneribus, si munera tanta darentur. 750
haec mihi confesso, laesum prius ulta pudorem,
redditur et dulces concorditer exigit annos;
dat mihi praeterea, tamquam se parva dedisset
dona, canem munus; quem cum sua traderet illi
Cynthia, “currendo superabit” dixerat “omnes.” 755
dat simul et iaculum, manibus quod, cernis, habemus.
muneris alterius quae sit fortuna, requiris?
accipe mirandum: novitate movebere facti!

‘Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum
solverat ingeniis, et praecipitata iacebat 760
inmemor ambagum vates obscura suarum:
protinus Aoniis inmittitur altera Thebis 763
[scilicet alma Themis nec talia linquit inulta!] 762
pestis, et exitio multi pecorumque suoque 764
rurigenae pavere feram; vicina iuventus
venimus et latos indagine cinximus agros.
illa levi velox superabat retia saltu
summaque transibat postarum lina plagarum:
copula detrahitur canibus, quas illa sequentes
effugit et coetum non segnior alite ludit. 770
poscor et ipse meum consensu Laelapa magno
(muneris hoc nomen): iamdudum vincula pugnat
exuere ipse sibi colloque morantia tendit.
vix bene missus erat, nec iam poteramus, ubi esset,

scire; pedum calidus vestigia pulvis habebat, 775
ipse oculis ereptus erat: non ocior illo
hasta nec excussae contorto verberare glandes
nec Gortyniaco calamus levis exit ab arcu.
collis apex medii subiectis inminet arvis:
tollor eo capioque novi spectacula cursus, 780
quo modo deprendi, modo se subducere ab ipso
vulnere visa fera est; nec limite callida recto
in spatiumque fugit, sed decipit ora sequentis
et redit in gyrum, ne sit suus inpetus hosti:
inminet hic sequiturque parem similisque tenenti 785
non tenet et vanos exercet in aera morsus.
ad iaculi vertebar opem; quod dextera librat
dum mea, dum digitos amentis addere tempto,
lumina deflexi. revocataque rursus eodem
rettuleram: medio (mirum) duo marmora campo 790
adspicio; fugere hoc, illud captare putares.
scilicet invictos ambo certamine cursus
esse deus voluit, si quis deus adfuit illis.’
hactenus, et tacuit; ‘iaculo quod crimen in ipso est?’
Phocus ait; iaculi sic crimina reddidit ille: 795

‘Gaudia principium nostri sunt, Phoece, doloris:
illa prius referam. iuvat o meminisse beati
temporis, Aeacide, quo primos rite per annos
coniuge eram felix, felix erat illa marito.
mutua cura duos et amor socialis habebat, 800
nec Iovis illa meo thalamos praeferret amori,
nec me quae caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret,
ulla erat; aequales urebant pectora flammae.
sole fere radiis feriente cacumina primis
venatum in silvas iuvenaliter ire solebam 805
nec mecum famuli nec equi nec naribus acres
ire canes nec lina sequi nodosa solebant:
tutus eram iaculo; sed cum satiata ferinae
dextera caedis erat, repetebam frigus et umbras
et quae de gelidis exibat vallibus aura: 810
aura petebatur medio mihi lenis in aestu,

auram exspectabam, requies erat illa labori.
“aura” (recordor enim), “venias” cantare solebam,
“meque iuves intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros,
utque facis, relevare velis, quibus urimur, aestus!” 815
forsitan addiderim (sic me mea fata trahebant),
blanditias plures et “tu mihi magna voluptas”
dicere sim solitus, “tu me reficisque fovesque,
tu facis, ut silvas, ut amem loca sola: meoque
spiritus iste tuus semper captatur ab ore.” 820
vocibus ambiguis deceptam praebuit aurem
nescio quis nomenque aurae tam saepe vocatum
esse putat nymphae: nympham mihi credit amari.
criminis extemplo ficti temerarius index
Procrin adit linguaque refert audita susurra. 825
credula res amor est: subito conlapsa dolore,
ut mihi narratur, cecidit; longoque refecta
tempore se miseram, se fati dixit iniqui
deque fide questa est et crimine concita vano,
quod nihil est, metuit, metuit sine corpore nomen 830
et dolet infelix veluti de paelice vera.
saepe tamen dubitat speratque miserrima falli
indiciiue fidem negat et, nisi viderit ipsa,
damnatura sui non est delicta mariti.
postera depulerant Aurorae lumina noctem: 835
egredior silvamque peto victorque per herbas
“aura, veni” dixi “nostroque medere labori!”
et subito gemitus inter mea verba videbar
nescio quos audisse; “veni” tamen “optima!” dicens
fronde levem rursus strepitum faciente caduca 840
sum ratus esse feram telumque volatile misi:
Procris erat medioque tenens in pectore vulnus
“ei mihi” conclamat! vox est ubi cognita fidae
coniugis, ad vocem praeceps amensque cucurri.
semianimem et sparsas foedantem sanguine vestes 845
et sua (me miserum!) de vulnere dona trahentem
invenio corpusque meo mihi carius ulnis
mollibus attollo scissaque a pectore veste

vulnera saeva ligo conorque inhibere cruorem
neu me morte sua sceleratum deserat, oro. 850
viribus illa carens et iam moribunda coegit
haec se pauca loqui: “per nostri foedera lecti
perque deos supplex oro superosque meosque,
per si quid merui de te bene perque manentem
nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis amorem, 855
ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere nostris!”
dixit, et errorem tum denique nominis esse
et sensi et docui. sed quid docuisse iuvabat?
labitur, et parvae fugiunt cum sanguine vires,
dumque aliquid spectare potest, me spectat et in me 860
infelicem animam nostroque exhalat in ore;
sed vultu meliore mori segura videtur.’

Flentibus haec lacrimans heros memorabat, et ecce
Aeacus ingreditur duplici cum prole novoque
milite; quem Cephalus cum fortibus accipit armis.

LIBER OCTAVVS

Iam nitidum retegente diem noctisque fugante
tempora Lucifero cadit Eurus, et umida surgunt
nubila: dant placidi cursum redeuntibus Austri
Aeacidis Cephaloque; quibus feliciter acti
ante exspectatum portus tenuere petitos. 5
interea Minos Lelegeia litora vastat
praetemptatque sui vires Mavortis in urbe
Alcathoi, quam Nisus habet, cui splendidus ostro
inter honoratos medioque in vertice canos
crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni. 10

Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lunae,
et pendebat adhuc belli fortuna, diuque
inter utrumque volat dubiis Victoria pennis.
regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris,
in quibus auratam proles Letoia fertur 15
deposuisse lyram: saxo sonus eius inhaesit.
saepe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi
et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo,
tum cum pax esset; bello quoque saepe solebat
spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis, 20
iamque mora belli procerum quoque nomina norat
armaque equosque habitusque Cydoneasque pharetras;
noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europaei,
plus etiam, quam nosse sat est: hac iudice Minos,
seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis, 25
in galea formosus erat; seu sumpserat aere
fulgentem clipeum, clipeum sumpsisse decebat;
torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis:
laudabat virgo iunctam cum viribus artem;
inposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus: 30
sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis;
cum vero faciem dempto nudaverat aere
purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis
terga premebat equi spumantiaque ora regebat,

vix sua, vix sanae virgo Niseia compos 35
mentis erat: felix iaculum, quod tangeret ille,
quaeque manu premeret, felicia frena vocabat.
impetus est illi, liceat modo, ferre per agmen
virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi
turribus e summis in Cnosia mittere corpus 40
castra vel aeratas hosti recludere portas,
vel siquid Minos aliud velit. utque sedebat
candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis,
'laeter,' ait 'doleamne geri lacrimabile bellum,
in dubio est; doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est. 45
sed nisi bella forent, numquam mihi cognitus esset!
me tamen accepta poterat deponere bellum
obside: me comitem, me pacis pignus haberet.
si quae te peperit, talis, pulcherrime regum,
qualis es ipse, fuit, merito deus arsit in illa. 50
o ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras
Cnosiaci possem castris insistere regis
fassaque me flammisque meas, qua dote, rogarem,
vellet emi, tantum patrias ne posceret arces!
nam pereant potius sperata cubilia, quam sim 55
proditione potens! — quamvis saepe utile vinci
victoris placidi fecit clementia multis.
iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto:
et causaque valet causamque tuentibus armis.
at, puto, vincemur; qui si manet exitus urbem, 60
cur suus haec illi reseret mea moenia Mavors
et non noster amor? melius sine caede moraque
inpensaque sui poterit superare cruoris.
non metuum certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos,
vulneret imprudens: quis enim tam durus, ut in te 65
derigere inमितem non inscius audeat hastam?
coepta placent, et stat sententia tradere mecum
dotalem patriam finemque inponere bello;
verum velle parum est! aditus custodia servat,
claustraque portarum genitor tenet: hunc ego solum 70
infelix timeo, solus mea vota moratur.

di facerent, sine patre forem! sibi quisque profecto
est deus: ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnat.
altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto
perdere gauderet, quodcumque obstaret amori. 75
et cur ulla foret me fortior? ire per ignes
et gladios ausim; nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis
aut gladiis opus est, opus est mihi crine paterno.
illa mihi est auro pretiosior, illa beatam
purpura me votique mei factura potentem.’ 80

Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix
nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit.
prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis
pectora somnus habet: thalamos taciturna paternos
intrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem 85
crine suum spoliat praedaeque potita nefanda
per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est) 88
pervenit ad regem; quem sic adfata paventem est:
‘suasit amor facinus: proles ego regia Nisi
Scylla tibi trado patriaeque meosque penates;
praemia nulla peto nisi te: cape pignus amoris
purpureum crinem nec me nunc tradere crinem,
sed patrium tibi crede caput!’ scelerataque dextra
munera porrexit; Minos porrecta refugit 95
turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti:
‘di te summoveant, o nostri infamia saeculi,
orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur!
certe ego non patiar Iovis incunabula, Creten,
qui meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum.’ 100

Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor
hostibus inposuit, classis retinacula solvi
iussit et aeratas impelli remige puppes.
Scylla freto postquam deductas nare carinas
nec praestare ducem sceleris sibi praemia vidit, 105
consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram
intendensque manus passis furibunda capillis
‘quo fugis’ exclamat ‘meritorum auctore relictas,
o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti?

quo fugis, inmitis, cuius victoria nostrum 110
et scelus et meritum est? nec te data munera, nec te
noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum
te mea congesta est? nam quo deserta revertar?
in patriam? superata iacet! sed finge manere:
proditione mea clausa est mihi! patris ad ora? 115
quem tibi donavi? cives odere merentem,
finitimi exemplum metuunt: exponimur orbae
terrarum, nobis ut Crete sola pateret.
hac quoque si prohibes et nos, ingrate, relinquis,
non genetrix Europa tibi est, sed inhospita Syrtis, 120
Armeniae tigres austroque agitata Charybdis.
Nec Iove tu natus, nec mater imagine tauri
ducta tua est: generis falsa est ea fabula! verus,
[et ferus et captus nullius amore iuvencae]
qui te progenuit, taurus fuit. exige poenas, 125
Nise pater! gaudete malis, modo prodita, nostris,
moenia! nam, fateor, merui et sum digna perire.
sed tamen ex illis aliquis, quos impia laesi,
me perimat! cur, qui vicisti crimine nostro,
insequeris crimen? scelus hoc patriaeque patrique est, 130
officium tibi sit! te vere coniuge digna est,
quae torvum ligno decepit adultera taurum
discordemque utero fetum tulit. ecquid ad aures
perveniant mea dicta tuas, an inania venti
verba ferunt idemque tuas, ingrate, carinas? 135
iam iam Pasiphaen non est mirabile taurum
praeposuisse tibi: tu plus feritatis habebas.
me miseram! properare iubet! divulsaque remis
unda sonat, mecumque simul mea terra recedit.
nil agis, o frustra meritorum oblite meorum: 140
insequar invitum puppimque amplexa recurvam
per freta longa trahar.' Vix dixerat, insilunt undis
consequiturque rates faciente cupidine vires
Cnosiacaeque haeret comes invidiosa carinae.
quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura 145
et modo factus erat fulvis haliaeetus alis),

ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco;
illa metu puppim dimisit, et aura cadentem
sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est.
pluma subit palmis: in avem mutata vocatur 150
Cirīs et a tonso est hoc nomen adeptā capillo.

Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum
solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curetida terram
contigit, et spoliis decorata est regia fixis.
creverat obprobrium generis, foedumque patebat 155
matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis;
destinat hunc Minos thalamo remove pudorem
multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis.
Daedalus ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis
ponit opus turbatque notas et lumina flexum 160
ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.
non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Maeandros in arvis
ludit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque
occurrentesque sibi venturas aspicit undas
et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum 165
incertas exercet aquas: ita Daedalus implet
innumeras errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram
clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum 170
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum
ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Diam
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo 175
litore destituit; desertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tulit, utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in ignes 180
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui medius Nixique genu est Anguemque tenentis.

Daedalus interea Creten longumque perosus

exilium tactusque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. 'terras licet' inquit 'et undas 185
obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac:
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos.'
dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturamque novat. nam ponit in ordine pennas
a minima coeptas, longam brevior sequenti, 190
ut clivo crevisse putes: sic rustica quondam
fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita conpositas parvo curvamine flectit,
ut veras imitetur aves. puer Icarus una 195
stabat et, ignarus sua se tractare pericla,
ore renidenti modo, quas vaga moverat aura,
captabat plumas, flavam modo pollice ceram
mollibat lusuque suo mirabile patris
impediebat opus. postquam manus ultima coepto 200
inposita est, geminas opifex libravit in alas
ipse suum corpus motaque pependit in aura;
instruit et natum 'medio' que 'ut limite curras,
Icare,' ait 'moneo, ne, si demissior ibis,
unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat: 205
inter utrumque vola. nec te spectare Booten
aut Helicen iubeo strictumque Orionis ense:
me duce carpe viam!' pariter praecepta volandi
tradit et ignotas umeris accommodat alas.
inter opus monitusque genae maduere seniles, 210
et patriae tremuere manus; dedit oscula nato
non iterum repetenda suo pennisque levatus
ante volat comitique timet, velut ales, ab alto
quae teneram prolem produxit in aera nido,
hortaturque sequi damnosasque erudit artes 215
et movet ipse suas et nati respicit alas.
hos aliquis tremula dum captat harundine pisces,
aut pastor baculo stivave innixus arator
vidit et obstipuit, quique aethera carpere possent,
credidit esse deos. et iam Iunonia laeva 220

parte Samos (fuerant Delosque Parosque relictæ)
dextra Lebinthos erat fecundaque melle Calymne,
cum puer audaci coepit gaudere volatu
deseruitque ducem caelique cupidine tractus
altius egit iter. rapidi vicinia solis 225
mollit odoratas, pennarum vincula, ceras;
tabuerant ceræ: nudos quatit ille lacertos,
remigioque carens non ullas percipit auras,
oraque caerulea patrium clamantia nomen
excipiuntur aqua, quæ nomen traxit ab illo. 230
at pater infelix, nec iam pater, 'Icare,' dixit,
'Icare,' dixit 'ubi es? qua te regione requiram?'
'Icare' dicebat: pennas aspexit in undis
devovitque suas artes corpusque sepulcro
condidit, et tellus a nomine dicta sepulti. 235

Hunc miseri tumulo ponentem corpora nati
garrula limoso prospexit ab elice perdix
et plausit pennis testataque gaudia cantu est,
unica tunc volucris nec visa prioribus annis,
factaque nuper avis longum tibi, Daedale, crimen. 240
namque huic tradiderat, fatorum ignara, docendam
progeniem germana suam, natalibus actis
bis puerum senis, animi ad praecepta capacis;
ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas
traxit in exemplum ferroque incidit acuto 245
perpetuos dentes et serrae repperit usum;
primus et ex uno duo ferrea bracchia nodo
vinxit, ut aequali spatio distantibus illis
altera pars staret, pars altera duceret orbem.
Daedalus invidit sacraque ex arce Minervæ 250
praecipitem misit, lapsum mentitus; at illum,
quæ favet ingeniis, excepit Pallas avemque
reddidit et medio velavit in aere pennis,
sed vigor ingenii quondam velocis in alas
inque pedes abiit; nomen, quod et ante, remansit. 255
non tamen hæc alte volucris sua corpora tollit,
nec facit in ramis altoque cacumine nidos:

propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova
antiquique memor metuit sublimia casus.

Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat 260
Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis
mitis habebatur; iam lamentabile Athenae
pendere desierant Thesea laude tributum:
templa coronantur, bellatricemque Minervam
cum Iove disque vocant aliis, quos sanguine voto 265
muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant;
sparserat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes
Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit,
huius opem magnis inploravere periclis,
huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet, 270
sollicita supplex petiit prece: causa petendi
sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae.
Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni
primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo,
Palladios flavae latices libasse Minervae; 275
coeptus ab agricolis superos pervenit ad omnes
ambitiosus honor: solas sine ture relictas
praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras.
tangit et ira deos. 'at non inpune feremus,
quaeque inhonoratae, non et dicemur inultae' 280
inquit, et Olenios ultorem spreta per agros
misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros
non habet Epiros, sed habent Sicula arva minores:
sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget horrida cervix,
et setae similes rigidis hastilibus horrent: 285
fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos 287
spuma fluit, dentes aequantur dentibus Indis,
fulmen ab ore venit, frondes afflatibus ardent.
is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba, 290
nunc matura metit fleturi vota coloni
et Cererem in spicis intercipit: area frustra
et frustra exspectant promissas horrea messes.
sternuntur gravidi longo cum palmite fetus
bacaque cum ramis semper frondentis olivae. 295

saevit et in pecudes: non has pastorge canisve,
non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri.
diffugiunt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis
esse putant tutos, donec Meleagros et una
lecta manus iuvenum coiere cupidine laudis: 300
Tyndaridae gemini, praestantes caestibus alter,
alter equo, primaeque ratis molitor Iason,
et cum Pirithoo, felix concordia, Theseus,
et duo Thestiadae prolesque Aphareia, Lynceus
et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus, 305
Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acastus
Hippothousque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix
Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyleus.
nec Telamon aberat magnique creator Achillis
cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao 310
inpiger Eurytion et cursu invictus Echion
Naryciusque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque
Hippasus et primis etiamnum Nestor in annis,
et quos Hippocoön antiquis misit Amyclis,
Penelopaeque socer cum Parrhasio Ancaeo, 315
Ampycidesque sagax et adhuc a coniuge tutus
Oeclides nemorisque decus Tegeaea Lycae:
rasis huic summam mordebat fibula vestem,
crinis erat simplex, nodum conlectus in unum,
ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea laevo 320
telorum custos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat;
talis erat cultu, facies, quam dicere vere
virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine possis.
hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros
optavit renuente deo flammisque latentes 325
hausit et 'o felix, siquem dignabitur' inquit
'ista virum!' nec plura sinit tempusque pudorque
dicere: maius opus magni certaminis urguet.

Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ceciderat aetas,
incipit a plano devexaque prospicit arva: 330
quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt,
vincula pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur

signa pedum, cupiuntque suum reperire periculum.
concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
adsuerant pluvialis aquae; tenet ima lacunae 335
lenta salix ulvaeque leves iuncique palustres
viminaeque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae:
hinc aper excitus medios violentus in hostes
fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes.
sternitur incursu nemus, et propulsa fragorem 340
silva dat: exclamant iuvenes praetentaque forti
tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro.
ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti
obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.
cuspid Echionio primum contorta lacerto 345
vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno;
proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa
non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito:
longius it; auctor teli Pagasaeus Iason.
'Phoebe,' ait Ampycides, 'si te coluique coloque, 350
da mihi, quod petitur, certo contingere telo!'
qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est,
sed sine vulnere aper: ferrum Diana volanti
abstulerat iaculo; lignum sine acumine venit.
ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit: 355
emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma,
utque volat moles adducto concita nervo,
cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite turres,
in iuvenes certo sic impete vulnificus sus
fertur et Hippalmon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes 360
cornua, prosternit: socii rapuere iacentes;
at non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus
Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem
vertere succiso liquerunt poplite nervi.
forsitan et Pylius citra Troiana perisset 365
tempora, sed sumpto posita conamine ab hasta
arboris insiluit, quae stabat proxima, ramis
despexitque, loco tutus, quem fugerat, hostem.
dentibus ille ferox in querno stipite tritis

inminet exitio fidensque recentibus armis 370
Eurytidae magni rostro femur hausit adunco.
at gemini, nondum caelestia sidera, fratres,
ambo conspiciui, nive candidioribus ambo
vectabantur equis, ambo vibrata per auras
hastarum tremulo quatiebant spicula motu. 375
vulnera fecissent, nisi saetiger inter opacas
nec iaculis isset nec equo loca pervia silvas.
persequitur Telamon studioque incautus eundi
pronus ab arborea cecidit radice retentus.
dum levat hunc Peleus, celerem Tegeaea sagittam 380
inposuit nervo sinuatoque expulit arcu:
fixa sub aure feri summum destrinxit harundo
corpus et exiguo rubefecit sanguine saetas;
nec tamen illa sui successu laetior ictus
quam Meleagros erat: primus vidisse putatur 385
et primus sociis visum ostendisse cruorem
et ‘meritum’ dixisse ‘feres virtutis honorem.’
erubuere viri seque exhortantur et addunt
cum clamore animos iaciuntque sine ordine tela:
turba nocet iactis et, quos petit, impedit ictus. 390
ecce furens contra sua fata bipennifer Arcas
‘discite, femineis quid tela virilia praestent,
o iuvenes, operique meo concedite!’ dixit.
‘ipsa suis licet hunc Latonia protegat armis,
invita tamen hunc perimet mea dextra Diana.’ 395
taliamagniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore
ancipitemque manu tollens utraque securim
institerat digitis pronos suspensus in ictus:
occupat audentem, quaque est via proxima leto,
summa ferus geminos derexit ad inguina dentes. 400
concidit Ancaeus glomerataque sanguine multo
viscera lapsa fluunt: madefacta est terra cruore.
ibat in adversum proles Ixionis hostem
Pirithous valida quatiens venabula dextra;
cui ‘procul’ Aegides ‘o me mihi carior’ inquit 405
‘pars animae consiste meae! licet eminus esse

fortibus: Ancaeο nocuit temeraria virtus.
dixit et aerata torsit grave cuspide cornum;
quo bene librato votique potente futuro
obstitit aesculea frondosus ab arbore ramus. 410
misit et Aesonides iaculum: quod casus ab illo
vertit in inmeriti fatum latrantis et inter
ilia coniectum tellure per ilia fixum est.
at manus Oenidae variat, missisque duabus
hasta prior terra, medio stetit altera tergo. 415
nec mora, dum saevit, dum corpora versat in orbem
stridentemque novo spumam cum sanguine fundit,
vulneris auctor adest hostemque inritat ad iram
splendidaque adversos venabula condit in armos.
gaudia testantur socii clamore secundo 420
victricemque petunt dextrae coniungere dextram
inmanemque ferum multa tellure iacentem
mirantes spectant neque adhuc contingere tutum
esse putant, sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentat.

Ipse pede inposito caput exitiabile pressit 425
atque ita ‘sume mei spoliū, Nonacria, iuris,’
dixit ‘et in partem veniat mea gloria tecum.’
protinus exuvias rigidis horrentia saetis
terga dat et magnis insignia dentibus ora.
illi laetitiae est cum munere muneris auctor; 430
invidere alii, totoque erat agmine murmur.
e quibus ingenti tendentes bracchia voce
‘pone age nec titulos intercipe, femina, nostros,’
Thestiadae clamant, ‘nec te fiducia formae
decipiat, ne sit longe tibi captus amore 435
auctor,’ et huic adimunt munus, ius muneris illi.
non tulit et tumida frendens Mavortius ira
‘discite, raptōres alieni’ dixit ‘honoris,
facta minis quantum distent,’ hausitque nefando
pectora Plexippi nil tale timentia ferro. 440
Toxea, quid faciat, dubium pariterque volentem
ulcisci fratrem fraternaue fata timentem
haud patitur dubitare diu calidumque priori

caede recalfecit consorti sanguine telum.

Dona deum templis nato victore ferebat, 445
cum videt extinctos fratres Althaea referri.
quae plangore dato maestis clamoribus urbem
inplet et auratis mutavit vestibus atras;
at simul est auctor necis editus, excidit omnis
luctus et a lacrimis in poenae versus amorem est. 450

Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa iaceret
Thestias, in flammam triplices posuere sorores
staminaque inpresso fatalia pollice nentes
'tempora' dixerunt 'eadem lignoque tibique,
o modo nate, damus.' quo postquam carmine dicto 455
excessere deae, flagrantem mater ab igne
eripuit ramum sparsitque liquentibus undis.
ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis
servatusque tuos, iuvenis, servaverat annos.
protulit hunc genetrix taedasque et fragmina poni 460
imperat et positis inimicos admovet ignes.
tum conata quater flammis inponere ramum
coepta quater tenuit: pugnat materque sororque,
et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
saepe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri, 465
saepe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem,
et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti
vultus erat, modo quem misereri credere posses;
cumque ferus lacrimas animi siccaverat ardor,
inveniebantur lacrimae tamen, utque carina, 470
quam ventus ventoque rapit contrarius aestus,
vim geminam sentit paretque incerta duobus,
Thestias haud aliter dubiis affectibus errat
inque vices ponit positamque resuscitat iram.
incipit esse tamen melior germana parente 475
et consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras,
inpietate pia est. nam postquam pestifer ignis
convaluit, 'rogus iste cremet mea viscera' dixit,
utque manu dira lignum fatale tenebat,
ante sepulcrales infelix adstitit aras 480

‘poenarum’ que ‘deae triplices, furialibus,’ inquit
‘Eumenides, sacris vultus advertite vestros!
ulciscor facioque nefas; mors morte pianda est,
in scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus:
per coacervatos pereat domus inopia luctus! 485
an felix Oeneus nato victore fruetur,
Thestius orbis erit? melius lugebitis ambo.
vos modo, fraterni manes animaeque recentes,
officium sentite meum magnoque paratas
accipite inferias, uteri mala pignora nostri! 490
ei mihi! quo rapior? fratres, ignoscite matri!
deficiunt ad coepta manus: meruisse fatemur
illum, cur pereat; mortis mihi displicet auctor.
ergo inipune feret vivusque et victor et ipso
successu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit, 495
vos cinis exiguus gelidaeque iacebitis umbrae?
haud equidem patiar: pereat sceleratus et ille
spemque patris regnumque trahat patriaeque ruinam!
mens ubi materna est? ubi sunt pia iura parentum
et quos sustinui bis mensum quinque labores? 500
o utinam primis arsisses ignibus infans,
idque ego passa forem! vixisti munere nostro;
nunc merito moriere tuo! cape praemia facti
bisque datam, primum partu, mox stipite raptu,
redde animam vel me fraternis adde sepulcris! 505
et cupio et nequeo. quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum
ante oculos mihi sunt et tantae caedis imago,
nunc animum pietas maternaque nomina frangunt.
me miseram! male vincetis, sed vincite, fratres,
dummodo, quae dederō vobis, solacia vosque 510
ipsa sequar!’ dixit dextraque aversa trementi
funereum torrem medios coniecit in ignes:
aut dedit aut visus gemitus est ipse dedisse
stipes, ut invitis conreptus ab ignibus arsit.

Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros ab illa 515
uritur et caecis torreri viscera sentit
ignibus ac magnos superat virtute dolores.

quod tamen ignavo cadat et sine sanguine leto,
maeret et Ancae felicia vulnera dicit
grandaevumque patrem fratresque piasque sorores 520
cum gemitu sociamque tori vocat ore supremo,
forsitan et matrem. crescunt ignisque dolorque
languescuntque iterum; simul est exstinctus uterque,
inque leves abiit paulatim spiritus auras
paulatim cana prunam velante favilla. 525

Alta iacet Calydon: lugent iuvenesque senesque,
vulgusque proceresque gemunt, scissaeque capillos
planguntur matres Calydonides Eueninae;
pulvere canitiem genitor vultusque seniles
foedat humi fusus spatiosumque increpat aevum. 530
nam de matre manus diri sibi conscia facti
exegit poenas acto per viscera ferro.
non mihi si centum deus ora sonantia linguis
ingeniumque capax totumque Helicon dedisset,
tristia persequeretur miserarum fata sororum. 535
inmemores decoris viventia pectora tundunt,
dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque fomentumque,
oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto.
post cinerem cineres haustos ad pectora pressant
adfusaeque iacent tumulo signataque saxo 540
nomina complexae lacrimas in nomina fundunt.
quas Parthaoniae tandem Latonia clade
exsatiata domus praeter Gorgenque nurumque
nobilis Alcmenae natis in corpore pennis
adlevat et longas per brachia porrigit alas 545
corneaeque ora facit versaeque per aera mittit.

Interea Theseus sociati parte laboris
functus Erectheas Tritonidos ibat ad arces.
clausit iter fecitque moras Achelous eunti
imbre tumens: 'succede meis,' ait 'inclite, tectis, 550
Cecropide, nec te committe rapacibus undis:
ferre trabes solidas obliquaeque volvere magno
murmure saxa solent. vidi contermina ripae
cum gregibus stabula alta trahi; nec fortibus illic

profuit armentis nec equis velocibus esse. 555
multa quoque hic torrens nivibus de monte solutis
corpora turbineo iuvenalia vertice mersit.
tutior est requies, solito dum flumina currant
limite, dum tenues capiat suus alveus undas.’
adnuat Aegides ‘utar,’ que ‘Acheloe, domoque 560
consilioque tuo’ respondit; et usus utroque est.
pumice multicavo nec levibus atria tophis
structa subit: molli tellus erat umida musco,
summa lacunabant alterno murice conchae.
iamque duas lucis partes Hyperione menso 565
discubuere toris Theseus comitesque laborum,
hac Ixionides, illa Troezenius heros
parte Lelex, raris iam sparsus tempora canis,
quosque alios parili fuerat dignatus honore
Amnis Acarnanum, laetissimus hospite tanto. 570
protinus adpositas nudae vestigia nymphae
instruxere epulis mensas dapibusque remotis
in gemma posuere merum. tum maximus heros,
aequora prospiciens oculis subiecta, ‘quis’ inquit
‘ille locus?’ (digitoque ostendit) ‘et insula nomen 575
quod gerit illa, doce, quamquam non una videtur!’
Amnis ad haec ‘non est’ inquit ‘quod cernitis unum:
quinque iacent terrae; spatium discrimina fallit.
quoque minus spretae factum mirere Dianae,
naides hae fuerant, quae cum bis quinque iuencos 580
mactassent rurisque deos ad sacra vocassent,
inmemores nostri festas duxere choreas.
intumui, quantusque feror, cum plurimus umquam,
tantus eram, pariterque animis inmanis et undis
a silvis silvas et ab arvis arva revelli 585
cumque loco nymphas, memores tum denique nostri,
in freta provolvi. fluctus nosterque marisque
continuum diduxit humum partesque resolvit
in totidem, mediis quot cernis Echinadas undis.
ut tamen ipse vides, procul, en procul una recessit 590
insula, grata mihi; Perimelen navita dicit:

huic ego virgineum dilectae nomen ademi;
quod pater Hippodamas aegre tulit inque profundum
propulit e scopulo periturae corpora natae.
excepi nantemque ferens “o proxima mundi 595
regna vagae” dixi “sortite, Tridentifer, undae,
adfer opem, mersaeque, precor, feritate paterna 601
da, Neptune, locum, vel sit locus ipsa licebit!”
dum loquor, amplexa est artus nova terra natantes 609
et gravis increvit mutatis insula membris.’

Amnis ab his tacuit. factum mirabile cunctos
moverat: inridet credentes, utque deorum
spretor erat mentisque ferox, Ixione natus
‘ficta refers nimiumque putas, Acheloe, potentes
esse deos,’ dixit ‘si dant adimuntque figuras.’ 615
obstipuere omnes nec talia dicta probarunt,
ante omnesque Lelex animo maturus et aevo,
sic ait: ‘immensa est finemque potentia caeli
non habet, et quicquid superi voluere, peractum est,
quoque minus dubites, tiliae contermina quercus 620
collibus est Phrygiis modico circumdata muro;
ipse locum vidi; nam me Pelopeia Pittheus
misit in arva suo quondam regnata parenti.
haud procul hinc stagnum est, tellus habitabilis olim,
nunc celebres mergis fulicisque palustribus undae; 625
Iuppiter huc specie mortali cumque parente
venit Atlantiades positus caducifer alis.
mille domos adiere locum requiemque petentes,
mille domos clausere serae; tamen una recepit,
parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri, 630
sed pia Baucis anus parilique aetate Philemon
illa sunt annis iuncti iuvenalibus, illa
consenuere casa paupertatemque fatendo
effecere levem nec iniqua mente ferendo;
nec refert, dominos illic famulosne requiras: 635
tota domus duo sunt, idem parentque iubentque.
ergo ubi caelicolae parvos tetigere penates
summissoque humiles intrarunt vertice postes,

membra senex posito iussit relevare sedili;
cui superiniecit textum rude sedula Baucis 640
inque foco tepidum cinerem dimovit et ignes
suscitat hesternos foliisque et cortice sicco
nutrit et ad flammam anima producit anili
multifidasque faces ramaliaque arida tecto
detulit et minuit parvoque admovit aeno, 645
quodque suus coniunx riguo conlegerat horto,
truncat holus foliis; furca levat ille bicorni
sordida terga suis nigro pendentia tigno
servatoque diu resecat de tergore partem
exiguam sectamque domat ferventibus undis. 650
interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas
concutiuntque torum de molli fluminis ulva 655
inpositum lecto sponda pedibusque salignis.
vestibus hunc velant, quas non nisi tempore festo
sternere consuerant, sed et haec vilisque vetusque
vestis erat, lecto non indignanda saligno.
adcubere dei. mensam succincta tremensque 660
ponit anus, mensae sed erat pes tertius inpar:
testa parem fecit; quae postquam subdita clivum
sustulit, aequatam mentae tersere virentes.
ponitur hic bicolor sinceræ baca Minervæ
conditaque in liquida corna autumnalia faece 665
intibaque et radix et lactis massa coacti
ovaeque non acri leviter versata favilla,
omnia fictilibus. post haec caelatus eodem
sistitur argento crater fabricataque fago
pocula, qua cava sunt, flaventibus inlita ceris; 670
parva mora est, epulasque foci misere calentes,
nec longae rursus referuntur vina senectæ
dantque locum mensis paulum seducta secundis:
hic nux, hic mixta est rugosis carica palmis
prunaeque et in patulis redolentia mala canistris 675
et de purpureis conlectae vitibus uvæ,
candidus in medio favus est; super omnia vultus
accessere boni nec iners pauperque voluntas.

‘Interea totiens haustum cratera replei
sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina: 680
attoniti novitate pavent manibusque supinis
concipiunt Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon
et veniam dapibus nullisque paratibus orant.
unicus anser erat, minimae custodia villae:
quem dis hospitibus domini mactare parabant; 685
ille celer penna tardos aetate fatigat
eluditque diu tandemque est visus ad ipsos
confugisse deos: superi vetuere necari
“di” que “sumus, meritasque luet vicinia poenas
inpia” dixerunt; “vobis immunibus huius 690
esse mali dabitur; modo vestra relinquit tecta
ac nostros comitate gradus et in ardua montis
ite simul!” parent ambo baculisque levati
nituntur longo vestigia ponere clivo.
tantum aberant summo, quantum semel ire sagitta 695
missa potest: flexere oculos et mersa palude
cetera prospiciunt, tantum sua tecta manere,
dumque ea mirantur, dum deflent fata suorum,
illa vetus dominis etiam casa parva duobus
vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnae, 700
stramina flavescent aurataque tecta videntur
caelataeque fores adopertaque marmore tellus.
taliam tum placido Saturnius edidit ore:
“dicite, iuste senex et femina coniuge iusto
digna, quid optetis.” cum Baucide pauca locutus 705
iudicium superis aperit commune Philemon:
“esse sacerdotes delubraque vestra tueri
poscimus, et quoniam concordem egimus annos,
auferat hora duos eadem, nec coniugis umquam
busta meae videam, neu sim tumulandus ab illa.” 710
vota fides sequitur: templi tutela fuere,
donec vita data est; annis aevoque soluti
ante gradus sacros cum starent forte locique
narrarent casus, frondere Philemona Baucis,
Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon. 715

iamque super geminos crescente cacumine vultus
mutua, dum licuit, reddebant dicta “vale” que
“o coniunx” dixere simul, simul abdita textit
ora frutex: ostendit adhuc Thyneius illic
incola de gemino vicinos corpore truncos. 720
haec mihi non vani (neque erat, cur fallere vellent)
narravere senes; equidem pendentia vidi
serta super ramos ponensque recentia dixi
“cura deum di sint, et, qui coluere, colantur.”

Desierat, cunctosque et res et moverat auctor, 725
Thesea praecipue; quem facta audire volentem
mira deum innixus cubito Calydonius amnis
talibus adloquitur: ‘sunt, o fortissime, quorum
forma semel mota est et in hoc renovamine mansit;
sunt, quibus in plures ius est transire figuras, 730
ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu.
nam modo te iuvenem, modo te videre leonem,
nunc violentus aper, nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum;
saepe lapis poteras, arbor quoque saepe videri, 735
interdum, faciem liquidarum imitatus aquarum,
flumen eras, interdum undis contrarius ignis.

‘Nec minus Autolyçi coniunx, Erysichthone nata,
iuris habet: pater huius erat, qui numina divum
sperneret et nullos aris adoleret odores; 740
ille etiam Cereale nemus violasse securi
dicitur et lucos ferro temerasse vetustos.
stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus,
una nemus; vittae mediam memoresque tabellae
sertaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentum. 745
saepe sub hac dryades festas duxere choreas,
saepe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci
circuiere modum, mensuraque roboris ulnas
quinque ter inplebat, nec non et cetera tantum
silva sub hac, silva quantum fuit herba sub omni. 750
non tamen idcirco ferrum Triopeius illa
abstinuit famulosque iubet succidere sacrum

robur, et ut iussos cunctari vidit, ab uno
edidit haec rapta sceleratus verba securi:
“non dilecta deae solum, sed et ipsa licebit 755
sit dea, iam tanget frondente cacumine terram.”
dixit, et obliquos dum telum librat in ictus,
contremuit gemitumque dedit Deoia quercus,
et pariter frondes, pariter pallescere glandes
coepere ac longi pallorem ducere rami. 760
cuius ut in trunco fecit manus in pia vulnus,
haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis,
quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus
concidit, abrupta cruor e cervice profundi.
obstipuerunt omnes, aliquisque ex omnibus audet 765
detertere nefas saevamque inhibere bipennem:
aspicit hunc “mentis” que “pia capere praemia!” dixit
Thessalus inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum
detruncatque caput repetitaque robora caedit,
redditus e medio sonus est cum robore talis: 770
“nympha sub hoc ego sum Cereri gratissima ligno,
quae tibi factorum poenas instare tuorum
vaticinor moriens, nostri solacia leti.”
persequitur scelus ille suum, labefactaque tandem
ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor 775
corrui et multam prostravit pondere silvam.

‘Attonitae dryades damno nemorumque suoque,
omnes germanae, Cererem cum vestibus atris
maerentes adeunt poenamque Erysichthonis orant.
adnuit his capitisque sui pulcherrima motu 780
concussit gravidis oneratos messibus agros,
moliturque genus poenae miserabile, si non
ille suis esset nulli miserabilis actis,
pestifera lacerare Fame: quae quatenus ipsi
non adeunda deae est (neque enim Cereremque Famemque 785
fata coire sinunt), montani numinis unam
talibus agrestem conpellat oreada dictis:
“est locus extremis Scythiae glacialis in oris,
triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore tellus;

Frigus iners illic habitant Pallorque Tremorque 790
et ieiuna Fames: ea se in praecordia condat
sacrilegi scelerata, iube, nec copia rerum
vincat eam superetque meas certamine vires,
neve viae spatium te terreat, accipe currus,
accipe, quos frenis alte moderere, dracones!” 795
et dedit; illa dato subvecta per aera curru
devenit in Scythiam: rigidique cacumine montis
(Caucason appellant) serpentum colla levavit
quaesitamque Famem lapidoso vidit in agro
unguibus et raras vellentem dentibus herbas. 800
hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore,
labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces,
dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent;
ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis,
ventris erat pro ventre locus; pendere putares 805
pectus et a spinae tantummodo crate teneri.
auxerat articulos macies, genuumque tumebat
orbis, et inmodico prodibant tubere tali.

‘Hanc procul ut vidit, (neque enim est accedere iuxta
ausa) refert mandata deae paulumque morata, 810
quamquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat illuc,
visa tamen sensisse famem est, retroque dracones
egit in Haemoniam versis sublimis habenis.

‘Dicta Fames Cereris, quamvis contraria semper
illius est operi, peragit perque aera vento 815
ad iussam delata domum est, et protinus intrat
sacrilegi thalamos altoque sopore solutum
(noctis enim tempus) geminis amplexitur ulnis,
seque viro inspirat, faucesque et pectus et ora
adflat et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis; 820
functaque mandato fecundum deserit orbem
inque domos inopes adsueta revertitur antra.

‘Lenis adhuc Somnus placidis Erysichthona pennis
mulcebat: petit ille dapes sub imagine somni,
oraque vana movet dentemque in dente fatigat, 825
exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani

proque epulis tenues nequiquam devorat auras;
ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi
perque avidas fauces incensaue viscera regnat.
nec mora; quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aer, 830
poscit et adpositis queritur ieiunia mensis
inque epulis epulas quaerit; quodque urbibus esse,
quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni,
plusque cupit, quo plura suam demittit in alvum.
utque fretum recipit de tota flumina terra 835
nec satiatur aquis peregrinosque ebibit amnes,
utque rapax ignis non umquam alimenta recusat
innumerasque trabes cremat et, quo copia maior
est data, plura petit turbaue voracior ipsa est:
sic epulas omnes Erysichthonis ora profani 840
accipiunt poscuntque simul. cibus omnis in illo
causa cibi est, semperque locus fit inanis edendo.

‘Tamque fame patrias altique voragine ventris
attenuat opes, sed inattenuata manebat
tum quoque dira fames, inplacataeue vigebat 845
flamma gulae. tandem, demisso in viscera censu,
filia restabat, non illo digna parente.
hanc quoque vendit inops: dominum generosa recusat
et vicina suas tendens super aequora palmas
“eripe me domino, qui raptae praemia nobis 850
virginitatis habes!” ait: haec Neptunus habebat;
qui prece non sprete, quamvis modo visa sequenti
esset ero, formamque novat vultumque virilem
induit et cultus piscem capientibus aptos.
hanc dominus spectans “o qui pendentia parvo 855
aera cibo celas, moderator harundinis,” inquit
“sic mare conpositum, sic sit tibi piscis in unda
credulus et nullos, nisi fixus, sentiat hamos:
quae modo cum vili turbatis veste capillis
litore in hoc steterat (nam stantem in litore vidi), 860
dic, ubi sit: neque enim vestigia longius exstant.”
illa dei munus bene cedere sensit et a se
se quaeri gaudens his est resecuta rogantem:

“quisquis es, ignoscas; in nullam lumina partem
gurgite ab hoc flexi studioque operatus inhaesi, 865
quoque minus dubites, sic has deus aequoris artes
adiuvet, ut nemo iamdudum litore in isto,
me tamen excepto, nec femina constitit ulla.”
credidit et verso dominus pede pressit harenam
elususque abiit: illi sua reddita forma est. 870
ast ubi habere suam transformia corpora sensit,
saepe pater dominis Triopeida tradit, at illa
nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat
praebebatque avido non iusta alimenta parenti.
vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpserat omnem 875
materiam derantque gravi nova pabula morbo,
ipse suos artus lacerans divellere morsu
coepit et infelix minuendo corpus alebat. —

‘Quid moror externis? etiam mihi nempe novandi est
corporis, o iuvenis, numero finita, potestas. 880
nam modo, qui nunc sum, videor, modo flector in anguem,
armenti modo dux vires in cornua sumo, —
cornua, dum potui. nunc pars caret altera telo
frontis, ut ipse vides.’ gemitus sunt verba secuti.

LIBER NONVS

Quae gemitus truncaequae deo Neptunius heros
causa rogat frontis; cui sic Calydonius amnis
coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines:
‘triste petis munus. quis enim sua proelia victus
commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam 5
turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est,
magnaue dat nobis tantus solacia victor.
nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures
Deianira tuas, quondam pulcherrima virgo
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. 10
cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti,
“accipe me generum,” dixi “Parthaone nate”:
dixit et Alcides. alii cessere duobus.
ille Iovem socerum dare se, famamque laborum,
et superata suae referebat iussa novercae. 15
contra ego “turpe deum mortali cedere” dixi —
nondum erat ille deus—”dominum me cernis aquarum
cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum.
nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris,
sed popularis ero et rerum pars una tuarum. 20
tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno
odit, et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum.
nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum,
Iuppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus.
matris adulterio patrem petis. elige, fictum 25
esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum.”
taliam dicentem iam dudum lumine torvo
spectat, et accensae non fortiter imperat irae,
verbaque tot reddit: “melior mihi dextera lingua.
dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo” 30
congregaturque ferox. puduit modo magna locutum
cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem,
bracchiaque opposui, tenuique a pectore varas
in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi.

ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis, 35
inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae.
et modo cervicem, modo crura, modo ilia captat,
aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacescit.
me mea defendit gravitas frustraue petebar;
haud secus ac moles, magno quam murmure fluctus 40
oppugnant; manet illa, suoque est pondere tuta.
digredimur paulum, rursusque ad bella coimus,
inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere, eratque
cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus
et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam. 45
non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,
cum, pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu
expetitur coniunx: spectant armenta paventque
nescia, quem maneat tanti victoria regni.
ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra 50
reicere Alcides a se mea pectora; quarto
excutit amplexus, adductaque brachia solvit,
impulsumque manu — certum est mihi vera fateri —
protinus avertit, tergoque onerosus inhaesit.
siqua fides, — neque enim ficta mihi gloria voce 55
quaeritur — inposito pressus mihi monte videbar.
vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo
brachia, vix solvi duros a corpore nexus.
instat anhelanti, prohibetque resumere vires,
et cervice mea potitur. tum denique tellus 60
pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi.
inferior virtute, meas devertor ad artes,
elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem.
qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes,
cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam, 65
risit, et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes
“cunarum labor est angues superare mearum,”
dixit “et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones,
pars quota Lernaee serpens eris unus echidnae?
vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ullum 70
de centum numero caput est inpune recisum,

quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset.
hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris
crescentemque malo domui, domitamque reclusi.
quid fore te credis, falsum qui versus in anguem 75
arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat?"
dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo
inicit: angebar, ceu guttura forcipe pressus,
pollicibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces.
sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri 80
forma trucidis. tauro mutatus membra rebello.
induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos,
admissumque trahens sequitur, depressaque dura
cornua figit humo, meque alta sternit harena.
nec satis hoc fuerat: rigidum fera dextera cornu 85
dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
naides hoc, pomis et odore flore repletum,
sacrarunt; divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est.'

Dixerat: et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae,
una ministrarum, fuis utrimque capillis, 90
incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu
autumnus et mensas, felicia poma, secundas.
lux subit; et primo feriente cacumina sole
discedunt iuvenes, neque enim dum flumina pacem
et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant 95
opperiuntur aquae. vultus Achelous agrestes
et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.

Huic tamen ablati doluit iactura decoris,
cetera sospes habet. capitis quoque fronde saligna
aut superinposita celatur harundine damnum. 100
at te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardor
perdiderat volucris traiectione terga sagitta.
namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros
venerat Eueni rapidas Iove natus ad undas.
uberius solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus, 105
verticibusque frequens erat atque inperuius amnis.
intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem
Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum,

‘officio’ que ‘meo ripa sistetur in illa
haec,’ ait ‘Alcide. tu viribus utere nando!’ 110
pallentemque metu, fluviumque ipsumque timentem
tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso.
mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis —
nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus —
‘quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina’ dixit, 115
nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis,
quaerit, et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.
iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus,
coniugis agnovit vocem Nessoque paranti
fallere depositum ‘quo te fiducia’ clamat 120
‘vana pedum, violente, rapit? tibi, Nesse biformis,
dicimus. exaudi, nec res intercipe nostras.
si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes
concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni.
haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina; 125
vulnere, non pedibus te consequar.’ ultima dicta
re probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta
traicit. exstabat ferrum de pectore aduncum.
quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen
emicuit mixtus Lernaevi tabe veneni. 130
excipit hunc Nessus ‘ne’ que enim ‘moriemur
inulti’ secum ait, et calido velamina tincta cruore
dat munus raptae velut inritamen amoris.

Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni
Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae. 135
victor ab Oechalia Cenaeo sacra parabat
vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures,
Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa
gaudet, et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit,
Amphitryoniaden Ioles ardore teneri. 140
credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama
indulsit primo lacrimis, flendoque dolorem
diffudit miseranda suum. mox deinde ‘quid autem
flemus?’ ait ‘paelex lacrimis laetabitur istis.
quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque novandum est, 145

dum licet, et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros.
conquerar, an sileam? repetam Calydona, morerne?
excedam tectis? an, si nihil amplius, obstem?
quid si me, Meleagre, tuam memor esse sororem
forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit 150
femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?’
in cursus animus varios abit. omnibus illis
praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem
mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amori,
ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus 155
ipsa suos tradit blandisque miserrima verbis,
dona det illa viro, mandat. capit inscius heros,
induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.

Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis,
vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras: 160
incaluit vis illa mali, resolutaque flammis
Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus.
dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.
victa malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras,
inplevitque suis nemorosam vocibus Oeten. 165
nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem:
qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu,
aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,
aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa.
ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lammina candens 170
tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.
nec modus est, sorbent avidae praecordia flammae,
caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor,
ambustique sonant nervi, caecaque medullis
tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas 175
‘cladibus,’ exclamat ‘Saturnia, pascere nostris:
pascere, et hanc pestem spectata, crudelis, ab alto,
corque ferum satia. vel si miserandus et hosti,
hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram
invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer. 180
mors mihi munus erit; decet haec dare dona novercam.
ergo ego foedantem peregrino templa cruore

Busirin domui? saevoque alimenta parentis
Antaeo eripui? nec me pastoris Hiberi
forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit? 185
vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri?
vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stymphalides undae,
Partheniumque nemus? vestra virtute relatus
Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro,
pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone? 190
nec mihi centauri potuere resistere, nec mi
Arcadiae vastator aper? nec profuit hydrae
crescere per damnum geminasque resumere vires?
quid, cum Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues
plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi, 195
visaque deieci, dominumque ipsosque peremi?
his elisa iacet moles Nemeaea lacertis:
hac caelum cervice tuli. defessa iubendo est
saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.
sed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti 200
nec telis armisque potest. pulmonibus errat
ignis edax imis, perque omnes pascitur artus.
at valet Eurystheus! et sunt, qui credere possint
esse deos?' dixit, perque altam saucius Oeten
haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus 205
corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor.
saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem,
saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes
sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres
montibus aut patrio tendentem brachia caelo. 210

Ecce Lichan trepidum latitantem rupe cavata
aspicit, utque dolor rabiem conlegerat omnem,
'tune, Licha,' dixit 'feralia dona dedisti?
tune meae necis auctor eris?' tremit ille, pavetque
pallidus, et timide verba excusantia dicit. 215
dicentem genibusque manus adhibere parantem
corripit Alcides, et terque quaterque rotatum
mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas.
ille per aerias pendens induruit auras:

utque ferunt imbres gelidis concreescere ventis, 220
inde nives fieri, nivibus quoque molle rotatis
astringi et spissa glomerari grandine corpus,
sic illum validis iactum per inane lacertis
exsanguemque metu nec quicquam umoris habentem
in rigidos versum silices prior edidit aetas. 225
nunc quoque in Euboico scopulus brevis eminet alto
gurgite et humanae servat vestigia formae,
quem, quasi sensurum, nautae calcare verentur,
appellantque Lichan. at tu, Iovis inclita proles,
arboribus caesis, quas ardua gesserat Oete, 230
inque pyram structis arcum pharetramque capacem
regnaque visuras iterum Troiana sagittas
ferre iubes Poeante satum, quo flamma ministro
subdita. dumque avidis comprehenditur ignibus agger,
congeriem silvae Nemeaeo vellere summam 235
sternis, et inposita clavae cervice recumbis,
haud alio vultu, quam si conviva iaceres
inter plena meri redimitus pocula sertis.

Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat,
securusque artus contemptoremque petebat 240
flamma suum. timuere dei pro vindice terrae.
quos ita, sensit enim, laeto Saturnius ore
Iuppiter adloquitur: 'nostra est timor iste voluptas,
o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator,
quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque 245
et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est.
nam quamquam ipsius datur hoc inmanibus actis,
obligor ipse tamen. sed enim nec pectora vano
fida metu paveant. Oetaeas spernite flammam!
omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes; 250
nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem
sentiet. aeternum est a me quod traxit, et expers
atque immune necis, nullaque domabile flamma.
idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris
accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum 255
dis fore confido. siquis tamen Hercule, siquis

forte deo doliturus erit, data praemia nolet,
sed meruisse dari sciet, invitique probabit.
adsensere dei. coniunx quoque regia visa est
cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu 260
dicta tulisse Iovis, seque indoluisse notatam.
interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae,
Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit
Herculis effigies, nec quicquam ab imagine ductum
matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat. 265
utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta
luxuriare solet, squamaque nitere recenti,
sic ubi mortales Tiryntius exuit artus,
parte sui meliore viget, maiorque videri
coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus. 270
quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum
quadriiugo curru radiantibus intulit astris.

Sensit Atlas pondus. neque adhuc Stheneleius iras
solverat Eurystheus, odiumque in prole patrum
exercebat atrox. at longis anxia curis 275
Argolis Alcmene, questus ubi ponat aniles,
cui referat nati testatos orbe labores,
cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam
imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus,
inpleratque utrum generoso semine; cui sic 280
incipit Alcmene: 'faveant tibi numina saltem,
conripiantque moras tum cum matura vocabis
praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam,
quam mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.
namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset 285
Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum,
tendebat gravitas utrum mihi, quodque ferebam,
tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti
ponderis esse Iovem. nec iam tolerare labores
ulterius poteram. quin nunc quoque frigidus artus, 290
dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse doloris.
septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus,
fessa malis, tendensque ad caelum bracchia, magno

Lucinam Nixosque pares clamore vocabam.
illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta, meumque 295
quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae.
utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa
ante fores ara, dextroque a poplite laevum
pressa genu et digitis inter se pectine iunctis
sustinuit partus. tacita quoque carmina voce 300
dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus.
nitor, et ingrato facio convicia demens
vana Iovi, cupioque mori, moturaque duros
verba queror silices. matres Cadmeides adsunt,
votaque suscipiunt, exhortanturque dolentem. 305
una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis,
flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis,
officiis dilecta suis. ea sensit iniqua
nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat
saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara 310
bracchiaque in genibus digitis conexa tenentem,
et “quaecumque es,” ait “dominae gratare. levata est
Argolis Alcmene, potiturque puerpera voto.”
exsiluit, iunctasque manus pavefacta remisit
diva potens uteri: vinclis levor ipsa remissis. 315
numine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est.
ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis
traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem
arcuit, inque pedes mutavit bracchia primos.
strenuitas antiqua manet; nec terga colorem 320
amisere suum: forma est diversa priori.
quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore,
ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, frequentat.’

Dixit, et admonitu veteris commota ministrae
ingemuit. quam sic nurus est affata dolentem: 325
‘te tamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine nostro
rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
fata meae referam? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque
impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri —
me pater ex alia genuit — notissima forma 330

Oechalidum, Dryope. quam virginitate carentem
vimque dei passam Delphos Delonque tenentis
excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix.
est lacus, adclivis devexo margine formam
litoris efficiens, summum myrteta coronant. 335
venerat huc Dryope factorum nescia, quoque
indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas,
inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
dulce ferebat onus tepidique ope lactis alebat.
haut procul a stagno Tyrios imitata colores 340
in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos.
carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar —
namque aderam — vidi guttas e flore cruentas
decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 345
scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi,
contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

‘Nescierat soror hoc. quae cum perterrita retro
ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, 350
haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat,
nec quicquam, nisi summa movet. subcrescit ab imo,
totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant. 355
at puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
ubera; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor.
spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
non poteram tibi ferre, soror, quantumque valebam, 360
crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar,
et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi.

‘Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt,
et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 365
adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.
nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat

cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis
inrorant foliis, ac, dum licet, oraque praestant
vocis iter, tales effundit in aera questus: 370
“siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro
non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam.
viximus innocuae. si mentior, arida perdam
quas habeo frondes, et caesa securibus urar.
hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis, 375
et date nutrici, nostraque sub arbore saepe
lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbore ludat.
cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
et tristis dicat ‘latet hoc in stipite mater.’
stagna tamen timeat, nec carpat ab arbore flores, 380
et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.
care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque!
qui, siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est, 385
erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum!
plura loqui nequeo. nam iam per candida mollis
colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor.
ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro 390
contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex!”
desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse. diuque
corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.’

Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque
Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccatur 395
Alcmene (flet et ipsa tamen) compescuit omnem
res nova tristitiam. nam limine constitit alto
paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas,
ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos.
hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe, 400
victa viri precibus. quae cum iurare pararet,
dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli,
non est passa Themis: ‘nam iam discordia Thebae
bella movent,’ dixit ‘Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci

haud poterit, fientque pares in vulnere fratres, 405
subductaque suos manes tellure videbit
vivid adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem
natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem
attonitusque malis, exul mentisque domusque,
vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitatibit umbris, 410
donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum,
cognatumque latus Phegeius hauserit ensis.
tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex
ab Iove Calliroe natis infantibus annos
addat, neve necem sinat esse ultoris inultam. 415
Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque
praecipiet, facietque viros inpubibus annis.'

Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit
ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant,
et, cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret, 420
murmur erat. queritur veteres Pallantias annos
coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis
Iasiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum
poscit Erichthonio, Venerem quoque cura futuri
tangit, et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos. 425
cui studeat, deus omnis habet; crescitque favore
turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora
solvit, et 'o! nostri siqua est reverentia,' dixit
'quo ruitis? tantumne aliquis sibi posse videtur,
fata quoque ut superet? fatis Iolaus in annos, 430
quos egit, rediit. fati iuvenescere debent
Calliroe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.
vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis,
me quoque fata regunt. quae si mutare valerem,
nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni, 435
perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamanthus haberet
cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae
pondera despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat.'

Dicta Iovis movere deos; nec sustinet ullus,
cum videat fessos Rhadamanthon et Aeacon annis 440
et Minoa, queri. qui, dum fuit integer aevi,

terrueat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes;
tunc erat invalidus, Deionidenque iuventae
robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum
pertimuit, credensque suis insurgere regnis, 445
haut tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus.
sponte fugis, Milete, tua, celerique carina
Aegaeas metiris aquas, et in Aside terra
moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.
hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae, 450
filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem
cognita Cyanee, praestanti corpora forma,
Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam.

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae,
Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris; 455
non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat.
illa quidem primo nullos intellegit ignes,
nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat,
quod sua fraterno circumdet brachia collo;
mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra. 460
paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratrem
cultu venit, nimiumque cupit formosa videri
et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.
sed nondum manifesta sibi est, nullumque sub illo
igne facit votum, verumtamen aestuat intus. 465
iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit,
Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem.

Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est
ausa suo vigilans; placida resoluta quiete
saepe videt quod amat: visa est quoque iungere fratri 470
corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat.
somnus abit; silet illa diu repetitque quietis
ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur:
'me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago?
quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi? 475
ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis
et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare,
et me dignus erat. verum nocet esse sororem.

dummodo tale nihil vigilans committere temptem,
saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus! 480
testis abest somno, nec abest imitata voluptas.
pro Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido
contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis!
ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas 485
noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris.

‘O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi,
quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti!
quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti!
omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis, 490
praeter avos: tu me vellem generosior esses!
nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem;
at mihi, quae male sum, quos tu, sortita parentes,
nil nisi frater eris. quod obest, id habebimus unum.
quid mihi significant ergo mea visa? quod autem 495
somnia pondus habent? an habent et somnia pondus?
di melius! di nempe suas habuere sorores.
sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit,
Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi.
sunt superis sua iura! quid ad caelestia ritus 500
exigere humanos diversaue foedera tempto?
aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque
mortua componar, positaeque det oscula frater.
et tamen arbitrium quaerit res ista duorum! 505
finge placere mihi: scelus esse videbitur illi.

‘At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum!
unde sed hos novi? cur haec exempla paravi?
quo feror? obscenae procul hinc discedite flammae
nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur! 510
si tamen ipse mei captus prior esset amore,
forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
ergo ego, quae fueram non reiectura petentem,
ipsa petam! poterisne loqui? poterisne fateri?
coget amor, potero! vel, si pudor ora tenebit, 515

littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes.'

Hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem.

in latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro
'viderit: insanos' inquit 'fateamur amores!
ei mihi, quo labor? quem mens mea concipit ignem?' 520
et meditata manu componit verba trementi.
dextra tenet ferrum, vacuam tenet altera ceram.
incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas,
et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque
inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit. 525
quid velit ignorat; quicquid factura videtur,
displicet. in vultu est audacia mixta pudori.
scripta 'soror' fuerat; visum est delere sororem
verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris:

'quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem, 530
hanc tibi mittit amans: pudet, a, pudet edere nomen,
et si quid cupiam quaeris, sine nomine vellem
posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis
ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset.

'Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index 535
et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe
lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti
et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti,
oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.
ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam, 540
quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci
(sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem,
pugnavi que diu violenta Cupidinis arma
effugere infelix, et plus, quam ferre puellam
posse putes, ego dura tuli. superata fateri 545
cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.
tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem:
elige, utrum facias. non hoc inimica precatur,
sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse
expetit et vinclo tecum propiore ligari. 550
iura senes norint, et quid liceatque nefasque
fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent.

conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
quid liceat, nescimus adhuc, et cuncta licere
credimus, et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum. 555
nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae
aut timor impedit: tantum sit causa timendi,
dulcia fraterno sub nomina furta tegemus.
est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi,
et damus amplexus, et iungimus oscula coram. 560
quantum est, quod desit? miserere fatentis amorem,
et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor,
neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulchro.'

Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit
cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit. 565
protinus inpressa signat sua crimina gemma,
quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor):
deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit,
et pavidum blandita 'fer has, fidissime, nostro'
dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore 'fratri.' 570
cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae.
omine turbata est, misit tamen. apta minister
tempora nactus adit traditque latentia verba.
attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira
proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas, 575
vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
'dum licet, o vetitae scelerate libidinis auctor,
effuge!' ait 'qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses.'
ille fugit pavidus, dominaeque ferocia Cauni 580
dicta refert. palles audita, Bybli, repulsa,
et pavet obsessum glaciali frigore corpus.
mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores,
linguaque vix tales icto dedit aere voces:
'et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius 585
indicium feci? quid, quae celandae fuerunt,
tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis?
ante erat ambiguus animi sententia dictis
praetemptanda mihi. ne non sequeretur euntem,

parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare 590
debueram, tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc
non exploratis inplevi lintea ventis.
auferor in scopulos igitur, subversaue toto
obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus.

‘Quid quod et omnibus certis prohibebar amori 595
indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti
excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?
nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
sed potius mutanda dies? deus ipse monebat
signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuissem. 600
et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae
debueram, praesensque meos aperire furores.
vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis;
plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae.
invito potui circumdare bracchia collo, 605
et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri
amplectique pedes, adfusaque poscere vitam.
omnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram
flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.
forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri: 610
non adiit apte, nec legit idonea, credo,
tempora, nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.

‘Haec nocuere mihi. neque enim est de tigride natus
nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum
aut adamanta gerit, nec lac bibit ille leaenae. 615
vincetur! repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti
ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.
nam primum, si facta mihi revocare liceret,
non coepisse fuit: coepta expugnare secundum est.
quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea vota relinquam, 620
non tamen ausorum semper memor esse meorum.
et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor,
aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse,
vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus urget et urit
pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar; 625
denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum.

et scripsi et petii: reserata est nostra voluntas;
ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici.
quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina parvum.’
dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis), 630
cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare. modumque
exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.
mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque,
inque peregrina ponit nova moenia terra.

Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente 635
defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vestem
diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos;
iamque palam est demens, inconcessaeque fatetur
spem veneris, siquidem patriam invisosque penates
deserit, et profugi sequitur vestigia fratris. 640
utque tuo motae, proles Semeleia, thyro
Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae,
Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros
Bubasides videre nurus. quibus illa relictis
Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat. 645
iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas,
quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem,
pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat.
deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo
concidis, et dura positis tellure capillis, 650
Bybli, iaces, frondesque tuo premis ore caducas.
saepe illam nymphae teneris Lelegeides ulnis
tollere conantur, saepe, ut medeatur amori,
praecipuiunt, surdaeque adhibent solacia menti.
muta iacet, viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas 655
Byblis, et umectat lacrimarum gramina rivo.
naidas his venam, quae numquam arescere posset,
subposuisse ferunt. quid enim dare maius habebant?
protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae,
utve tenax grvida manat tellure bitumen; 660
utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni
sole remollescit quae frigore constitit unda;
sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeia Byblis

vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis
nomen habet dominae, nigraque sub ilice manat. 665

Fama novi centum Cretaeas forsitan urbes
implesset monstri, si non miracula nuper
Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset.
proxima Cnosiaco nam quondam Phaestia regno
progenuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum, 670
ingenua de plebe virum, nec census in illo
nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque
inculpata fuit. gravidae qui coniugis aures
vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset.
'quae voveam, duo sunt: minimo ut relevere dolore, 675
utque marem parias. onerosior altera sors est,
et vires fortuna negat. quod abominor, ergo
edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu, —
invitus mando; pietas, ignosce! — necetur.'
dixerat, et lacrimis vultum lavere profusis, 680
tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur.
sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum
sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto.
certa sua est Ligdo sententia. iamque ferendo
vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem, 685
cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni
Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum,
aut stetit aut visa est. inerant lunaria fronti
cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro
et regale decus; cum qua latrator Anubis, 690
sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis,
quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet;
sistraque erant, numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris,
plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.
tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem 695
sic adfata dea est: 'pars o Telethusa mearum,
pone graves curas, mandataque falle mariti.
nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit,
tollere quicquid erit. dea sum auxiliaris opemque
exorata fero; nec te coluisse quereris 700

ingratum numen.' monuit, thalamoque recessit.
laeta toro surgit, purasque ad sidera supplex
Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur.

Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras
expulit, et nata est ignaro femina patre, 705
iussit ali mater puerum mentita. fidemque
res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix.
vota pater solvit, nomenque inponit avitum:
Iphis avus fuerat. gavis est nomine mater,
quod commune foret, nec quemquam falleret illo. 710
inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant.
cultus erat pueri; facies, quam sive puellae,
sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque.

Tertius interea decimo successerat annus:
cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet Ianthen, 715
inter Phaestiadas quae laudatissima formae
dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste.
par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris
accepere artes, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.
hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus, et aequum 720
vulnus utrique dedit, sed erat fiducia dispar:
coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae,
quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credit Ianthe;
Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget
hoc ipsum flammis, ardetque in virgine virgo, 725
vixque tenens lacrimas 'quis me manet exitus,' inquit
'cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque
cura tenet Veneris? si di mihi parcere vellent,
parcere debuerant; si non, et perdere vellent,
naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent. 730
nec vaccam vaccae, nec equas amor urit equarum:
urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.
sic et aves coeunt, interque animalia cuncta
femina femineo conrepta cupidine nulla est.
vellem nulla forem! ne non tamen omnia Crete 735
monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis,
femina nempe marem. meus est furiosior illo,

si verum profitemur, amor. tamen illa secuta est
spem Veneris; tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae
passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur, adulter. 740
huc licet ex toto sollertia confluat orbe,
ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis,
quid faciet? num me puerum de virgine doctis
artibus efficiet? num te mutabit, Ianthe?

‘Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa recolligis, Iphi, 745
consillique inopes et stultos excutis ignes?
quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsam,
et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes!
spes est, quae faciat, spes est, quae pascat amorem.
hanc tibi res adimit. non te custodia caro 750
arcet ab amplexu, nec cauti cura mariti,
non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti,
nec tamen est potiunda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant,
esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent.
nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum, 755
dique mihi faciles, quicquid valere, dederunt;
quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa, socerque futurus.
at non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis,
quae mihi sola nocet. venit ecce optabile tempus,
luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea fiet Ianthe — 760
nec mihi continget: mediis sitiemus in undis.
pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenaeae, venitis
sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae?’
pressit ab his vocem. nec lenius altera virgo
aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenaeae, precatur. 765
quae petit, haec Telethusa timens modo tempora differt,
nunc ficto languore moram trahit, omina saepe
visaue causatur. sed iam consumpserat omnem
materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae
institerant, unusque dies restabat. at illa 770
crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibi
detrahit, et passis aram complexa capillis
‘Isi, Paraetionium Mareoticae arva Pharonque
quae colis, et septem digestum in cornua Nilum:

fer, precor,' inquit 'opem, nostroque medere timori! 775
te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi
cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitantiaque aera
sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi.
quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce
consilium munusque tuum est. miserere duarum, 780
auxilioque iuva!' lacrimae sunt verba secutae.
visa dea est movisse suas (et moverat) aras,
et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam
cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
non secura quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta 785
mater abit templo. sequitur comes Iphis euntem,
quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore
permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est
vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis,
plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. nam quae 790
femina nuper eras, puer es! date munera templis,
nec timida gaudete fide! dant munera templis,
addunt et titulum: titulus breve carmen habebat:
dona : puer : solvit : quae : femina : voverat : iphis.
postera lux radiis latum patefecerat orbem, 795
cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes
conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.

LIBER DECIMVS

Inde per immensum croceo velatus amictu
aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras
tendit et Orpheus nequiquam voce vocatur.
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba
nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen. 5
fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo
usque fuit nullosque invenit motibus ignes.
exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas
dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto. 10
quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras
deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras,
ad Stygia Taenaria est ausus descendere porta
perque leves populos simulacraque functa sepulcro
Persephonen adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem 15
umbrarum dominum pulsisque ad carmina nervis
sic ait: 'o positi sub terra numina mundi,
in quem reccidimus, quicquid mortale creamur,
si licet et falsi positis ambagibus oris
vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem 20
Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris
terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri:
causa viae est coniunx, in quam calcata venenum
vipera diffudit crescentesque abstulit annos.
posse pati volui nec me temptasse negabo: 25
vicit Amor. supera deus hic bene notus in ora est;
an sit et hic, dubito: sed et hic tamen auguror esse,
famaque si veteris non est mentita rapinae,
vos quoque iunxit Amor. per ego haec loca plena timoris,
per Chaos hoc ingens vastique silentia regni, 30
Eurydices, oro, properata retexite fata.
omnia debemur vobis, paulumque morati
serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam.
tendimus huc omnes, haec est domus ultima, vosque

humani generis longissima regna tenetis. 35
haec quoque, cum iustos matura peregerit annos,
iuris erit vestri: pro munere poscimus usum;
quodsi fata negant veniam pro coniuge, certum est
nolle redire mihi: leto gaudete duorum.'

Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem 40
exsanguis flebant animae; nec Tantalus undam
captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis,
nec carpere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt
Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisyphæ, saxo.
tunc primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est 45
Eumenidum maduisse genas, nec regia coniunx
sustinet oranti nec, qui regit ima, negare,
Eurydicenque vocant: umbras erat illa recentes
inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo.
hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit heros, 50
ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles; aut inrita dona futura.
carpitur adclivis per muta silentia trames,
arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca,
nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae: 55
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est,
bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras.
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam 60
questa suo (quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam?)
supremumque 'vale,' quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus,
quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas, 65
colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,
quam natura prior saxo per corpus oborto,
quique in se crimen traxit voluitque videri
Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figurae,
infelix Lethæa, tuæ, iunctissima quondam 70
pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.

orantem frustra que iterum transire volentem
portitor arcuerat: septem tamen ille diebus
squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit;
cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere. 75
esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam
se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum.

Tertius aequoreis inclusum Piscibus annum
finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus
femineam Venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi, 80
sive fidem dederat; multas tamen ardor habebat
iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae.
ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem
in teneros transferre mares citraque iuventam
aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores. 85

Collis erat collemque super planissima campi
area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae:
umbra loco deerat; qua postquam parte resedit
dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit,
umbra loco venit: non Chaonis afuit arbor, 90
non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis,
nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus,
et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis
enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex
et platanus genialis acerque coloribus inpar 95
amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos
perpetuoque virens buxum tenuesque myricae
et bicolor myrtus et baxis caerulea tinus.
vos quoque, flexipedes hederæ, venistis et una
pampineae vites et amictæ vitibus ulmi 100
ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti
arbutus et lentæ, victoris præmia, palmae
et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus,
grata deum matri, siquidem Cybeleius Attis
exuit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo. 105

Adfuit huic turbæ metas imitata cupressus,
nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo,
qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum.

namque sacer nymphis Carthaea tenentibus arva
ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas 110
ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras.
cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
vincta movebatur; parilesque ex aere nitebant 115
auribus e geminis circum cava tempora bacae;
isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla
quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat.
sed tamen ante alios, Cae pulcherrime gentis, 120
gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi: tu pabula cervum
ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam,
tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores,
nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc
molliis purpureis frenabas ora capistris. 125

Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore
concava litorei fervebant bracchia Cancri:
fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra
cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra.
hunc puer inprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto 130
fixit et, ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit,
velle mori statuit. quae non solacia Phoebus
dixit et, ut leviter pro materiaque doleret,
admonuit! gemit ille tamen munusque supremum
hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni. 135
iamque per inmensos egesto sanguine fletus
in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem,
et, modo qui nivea pendebant fronte capilli,
horrida caesaries fieri sumptoque rigore
sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum. 140
ingemuit tristisque deus 'lugebere nobis
lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus' inquit.

Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum
concilio, medius turbae, volucrumque sedebat.
ut satis impulsas temptavit pollice chordas 145

et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent,
concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit:
‘ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia regno)
carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas
dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas 150
sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis.
nunc opus est levior lyra, puerosque canamus
dilectos superis inconcessisque puellas
ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam.

‘Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore 155
arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse,
quam quod erat, mallet. nulla tamen alite verti
dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre.
nec mora, percusso mendacibus aere pennis
abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet 160
invitaeque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.

‘Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus,
tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent.
qua licet, aeternus tamen es, quotiensque repellit
ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso, 165
tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores.
te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe
in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi,
dum deus Eurotan inmunitamque frequentat
Sparten, nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae: 170
inmemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat,
non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis iniqui
ire comes, longaue alit adsuetudine flammas.
iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae
noctis erat spatiumque pari distabat utrimque, 175
corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi
splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci.
quem prius aerias libratum Phoebus in auras
misit et oppositas disiecit pondere nubes;
reccidit in solidam longo post tempore terram 180
pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem.
protinus inprudens actusque cupidine lusus

tollere Taenarides orbem properabat, at illum
dura repercusso subiecit verbere tellus
in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. expalluit aequè 185
quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus,
et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siccant,
nunc animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis.
nil prosunt artes: erat inmedicabile vulnus.
ut, si quis violas rigidumve papaver in horto 190
liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis,
marcida demittant subito caput illa vietum
nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram:
sic vultus moriens iacet et defecta vigore
ipsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit. 195
“laberis, Oealide, prima fraudate iuventa,”
Phoebus ait “videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus.
tu dolor es facinusque meum: mea dextera leto
inscribenda tuo est. ego sum tibi funeris auctor.
quae mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari 200
culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari?
atque utinam tecumque mori vitamque liceret
reddere! quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur,
semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.
te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt, 205
flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros.
tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros
addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem.”
talìa dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore,
ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas, 210
desinit esse cruor, Tyrioque nitentior ostro
flos oritur formamque capit, quam lilia, si non
purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis.
non satis hoc Phoebo est (is enim fuit auctor honoris):
ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI 215
flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera ducta est.
nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon: honorque
durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum
annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.

‘At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis, 220
an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aequae
atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu
frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae.
ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara;
ignarus sceleris quam siquis sanguine tinctam 225
advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illic
lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes:
hospes erat caesus! sacris offensa nefandis
ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat
deserere alma Venus. “sed quid loca grata, quid urbes 230
peccavere meae? quod” dixit “crimen in illis?
exilio poenam potius gens inopia pendat
vel nece vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque.
idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae?”
dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum 235
flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui
grandiaque in torvos transformat membra iuvencos.

‘Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ausae
esse negare deam; pro quo sua numinis ira
corpora cum fama primae vulgasse feruntur, 240
utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris,
in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae.

‘Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis
viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti
femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs 245
vivebat thalamique diu consorte carebat.
interea niveum mira feliciter arte
sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.
virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas, 250
et, si non obstat reverentia, velle moveri:
ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit
pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit
corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur. 255
oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque

et credit tactis digitos insidere membris
et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,
et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos 260
et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum
liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas
Heliadum lacrimas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,
dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,
aure leves bacae, redimicula pectore pendent: 265
cuncta decent; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis
adpellatque tori sociam adclinataque colla
mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.

‘Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro 270
venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum
conconsiderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,
turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras
constitit et timide “si, di, dare cuncta potestis,
sit coniunx, opto,” non ausus “eburnea virgo” 275
dicere, Pygmalion “similis mea” dixit “eburnae.”
sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,
flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.
ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae 280
incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est;
admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat:
temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore
subsedit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole
cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas 285
flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.
dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,
rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
corpus erat! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.
tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros 290
verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem
ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo
sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen

attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.
coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis 295
cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem
illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.
‘Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset,
inter felices Cinyras potuisset haberi.
dira canam; procul hinc natae, procul este parente 300
aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes,
desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum,
vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.
si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
[gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi,] 305
gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,
quae tantum genuere nefas: sit dives amomo
cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor. 310
ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto;
stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis
e tribus una soror: scelus est odisse parentem,
hic amor est odio maius scelus. — undique lecti 315
te cupiunt proceres, totoque Oriente iuventus
ad thalami certamen adest: ex omnibus unum
elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori
et secum “quo mente feror? quid molior?” inquit 320
“di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum,
hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
hanc Venerem pietas: coeunt animalia nullo
cetera dilectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae 325
ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius
semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.
felices, quibus ista licent! humana malignas
cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, 330

invida iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,
in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
iungitur, et pietas geminato crescit amore.
me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
fortunaque loci laedor! — quid in ista revolvor? 335
spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
ille, sed ut pater, est. — ergo, si filia magni
non essem Cinyrae, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
est mihi proximitas: aliena potentior essem. 340
ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines,
dum scelus effugiam; retinet malus ardor euntem,
ut praesens spectem Cinyran tangamque loquarque
osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, in pia virgo? 345
et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis?
tune eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
tune soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris?
nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes 350
noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
velle puta: res ipsa vetat; pius ille memorque est
moris — et o vellem similis furor esset in illo!” 355

‘Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa,
nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore. 360
virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris,
flere vetat siccatque genas atque oscula iungit;
Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem
optet habere virum, “similem tibi” dixit; at ille
non intellectam vocem conlaudat et “esto 365
tam pia semper” ait. pietatis nomine dicto
demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.

‘Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus
solverat; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni
carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat 370
et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque
et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi
saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur,
sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat 375
huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque,
nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris.
mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces
destinat et zona summo de poste revincta
“care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis!” 380
dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.

‘Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae.
surgit anus reseratque fores mortisque paratae
instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem 385
seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo
vincula dilaniat; tum denique flere vacavit,
tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam.
muta silet virgo terramque inmota tuetur
et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis. 390
instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
ubera per cunas alimentaque prima precatur,
ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa roganter
aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
nec solam spondere fidem. “dic” inquit “opemque 395
me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus.
seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu;
ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.
quid rear ulterius? certe fortuna domusque 400
sospes et in cursu est: vivunt genetrixque paterque.”
Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullum
mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem;

propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi 405
indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
atque ita conplectens infirmis membra lacertis
“sensimus,” inquit “amas! et in hoc mea (pone timorem)
sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet umquam
hoc pater.” exiit gremio furibunda torumque 410
ore premens “discede, precor, miseroque pudori
parcel!” ait; instanti “discede, aut desine” dixit
“quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.”
horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnae 415
et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur
mortis et officium commissio spondet amori.
extulit illa caput lacrimisque inplevit obortis
pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri 420
saepe tenet vocem pudibundaeque vestibis ora
textit et “o” dixit “felicem coniuge matrem!”
hactenus, et gemuit. gelidus nutricis in artus
ossaue (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaue toto
vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis, 425
multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
addidit. at virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
“vive,” ait haec, “potiere tuo” — et, non ausa “parente”
dicere, conticuit promissaue numine firmat. 430

‘Festa piaae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
primitias frugum dant spicea certa suarum
perque novem noctes venerem tactusque viriles
in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa 435
regis adest coniunx arcanaue sacra frequentat.
ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
nacta gravem vino Cinyran male sedula nutrix,
nomine mentito veros exponit amores
et faciem laudat; quaesitis virginis annis 440
“par” ait “est Myrrhae.” quam postquam adducere iussa est

utque domum rediit, “gaude, mea” dixit “alumna:
vicimus!” infelix non toto pectore sentit
laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent,
sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis. 445

‘Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
flexerat obliquo plastrum temone Bootes:
ad facinus venit illa suum; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes;
nox caret igne suo; primus tegis, Icare, vultus, 450
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.
ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit:
it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem;
nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu 455
caecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,
iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus: at illi
poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque
et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.
quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi 460
paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti.
cunctantem longaeva manu deducit et alto
admotam lecto cum traderet “accipe,” dixit,
“ista tua est, Cinyra” devotaque corpora iunxit.
accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto 465
virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem.
forsitan aetatis quoque nomine “filia” dixit,
dixit et illa “pater,” sceleri ne nomina desint.

‘Plena patris thalamis excedit et in pia diro
semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat. 470
postera nox facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,
cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem
post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem; 475
Myrrha fugit: tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit

perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea; 480
vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae
est tales complexa preces: “o siqua patetis
numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso
supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes 485
mortuaque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate!”
numen confessis aliquod patet: ultima certe
vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues 490
porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos,
in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis.
iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor 495
pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat:
non tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbore guttae. 500
est honor et lacrimis, stillataque cortice murra
nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.

‘At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relictā
exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbore venter. 505
tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari.
nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet.
constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentes 510
admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum
reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis.
laudaret faciem Livor quoque; qualia namque 515

corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum,
talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus,
aut huic adde leves, aut illis deme pharetras.

‘Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas,
et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore 520
natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper,
nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.
namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri, 525
inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam.
capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat
litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam 530
piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;
abstinet et caelo: caelo praefertur Adonis.
hunc tenet, huic comes est adsuetaque semper in umbra
indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo
per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur 535
fine genus vestem ritu succincta Dianae
hortaturque canes tutaeque animalia praedae,
aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum
aut agitat dammas; a fortibus abstinet apris
raptoresque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos 540
vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones.
te quoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo
possit, Adoni, monet, “fortis” que “fugacibus esto”
inquit; “in audaces non est audacia tuta.
parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo, 545
neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse,
stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. non movet aetas
nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones
saetigerosque sues oculosque animosque ferarum.
fulmen habent acres in aduncis dentibus apris, 550
impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira,
invisumque mihi genus est.” quae causa, roganti

“dicam,” ait “et veteris monstrum mirabere culpa.
sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et, ecce,
opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra, 555
datque torum caespes: libet hac requiescere tecum”
(et requievit) “humo” pressitque et gramen et ipsum
inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis
sic ait ac mediis interserit oscula verbis:

“Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus 560
veloces superasse viros: non fabula rumor
ille fuit; superabat enim. nec dicere posses,
laude pedum formaene bono praestantior esset.
scitanti deus huic de coniuge ‘coniuge’ dixit
‘nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi: fuge coniugis usum. 565
nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis.’
territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas
vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum
condicione fugat, ‘ne’ c ‘sum potiunda, nisi’ inquit
‘victa prius cursu. pedibus contendite mecum: 570
praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur,
mors pretium tardis: ea lex certaminis esto.’
illa quidem inmitis, sed (tanta potentia formae est)
venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum.
sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui 575
et ‘petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx?’
dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores;
ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit,
quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias,
obstupuit tollensque manus ‘ignoscite,’ dixit 580
‘quos modo culpavi! nondum mihi praemia nota,
quae peteretis, erant.’ laudando concipit ignes
et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat
invidiaque timet. ‘sed cur certaminis huius
intemptata mihi fortuna relinquitur?’ inquit 585
‘audentes deus ipse iuvat!’ dum talia secum
exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo.
quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta
Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorem

miratur magis: et cursus facit ipse decorem. 590
aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis,
tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque
poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo;
inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
traxerat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum 595
candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras.
dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est,
et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona.
dant gemitum victi penduntque ex foedere poenas.

“Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum 600
constitit in medio vultuque in virgine fixo
‘quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes?
mecum confer’ ait. ‘seu me fortuna potentem
fecerit, a tanto non indignabere vinci:
namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi 605
est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum,
nec virtus citra genus est; seu vincar, habebis
Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen.’
taliam dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu
aspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit, 610
atque ita ‘quis deus hunc formosis’ inquit ‘iniquus
perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae
coniugium petere hoc? non sum, me iudice, tanti.
nec forma tangor, (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi)
sed quod adhuc puer est; non me movet ipse, sed aetas. 615
quid, quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti?
quid, quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus?
quid, quod amat tantique putat conubia nostra,
ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit?
dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos. 620
coniugium crudele meum est, tibi nubere nulla
nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella. —
cur tamen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?
viderit! intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum
admonitus non est agiturque in taedia vitae. — 625
occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum,

indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris?
non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae.
sed non culpa mea est! utinam desistere velles,
aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses! 630
at quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est!
a! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuissem!
vivere dignus eras. quodsi felicior essem,
nec mihi coniugium fata inportuna negarent,
unus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem.’ 635
dixerat, utque rudis primoque cupidine tacta,
quod facit, ignorans amat et non sentit amorem.

“‘Iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque,
cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce
invocat Hippomenes ‘Cytherea,’ que ‘conprecor, ausis 640
adsit’ ait ‘nostris et quos dedit, adiuvet ignes.’
detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas:
motaque sum, fateor, nec opis mora longa dabatur.
est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt,
telluris Cypriae pars optima, quem mihi prisci 645
sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem
hanc iussere meis; medio nitet arbor in arvo,
fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro:
hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam
aurea poma manu nullique videnda nisi ipsi 650
Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.
signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque
emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam:
posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas. 655
adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque
verbaque dicentum ‘nunc, nunc incumbere tempus!
Hippomene, propera! nunc viribus utere totis!
pelle moram: vinces!’ dubium, Megareius heros
gaudeat an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis. 660
o quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est
spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit!
aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore,

metaque erat longe: tum denique de tribus unum
fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit. 665
obstipuit virgo nitidique cupidine pomi
declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit;
praeterit Hippomenes: resonant spectacula plausu.
illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu
corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit: 670
et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi
consequitur transitque virum. pars ultima cursus
restabat; 'nunc' inquit 'ades, dea muneris auctor!'
inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret,
iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum. 675
an peteret, virgo visa est dubitare: coegi
tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo
inpediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque,
neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso,
praeterita est virgo: duxit sua praemia victor. 680

“Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem
ferret, Adoni, fui? nec grates inmemor egit,
nec mihi tura dedit. subitam convertor in iram,
contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris,
exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos: 685
templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion
fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis,
transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit;
illic concubitus intempestiva cupido
occupat Hippomenen a numine concita nostro. 690
luminis exigui fuerat prope templa recessus,
speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus,
religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos
ligna contulerat veterum simulacra deorum;
hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro. 695
sacra retorserunt oculos, turritaque Mater
an Stygia sontes dubitavit mergeret unda:
poena levis visa est; ergo modo leviae fulvae
colla iubae velant, digiti curvantur in ungues,
ex umeris armi fiunt, in pectora totum 700

pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenae;
iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt,
pro thalamis celebrant silvas aliisque timendi
dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones.
hos tu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne ferarum, 705
quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet,
effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus!”

‘Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cynis
carpit iter, sed stat monitis contraria virtus.
forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti 710
excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem
fixerat obliquo iuvenis Cinyreius ictu:
protinus excussit pando venabula rostro
sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem
trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes 715
abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena.
vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras
Cypron olorinis nondum pervenerat alis:
agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas
flexit aves illuc, utque aethere vidit ab alto 720
exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus,
desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos
rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis
questaque cum fatis “at non tamen omnia vestri
iuris erunt” dixit. “luctus monumenta manebunt 725
semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago
annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri;
at cruor in florem mutabitur. an tibi quondam
femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas,
Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros 730
invidiae mutatus erit?” sic fata cruorem
nectare odorato sparsit, qui tinctus ab illo
intumuit sic, ut fulvo perlucida caeno
surgere bulla solet, nec plena longior hora
facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus, 735
qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum,
punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illo;

namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum
excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti.’

LIBER VNDECIMVS

Carmine dum tali silvas animosque ferarum
Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit,
ecce nurus Ciconum tectae lymphata ferinis
pectora velleribus tumuli de vertice cernunt
Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis. 5
e quibus una leves iactato crine per auras,
'en,' ait 'en, hic est nostri contemptor!' et hastam
vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora,
quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit;
alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso 10
aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est
ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis
ante pedes iacuit. sed enim temeraria crescunt
bella modusque abiit insanaque regnat Erinys;
cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens 15
clamor et infracto Berecynthia tibia cornu
tympanaque et plausus et Bacchei ululatus
obstrepuere sono citharae, tum denique saxa
non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.
ac primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis 20
innumeras volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum
maenades Orphei titulum rapuere triumphii;
inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris
et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem
noctis avem cernunt, structoque utrimque theatro 25
ceu matutina cervus periturus harena
praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes
coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos.
hae glaebas, illae direptos arbore ramos,
pars torquent silices; neu desint tela furori, 30
forte boves presso subigebant vomere terram,
nec procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes
dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni,
agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt

arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros 35
sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones;
quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaces
divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt
tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum
inrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem 40
sacrilegae perimunt, perque os, pro Iuppiter! illud
auditus saxi intellectumque ferarum
sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit.

Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
te rigidi silices, te carmina saepe secutae 45
fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor
tonsa comas luxit; lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt
increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo
naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos.
membra iacent diversa locis, caput, Hebre, lyramque 50
excipis: et (mirum!) medio dum labitur amne,
flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripae.
iamque mare invectae flumen populare relinquunt
et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi: 55
hic ferus expositum peregrinis anguis harenis
os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos.
tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem
arcet et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos
congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. 60

Umbra subit terras, et quae loca viderat ante,
cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum
invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplexatur ulnis;
hic modo coniunctis spatiantur passibus ambo,
nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevious anteit 65
Eurydicenque suam iam tuto respicit Orpheus.

Non inpune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus
amissoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum
protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes,
quae videre nefas, torta radice ligavit; 70
quippe pedum digitos via, quam tum est quaeque secuta,

traxit et in solidam detrusit acumina terram,
utque suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps,
crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri,
plangitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu: 75
sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum,
exsternata fugam frustra temptabat, at illam
lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet,
dumque ubi sint digiti, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues,
aspicit in teretes lignum succedere suras 80
et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra
robora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt,
robora sunt umeri; nodosaque bracchia veros
esse putes ramos, et non fallare putando.

Nec satis hoc Baccho est, ipsos quoque deserit agros 85
cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli
Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo
tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis.
hunc adsueta cohors, satyri bacchaeque, frequentant,
at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque 90
ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis
ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus
orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo.
qui simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum,
hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit 95
per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes,
et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen
Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros
rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.

Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile, fecit 100
muneris arbitrium gaudens altore recepto.
ille male usurus donis ait 'effice, quicquid
corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum.'
adnuat optatis nocituraque munera solvit
Liber et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset. 105
laetus abit gaudetque malo Berecynthius heros
pollicitique fidem tangendo singula temptat
vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem

ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est;
tollit humo saxum: saxum quoque palluit auro; 110
contigit et glaebam: contactu glaeba potenti
massa fit; arentis Cereris decerpsit aristas:
aurea messis erat; demptum tenet arbore pomum:
Hesperidas donasse putes; si postibus altis
admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur; 115
ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset;
vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens
omnia. gaudenti mensas posuere ministri
exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes: 120
tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra
munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant,
sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat;
miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis: 125
fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali divesque miserque
effugere optat opes et quae modo voverat, odit.
copia nulla famem relevat; sitis arida guttur
urit, et invisio meritus torquetur ab auro 130
ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens
'da veniam, Lenaee pater! peccavimus' inquit,
'sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno!'
mite deum numen: Bacchus peccasse fatentem
restituit pactique fide data munera solvit 135
'ne' ve 'male optato maneat circumlitus auro,
vade' ait 'ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem
perque iugum nitens labentibus obviis undis
carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus,
spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit, 140
subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen.'
rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit
flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem;
nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae
arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis. 145

Ille perosus opes silvas et rura colebat
Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris,
pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocituraque, ut ante,
rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis.
nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto 150
Tmolus in ascensu clivoque extensus utroque
Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis.
Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua sibila nymphis
et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen
ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus, 155
iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad inpar.

Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures
liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerulea tantum
cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes.
isque deum pecoris spectans 'in iudice' dixit 160
'nulla mora est.' calamis agrestibus insonat ille
barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti)
carmine delenit; post hunc sacer ora retorsit
Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est.
ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus 165
verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla
instructamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
sustinet a laeva, tenuit manus altera plectrum;
artificis status ipse fuit. tum stamina docto
pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus 170
Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas.

Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis
omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur
unius sermone Midae; nec Delius aures
humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram, 175
sed trahit in spatium villisque albertibus inplet
instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri:
cetera sunt hominis, partem damnatur in unam
induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.
ille quidem celare cupit turpique pudore 180
tempora purpureis temptat relevare tiaris;
sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos

viderat hoc famulus, qui cum nec prodere visum
dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque 185
effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures,
voce refert parva terraeque innummurat haustae
indiciumque suae vocis tellure regesta
obruit et scrobibus tacitus discedit opertis.
creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus 190
coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
prodidit agricolam: leni nam motus ab austro
obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.

Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus
angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles 195
Laomedonteis Latoius adstitit arvis.
dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi
ara Panomphaeo vetus est sacrata Tonanti:
inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae
Laomedonta videt susceptaque magna labore 200
crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas
cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi
mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno
aedificat muros pactus pro moenibus aurum.
stabat opus: pretium rex infitiatur et addit, 205
perfidiae cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.
'non inpune feres' rector maris inquit, et omnes
inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae
inque freti formam terras conplevit opesque
abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros. 210
poena neque haec satis est: regis quoque filia monstro
poscitur aequoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam
vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
poscit equos tantique operis mercede negata
bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae. 215
nec, pars militiae, Telamon sine honore recessit
Hesioneque data potitur. nam coniuge Peleus
clarus erat diva nec avi magis ille superbus
nomine quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti

contigit haut uni, coniunx dea contigit uni. 220

Namque senex Thetidi Proteus 'dea' dixerat 'undae,
concipe: mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis
acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo.'
ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet,
quamvis haut tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes, 225
Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit,
in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem
iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae.

Est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus,
bracchia procurrunt: ubi, si foret altior unda, 230
portus erat; summis inductum est aequor harenis;
litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet
nec remoretur iter nec opertum pendeat alga;
myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis.
est specus in medio, natura factus an arte, 235
ambiguum, magis arte tamen: quo saepe venire
frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.
illic te Peleus, ut somno vincta iacebas,
occupat, et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas,
vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis; 240
quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris
ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus;
sed modo tu volucris: volucrem tamen ille tenebat;
nunc gravis arbor eras: haerebat in arbore Peleus;
tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis: illa 245
territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit.
inde deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso
et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat,
donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates
'Aeacide,' dixit 'thalamis potiere petitis, 250
tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescet in antro,
ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci.
nec te decipiat centum mentita figuras,
sed preme, quicquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante, reformet.'
dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum 255
admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus.

Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat
Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relicto
Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia ponto;
vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus: 260
illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri
sentit et in partes diversas brachia tendi.
tum denum ingemuit, 'ne' que ait 'sine numine vincis'
exhibita estque Thetis: confessam amplectitur heros
et potitur votis ingentique inplet Achille. 265

Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,
et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,
omnia contigerant: fraterno sanguine sontem
expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus
accipit. hic regnum sine vi, sine caede gerebat 270
Lucifero genitore satus patriumque nitorem
ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus
dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.
quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque
venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbem, 275
quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta trahebat,
haut procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit;
copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit
quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat 280
mentiturque fugae causam; petit, urbe vel agro
se iuvet. hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
talibus adloquitur: 'mediae quoque commoda plebi
nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus;
adicis huic animo momenta potentia, clarum 285
nomen avumque Iovem; ne tempora perde precando!
quod petis, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato,
qualiacumque vides! utinam meliora videres!'
et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores,
Peleusque comitesque rogant; quibus ille profatur: 290
'forsitan hanc volucrem, rapti quae vivit et omnes
terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis:
vir fuit (et — tanta est animi constantia — iam tum

acer erat belloque ferox ad vimque paratus)
nomine Daedalion. illo genitore creatis, 295
qui vocat Auroram caeloque novissimus exit,
cult a mihi pax est, pacis mihi cura tenendae
coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant:
illius virtus reges gentesque subegit,
quae nunc Thisbaeas agitat mutata columbas. 300
nata erat huic Chione, quae dotatissima forma
mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis.
forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus,
ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cyllenaeo,
videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere colorem. 305
spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo;
non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem
virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti
vimque dei patitur; nox caelum sparserat astris:
Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit. 310
ut sua maturus conplevit tempora venter,
alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago
nascitur Autolycus furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
candida de nigris et de candentibus atra
qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis; 315
nascitur e Phoebō (namque est enixa gemellos)
carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.
quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus
et forti genitore et progenitore nitenti
esse satam prodest? an obest quoque gloria multis? 320
obfuit huic certe! quae se praeferre Dianae
sustinuit faciemque deae culpavit, at illi
ira ferox mota est “factis” que “placebimus” inquit.
nec mora, curvavit cornu nervoque sagittam
inpulit et meritam traiecit harundine linguam. 325
lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur,
conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit;
quam miser amplexans ego tum patrumque dolorem
corde tuli fratrique pio solacia dixi,
quae pater haut aliter quam cautes murmura ponti 330

accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam;
ut vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi
in medios fuit ire rogos, quater inde repulsus
concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco
spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti, 335
qua via nulla, ruit. iam tum mihi currere visus
plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares.
effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti
vertice Parnasi potitur; miseratus Apollo,
cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto, 340
fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis
oraeque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos,
virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires,
et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes
saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi.’ 345

Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat
de consorte suo, cursu festinus anhelus
advolat armenti custos Phoceus Onetor
et ‘Peleu, Peleu! magnae tibi nuntius adsum
cladis’ ait. quodcumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus, 350
pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris;
ille refert ‘fessos ad litora curva iuencos
adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret,
parsque bouum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis 355
latarumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum,
pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc;
nant alii celsoque exstant super aequora collo.
templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro,
sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto: 360
Nereides Nereusque tenent (hos navita ponti
edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siccant);
iuncta palus huic est densis obsessa salictis,
quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem:
inde fragore gravi strepitans loca proxima terret, 365
belua vasta, lupus iuncisque palustribus exit,
oblitus et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus

fulmineos, rubra suffusus lumina flamma.
qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque,
acrior est rabie: neque enim ieiunia curat 370
caede boum diramque famem finire, sed omne
vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne.
pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu,
dum defensamus, leto est data; sanguine litus
undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes. 375
sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit:
dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma,
arma capessamus coniunctaque tela feramus!’
dixerat agrestis: nec Pelea damna movebant,
sed memor admissi Nereida conligit orbam 380
damna sua inferias extincto mittere Phoco.
induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela
rex iubet Oetaeus; cum quis simul ipse parabat
ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu
prosilit et nondum totos ornata capillos 385
disicit hos ipsos colloque infusa mariti,
mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur
et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servet in una.
Aeacides illi: ‘pulchros, regina, piosque
pone metus! plena est promissi gratia vestri. 390
non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri;
numen adorandum pelagi est!’ erat ardua turris,
arce focus summa, fessis nota grata carinis:
ascendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros
cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento 395
ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos.
inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti
caeruleam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram,
orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis
flectitur Aeacidae, Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex 400
accepit veniam. sed enim revocatus ab acri
caede lupo perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper,
donec inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvencae
marmore mutavit: corpus praeterque colorem

omnia servavit, lapidis color indicat illum 405
iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri.
nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra
fata sinunt, Magnetas adit vagus exul et illic
sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.

Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis 410
anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx,
consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes,
ad Clarium parat ire deum; nam templa profanus
invia cum Phlegysis faciebat Delphica Phorbas.
consilii tamen ante sui, fidissima, certam 415
te facit, Alcyone; cui protinus intima frigus
ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora
pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis.
ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit
singultuque pias interrumpente querellas 420
'quae mea culpa tuam,' dixit 'carissime, mentem
vertit? ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solebat?
iam potes Alcyone securus abesse relict?
iam via longa placet? iam sum tibi carior absens?
at, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo, 425
non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt.
aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago:
et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi
et saepe in tumultis sine corpore nomina legi.
neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat, 430
quod socer Hipпотades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes
contineat ventos, et, cum velit, aequora placet.
cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti,
nil illis vetitum est: incommendataque tellus
omnis et omne fretum est, caeli quoque nubila vexant 435
excutiuntque feris rutilos concursibus ignes.
quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna
parva domo vidi), magis hoc reor esse timendos.
quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis,
care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi, 440
me quoque tolle simul! certe iactabimur una,

nec nisi quae patiar, metuam, pariterque feremus,
quicquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur.'

Talibus Aeolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur
sidereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est; 445
sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus,
nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli
multaque respondit timidum solantia pectus.
non tamen idcirco causam probat; addidit illis
hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem: 450
'longa quidem est nobis omnis mora, sed tibi iuro
per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant,
ante reversurum, quam luna bis inpleat orbem.'
his ubi promissis spes est admota recursus,
protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingui 455
aptarique suis pinum iubet armamentis;
qua rursus visa veluti praesaga futuri
horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas
amplexusque dedit tristisque miserrima tandem
ore 'vale' dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est; 460
ast iuvenes quaerente moras Ceyce reducunt
ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos
aequalique ictu scindunt freta: sustulit illa
umentes oculos stantemque in puppe recurva
concussaque manu dantem sibi signa maritum 465
prona videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit
longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,
dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum;
haec quoque ut haut poterat spatium submota videri,
vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo; 470
ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum
seque toro ponit: renovat lectusque torusque
Alcyonae lacrimas et quae pars admonet absit.

Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes:
obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos 475
cornuaque in summa locat arbore totaque malo
carbasa deducit venientesque accipit auras.
aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor

puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus,
cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit 480
fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus.
‘ardua iamdudum demittite cornua’ rector
clamat ‘et antemnis totum subnectite velum.’
hic iubet; impediunt adversae iussa procellae,
nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam: 485
sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos,
pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare;
egerit hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor,
hic rapit antemnas; quae dum sine lege geruntur,
aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte feroces 490
bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent.
ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur
scire ratis rector, nec quid iubeatve vetetve:
tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est.
quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes, 495
undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus aether.
fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur
pontus et inductas aspergine tangere nubes;
et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas,
concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigrior unda, 500
sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet.
ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis
et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis
despicere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur,
nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aequor, 505
suspiciere inferno summum de gurgite caelum.
saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem
nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim
cum laceras aries balistave concutit arces,
utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire 510
pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones,
sic, ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis,
ibat in alta ratis multoque erat altior illis;
iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae
rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis. 515

ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres,
inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum,
inque plagas caeli tumefactum ascendere pontum.
vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis
aequoreae miscentur aquae; caret ignibus aether, 520
caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque.
discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen
fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus imbres.
dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae
fluctus; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni, 525
cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis,
spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore
inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus,
sic ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus,
vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae 530
nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam,
quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis.
pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum,
pars maris intus erat: trepidant haud setius omnes,
quam solet urbs aliis murum fodientibus extra 535
atque aliis murum trepidare tenentibus intus.
deficit ars, animique cadunt, totidemque videntur,
quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes.
non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos,
funera quos maneant, hic votis numen adorat 540
bracchiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens
poscit opem; subeunt illi fraterque parensque,
huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcunque relictum est;
Alcyone Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore
nulla nisi Alcyone est et, cum desideret unam, 545
gaudet abesse tamen; patriae quoque vellet ad oras
respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus,
verum, ubi sit, nescit: tanta vertigine pontus
fervet, et inducta piceis e nubibus umbra
omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est. 550
frangitur incursu nimborum turbinis arbor,
frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes

unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas;
nec levius, quam siquis Athon Pindumve revulsos
sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor, 555
praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu
mergit in ima ratem; cum qua pars magna virorum
gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita fato
functa suo est, alii partes et membra carinae
trunca tenent: tenet ipse manu, qua sceptrata solebat, 560
fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque
invocat heu! frustra, sed plurima nantis in ore
Alcyone coniunx: illam meminitque refertque,
illius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus
optat et exanimis manibus tumuletur amicis. 565
dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus,
nominat Alcyonen ipsisque innummurat undis.
ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum
frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda.
Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses 570
illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo
non licuit, densis textis sua nubibus ora.

Aeolis interea, tantorum ignara malorum,
dinumerat noctes et iam, quas induat ille,
festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille, 575
ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.
omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat,
ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templa colebat
proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras
utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret, 580
optabat, nullamque sibi praeferret; at illi
hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum.

At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari
sustinet utque manus funestas arceat aris,
'Iri, meae' dixit 'fidissima nuntia vocis, 585
vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulam
extinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat
somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus.'
dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum

Iris et arquato caelum curvamine signans 590
tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni,
quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
Phoebus adire potest: nebulae caligine mixtae 595
exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser;
non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami 600
humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae.
muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent 605
innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem
Nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.
ianua, ne verso stridores cardine reddat,
nulla domo tota est, custos in limine nullus;
at medio torus est ebena sublimis in antro, 610
plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis.
hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
Somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas. 615

Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo
Somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit
sacra domus, tardaue deus gravitate iacentes
vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens
summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento 620
excussit tandem sibi se cubitoque levatus,
quid veniat, (cognovit enim) scitatur, at illa:
‘Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, deorum,
pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori, 625
Somnia, quae veras aequent imitamine formas,

Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis
Alcyonen adeant simulacraque naufraga fingant.
imperat hoc Iuno.' postquam mandata peregit,
Iris abit: neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis 630
vim poterat, labique ut somnum sensit in artus,
effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.

At pater e populo natorum mille suorum
excitat artificem simulatoremque figurae
Morphea: non illo quisquam sollertius alter 635
exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi;
adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique
verba; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter
fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens:
hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus 640
nominat; est etiam diversae tertius artis
Phantasos: ille in humum saxumque undamque trabemque,
quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit;
regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus
nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant. 645
praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum
Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus
eligit et rursus molli languore solutus
deposuitque caput stratoque recondidit alto.

Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis 650
per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem
pervenit Haemoniam, positisque e corpore pennis
in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura
luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis,
coniugis ante torum miserae stetit: uda videtur 655
barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
tum lecto incumbens fletu super ora profuso
haec ait: 'agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx,
an mea mutata est facies nece? respice: nosces
inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram! 660
nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt!
occidimus! falso tibi me promittere noli!
nubilus Aegaeo deprendit in aequore navem

auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit,
oraeque nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen 665
inplerunt fluctus. — non haec tibi nuntiat auctor
ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis:
ipse ego fata tibi praesens mea naufragus edo.
surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indue nec me
indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte!’ 670
adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa
crederet esse sui (fletus quoque fundere veros
visus erat), gestumque manus Ceycis habebat.
ingemit Alcyone lacrimans, motatque lacertos
per somnum corpusque petens amplectitur auras 675
exclamatque: ‘mane! quo te rapis? ibimus una.’
voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem
excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illic,
qui modo visus erat; nam moti voce ministri
intulerant lumen. postquam non invenit usquam, 680
percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes
pectoraque ipsa ferit nec crines solvere curat:
scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti
‘nulla est Alcyone, nulla est’ ait. ‘occidit una
cum Ceyce suo. solantia tollite verba! 685
naufragus interiit: vidi agnovique manusque
ad discedentem cupiens retinere tetendi.
umbra fuit, sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique
vera mei. non ille quidem, si quaeris, habebat
adsuetos vultus nec quo prius, ore nitebat: 690
pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo
infelix vidi. stetit hoc miserabilis ipso
ecce loco’; et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint.
‘hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam,
et ne me fugiens ventos sequerere rogabam. 695
at certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas,
me quoque duxisses: multum fuit utile tecum
ire mihi; neque enim de vitae tempore quicquam
non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset.
nunc absens perii, iactor quoque fluctibus absens, 700

et sine me me pontus habet. crudelior ipso
sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar
longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori!
sed neque pugnabo nec te, miserande, relinquam
et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro 705
si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera: si non
ossibus ossa meis, at nomen nomine tangam.’
plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni
plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur.

Mane erat: egreditur tectis ad litus et illum 710
maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem,
dumque moratur ibi dumque ‘hic retinacula solvit,
hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore’ dicit
dumque notata locis reminiscitur acta fretumque
prospicit, in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur 715
nescio quid quasi corpus aqua, primoque, quid illud
esset, erat dubium; postquam paulum adpulit unda,
et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat,
qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est
et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, ‘heu! miser,’ inquit 720
‘quisquis es, et siqua est coniunx tibi!’ fluctibus actum
fit propius corpus: quod quo magis illa tuetur,
hoc minus et minus est mentis, vae! iamque propinquae
admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset,
cernit: erat coniunx! ‘ille est!’ exclamat et una 725
ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes
ad Ceyca manus ‘sic, o carissime coniunx,
sic ad me, miserande, redis?’ ait. adiacet undis
facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris iras
frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum. 730
insilit huc, mirumque fuit potuisse: volabat
percutiensque levem modo natis aera pennis
stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas,
dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae
ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro. 735
ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus,
dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis

frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro.
senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae
tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat, at ille 740
senserat: et tandem, superis miserantibus, ambo
alite mutantur; fatis obnoxius isdem
tunc quoque mansit amor nec coniugiale solutum
foedus in alitibus: coeunt fiuntque parentes,
perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem 745
incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis.
tunc iacet unda maris: ventos custodit et arcet
Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.

Hos aliquis senior iunctim freta lata volantes
spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores: 750
proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, 'hic quoque,' dixit
'quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem
aspicis,' (ostendens spatiosum in guttura mergum)
'regia progenies, et si descendere ad ipsum
ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo 755
Ilus et Assaracus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes
Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae
tempora sortitus; frater fuit Hectoris iste:
qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata iuventa,
forsitan inferius non Hectore nomen haberet, 760
quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis,
Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida
fertur Alexiroe, Granico nata bicorni.
oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula
secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat 765
rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat.
non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori
pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes
aspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa
iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos. 770
visa fugit nymphe, veluti perterrita fulvum
cerva lupum longeque lacu deprensa relicto
accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros
insequitur celeremque metu celer urget amore.

ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco 775
dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit;
cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens
exanimem clamatque “piget, piget esse secutum!
sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti.
perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue, 780
a me causa data est! ego sim sceleratior illo,
ni tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam.”
dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda,
se dedit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem
molliter excepit nantemque per aequora pennis 785
textit, et optatae non est data copia mortis.
indignatur amans, invitum vivere cogi
obstarique animae misera de sede volenti
exire, utque novas umeris adsumpserat alas,
subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit. 790
pluma levat casus: furit Aesacos inque profundum
pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat.
fecit amor maciem: longa internodia crurum,
longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe;
aequora amat nomenque tenet, quia mergitur illo.’

LIBER DVODECIMVS

Nescius adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis
vivere lugebat: tumulo quoque nomen habenti
inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inanes;
defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi,
postmodo qui rapta longum cum coniuge bellum 5
attulit in patriam: coniurataeque sequuntur
mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgae;
nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi
invia fecissent venti, Boeotaque tellus
Aulide piscosa puppes tenuisset ituras. 10
hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent,
ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara,
serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem
in platanum, coeptis quae stabat proxima sacris.
nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa: 15
quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem
corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore,
obstipuere omnes, at veri providus augur
Thestorides ‘vincemus’; ait, ‘gaudete, Pelasgi!
Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris,’ 20
atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos.
ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbore ramos,
fit lapis et signat serpentis imagine saxum.

Permanet Aoniis Boreas violentus in undis
bellaque non transfert, et sunt, qui parcere Troiae 25
Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi;
at non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve
sanguine virgineo placandam virginis iram
esse deae. postquam pietatem publica causa
rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem 30
flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris,
victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter
officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum
supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.

ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana, 35
et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit,
accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae
multaque perpessae Phrygia potiuntur harena.

Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque
caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi; 40
unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures:
Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce,
innumerosque aditus ac mille foramina tectis
addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis; 45
nocte dieque patet: tota est ex aere sonanti,
tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit;
nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte,
nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis,
qualia de pelagi, siquis procul audiat, undis 50
esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras
increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
atria turba tenet: veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque
mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
milia rumorum confusaque verba volutant; 55
e quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor.
illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error
vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores 60
Seditioque repens dubioque auctore Susurri;
ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur
et tellure, videt totumque inquiri in orbem.

Fecerat haec notum, Graias cum milite forti
adventare rates, neque inexpectatus in armis 65
hostis adest: prohibent aditus litusque tuentur
Troes, et Hectorea primus fataliter hasta,
Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno
stant Danaïs, fortisque animae nece cognitus Hector.
nec Phryges exiguus, quid Achaica dextera posset, 70
sanguine senserunt, et iam Sigea rubebant

litora, iam leto proles Neptunia, Cynus,
mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles
totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu
agmina perque acies aut Cynum aut Hectors quaerens 75
congregatur Cycno (decimum dilatus in annum
Hector erat): tum colla iugo candentia pressos
exhortatus equos currum derexit in hostem
concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis
‘quisquis es, o iuvenis,’ dixit ‘solamen habeto 80
mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille!’
hactenus Aeacides: vocem gravis hasta secuta est,
sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta,
nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri
utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu. 85
‘nate dea, nam te fama praevenimus,’ inquit
ille ‘quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?’
(mirabatur enim.) ‘non haec, quam cernis, equinis
fulva iubis cassis neque onus, cava parma, sinistrae
auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis; 90
Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! removebitur huius
tegminis officium: tamen indestructus abibo;
est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui
Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor.’
dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum 95
misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit
terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est.
excudit hoc heros rursusque trementia forti
tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus
sincerumque fuit; nec tertia cuspis apertum 100
et se praebentem valuit destringere Cynum.
haut secus exarsit, quam circo taurus aperto,
cum sua terribili petit inritamina cornu,
poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit;
num tamen exciderit ferrum considerat hastae: 105
haerebat ligno. ‘manus est mea debilis ergo,
quasque’ ait ‘ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?
nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus

moenia deieci, vel cum Tenedonque suoque
Eetioneas inplevi sanguine Thebas, 110
vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus
fluxit, opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae.
hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos
et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque.
dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam 115
misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten
loricamque simul subiectaque pectora rupit.
quo plangente gravem moribundo vertice terram
extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum
atque ait: 'haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus, hasta: 120
utar in hoc isdem; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem!'
sic fatus Cycnum repetit, nec fraxinus errat
inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro,
inde velut muro solidaque a caute repulsa est;
qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cycnum 125
viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles:
vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae!
tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto
desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem
ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari 130
cernit, at in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum.
haut tulit ulterius clipeoque adversa reducto
ter quater ora viri, capulo et cava tempora pulsat
cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque
attonitoque negat requiem: pavor occupat illum, 135
ante oculosque natant tenebrae retroque ferenti
aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo;
quem super impulsum resupino corpore Cycnum
vi multa vertit terraeque adflixit Achilles.
tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris 140
vincla trahit galeae, quae presso subdita mento
elidunt fauces et respiramen iterque
eripiunt animae. victum spoliare parabat:
arma relictia videt; corpus deus aequoris albam
contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat. 145

Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum
attulit et positis pars utraque substitit armis.
dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros,
et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas,
festa dies aderat, qua Cycni victor Achilles 150
Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae;
cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris,
et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor,
sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis.
discubuere toris procures et corpora tosta 155
carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.
non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum
longave multifori delectat tibia buxi,
sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi
materia est: pugnas referunt hostisque suasque, 160
inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula saepe
commemorare iuvat; quid enim loqueretur Achilles,
aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achillem?
proxima praecipue domito victoria Cycno
in sermone fuit: visum mirabile cunctis, 165
quod iuveni corpus nullo penetrabile telo
invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.
hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi,
cum sic Nestor ait: 'vestro fuit unicus aevo
contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu 170
Cycnus. at ipse olim patientem vulnera mille
corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi,
Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn
incoluit, quoque id mirum magis esset in illo,
femina natus erat.' monstri novitate moventur 175
quisquis adest, narretque rogant: quos inter Achilles:
'dic age! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas,
o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri,
quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus,
qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae 180
cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus ab ullo est.'
tum senior: 'quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas,

multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis,
plura tamen memini. nec quae magis haereat ulla
pectore res nostro est inter bellicae domique 185
acta tot, ac si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi
annos bis centum; nunc tertia vivitur aetas.

‘Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis,
Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas 190
perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille),
multorum frustra votis optata procorum.
temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos:
sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris
aut fuerant promissa tuae, nec Caenis in ullos 195
denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens
aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat),
utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit,
“sint tua vota licet” dixit “secura repulsae:
elige, quid voveas!” (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat) 200
“magnum” Caenis ait “facit haec iniuria votum,
tale pati iam posse nihil; da, femina ne sim:
omnia praestiteris.” graviore novissima dixit
verba sono poteratque viri vox illa videri,
sicut erat; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti 205
adnuerat dederatque super, nec saucius ullis
vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset.
munere laetus abit studiisque virilibus aevum
exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.

‘Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus 210
nubigenasque feros positus ex ordine mensis
arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro.
Haemonii proceres aderant, aderamus et ipsi,
festaque confusa resonabat regia turba.
ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant, 215
cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva,
praesignis facie; felicem diximus illa
coniuge Pirithoum, quod paene fefellimus omen.
nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum,

Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa 220
ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat.
protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae,
raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis.
Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant
aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago. 225
femineo clamore sonat domus: ocius omnes
surgimus, et primus “quae te vecordia,” Theseus
“Euryte, pulsat,” ait, “qui me vivente lacessas
Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno?”
[neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit ore, 230
submovet instantes raptamque furentibus aufert.]
ille nihil contra, (neque enim defendere verbis
talìa facta potest) sed vindicis ora protervis
insequitur manibus generosaeque pectora pulsat.
forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper 235
antiquus crater; quem vastum vastior ipse
sustulit Aegides adversaeque misit in ora:
sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena
calcitrat. ardescunt germani caede bimembres 240
certatimque omnes uno ore “arma, arma” loquuntur.
vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna
missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes,
res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.

‘Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis 245
haut timuit spoliare suis et primus ab aede
lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis
elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri
rumpere sacrificia molitur colla securi,
inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa 250
non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore.
exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris
acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato.
hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae
stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento 255
cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes

vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.

‘Proximus ut steterat spectans altaria vultu
fumida terribili “cur non” ait “utimur istis?”
cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram 260
ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen
depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion: Orio
mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo
saepe reluctanti constabat cornua lunae.
“non impune feres, teli modo copia detur!” 265
dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta
quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi.
figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo
eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret,
pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet. 270

‘Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris
pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi
tempora perfringit fulvo protecta capillo.
correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma
arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus 275
terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum
igne rubens plerumque solet, quod forcipe curva
cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit: at illud
stridet et in trepida submersum sibilat unda.
saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem 280
excutit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum
tollit, onus plaustris, quod ne permittat in hostem,
ipsa facit gravitas: socium quoque saxea moles
oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen.
gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus: “sic, conprecor,” inquit 285
“cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum!”
semicremoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus
terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu
rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro.

‘Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque transit; 290
e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas
procubuit Corythus, “puero quae gloria fuso
parta tibi est?” Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus

plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis
condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammas. 295
te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato
insequitur, sed non in te quoque constitit idem
exitus: adsiduae successu caedis ovantem,
qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta.
ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revulsit 300
Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.
fugit et Orneus Lycabasque et saucius armo
dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumās,
quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes
Mermeros, accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat; 305
et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum,
quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur
Asbolus: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso
“ne fuge! ad Herculeos” inquit “servaberis arcus.”
at non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus 310
effugere necem; quos omnes dextra Dryantis
perculit adversos. adversum tu quoque, quamvis
terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaeae, tulisti:
nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum,
qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae. 315

‘In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat
sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas
languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat,
fusus in Ossaeae villosis pellibus ursae;
quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem, 320
inserit amento digitos “miscenda” que dixit
“cum Styge vina bibes” Phorbas; nec plura moratus
in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo
fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est.
mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit 325
inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.

‘Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra
glandiferam quercum; quam dum complexibus ambit
et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat,
lancea Pirithoi costis inmissa Petraei 330

pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit.
Pirithoi virtute Lycum cecidisse ferebant,
Pirithoi virtute Chromin, sed uterque minorem
victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt,
fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit 335
et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem,
Dictys ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis,
dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum,
decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum
ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae. 340

‘Ultor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revulsum
mittere conatur; conantem stipite querno
occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit
ossa nec ulterius dare corpus inutile leto
aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti 345
insilit, haut solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum,
opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra
caesariem retinens vultum minitantiisque ora
robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit.
robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen 350
sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba
Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis
Thereaue, Haemoniis qui prensos montibus ursos
ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.
haut tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra 355
Thesea Demoleon: solidoque revellere trunco
annosam pinum magno molimine temptat;
quod quia non potuit, prae fractam misit in hostem,
sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit
Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat. 360
non tamen arbor iners cecidit; nam Crantoris alti
abscidit iugulo pectusque umerumque sinistrum:
armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille,
quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor
Aeacidae dederat pacis pignusque fidemque. 365
Hunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus
vidit, “at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor,

accipe” ait validoque in Demoleonta lacerto
fraxineam misit contentis viribus hastam,
quae laterum cratem praecepit et ossibus haerens 370
intremuit: trahit ille manu sine cuspidē lignum
(id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est;
ipse dolor vires animo dabat: aeger in hostem
erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis.
excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonantes 375
defensatque umeros praetentaque sustinet arma
perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.
ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen
eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque;
additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat 380
pelle lupi saevique vicem praestantia teli
cornua vara boum multo rubefacta cruore.

‘Huic ego (nam viris animus dabat) “aspice,” dixi
“quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro”
et iaculum torsi: quod cum vitare nequiret, 385
opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti:
adfixa est cum fronte manus; fit clamor, at illum
haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum
(stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum.
prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit 390
tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis
crura quoque inpediit et inani concidit alvo.

‘Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit,
si modo naturae formam concedimus illi.
barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea 395
ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos.
gratus in ore vigor; cervix umerique manusque
pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis,
et quacumque vir est; nec equi mendosa sub illo
deteriorque viro facies; da colla caputque, 400
Castore dignus erit: sic tergum sessile, sic sunt
pectora celsa toris. totus pice nigrior atra,
candida cauda tamen; color est quoque cruribus albus.
multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una

abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter 405
semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis;
haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo
Cyllaron una tenet, cultu quoque, quantus in illis
esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis,
ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave 410
inplicet, interdum candentia lilia gestet,
bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae
fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tinguat,
nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum
aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo. 415
par amor est illis: errant in montibus una,
antra simul subeunt; et tum Lapitheia tecta
intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant:
(auctor in incerto est) iaculum de parte sinistra
venit et inferius quam collo pectora subsunt, 420
Cyllare, te fixit; parvo cor vulnere laesum
corpore cum toto post tela educta refrixit.
protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus
inpositaque manu vulnus fovet oraque ad ora
admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat; 425
ut videt exstinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures
arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi,
incubuit moriensque suum complexa maritum est.

‘Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum
vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis, 430
Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque;
caudice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent,
Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit;
[fracta volubilitas capitis latissima, perque os
perque cavas nares oculosque auresque cerebrum 435
molle fluit, veluti concretum vimine querno
lac solet utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri
manat et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus.]
ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem,
(scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima 440
ilia demisi. Cthonius quoque Teleboasque

ense iacent nostro: ramum prior ille bifurcum
gesserat, hic iaculum; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit:
signa vides! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix.
tunc ego debueram capienda ad Pergama mitti; 445
tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari
Hectoris arma meis! illo sed tempore nullus,
aut puer, Hector erat, nunc me mea deficit aetas.
quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi,
Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli 450
fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspidē vultu?
vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto
stravit Erigdupum; memini et venabula condi
inguine Nesseis manibus coniecta Cymeli.
nec tu credideris tantum cecinisse futura 455
Ampyciden Mopsum: Mopso iaculante biformis
occubuit frustra loqui temptavit Hodites
ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo.

‘Quinque neci Caeneus dederat Styphelumque Bromumque
Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyracmon: 460
vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi.
provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Halesi,
quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus
maximus: huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque,
vis iuvenalis erat, variabant tempora cani. 465
qui clipeo galeaque Macedoniae sarisa
conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque
armaque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem
verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras:
“et te, Caeni, feram? nam tu mihi femina semper, 470
tu mihi Caenis eris. nec te natalis origo
commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto
quaque viri falsam speciem mercede pararis?
quid sis nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque,
i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque; 475
bella relinque viris.” iactanti talia Caeneus
extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta,
qua vir equo commissus erat. furit ille dolore

nudaque Phyllei iuvenis ferit ora sarisa:
non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando, 480
aut siquis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo.
comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro
luctatur gladium: gladio loca pervia non sunt.
“haut tamen effugies! medio iugulaberis ense,
quandoquidem mucro est hebes” inquit et in latus ensem 485
obliquat longaue amplexitur ilia dextra.
plaga facit gemitus ut corpore marmoris icto,
fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo.
ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus,
“nunc age” ait Caeneus “nostro tua corpora ferro 490
temptemus!” capuloque tenuis demisit in armos
ensem fatiferum caecamque in viscera movit
versavitque manum vulnusque in vulnere fecit.
ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres
telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque. 495
tela retusa cadunt: manet inperfossus ab omni
inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.
fecerat attonitos nova res. “heu dedecus ingens!”
Monychus exclamat. “populus superamur ab uno
vixque viro; quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis, 500
quod fuit ille, sumus. quid membra inmania prosunt?
quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum
in nobis natura duplex animalia iunxit?
nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos
esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae 505
spem caperet: nos semimari superamur ab hoste!
saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes
vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis!
massa premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus.”
dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri 510
forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem
exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus
arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras.
obrutus inmani cumulo sub pondere Caeneus
aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris 515

fert umeris, sed enim postquam super ora caputque
crevit onus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras,
deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra
tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas
interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce, 520
ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide.
exitus in dubio est: alii sub inania corpus
Tartara detrusum silvarum mole ferebant;
abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis
vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras, 525
quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum.
hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu
Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem
adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus
“o salve,” dixit “Lapithaeae gloria gentis, 530
maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caencu!”
credita res auctore suo est: dolor addidit iram,
oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum;
nec prius abstimus ferro exercere dolorem,
quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit.’ 535

Haec inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros
proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem
praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore
atque ait: ‘Herculeae mirum est obliviae laudis
acta tibi, senior; certe mihi saepe referre 540
nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat.’
tristis ad haec Pylius: ‘quid me meminisse malorum
cogis et obductos annis rescindere luctus
inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri?
ille quidem maiora fide, di! gessit et orbem 545
inplevit meritis, quod mallet posse negare;
sed neque Deiphobum nec Pulydamanta nec ipsum
Hectora laudamus: quis enim laudaverit hostem?
ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam
stravit et inmeritis urbes Elinque Pylonque 550
diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis
inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit,

bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta iuventus,
bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno
viribus; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est: 555
mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas
Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.
hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes,
vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis 560
ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi;
viribus usus avis pennis rostroque redunco
hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora.
tendit in hanc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus
atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem 565
pendentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala;
nec grave vulnus erat, sed rupti vulnere nervi
deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi.
decidit in terram, non concipientibus auras
infirmis pennis, et qua levis haeserat alae 570
corporis adflicti pressa est gravitate sagitta
perque latus summum iugulo est exacta sinistro.
nunc videor debere tui praeconia rebus
Herculis, o Rhodiae ductor pulcherrime classis?
nec tamen ulterius, quam fortia facta silendo 575
ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum.’

Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore,
a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi
surrexere toris: nox est data cetera somno.

At deus, aequoreas qui cuspide temperat undas, 580
in volucrem corpus nati Phaethontida versum
mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem
exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras.
iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello
talibus intonsum compellat Sminthea dictis: 585
‘o mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis,
inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae,
ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces,
ingemis? aut ecquid tot defendentia muros

milia caesa doles? ecquid, ne persequar omnes, 590
Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti?
cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso
vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles.
det mihi se: faxo, triplici quid cuspidе possim,
sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti 595
non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!
adnuat atque animo pariter patruique suoque
Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen
pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum
rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos 600
tela Parin fassusque deum, 'quid spicula perdis
sanguine plebis?' ait. 'siqua est tibi cura tuorum,
vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!'
dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro
corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum 605
certaque letifera derexit spicula dextra.
quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset,
hoc fuit; ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille,
victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae!
at si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum, 610
Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni.

Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi
nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello,
arserat: armarat deus idem idemque cremarat;
iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille 615
nescio quid parvum, quod non bene conpleat urnam,
at vivit totum quae gloria conpleat orbem.
haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hac est
par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit.
ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere posses, 620
bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur.
non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Ajax,
non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo
poscere, non alii: solis Telamone creatis
Laertaque fuit tantae fiducia laudis. 625
a se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit

Argolicosque duces mediis considerare castris
iussit et arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.

LIBER TERTIVS DECIMVS

Consedere duces et vulgi stante corona
surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplex Ajax,
utque erat inpatiens irae, Sigeia torvo
litora respexit classemque in litore vultu
intendensque manus ‘agimus, pro Iuppiter!’ inquit 5
‘ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulixes!
at non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi.
tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
quam pugnare manu, sed nec mihi dicere promptum, 10
nec facere est isti: quantumque ego Marte feroci
inque acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.
nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
esse reor: vidistis enim; sua narret Ulixes,
quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est! 15
praemia magna peti fateor; sed demit honorem
aemulus: Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum,
sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes;
iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius,
quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. 20

‘Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus,
moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit
litoraue intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina;
Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic 25
reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget;
Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur
Iuppiter esse suam: sic a Iove tertius Ajax.
nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi,
si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille: 30
frater erat, fraterna peto! quid sanguine cretus
Sisyphio furtisque et fraude simillimus illi
inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?

‘An quod in arma prior nulloque sub indice veni,

arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille, 35
ultima qui cepit detractavitque furore
militiam ficto, donec sollertior isto
sed sibi inutilior timidi commenta retexit
Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma?
optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla: 40
nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi,
obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?

‘Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus esset,
nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces
hortator scelerum! non te, Poeantia proles, 45
expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet!
qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris
saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris,
quae meruit, quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris.
et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma, 50
heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae
Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque
velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo
debita Troianis exercet spicula fati.
ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixem; 55
mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus,
[viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet]
quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit
crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum. 60
ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
aut nece: sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes!

‘Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
haut tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
esse rear nullum; qui cum inploraret Ulixem 65
vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus annis,
proditus a socio est; non haec mihi crimina fingi
scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis! 70
en eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit,

sic linquendus erat: legem sibi dixerat ipse.
conclamat socios: adsum videoque trementem
pallentemque metu et trepidantem morte futura;
opposui molem clipei texique iacentem 75
servavique animam (minimum est hoc laudis) inertem.
si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum:
redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem
post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo!
at postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires 80
non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.

‘Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit,
quaque ruit, non tu tantum terroris, Ulixé,
sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris.
hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem 85
eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi,
hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
sustinui: sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi,
et vestrae valere preces. si quaeritis huius
fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo. 90
ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque
in Danaas classes: ubi nunc facundus Ulixes?
nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
spem vestri redditus: date pro tot navibus arma.

‘Quodsi vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis 95
quam mihi maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est,
atque Ajax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur.
conferat his Ithacus Rhesum inbellemque Dolona
Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum:
luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto; 100
si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma,
dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis.

‘Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper inermis
rem gerit et furtis incautum decipit hostem?
ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro 105
insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem;
sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex
pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque

Pelias hasta potest inbellibus esse lacertis,
nec clipeus vasti caelatus imagine mundi 110
conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistrae:
debilitaturum quid te petis, inprobe, munus,
quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
cur spolieris, erit, non, cur metuaris ab hoste,
et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis, 115
tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti?
adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus,
integer est clipeus; nostro, qui tela ferendo
mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.

‘Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur agendo! 120
arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes:
inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis.’

Finierat Telamone satus, vulgique secutum
ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros
adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos 125
sustulit ad proceres expectatoque resolvit
ora sono, neque abest facundis gratia dictis.

‘Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi,
non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres,
tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille, 130
quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt
fata,’ (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit
lumina) ‘quis magno melius succedat Achilli,
quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles?
huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse videtur, 135
neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est,
quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est,
invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.

‘Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi, 140
vix ea nostra voco, sed enim, quia rettulit Aiax
esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo:
nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi,
Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et exul; 145

est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
altera nobilitas: deus est in utroque parente.
sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu,
nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons,
proposita arma peto: meritis expendite causam, 150
dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt,
Aiakis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo,
sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis!
aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres,
est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi: 155
quis locus Aiaci? Pthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur!
nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli:
num petit ille tamen? num, si petat, auferat illa?
ergo, operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
plura quidem feci, quam quae comprehendere dictis 160
in promptu mihi sit, rerum tamen ordine ducar.

‘Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti
dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes,
in quibus Aiacem, sumptae fallacia vestis:
arma ego femineis animum motura virilem 165
mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros
virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti
“nate dea,” dixi “tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?”
inieci que manum fortemque ad fortia misi. 170
ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta
pugnantem domui, victum orantemque refeci;
quod Thebae cecidere, meum est; me credite Lesbos,
me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes,
et Scyrum cepisse; mea concussa putate 175
procubuisse solo Lyrnesia moenia dextra,
utque alios taceam, qui saevum perdere posset
Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector!
illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco. 180

‘Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidaque Euboicam conplerunt mille carinae,

exspectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi
flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes
inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae. 185
denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis
atque in rege tamen pater est, ego mite parentis
ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti:
hanc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides)
difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam. 190
hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique
summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset;
mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu
decipienda fuit, quo si Telamonius isset,
orba suis essent etiam nunc lintea ventis. 195

‘Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces,
visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae,
plenaque adhuc erat illa viris; interritus egi
quam mihi mandarat communem Graecia causam
accusoque Parin praedamque Helenamque reposco 200
et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum;
at Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illo,
vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas,
primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

‘Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manuque 205
utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.

post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes
continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis
ulla fuit; decimo demum pugnativimus anno:
quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia nosti? 210
quis tuus usus erat? nam si mea facta requiris,
hostibus insidior, fossa munimina cingo,
consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli
mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi
armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus. 215

‘Ecce Iovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli;
ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem:
non sinat hoc Ajax delendaque Pergama poscat,

quodque potest, pugnet! cur non remoratur ituros? 220
cur non arma capit, dat, quod vaga turba sequatur?
non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
quid, quod et ipse fugit? vidi, puduitque videre,
cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares;
nec mora, “quid facitis? quae vos dementia” dixi 225
“concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Troiam,
quidque domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?”
talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.
convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes: 230
nec Telamoniades etiamnunc hiscere quicquam
audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dictis
Thersites etiam, per me haut inpune protervis!
erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
amissamque mea virtutem voce repono. 235
tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.
‘Denique de Danaïs quis te laudatve petitve?
at sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
me probat et socio semper confidit Ulix. 240
est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum
a Diomedē legi! nec me sors ire iubebat:
sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periculo
ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
interimo, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi 245
prodere et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet.
omnia cognorā nec, quod specularer, habebam
et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti:
haut contentus eo petii tentoria Rhēsi
inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi 250
atque ita captivo, victor votisque potitus,
ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos;
cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
arma negatē mihi, fueritque benignior Aīax.
quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro 255
devastata meo? cum multo sanguine fudi

Coeranon Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque
Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytaninque
exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona
et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum 260
quique minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis
procubuere manu. sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,
ipso pulchra loco; nec vanis credite verbis,
aspicite! en' vestemque manu diduxit et 'haec sunt
pectora semper' ait 'vestris exercita rebus! 265
at nihil inpendit per tot Telamonijs annos
sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!

'Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga
arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque?
confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne 270
detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus
occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem,
reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis
Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.
ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis 275
se putat, oblitus regisque ducumque meique,
nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis.
sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
quis fuit? Hector abijt violatus vulnere nullo!

'Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore 280
temporis illius, quo, Graium murus, Achilles
procubuit! nec me lacrimae luctusque timorque
tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:
his umeris, his inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis
et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro. 285
sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires,
est animus certe vestros sensurus honores:
scilicet idcirco pro nato caerula mater
ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona,
artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles 290
indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit,
Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo
Pleidasque Hyadasque immunemque aequoris Arcton

diversosque orbes nitidumque Orionis ensem.
[postulat, ut capiat, quae non intellegit, arma!] 295

‘Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
arguit incepto serum accessisse labori
nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo;
si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo. 300
me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem,
primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis:
haut timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen
cum tanto commune viro: deprensus Ulixis
ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiakis Ulixes. 305

‘Neve in me stolidae convicia fundere linguae
admiremur eum, vobis quoque digna pudore
obicit. an falso Palameden crimine turpe
accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est?
sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum 310
tamque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo
crimina: vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant.

‘Nec, Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,
esse reus merui (factum defendite vestrum!
consensistis enim), nec me suasisse negabo, 315
ut se subtraheret bellique viaeque labori
temptaretque feros requie lenire dolores.
paruit — et vivit! non haec sententia tantum
fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem.
quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt, 320
ne mandate mihi! melius Telamonius ibit
eloquioque virum morbis iraue furentem
molliet aut aliqua producet callidus arte!
ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide
stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae, 325
quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,
Aiakis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit.
sis licet infestus sociis regique mihique
dure Philoctete, licet exsecrere meumque
devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti 330

me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem,
utque tui mihi sit, fiat tibi copia nostri:
te tamen adgrediar mecumque reducere nitar
tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna) sagittis,
quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus, 335
quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi,
quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrale Minervae
hostibus e mediis. et se mihi conferat Ajax?
nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo:
fortis ubi est Ajax? ubi sunt ingentia magni 340
verba viri? cur hic metuis? cur audet Ulixes
ire per excubias et se committere nocti
perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum,
verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque
eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes? 345
quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
gestasset laeva taurorum tergora septem.
illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est:
Pergama tunc vici, cum vinci posse coegi.

‘Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis 350
ostentare meum: pars est sua laudis in illo!
nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas,
solus eras: tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.
qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae, 355
ipse quoque haec peteret; peteret moderatior Ajax
Eurypylusque ferox claroque Andraemone natus
nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem
Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae:
quippe manu fortes nec sunt mihi Marte secundi, 360
consiliis cessere meis. tibi dextera bello
utilis, ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro;
tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri;
tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum
eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes, 365
nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior,

tantum ego te supero. nec non in corpore nostro
pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.

‘At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro, 370
proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi,
hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris:
iam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi
altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama, cepi.
per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum 375
perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi,
per siquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est,
[si Troiae fatis aliquid restare putatis,]
este mei memores! aut si mihi non datis arma, 380
huic date!’ et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.

Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset,
re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.
Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque
sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram, 385
invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem
et ‘meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poscit Ulixes?
hoc’ ait ‘utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore
saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit,
ne quisquam Aiace[m] possit superare nisi Ajax.’ 390
dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
qua patuit ferrum, letalem condidit ensem.
nec valere manus infixum educere telum:
expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus
purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem, 395
qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus;
littera communis mediis pueroque viroque
inscripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae.

Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis
et veterum terras infames caede virorum 400
vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas;
quae postquam ad Graios domino comitante revexit,
inposita est sero tandem manus ultima bello.
[Troia simul Priamusque cadunt. Priameia coniunx

perdidit infelix hominis post omnia formam 405
externasque novo latratu terruit auras,
longus in angustum qua clauditur Hellespontus.]
Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis,
exiguumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem
conbiberat, tractata comis antistita Phoebi 410
non profecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas;
Dardanidas matres patriorum signa deorum,
dum licet, amplexas succensaque templa tenentes
invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai;
mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde 415
pugnantem pro se proavitaque regna tuentem
saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.
iamque viam suadet Boreas, flatuque secundo
carbasa mota sonant: iubet uti navita ventis;
‘Troia, vale! rapimur’ clamant, dant oscula terrae 420
Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt.
ultima conscendit classem — miserabile visu! —
in mediis Hecabe natorum inventa sepulcris:
prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem
Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit 425
inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos;
Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem,
inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit,

Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus
Bistoniis habitata viris: Polymestoris illic 430
regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis,
consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas
adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari.
ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit inpius ense 435
rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni
et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.

Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides,
dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicier esset: 440
hic subito, quantus, cum viveret, esse solebat,

exit humo late rupta similisque minanti
temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles,
quo ferus iniustum petiit Agamemnona ferro
'inmemores' que 'mei disceditis,' inquit 'Achivi, 445
obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae!
ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum,
placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!'
dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae,
rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat, 450
fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo
ducitur ad tumulum diroque fit hostia busto.
quae memor ipsa sui postquam crudelibus aris
admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari,
utque Neoptolemum stantem ferrumque tenentem; 455
inque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu,
'utere iamdudum generoso sanguine' dixit
'nulla mora est; at tu iugulo vel pectore telum
conde meo' iugulumque simul pectusque rexit.
'scilicet haud ulli servire Polyxena vellem. 460
haud per tale sacrum numen placabitis ullum!
mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset:
mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis
non mea mors illi, verum sua vita tremenda est.
vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera manes, 465
ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles
virgineo removete manus! acceptior illi,
quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis,
liber erit sanguis. siquos tamen ultima nostri
verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis, 470
non captiva rogat), genetrici corpus inemptum
reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri,
sed lacrimis! tum, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.'
dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat,
non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitusque sacerdos 475
praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro.
illa super terram defecto poplite labens
pertulit intrepidus ad fata novissima vultus;

tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris. 480

Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent
Priamidas et quot dederit domus una cruores,
teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx,
regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago,
nunc etiam praedae mala sors; quam victor Ulixes 485
esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectora partu
edideras: dominum matri vix repperit Hector!
quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane,
quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque,
huic quoque dat lacrimas; lacrimas in vulnera fundit 490
osculaue ore tegit consuetaue pectora plangit
canitiemque suam concretam sanguine vellens
plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore, dixit:
‘nata, tuae — quid enim superest? — dolor ultime matris,
nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, vulnus: 495
en, ne perdiderim quemquam sine caede meorum,
tu quoque vulnus habes; at te, quia femina, rebar
a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro,
totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem,
exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles; 500
at postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,
nunc certe, dixi, non est metuendus Achilles:
nunc quoque mi metuendus erat; cinis ipse sepulti
in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem:
Aeacidae fecunda fui! iacet Ilion ingens, 505
eventuque gravi finita est publica clades,
sed finita tamen; soli mihi Pergama restant.
in cursuque meus dolor est: modo maxima rerum,
tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque
nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum, 510
Penelopae munus, quae me data pensa trahentem
matribus ostendens Ithacis “haec Hectoris illa est
clara parens, haec est” dicet “Priameia coniunx,”
postque tot amissos tu nunc, quae sola levabas
maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti! 515

inferias hosti peperī! quo ferrea resto?
quidve moror? quo me servas, annosa senectus?
quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam,
vivacem differtis anum? quis posse putaret
felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici? 520
felix morte sua est! nec te, mea nata, peremptam
adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit.
at, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo,
condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis!
non haec est fortuna domus: tibi munera matris 525
contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae!
omnia perdidimus: superest, cur vivere tempus
in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri,
nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili,
has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras. 530
quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis
abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?’

Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili,
albentes lacerata comas. ‘date, Troades, urnam!’
dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas: 535
adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus
factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis;
Troades exclamant, obmutuit illa dolore,
et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas
devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo 540
torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra,
interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus,
nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati,
vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit ira.
qua simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret, 545
ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est,
utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena
signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt, hostem,
sic Hecabe, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram,
non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum, 550
vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis
conloquiumque petit; nam se monstrare relictum

velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.
credidit Odrysius praedaeque adsuetus amore
in secreta venit: tum blando callidus ore 555
‘tolle moras, Hecabe,’ dixit ‘da munera nato!
omne fore illius, quod das, quod et ante dedisti,
per superos iuro.’ spectat truculenta loquentem
falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaestuat ira
atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum 560
invocat et digitos in perfida lumina condit
expellitque genis oculos (facit ira potentem)
inmergitque manus foedataque sanguine sonti
non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.
clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni 565
Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu
coepit, at haec missum rauco cum murmure saxum
morsibus insequitur rictuque in verba parato
latravit, conata loqui: locus exstat et ex re
nomen habet, veterumque diu memor illa malorum 570
tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros.
illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos,
illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes,
sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororque
eventus Hecaben meruisse negaverit illos. 575

Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis,
cladibus et casu Troiaeque Hecabesque moveri.
cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit
Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis
vidit Achillea pereuntem cuspide mater; 580
vidit, et ille color, quo matutina rubescunt
tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether.
at non inpositos supremis ignibus artus
sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto
sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est 585
dedignata Iovis lacrimisque has addere voces:
‘omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether,
(nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templa per orbem)
diva tamen, veni, non ut delubra diesque

des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras: 590
si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem,
tum cum luce nova noctis confinia servo,
praemia danda putes; sed non ea cura neque hic est
nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores:
Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra 595
pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis
occidit a forti (sic vos voluistis) Achille.
da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem,
summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni!’
Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto 600
corrui igne rogos, nigrique volumina fumi
infecere diem, veluti cum flumine Nais
exhalat nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra;
atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum
densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem 605
atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas)
et primo similis volucris, mox vera volucris
insonuit pennis, pariter sonuere sorores
innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo,
terque rogos lustrant, et consonus exit in auras 610
ter plangor, quarto seducunt castra volatu;
tum duo diversa populi de parte feroces
bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras
exercent alasque adversaque pectora lassant,
inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto 615
corpora seque viro forti meminere creatas.
praepetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo
Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit
signa, parentali moriturae more rebellant.
ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida flebile visum est; 620
luctibus est Aurora suis intenta piasque
nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.
Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse
spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera, patrem
fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros. 625
de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam

Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe
fertur ab Antandro scelerataque limina Thracum
et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram
linquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo 630
intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem.
hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus
rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit
urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque
Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas. 635
ture dato flammis vinoque in tura profuso
caesarumque boum fibris de more crematis
regia tecta petunt, positique tapetibus altis
munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.
tum pius Anchises: 'o Phoebi lecte sacerdos,
fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi,
bisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?'
huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis
concutiens et tristis ait: 'non falleris, heros
maxime; vidisti natorum quinque parentem,
quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat)
paene vides orbem. quod enim mihi filius absens
auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus
Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?
Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber
femineae stirpi voto maiora fideque
munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta mearum
in segetem laticemque meri canaeque Minervae
transformabantur, divesque erat usus in illis.
hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides,
(ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam
nos quoque parte putes), armorum viribus usus
abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris alantque
imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem.
effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus
et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est.
miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur:
victa metu pietas consortia corpora poenae

dedidit; et timido possis ignoscere fratri:
non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron,
Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum.
iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis:
illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo
bracchia “Bacche pater, fer opem!” dixere, tulitque
muneris auctor opem, Æsi miro perdere more
ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram
perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum;
summa mali nota est: pennas sumpsere tuaeque
coniugis in volucres, niveas abiere columbas.’

Talibus atque aliis postquam convivium dictis
inplerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota
cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi,
qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit
litora; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris,
Anchisae sceptrum, chlamydem pharetramque nepoti,
cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi
hospes ab Aoniis Therses Ismenius oris:
miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon
Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento.
urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas:
hae pro nomine erant, et quae foret illa, docebant;
ante urbem exequiae tumulique ignesque roigique
effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres
significant luctum; nymphae quoque flere videntur
siccatosque queri fontes: sine frondibus arbor
nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae.
ecce facit mediis natas Orione Thebis
hac non femineum iugulo dare vulnus aperto,
illac demisso per fortia pectora telo
pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem
funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari.
tum de virginea geminos exire favilla,
ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronas
nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam.
hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere,

summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho.
nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt
dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram,
dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.

Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teucri
ducere principium Creten tenuere locique
ferre diu nequiere Iovem centumque relictis
urbibus Ausonios optant contingere portus,
saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos
portubus infidis exterruit ales Aello.
et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque
Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis,
praeter erant vecti: certatam lite deorum
Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum
iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est,
vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu
Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso
inopia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.

Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis
rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati
Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur;
inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli
Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrans
Sicaniam: tribus haec excurrit in aequora linguis,
e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros,
mollibus oppositum zephyris Lilybaeon, ad arctos
aequoris expertes spectat boreanque Peloros.
hac subeunt Teucri, et remis aestuque secundo
sub noctem potitur Zancleae classis harena:
Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis
infestat; vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas,
illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum,
virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates
ficta reliquerunt, aliquo quoque tempore virgo:
hanc multi petiere proci, quibus illa repulsis
ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis,
ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores.

cui dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos,
talibus adloquitur repetens suspiria dictis:
‘te tamen, o virgo, genus haut inmite virorum
expetit, utque facis, potes his inpune negare;
at mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerulea Doris
enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum,
non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopi amorem
effugere.’ et lacrimae vocem inpediere loquentis.
quas ubi marmoreo deterisit pollice virgo
et solata deam est, ‘refer, o carissima’ dixit
‘neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris!’
Nereis his contra resecuta Crataeide natam est:
‘Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus
magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas,
nostra tamen maior; nam me sibi iunxerat uni.
pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis
signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas.
hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat.
nec, si quaesieris, odium Cyclopi amorne
Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam:
par utrumque fuit. pro, quanta potentia regni
est, Venus alma, tui! nempe ille inmitis et ipsis
horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo
inpune et magni cum dis contemptor Olympi,
quid sit amor, sentit validaque cupidine captus
uritur oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.
iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi,
iam rigidos pectus rastris, Polypheme, capillos,
iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam
et spectare feros in aqua et componere vultus.
caedis amor feritasque sitisque inmensa cruoris
cessant, et tutae veniuntque abeuntque carinae.
Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnam,
Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
terribilem Polyphemon adit “lumen” que, “quod unum
fronte geris media, rapiet tibi” dixit “Ulixes.”
risit et “o vatum stolidissime, falleris,” inquit,

“altera iam rapuit.” sic frustra vera monentem
spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu
degravat, aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra.
prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo
collis (utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda):
huc ferus adscendit Cyclops mediusque resedit;
lanigeræ pecudes nullo ducente secutæ.
cui postquam pinus, baculi quæ præbuit usum,
ante pedes posita est antemnis apta ferendis
sumptaque harundinibus compacta est fistula centum,
senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes,
senserunt undæ; latitans ego rupe meique
Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi
talìa dicta meis auditaque mente notavi:

“Candidior folio nivei Galatea ligustri,
floridior pratis, longa procerior alno,
splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo,
levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis,
solibus hibernis, æstiva gratior umbra,
mobiliior damma, platano conspectior alta,
lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva,
mollior et cycni plumis et lacta coacto,
et, si non fugias, riguo formosior horto;

“Saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvencis,
durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis,
lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,
his immobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni,
asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
surdior aequoribus, calcato inimitior hydro,
et, quod præcipue vellem tibi demere possem,
non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura,
(at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse, morasque
ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores)
sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo
antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,

nec sentitur hiems; sunt poma gravantia ramos,
sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae,
sunt et purpureae: tibi et has servamus et illas.
ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra
mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
prunaeque non solum nigro liventia suco,
verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
arbuti fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor.

“Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque vallibus
errant,
multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris,
nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint:
pauperis est numerare pecus; de laudibus harum
nil mihi credideris, praesens potes ipsa videre,
ut vix circumeant distentum cruribus uber.
sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni.
sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda
servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant.

“Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque,
parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus:
inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis,
villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae:
inveni et dixi ‘dominae servabimus istos.’

“Tam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exere ponto,
iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra!
certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi
nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
adspice, sim quantus: non est hoc corpore maior
Iuppiter in caelo, nam vos narrare soletis
nescio quem regnare Iovem; coma plurima torvos
prominet in vultus, umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat;
nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis
corpora, turpe puta: turpis sine frondibus arbor,

turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent;
pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est:
barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae.
unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar
ingentis clipei. quid? non haec omnia magnus
Sol videt e caelo? Soli tamen unicus orbis.

“Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore regnat:
hunc tibi do socerum; tantum miserere precesque
supplicis exaudi! tibi enim succumbimus uni,
quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen,
Nerei, te vereor, tua fulmine saevior ira est.
atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius,
si fugeres omnes; sed cur Cyclope repulso
Acin amas praefersque meis complexibus Acin?
ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit,
quod nollem, Galatea, tibi; modo copia detur:
sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires!
viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros
perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat!) undas.
uror enim, laesusque exaestuat acrius ignis,
cumque suis videor translatam viribus Aetnen
pectore ferre meo, nec tu, Galatea, moveris.”

‘Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam)
surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta
stare nequit silvaeque et notis saltibus errat,
cum ferus ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes
me videt atque Acin “video” que exclamat “et ista
ultima sit, faciam, Veneris concordia vestrae.”
tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere
debut, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne.
ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor;
terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros
et “fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes,”
dixerat “et vestris peritulum admittite regnis!”
insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam
mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum
angulus e saxo, totum tamen obruit Acin,

at nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat,
fecimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas.
puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra
temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit,
fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre
purgaturque mora; tum moles iacta dehiscit,
vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo,
osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis,
miraque res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo
incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis,
qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore,
Acis erat, sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in amnem
versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen.'

Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto
discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis.
Scylla redit; neque enim medio se credere ponto
audet, et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena
aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus
gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda:
ecce fretum stringens, alti novus incola ponti,
nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris,
Glaucus adest, visaeque cupidine virginis haeret
et, quaecumque putat fugientem posse morari,
verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore
pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.
ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum
longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex:
constitit hic et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne
ille sit, ignorans admiraturque colorem
caesariemque umeros subiectaque terga tegentem,
ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis.
sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli
'non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo,
sed deus' inquit 'aquae: nec maius in aequora Proteus
ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon.
ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis
debitus aequoribus, iam tum exercebar in illis;

nam modo ducebam ducentia retia pisces,
nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.
sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum
altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis,
quas neque cornigeræ morsu laesere iuvencae,
nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaevæ capellæ;
non apis inde tulit conlectos sedula flores,
non data sunt capiti genialia sarta, neque umquam
falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo
caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco,
utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces,
insuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus
aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos.
res similis fictæ, sed quid mihi fingere prodest?
gramine contacto coepit mea præda moveri
et mutare latus terraque ut in æquore niti.
dumque moror mirorque simul, fugit omnis in undas
turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquunt.
obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro,
num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae:
“quæ tamen has” inquam “vires habet herba?” manumque
pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi.
vix bene conbiberant ignotos guttura sucos,
cum subito trepidare intus præcordia sensi
alteriusque rapi naturæ pectus amore;
nec potui restare diu “repetenda” quæ “numquam
terra, vale!” dixi corpusque sub æquora mersi.
di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore,
utque mihi, quaecumque feram, mortalia demant,
Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis,
et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto
pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum;
nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes
totaque vertuntur supra caput æquora nostrum.
hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre,
hactenus hæc memini, nec mens mea cetera sensit.
quæ postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto,

ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi:
hanc ego tum primum viridem ferrugine barbam
caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro,
ingentesque umeros et caerula bracchia vidi
cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce.
quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis,
quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis?
taliam dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit
Scylla deum; furit ille inritatusque repulsa
prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.

LIBER QVARTVS DECIMVS

Iamque Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen
arvaeque Cyclopum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri,
nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus
liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum,
liquerat et Zancle adversaque moenia Regi 5
navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum
Ausoniae Siculaeque tenet confinia terrae.
inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora vectus
herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus
Sole satae Circes, variarum plena ferarum. 10
quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute,
'diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare
tu potes hunc,' dixit 'videar modo dignus, amorem.
quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potentia, nulli
quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis. 15
neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris:
litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra,
Scylla mihi visa est. pudor est promissa precesque
blanditiasque meas contemptaque verba referre;
at tu, sive aliquid regni est in carmine, carmen 20
ore move sacro, sive expugnacior herba est,
utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae
nec medeare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando,
fine nihil opus est: partem ferat illa caloris.'
at Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla 25
talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa,
seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno,)
taliter verba refert: 'melius sequerere volentem
optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam.
dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari, 30
et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro.
neu dubites absitque tuae fiducia formae,
en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis,
carmine cum tantum, tantum quoque gramine possim,

ut tua sim, voveo. spernentem sperne, sequenti 35
redde vices, unoque duas ulciscere facto.’
taliam temptanti ‘prius’ inquit ‘in aequore frondes’
Glaucus ‘et in summis nascentur montibus algae,
Sospite quam Scylla nostri mutantur amores.’
indignata dea est et laedere quatenus ipsum 40
non poterat (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi,
quae sibi praelata est; venerisque offensa repulsa,
protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis
conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet
caeruleaque induitur velamina perque ferarum 45
agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula
oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa
Region ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas,
in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra
summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis. 50
parvus erat gurgis, curvos sinuatus in arcus,
grata quies Scyllae: quo se referebat ab aestu
et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe
sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras.
hunc dea praeveniat portentificisque venenis 55
inquinat; hic pressos latices radice nocenti
spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum
ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.
Scylla venit mediaque tenuis descenderat alvo,
cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris 60
adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque
Cerberaeos rictus pro partibus invenit illis: 65
statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
inguinibus truncis utroque exstante coercet.

Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae
viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes;
Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia, primum 70
in Circes odium socii spoliavit Ulixem;

mox eadem Teucras fuerat mensura carinas,
ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat,
transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.

Hunc ubi Troianae remis avidamque Charybdis 75
evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adessent
Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras.
excipit Aenean illic animoque domoque
non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti
Sidonis; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta 80
incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes.
rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae
ad sedemque Erycis fidumque relatus Acesten
sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat.
quasque rates Iris Iunonia paene cremarat, 85
solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti
sulphure fumantis Acheloiadumque relinquit
Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus
Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas
colle Pitheculas, habitantum nomine dictas. 90
quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam
Cercopum exosus gentisque admissa dolosae,
in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem
dissimiles homini possent similesque videri,
membraque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas 95
contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora
totaque velatos flamenti corpora villo
misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum
verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae;
posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit. 100

Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra
moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori
Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus ulvis,
litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae
intrat et, ut manes adeat per Averno paternos, 105
orat. at illa diu vultum tellure moratum
erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto
‘magna petis,’ dixit, ‘vir factis maxime, cuius

dextera per ferrum, pietas spectata per ignes.
pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis 110
Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi
me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis.
in via virtuti nulla est via.' dixit et auro
fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae
monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco. 115
paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci
vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem
magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum,
quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis.
inde ferens lassos averso tramite passus 120
cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem.
dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit,
'seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima,' dixit,
'numinis instar eris semper mihi, meque fatebor
muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire, 125
quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis.
pro quibus aerias meritis evectus ad auras
templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores.'
respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustus
'nec dea sum,' dixit 'nec sacri turis honore 130
humanum dignare caput, neu nescius erres,
lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur,
si mea virginitas Phoebo patuisset amanti.
dum tamen hanc sperat, dum praecorumpere donis
me cupit, "elige," ait "virgo Cumaea, quid optes: 135
optatis potiere tuis." ego pulveris hausti
ostendens cumulum, quot haberet corpora pulvis,
tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi;
excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.
hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternamque iuventam, 140
si Venerem paterer: contempto munere Phoebi
innuba permaneo; sed iam felicior aetas
terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus,
quae patienda diu est. nam iam mihi saecula septem
acta, tamen superest, numeros ut pulveris aequem, 145

ter centum messes, ter centum musta videre.
tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam
longa dies faciet, consumptaque membra senecta
ad minimum redigentur onus: nec amata videbor
nec placuisse deo, Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse 150
vel non cognoscet, vel dilexisse negabit:
usque adeo mutata ferar nullique videnda,
voce tamen noscar; vocem mihi fata relinquent.'

Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla
sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem 155
Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis
litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen.
hic quoque substiterat post taedia longa laborum
Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixis.
desertum quondam mediis qui rupibus Aetnae 160
noscit Achaemeniden improvisoque repertum
vivere miratus, 'qui te casusve deusve
servat, Achaemenide? cur' inquit 'barbara Graium
prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?'
taliam quaerenti, iam non hirsutus amictu, 165
iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
fatur Achaemenides: 'iterum Polyphemon et illos
adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus,
hac mihi si potior domus est Ithaceque carina,
si minus Aenean veneror genitore, nec umquam 170
esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.
quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis
respicio, possimne ingratus et inmemor esse?
ille dedit, quod non anima haec Cyclopi in ora
venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam, 175
aut tumulto aut certe non illa condar in alvo.
quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem
sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus
aequora conspexi? volui inclamare, sed hosti
prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis 180
paene rati nocuit. vidi, cum monte revulsum
inmanem scopulum medias permisit in undas;

vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta
vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto
et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam, 185
pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.
ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit,
ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam
praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbus
rupibus incursat foedataque bracchia tabo 190
in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam
atque ait: “o si quis referat mihi casus Ulixem,
aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira,
viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra
membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet 195
guttur, et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus:
quam nullum aut leve sit damnum mihi lucis ademptae!”
haec et plura ferox, me luridus occupat horror
spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes
crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem 200
membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam.
mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen illa malorum,
et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar
in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago
temporis illius, quo vidi bina meorum 205
ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae,
cum super ipse iacens hirsuti more leonis
visceraque et carnes cumque albis ossa medullis
semianimesque artus avidam condebat in alvum;
me tremor invasit: stabam sine sanguine maestus, 210
mandentemque videns eiectantemque cruentas
ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem:
taliam fingebam misero mihi fata parari
perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremiscens
ad strepitum mortemque timens cupidusque moriri 215
glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba
solus inops exspes leto poenaeque relictus
hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem
oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri,

et movi: Graiumque ratis Troiana recepit! 220
tu quoque pande tuos, comitum gratissime, casus
et ducis et turbae, quae tecum est credita ponto.’

Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo,
Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos;
quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus, 225
Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo
lucibus isse novem et terram aspexisse petitam;
proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret,
invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos
esse; ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis; 230
cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas,
Aeolique ratem portus repetisse tyranni.
‘inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis’ inquit ‘in urbem
venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.
missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum, 235
vixque fuga quaesita salus comitique mihique,
tertius e nobis Laestrygonis inopia tinxit
ora cruore suo. fugientibus instat et agmen
conciat Antiphates; coeunt et saxa trabesque
conciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas. 240
una tamen, quae nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixem,
effugit. amissa sociorum parte dolentes
multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis,
quas procul hinc cernis (procul est, mihi crede, videnda
insula visa mihi!) tuque o iustissime Troum, 245
nate dea, (neque enim finito Marte vocandus
hostis es, Aenea) moneo, fuge litora Circes!
nos quoque Circaeο religata in litore pinu,
Antiphatae memores inmansuetique Cyclopis,
ire negabamus; sed tecta ignota subire 250
sorte sumus lecti: sors me fidumque Politen
Eurylochumque simul nimiique Elpenora vini
bisque novem socios Circaeα ad moenia misit.
quae simul attigimus stetimusque in limine tecti,
mille lupi mixtaeque lupis ursaeque leaeque 255
occursu fecere metum, sed nulla timenda

nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus;
quin etiam blandas movere per aera caudas
nostraque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec
excipiunt famulae perque atria marmore tecta 260
ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu
sollemni solio pallamque induta nitentem
insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.

Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis
nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt: 265
gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores
secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas;
ipsa, quod hae faciunt, opus exigit, ipsa, quis usus
quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis,
novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas. 270
haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute
diffudit vultus et reddidit omina votis.

nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani
mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo,
quique sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos 275
adicit. accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.

quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore,
et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos,
(et pudet et referam) saetis horrescere coepi,
nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum 280

murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu,
osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro,
colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte
sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci
cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!) 285
claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura
vidimus Eurylochum: solus data pocula fugit;
quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem
nunc quoque saetigeri, nec tantae cladis ab illo
certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes. 290
pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album:
moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur;
tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat

ille domum Circes et ad insidiosa vocatus
pocula conantem virga mulcere capillos 295
reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense.
inde fides dextraeque datae thalamoque receptus
coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit.
spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae
percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae, 300
verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit
rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis
bracchia sunt: flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi 305
haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti
ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.
annua nos illic tenuit mora, multa praeiens
tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi,
hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi rettulit una 310
quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis.
cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum
ostendit iuvenale gerens in vertice picum,
aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis. 315
quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede,
cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti
“accipe” ait, “Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae sit
hinc quoque disce meae; tu dictis adice mentem!

“Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia, terris 320
rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum;
forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem
adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine verum;
par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos
quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam. 325
ille suos dryadas Latiis in montibus ortas
verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant
numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici,
quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo
Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae, 330

quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae
finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam
ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati
dicitur ancipiti peperisse Venilia Iano.

haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis, 335

praeposito cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est,
rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi,
unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere
et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari

ore suo volucresque vagas retinere solebat. 340

quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce,
exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros
indigenas fixurus apros tergumque premebat
acris equi laevaue hastilia bina ferebat
poeniceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro. 345

venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem,
utque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas,
nomine dicta suo Circaea reliquerat arva.

quae simul ac iuvenem virgultis abdita vidit,
obstupuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae, 350
flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas.

ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu,
quid cuperet, fassura fuit: ne posset adire,
cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles.

‘non’ ait ‘effugies, vento rapiare licebit, 355

si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis
herbarum virtus, nec me mea carmina fallunt.’

dixit et effigiem nullo cum corpore falsi
fingit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis
iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri, 360

plurima qua silva est et equo loca pervia non sunt.
haut mora, continuo praedae petit inscius umbram
Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit
spemque sequens vanam silva pedes errat in alta.

concipit illa preces et verba venefica dicit 365

ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat,

quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae

et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes.
tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum
et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur 370
limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis.
nacta locum tempusque ‘per o, tua lumina,’ dixit
‘quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime, formam,
quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris
ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem 375
accipe nec durus Titanida despice Circen.’
dixerat; ille ferox ipsamque precesque repellit
et ‘quaecumque es,’ ait ‘non sum tuus; altera captum
me tenet et teneat per longum, conprecor, aevum,
nec Venere externa socialia foedera laedam, 380
dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem.’
saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra
‘non in punere feres, neque’ ait ‘reddere Canenti,
laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina, discas
rebus; at est et amans et laesa et femina Circe!’ 385
tum bis ad occasus, bis se convertit ad ortus,
ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit.
ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse
currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit,
seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis 390
indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro
figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis;
purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem;
fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum,
pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro, 395
nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.

“Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros
nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto,
inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras
passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi) 400
criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt
vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis:
illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni
et Noctem Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque

convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat. 405
exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae,
ingemuitque solum, vincinaque palluit arbor,
sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis,
et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos
et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atris 410
squalere et tenues animae volitare silentum:
attonitum monstros vulgus pavet; illa paventis
ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga,
cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum
in iuvenes veniunt: nulli sua mansit imago. 415

“Sparserat occiduus Tartessia litora Phoebus,
et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis
exspectatus erat: famuli populusque per omnes
discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant;
nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos 420
et dare plangorem (facit haec tamen omnia) seque
proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros.
sex illam noctes, totidem redeuntia solis
lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique
per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem; 425
ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque
fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa.
illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore
verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim
carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cycnus; 430
luctibus extremum tenues liquefacta medullas
tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras,
fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem
nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae.”

‘Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum 435
visa sunt. resides et desuetudine tardi
rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur,
ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum
dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti:
pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi.’ 440

Finierat Macareus, urnaque Aeneia nutrix

condita marmorea tumulo breve carmen habebat
hic : me : caietam : notae : pietatis : alumnus
ereptam : argolico : quo : debuit : igne : cremavit
solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis, 445
et procul insidias infamataeque relinquunt
tectae deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra
in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena;
Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini,
non sine Marte tamen. bellum cum gente feroci 450
suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus.
concurrit Latio Tyrrhenia tota, diuque
ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.
auget uterque suas externo robore vires,
et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur 455
castra, neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frustra,
at Venulus frustra profugi Diomedis ad urbem
venerat: ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno
moenia condiderat dotaliaque arva tenebat;
sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit 460
auxiliumque petit, vires Aetolius heros
excusat: nec se aut soceri committere pugnae
velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum
armet habere ullos, 'neve haec commenta putetis,
admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari, 465
perpetiar memorare tamen. postquam alta cremata est
Ilios, et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammas,
Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine raptam,
quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes,
spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti 470
fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque
perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis,
neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus,
Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri.
me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae 475
fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab agris
pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas
exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores

aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis,
ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati, 480
quos communis hiems inportunusque Caphereus
mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.

‘Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque
deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon
fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper, 485
“quid superest, quod iam patientia vestra recuset
ferre, viri?” dixit “quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra,
velle puta, faciat? nam dum peiora timentur,
est in vota locus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum,
sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum. 490
audiat ipsa licet, licet, ut facit, oderit omnes
sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes
spernimus: haud magno stat magna potentia nobis.”
talibus irritans Venerem Pleuronius Acmon
instimulat verbis veteremque resuscitat iram. 495
dicta placent paucis, numeri maioris amici
Acmona conripimus; cui respondere volenti
vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque
in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur
pectoraque et tergum, maiores brachia pennas 500
accipiunt, cubitique leves sinuantur in alas;
magna pedis digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu
indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt.
hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rhexenore Nycteus,
hunc miratur Abas, et dum mirantur, eandem 505
accipiunt faciem, numerusque ex agmine maior
subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis:
si volucrum quae sit subitarum forma requiris,
ut non cynnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis.
vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni 510
arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum.’

Hactenus Oenides, Venulus Calydonia regna
Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit.
in quibus antra videt, quae, multa nubila silva
et levibus cannis latitantia semicaper Pan 515

nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae.
Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas
terrui et primo subita formidine movit,
mox, ubi mens rediit et contempsere sequentem,
ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas; 520
inprobat has pastor saltuque imitatus agresti
addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis,
nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor:
arbor enim est, sucoque licet cognoscere mores.
quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris 525
exhibet: asperitas verborum cessit in illa.

Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes
arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis
bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris
parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinea Turnus 530
texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit.
iamque picem et ceras alimentaue cetera flammae
Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum
ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae,
cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas 535
sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi
aeris et inflati conplevit murmure buxi
perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras
'inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra,
Turne!' ait. 'eripiam: nec me patiente cremabit 540
ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum.'
intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque secuti
cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi,
aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor
Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres. 545
e quibus alma parens unius viribus usa
stuppea praecepit Phrygiae retinacula classis,
fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit;
robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso
in capitum faciem puppes mutantur aduncae, 550
in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi,
quodque prius fuerat, latus est, mediisque carina

subdita navigiis spinae mutatur in usum,
lina comae molles, antennae brachia fiunt,
caerulus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant, 555
illas virgineis exercent lusibus undas
Naidae aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae
molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo;
non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe
pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis 560
subposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos:
cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores odere Pelagos
Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis
vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppim
vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno. 565

Spes erat, in nymphas animata classe marinas
posse metu monstri Rutulum desistere bello:
perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum est
instar, habent animos; nec iam dotalia regna,
nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo, 570
sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore
bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victricia nati
arma videt, Turnusque cadit: cadit Ardea, Turno
sospite dicta potens; quam postquam barbarus ignis
abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla, 575
congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes
subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis.
et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam
quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa
urbis, et ipsa suis deplangitur Ardea pennis. 580

Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus
Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras,
cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli,
tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros.
ambieratque Venus superos colloque parentis 585
circumfusa sui 'numquam mihi' dixerat 'ullo
tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto,
Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro
fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen,

dummodo des aliquod! satis est inamabile regnum 590
adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per amnes.’
adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus
inmotos tenuit placatoque adnuat ore;
tum pater ‘estis’ ait ‘caelesti munere digni,
quaeque petis pro quoque petis: cape, nata, quod optas!’ 595
fatus erat: gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti
perque leves auras iunctis invecta columbis
litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit
in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.
hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti, 600
abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu;
corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque,
quicquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat
et respersit aquis; pars optima restitit illi.
lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore 605
unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectare mixta
contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini
nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.

Inde sub Ascanii ditione binominis Alba
resque Latina fuit. succedit Silvius illi. 610
quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus
nomina cum sceptro, clarus subit Alba Latinum.
Epytus ex illo est; post hunc Capetusque Capysque,
sed Capys ante fuit; regnum Tiberinus ab illis
cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis 615
nomina fecit aquae; de quo Remulusque feroxque
Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis
fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu.
fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti
tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnarat, eodem 620
monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti;
iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas
inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos
nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus; 625
unde tenet nomen: non silvas illa nec amnes,

rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes;
nec iaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce,
qua modo luxuriem premit et spatiantia passim
bracchia conpescit, fisso modo cortice virgam 630
inserit et sucos alieno praestat alumno;
nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas
radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis.
hic amor, hoc studium, Veneris quoque nulla cupido est;
vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit 635
intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles.
quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus,
fecere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes
Silvanusque, suis semper iuvenilior annis,
quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret, 640
ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis.
o quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas
corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago!
tempora saepe gerens faeno religata recenti 645
desectum poterat gramen versasse videri;
saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat, ut illum
iurares fessos modo disiunxisse iuencos.
falce data frondator erat vitisque putator;
induerat scalas: lecturum poma putares; 650
miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta;
denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
innitens baculo, positus per tempora canis, 655
adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos
pomaque mirata est 'tanto' que 'potentior!' inquit
paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam
vera dedisset anus, glaebaque incurva resedit
suspiciens pandos autumnii pondere ramos. 660
ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis:
quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit,
'at si staret' ait 'caelebs sine palmite truncus,

nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet;
haec quoque, quae iuncta est, vitis requiescit in ulmo: 665
si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iaceret;
tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius
concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas.
atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
sollicitata procis nec quae Lapitheia movit 670
proelia nec coniunx nimium tardantis Ulixis.
nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
mille viri cupiunt et semideique deque
et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.
sed tu si sapiēs, si te bene iungere anumque 675
hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis,
plus, quam credis, amo: vulgares reice taedas
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige! pro quo
me quoque pignus habe: neque enim sibi notior ille est,
quam mihi; nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe, 680
haec loca sola colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
quam modo vidit, amat: tu primus et ultimus illi
ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos.
adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris
munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes, 685
et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.
quid, quod amatis idem, quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
primus habet laetaque tenet tua munera dextra!
sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos
nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas 690
nec quicquam nisi te: miserere ardentis et ipsum,
qui petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.
ultoresque deos et pectora dura perosam
Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram!
quoque magis timeas, (etenim mihi multa vetustas 695
scire dedit) referam tota notissima Cypro
facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.

‘Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucri
Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus,
viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum 700

luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit
et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae,
et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris 705
sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem;
saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
molle latus tristisque serae convicia fecit. 710
saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet, factisque inmitibus addit
verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem. 715
non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit:
“vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei: laetos molire triumphos
et Paean voca nitidaque incingere lauru! 720
vincis enim, moriorque libens: age, ferrea, gaude!
certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris,
quo tibi sim gratus, meritumque fatebere nostrum.
non tamen ante tui curam excessisse memento
quam vitam geminaque simul mihi luce carendum. 725
nec tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti:
ipse ego, ne dubites, adero praesensque videbor,
corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas.
si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis,
este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari 730
sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo,
et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae!”
dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis
umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,
cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summis, 735
“haec tibi sarta placent, crudelis et inopia!” dixit
inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam,

atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
icta pedum motu trepidantum aperire iubentem
visa dedisse sonum est adapertaque ianua factum 740
prodidit, exclamant famuli frustra levatum
(nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris;
accipit illa sinu complexaque frigida nati
membra sui postquam miserorum verba parentum
edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit, 745
funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem
luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.
forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat
pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures
venit Anaxaretes, quam iam deus ultor agebat. 750
mota tamen “videamus” ait “miserabile funus”
et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris
vixque bene inpositum lecto prospexerat Iphin:
deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis
inducto pallore fugit, conataque retro 755
ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus
hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus,
quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.
neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum
servat adhuc Salamis, Veneris quoque nomine templum 760
Prospicientis habet. — quorum memor, o mea, lentos
pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nymphe:
sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
poma, nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti!’

Haec ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili 765
edidit, in iuvenem rediit et anilia demit
instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi,
qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
evicit nubes nullaque obstante reluxit,
vimque parat: sed vi non est opus, inque figura 770
capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit.

Proximus Ausonias iniusti miles Amuli
rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis
munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis

moenia conduntur; Tatiusque patresque Sabini 775
bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa
dignam animam poena congestis exuit armis;
inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum
ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore
invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo 780
clauserat Iliades: unam tamen ipse reclusit
nec strepitum verso Saturnia cardine fecit;
sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit
et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam
dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant 785
naides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte:
has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem
sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis
elicuere sui; nondum tamen invia Iani
ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda: 790
lurida subponunt fecundo sulphura fonti
incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas.
viribus his aliisque vapor penetravit ad ima
fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori
audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis! 795
flammi fera gemini fumant aspergine postes,
portaque nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis
fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma
indueret miles; quae postquam Romulus ultro
obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis 800
corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem
sanguine cum soceri permiscuit inpius ensis.
pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima ferro
decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno.
Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata duobus, 805
Romule, iura dabas: posita cum casside Mavors
talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem:
‘tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno
res Romana valet nec praeside pendet ab uno,
praemia, (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti) 810
solvere et ablatum terris inponere caelo.

tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum
(nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)
“unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli”
dixisti: rata sit verborum summa tuorum!’ 815
adnuat omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis
occuluit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem.
quae sibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae,
innixusque hastae pressos temone cruento
inpavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu 820
verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus
constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati
reddentemque suo iam regia iura Quirini
abstulit Iliaden: corpus mortale per auras
dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda 825
missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo;
pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis
dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.

Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno
Irin ad Hersilien descendere limite curvo 830
imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre:
‘o et de Latia, o et de gente Sabina
praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti
ante fuisse viri coniunx, nunc esse Quirini,
siste tuos fletus, et, si tibi cura videndi 835
coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini
qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat’;
paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus,
Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris;
illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu 840
‘o dea (namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum est,
et liquet esse deam) duc, o duc’ inquit ‘et offer
coniugis ora mihi, quae si modo posse videre
fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor!’
nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea 845
ingreditur colles: ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum
decidit in terras; a cuius lumine flagrans
Hersilie crinis cum sidere cessit in auras:

hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis
excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen 850
mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino est.

LIBER QVINTVS DECIMVS

Quaeritur interea qui tantae pondera molis
sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi:
destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri
fama Numam; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae
gentis habet ritus, animo maiora capaci 5
concipit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit.
huius amor curae patria Curibusque relictis
fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem.
Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris
moenia, quaerenti sic e senioribus unus 10
rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi:
‘dives ab Oceano bobus Iove natus Hiberis
litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu
fertur, et armento teneras errante per herbas
ipse domum magni nec inhospita tecta Crotonis 15
intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem
atque ita discedens, “aevo” dixisse “nepotum
hic locus urbis erit,” promissaque vera fuerunt.
nam fuit Argolico generatus Alemone quidam
Myscelus, illius dis acceptissimus aevi. 20
hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis
claviger adloquitur: 22a
“patrias, age, desere sedes; 23b
i, pete diversi 23a
lapidosas Aesaris undas!” 22b
et, nisi paruerit, multa ac metuenda minatur; 24
post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque
surgit Alemonides tacitaque recentia mente
visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum:
numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges,
poenaque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.
candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol, 30
et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox:
visus adesse idem deus est eademque monere

et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari.
pertimuit patriumque simul transferre parabat
in sedes penetrare novas: fit murmur in urbe, 35
spretarumque agitur legum reus, utque peracta est
causa prior, crimenque patet sine teste probatum,
squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque
“o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores,
fer, precor” inquit “opem! nam tu mihi criminis auctor.” 40
mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis,
his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa;
tunc quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis
calculus inमितem demittitur ater in urnam:
quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos, 45
omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album,
candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta
solvit Alemoniden: grates agit ille parenti
Amphitryoniadae ventisque faventibus aequor
navigat Ionium Sallentinumque Neretum 50
praeterit et Sybarin Lacedaemoniumque Tarentum
Sirinosque sinus Crimisenque et Iapygis arva,
vixque pererratis, quae spectant aequora, terris,
invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora
nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis 55
ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra
condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem.’
taliam constabat certa primordia fama
esse loci positaeque Italiam in finibus urbis.

Vir fuit hic ortu Samius, sed fugerat una 60
et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exul
sponte erat isque licet caeli regione remotos
mente deos adiit et, quae natura negabat
visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit,
cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura, 65
in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentium
dictaque mirantum magni primordia mundi
et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat,
quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo,

Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent, 70
quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent,
et quodcumque latet, primusque animalia mensis
arguit inponi, primus quoque talibus ora
docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis:

‘Parcite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis 75
corpora! sunt fruges, sunt deducunt ramos
pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae,
sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma
mollirique queant; nec vobis lacteus umor
eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia florem: 80
prodiga divitias alimentaue mitia tellus
suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet.
carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes:
quippe equus et pecudes armentaue gramine vivunt;
at quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque, 85
Armeniae tigres iracundique leones
cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent.
heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi
ingestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus
alteriusque animans animantis vivere leto! 90
scilicet in tantis opibus, quas, optima matrum,
terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo
vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum,
nec, nisi perdideris alium, placare voracis
et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris! 95

‘At vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen,
fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis
fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore.
tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas,
et lepus inpavidus mediis erravit in arvis, 100
nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo:
cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem
plenaue pacis erant. postquam non utilis auctor
victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, leonum
corporeasque dapes avidum demersit in alvum, 105
fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum

incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum
(idque satis fuerat) nostrumque petentia letum
corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur:
sed quam danda neci, tam non epulanda fuerunt. 110

‘Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur
hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando
eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni;
vite caper morsa Bacchi mactandus ad aras
ducitur ultoris: nocuit sua culpa duobus! 115
quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus inque tuendos
natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar,
mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas
praebetis vitaque magis quam morte iuvatis?
quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque, 120
innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
inmemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus,
qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore
illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvom, 125
quot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur: ipsos
inscripsere deos sceleris numenque supernum
caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuveni!
victima labe carens et praestantissima forma 130
(nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro
sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem
inponique suae videt inter cornua fronti,
quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros
inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda. 135
protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras
inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis;
inde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum)
audetis vesci, genus o mortale! quod, oro,
ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris! 140
cumque boum dabitur caesorum membra palato,
mandere vos vestros scite et sentite colonos.

‘Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem

rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam
aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis: 145
magna nec ingeniis investigata priorum
quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta
astra, iuvat terris et inertis sede relictis
nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes 150
despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes
sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!

‘O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis,
quid Stygia, quid tenebras et nomina vana timetis,
materiem vatium, falsi terricula mundi? 155
corpora, sive rogi flamma seu tabe vetustas
abstulerit, mala posse pati non ulla putetis!
morte carent animae semperque priore relictis
sede novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptae:
ipse ego (nam memini) Troiani tempore belli 160
Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore quondam
haesit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae;
cognovi clipeum, laevae gestamina nostrae,
nuper Abanteis templo Iunonis in Argis!
omnia mutantur, nihil interit: errat et illinc 165
huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
spiritus eque feris humana in corpora transit
inque feras noster, nec tempore deperit ullo,
utque novis facilis signatur cera figuris
nec manet ut fuerat nec formam servat eandem, 170
sed tamen ipsa eadem est, animam sic semper eandem
esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
ergo, ne pietas sit victa cupidine ventris,
parcite, vaticinor, cognatas caede nefanda
exturbare animas, nec sanguine sanguis alatur! 175

‘Et quoniam magno feror aequore plenaque ventis
vela dedi: nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe.
cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago;
ipsa quoque adsiduo labuntur tempora motu,
non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen 180

nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda inpellitur unda
urgeturque prior veniente urgetque priorem,
tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur
et nova sunt semper; nam quod fuit ante, relictum est,
fitque, quod haut fuerat, momentaque cuncta novantur. 185

‘Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes,
et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti;
nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete
cuncta iacent media cumque albo Lucifer exit
clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis 190
tradendum Phoebo Pallantias inficit orbem.
ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima,
mane rubet, terraque rubet cum conditur ima,
candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illic
aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit. 195
nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae
esse potest umquam semperque hodierna sequente,
si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem.

‘Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum
adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae? 200
nam tener et lactens puerique simillimus aevo
vere novo est: tunc herba recens et roboris expers
turgēt et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes;
omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus
ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est. 205
transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus
fitque valens iuvenis: neque enim robustior aetas
ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est.
excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae
maturus mitisque inter iuvenemque senemque 210
temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis.
inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu,
aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos.

‘Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla
corpora vertuntur, nec quod fuimusve sumusve, 215
cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum
spesque hominum primae matris latitavimus alvo:

artifices natura manus admovit et angī
corpora visceribus distentae condita matris
noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras. 220
editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans;
mox quadrupes rituque tulit sua membra ferarum,
paulatimque tremens et nondum poplite firmo
constitit adiutis aliquo conamine nervis.
inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventae 225
transit et emeritis medii quoque temporis annis
labitur occiduae per iter declive senectae.
subruit haec aevi demoliturque prioris
robora: fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum 230
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;
flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit.
tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
omnia destruitis vitiataque dentibus aevi 235
paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte!

‘Haec quoque non perstant, quae nos elementa vocamus,
quasque vices peragant, animos adhibete: docebo.
quattuor aeternus genitalia corpora mundus
continet; ex illis duo sunt onerosa suoque 240
pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur,
et totidem gravitate carent nulloque premente
alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.
quae quamquam spatio distent, tamen omnia fiunt
ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt: resolutaque tellus 245
in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras
aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus
in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes;
inde retro redeunt, idemque retexitur ordo.
ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit, 250
hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

‘Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix
ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,

sed variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur 255
incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique
desinere illud idem. cum sint huc forsitan illa,
haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.

‘Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem
crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro, 260
saecula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum.
vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras;
et procul a pelago conchae iacuere marinae,
et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis; 265
quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor,
eque paludosa siccis humus aret harenis,
quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus ument.
hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illic 270
clausit, et aut imis commota tremoribus orbis
flumina prosiliunt, aut exsiccata residunt.
sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu,
existit procul hinc alioque renascitur ore;
sic modo conbibitur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus 275
redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis,
et Mysum capitisque sui ripaeque prioris
paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum;
nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas
nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret. 280
ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis,
fundit Anigrus aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis
eripienda fides, illic lavere bimembres
vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus.
quid? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus, 285
qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitatur amaris?

‘Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque
et Phoenissa Tyros: quarum nunc insula nulla est.
Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni:
nunc freta circueunt; Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse 290
dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus

abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda;
si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae
inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis. 295
est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis
arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi
area, nunc tumulus; nam (res horrenda relatu)
vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis,
exspirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra 300
liberiores frui caelo, cum carcere rima
nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset,
extentam tumefecit humum, ceu spiritus oris
tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni
terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alti 305
collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.

‘Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis,
pauca super referam. quid? non et lympa figuras
datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque calescit, 310
admotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum
narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes.
flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus;
Crathis et huic Subaris nostris conterminus oris 315
electro similes faciunt auroque capillos;
quodque magis mirum est, sunt, qui non corpora tantum,
verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae
Aethiopesque lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit, 320
aut furit aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem;
Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit,
vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis,
seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino,
sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus, 325
Proetidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas
eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
misit aquas, odiumque meri permansit in undis.

huic fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis,
quem quicumque parum moderato gutture traxit, 330
haut aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.
est locus Arcadiae, Pheneon dixere priores,
ambiguus suspectus aquis, quas nocte timeto:
nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur;
sic alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires 335
concipiunt.++tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis,
nunc sedet Ortygie; timuit concursibus Argo
undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum,
quae nunc inmotae perstant ventisque resistunt.
nec quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus Aetne, 340
ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper.
nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque
spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis,
spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur,
has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas; 345
sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris
saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae
materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem,
antra relinquuntur sedatis frigida ventis;
sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires, 350
luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis,
nempe, ubi terra cibos alimenta pingua flammae
non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum,
naturaeque suum nutrimentum deerit edaci,
non feret illa famem desertaque deseret ignis. 355

‘Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene,
qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis,
cum Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem;
haut equidem credo: sparsae quoque membra venenis
exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem. 360

‘Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis,
nonne vides, quaecumque mora fluidove calore
corpora tabuerint, in parva animalia verti?
in scrobe deiecto mactatos obrue tauros
(cognita res usu): de putri viscere passim 365

florilegae nascuntur apes, quae more parentum
rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant.
pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est;
concava litoreo si demas bracchia cancro,
cetera supponas terrae, de parte sepulta 370
scorpius exhibit caudaque minabitur unca;
quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis
agrestes tineae (res observata colonis)
ferali mutant cum papilione figuram.

‘Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas, 375
et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando
crura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta,
posterior partes superat mensura priores.
nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
sed male viva caro est; lambendo mater in artus 380
fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipse, reducit.
nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula fetus
melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci
et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas?
Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat, 385
armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas
et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi,
ni sciret fieri, fieri quis posse putaret?
sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro,
mutari credant humanas angue medullas. 390

‘Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt,
una est, quae reparet seque ipsa reseminet, ales:
Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi.
haec ubi quinque suae conplevit saecula vitae, 395
ilicet in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae
unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore,
quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas
quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra,
se super inponit finitque in odoribus aevum. 400
inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci;

cum dedit huic aetas vires, onerique ferendo est,
ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae
fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum 405
perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.

‘Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis,
alternare vices et, quae modo femina tergo
passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam; 410
id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura,
protinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores.
victa racemifero lyncas dedit India Baccho:
e quibus, ut memorant, quicquid vesica remisit,
vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto. 415
sic et curalium quo primum contigit auras
tempore, durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis.

‘Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos
aequore tinguet equos, quam consequar omnia verbis
in species translata novas: sic tempora verti 420
cernimus atque illas adsumere robora gentes,
concidere has; sic magna fuit censuque virisque
perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos,
nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas
et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum. 425
clara fuit Sparte, magnae viguere Mycenae,
nec non et Cecropis, nec non Amphionis arces.
vile solum Sparte est, altae cecidere Mycenae,
Oedipodioniae quid sunt, nisi nomina, Thebae?
quid Pandioniae restant, nisi nomen, Athenae? 430
nunc quoque Dardaniam fama est consurgere Romam,
Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis
mole sub ingenti rerum fundamina ponit:
haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim
inmensi caput orbis erit! sic dicere vates 435
faticinasque ferunt sortes, quantumque recordor,
Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis 438
dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret: 437
“nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae 439

mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia!
flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter: ibis et una
Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibi
externum patria contingat amicus arum,
urbem et iam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes,
quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis. 445
hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem,
sed dominam rerum de sanguine natus Iuli
efficiet, quo cum tellus erit usa, fruentur
aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi.”
haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae 450
mente memor refero cognataque moenia laetor
crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos.

‘Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe
exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo est,
inmutat formas, tellusque et quicquid in illa est. 455
nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
verum etiam volucres animae sumus, inque ferinas
possumus ire domos pecudumque in pectora condi,
corpora, quae possint animas habuisse parentum
aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis 460
aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus
neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis!
quam male consuescit, quem se parat ille cruori
inpius humano, vituli qui guttura ferro
rumpit et inmotas praebet mugitibus aures, 465
aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum
edentem iugulare potest aut alite vesci,
cui dedit ipse cibos! quantum est, quod desit in istis
ad plenum facinus? quo transitus inde paratur?
bos aret aut mortem senioribus inputet annis, 470
horriferum contra borean ovis arma ministret,
ubera dent saturae manibus pressanda capellae!
retia cum pedicis laqueosque artesque dolosas
tollite! nec volucrem viscata fallite virga
nec formidatis cervos includite pinnis 475
nec celate cibus uncis fallacibus hamos;

perdite siqua nocent, verum haec quoque perdit tantum:
ora cruore vacent alimentaue mitia carpant!’

Talibus atque aliis instructo pectore dictis
in patriam remeasse ferunt ultroque petitum 480
accepisse Numam populi Latialis habenas.
coniuge qui felix nympa ducibusque Camenis
sacrificos docuit ritus gentemque feroci
adsuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.
qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit, 485
extinctum Latiaeque nurus populusque patresque
deflevit Numam; nam coniunx urbe relicta
vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita silvis
sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianae
inpedi. a! quotiens nympae nemorisque lacusque, 490
ne faceret, monuere et consolantia verba
dixerunt! quotiens flenti Theseius heros
‘siste modum,’ dixit ‘neque enim fortuna querenda
sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus:
mitius ista feres, utinamque exempla dolentem 495
non mea te possent relevare! sed et mea possunt.

‘Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras si contigit aures
credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae
occubuisse neci, mirabere, vixque probabo,
sed tamen ille ego sum. me Pasiphaeia quondam 500
temptatum frustra patrium temerare cubile,
quod voluit, finxit voluisse et, crimine verso
(indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae?)
damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe
hostilique caput prece detestatur euntis. 505
Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam
iamque Corinthiaci carpebam litora ponti,
cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum
in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus
et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi; 510
corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis
pectoribusque tenuis molles erectus in auras
naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.

corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interrita mansit
exiliis contenta suis, cum colla feroces 515
ad freta convertunt adrectisque auribus horrent
quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis
praecipitant currum scopulis; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albentibus oblita luctor
et retro lentas tendo resupinus habenas. 520
nec tamen has vires rabies superasset equorum,
ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
excutor curru, lorisque tenentibus artus
viscera viva trahi, nervos in stipe teneri, 525
membra rapi partim partimque repressa relinqui,
ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres
exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes,
noscere quas posses: unumque erat omnia vulnus.
num potes aut audes cladi componere nostrae, 530
nympha, tuam? vidi quoque luce carentia regna
et lacerum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda,
nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis
reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis
atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi, 535
tum mihi, ne praesens augerem muneris huius
invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes,
utque forem tutus possemque inpune videri,
addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit
ora mihi Cretenque diu dubitavit habendam 540
traderet an Delon: Delo Creteque relictis
hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum
admonuisse, iubet deponere “qui” que “fuisti
Hippolytus,” dixit “nunc idem Virbius esto!”
hoc nemus inde colo de disque minoribus unus 545
numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi.’

Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
damna valent; montisque iacens radicibus imis
liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem 550

fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus
haut aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrrhenus arator
fatalem glaebam mediis adspexit in arvis
sponte sua primum nulloque agitante moveri, 555
sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam
oraeque venturis aperire recentia fatis:
indigenae dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruscam
edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros;
utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim 560
cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam,
quae radice nova, non ferro stabat adacto
et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor
non exspectatas dabat admirantibus umbras;
aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cipe in unda 565
cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens
esse fidem, digitis ad frontem saepe relatis,
quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans
restitit, ut victor domito remeabat ab hoste,
ad caelumque oculos et eodem brachia tollens 570
'quicquid,' ait 'superi, monstro portenditur isto,
seu laetum est, patriae laetum populoque Quirini,
sive minax, mihi sit.' viridique e caespite factas
placat odoratis herbosas ignibus aras
vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum, 575
quid sibi significant, trepidantia consulit exta;
quae simul adspexit Tyrrhenae gentis haruspex,
magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis,
non manifesta tamen; cum vero sustulit acre
a pecudis fibris ad Cipi cornua lumen, 580
'rex,' ait 'o! salve! tibi enim, tibi, Cipe, tuisque
hic locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces.
tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes
adpropera! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus
rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni.' 585
rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis
avertens faciem 'procul, a! procul omnia' dixit

‘taliam di pellant! multoque ego iustius aevum
exul agam, quam me videant Capitolia regem.’
dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum 590
convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro
velat et aggeribus factis a milite forti
insistit priscosque deos e more precatus
‘est’ ait ‘hic unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe,
rex erit: is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam: 595
cornua fronte gerit! quem vobis indicat augur,
si Romam intrarit, famularia iura daturum.
ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas,
sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo
nemo mihi est: vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites, 600
vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis
aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!’
qualia succinctis, ubi trux insibilat eurus,
murmura pinetis fiunt, aut qualia fluctus
aequorei faciunt, siquis procul audiat illos, 605
tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis
verba tamen vulgi vox eminet una ‘quis ille est?’
et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.
rursus ad hos Cipus ‘quem poscitis,’ inquit ‘habetis’
et dempta capiti populo prohibente corona 610
exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu.
demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere
atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit?)
inviti videre caput: nec honore carere
ulterius passi festam inposuere coronam; 615
at proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris,
ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere,
quantum depresso subiectis bobus aratro
conplecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu.
cornuaque aeratis miram referencia formam 620
postibus insculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.

Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum,
(scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,)
unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti

insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis. 625

Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras,
pallidaque exsanguis qualebant corpora morbo.
funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt
temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum,
auxilium caeleste petunt mediamque tenentes 630
orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi,
utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus
sorte velit tantaeque urbis mala finiat, orant:
et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse, pharetrae
intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo 635
hanc adyto vocem pavefactaque pectora movit
‘quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses,
et pete nunc propiore loco: nec Apolline vobis,
qui minuatur luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato.
ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram.’ 640
iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus,
quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebeius urbem,
quique petant ventis Epidauria litora, mittunt;
quae simul incurva missi tetigere carina,
concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque, 645
oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis
finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.
dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum
non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque
non emittere opem nec numina tradere suadent: 650
dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem;
umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi,
cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus
ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede
esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra 655
caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae
et placido tales emittere pectore voces:
‘pone metus! veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam.
hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit,
perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis! 660
vertar in hunc: sed maior ero tantusque videbor,

in quantum verti caelestia corpora debent.
extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque
somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est.
postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes: 665
incerti, quid agant, procures ad templa petiti
conveniunt operosa dei, quaque ipse morari
sede velit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant.
vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis
in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit 670
adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque
marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit
pectoribusque tenuis media sublimis in aede
constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes:
territa turba pavet, cognovit numina castos 675
evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos
et 'deus en, deus est! animis linguisque favete,
quisquis ades!' dixit 'sis, o pulcherrime, visus
utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes!'
quisquis adest, iussum veneratur numen, et omnes 680
verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piumque
Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem.
adnuat his motisque deus rata pignora cristis
ter repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua;
tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro 685
flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras
adsuetasque domos habitataque templa salutat.
inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens
serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem
tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus. 690
restitit hic agmenque suum turbaeque sequentis
officium placido visus dimittere vultu
corpus in Ausonia posuit rate: numinis illa
sensit onus, pressa estque dei gravitate carina;
Aeneadae gaudent caesoque in litore tauro 695
torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.
inpulerat levis aura ratem: deus eminent alte
inpositaque premens puppim cervice recurvam

caeruleas despectat aquas modicisque per aequor
Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu 700
Italiam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo
nobilitate deae Scylaceaue litora fertur;
linquit Iapygiam laevisque Amphrisia remis
saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Cocinthia parte,
Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque 705
evincitque fretum Siculique angusta Pelori
Hippotadaeque domos regis Temesesque metalla
Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti.
inde legit Capreas promunturiumque Minervae
et Surrentino generosos palmite colles 710
Herculeamque urbem Stabiasque et in otia natam
Parthenopen et ab hac Cumaeae templa Sibyllae.
hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur
Liternum multamque trahens sub gurgite harenam
Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis 715
Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus
Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude
et tellus Circaea et spissi litoris Antium.
huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam,
(asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbes 720
perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens
templa parentis init flavum tangentia litus.
aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras
linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus
litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam 725
sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta
puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque
Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.
huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque
obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant, 730
Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant.
quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas,
tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis
parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis,
ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros. 735

iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem:
erigitur serpens summoque acclinia malo
colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas.
scinditur in geminas partes circumfluus amnis
(Insula nomen habet) laterumque a parte duorum 740
porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos:
huc se de Latia pinu Phoebeius anguis
contulit et finem specie caeleste resumpta
luctibus inposuit venitque salutifer urbi.

Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris: 745
Caesar in urbe sua deus est; quem Marte togaque
praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis
resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum
in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem,
quam sua progenies; neque enim de Caesaris actis 750
ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius:
scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos
perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili
victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles
Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem 755
nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini
et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos,
quam tantum genuisse virum, quo praeside rerum
humano generi, superi, favistis abunde!
ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus, 760
ille deus faciendus erat; quod ut aurea vidit
Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari
pontifici letum et coniurata arma moveri,
palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis
'adspice,' dicebat 'quanta mihi mole parentur 765
insidiae, quantaque caput cum fraude petatur,
quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo.
solane semper ero iustis exercita curis,
quam modo Tydidæ Calydonia vulneret hasta,
nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae, 770
quae videam natum longis erroribus actum
iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum

bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur,
cum Iunone magis? quid nunc antiqua recordor
damna mei generis? timor hic meminisse priorum 775
non sinit; en acui sceleratos cernitis enses.
quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite neve
caede sacerdotis flammam exstinguite Vestae!

Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo
verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam 780
ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
signa tamen luctus dant haut incerta futuri;
arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo
praemonuisse nefas; solis quoque tristes imago 785
lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris;
saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris,
saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae;
caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
sparsus erat, sparsi lunares sanguine currus; 790
tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo,
mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur
auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis.
victima nulla litat, magnosque instare tumultus
fibra monet, caesumque caput reperitur in extis, 795
inque foro circumque domos et templa deorum
nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentium
erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbem.
non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata
praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur 800
in templum gladii: neque enim locus ullus in urbe
ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia caedem.
tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque
pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube,
qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae, 805
et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.
talibus hanc genitor: 'sola insuperabile fatum,
nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
tectum trium: cernes illic molimine vasto

ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro, 810
quae neque concursum caeli neque fulminis iram
nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas;
invenies illic incisa adamante perenni
fata tui generis: legi ipse animoque notavi
et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri. 815
hic sua conplevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras,
tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis.
ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur,
tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres
inpositum feret unus onus caesique parentis 820
nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.
illius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem
victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum,
Emathique iterum madefient caede Philippi,
et magnum Siculis nomen superabitur undis, 825
Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae
non bene fisa cadet, frustra erit illa minata,
servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo.
quid tibi barbariam gentesque ab utroque iacentes
oceano numerem? quodcunque habitabile tellus 830
sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi!

‘Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet
iura suum legesque feret iustissimus auctor
exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri
temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum 835
prospiciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam
ferre simul nomenque suum curasque iubebit,
nec nisi cum senior meritis aequaverit annos,
aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget.
hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam 840
fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque
divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede!’

Vix ea fatus erat, medi cum sede senatus
constitit alma Venus nulli cernenda suique
Caesaris eripuit membris nec in aera solvi 845
passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris

dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit
emisitque sinu: luna volat altius illa
flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
stella micat natique videns bene facta fatetur 850
esse suis maiora et vinci gaudet ab illo.
hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis
invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat:
sic magnus cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus, 855
Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles;
denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar,
sic et Saturnus minor est Iove: Iuppiter arces
temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis,
terra sub Augusto est; pater est et rector uterque. 860
di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis
cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine
urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini
Vestaque Caesareos inter sacrata penates,
et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebe domestice, Vesta, 865
quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces,
quosque alios vati fas appellare piumque est:
tarda sit illa dies et nostro senior aevo,
qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relicto
accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens! 870

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius
ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi:
parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis 875
astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum,
quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama,
siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.

FASTI

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LIBER PRIMVS

Tempora cum causis Latium digesta per annum
lapsaque sub terras ortaue signa canam.
excipe pacato, Caesar Germanice, voltu
hoc opus et timidae derige navis iter,
officioque, levem non aversatus honorem, 5
en tibi devoto numine dexter ades.
sacra recognosces annalibus eruta priscis
et quo sit merito quaeque notata dies.
invenies illic et festa domestica vobis;
saepe tibi pater est, saepe legendus avus, 10
quaeque ferunt illi, pictos signantia fastos,
tu quoque cum Druso praemia fratre feres.
Caesaris arma canant alii: nos Caesaris aras
et quoscumque sacris addidit ille dies.
adnue conanti per laudes ire tuorum 15
deque meo pavidos excute corde metus.
da mihi te placidum, dederis in carmina vires:
ingenium voltu statque caditque tuo.
pagina iudicium docti subitura movetur
principis, ut Clario missa legenda deo. 20
quae sit enim culti facundia sensimus oris,
civica pro trepidis cum tulit arma reis.
scimus et, ad nostras cum se tulit impetus artes,
ingenii currant flumina quanta tui.
si licet et fas est, vates rege vatis habenas, 25
auspice te felix totus ut annus eat.
Tempora digereret cum conditor Urbis, in anno
constituit menses quinque bis esse suo.
scilicet arma magis quam sidera, Romule, noras,
curaque finitimos vincere maior erat. 30
est tamen et ratio, Caesar, quae moverit illum,
erroremque suum quo tueatur habet.
quod satis est, utero matris dum prodeat infans,
hoc anno statuit temporis esse satis;

per totidem menses a funere coniugis uxor 35
sustinet in vidua tristia signa domo.
haec igitur vidit trabeati cura Quirini,
cum rudibus populis annua iura daret.
Martis erat primus mensis, Venerisque secundus;
haec generis princeps, ipsius ille pater: 40
tertius a senibus, iuvenum de nomine quartus,
quae sequitur, numero turba notata fuit.
at Numa nec Ianum nec avitas praeterit umbras,
mensibus antiquis praeposuitque duos.
Ne tamen ignores variorum iura dierum, 45
non habet officii Lucifer omnis idem.
ille nefastus erit, per quem tria verba silentur:
fastus erit, per quem lege licebit agi.
nec toto perstare die sua iura putaris:
qui iam fastus erit, mane nefastus erat; 50
nam simul exta deo data sunt, licet omnia fari,
verbaque honoratus libera praetor habet.
est quoque, quo populum ius est includere saeptis;
est quoque, qui nono semper ab orbe redit.
vindicat Ausonias Iunonis cura Kalendas; 55
Idibus alba Iovi grandior agna cadit;
Nonarum tutela deo caret. omnibus istis
(ne fallare cave) proximus ater erit.
omen ab eventu est: illis nam Roma diebus
damna sub averso tristia Marte tulit. 60
haec mihi dicta semel, totis haerentia fastis,
ne seriem rerum scindere cogar, erunt.

1. A K : IAN : F

Ecce tibi faustum, Germanice, nuntiat annum
inque meo primum carmine Ianus adest.
Iane biceps, anni tacite labentis origo, 65
solus de superis qui tua terga vides,
dexter ades ducibus, quorum secunda labore
otia terra ferax, otia pontus habet:

dexter ades patribusque tuis populoque Quirini,
et resera nutu candida templa tuo. 70
prospera lux oritur: linguis animisque favete;
nunc dicenda bona sunt bona verba die.
lite vacent aures, insanaque protinus absint
iurgia: differ opus, livida turba, tuum.
cernis odoratis ut luceat ignibus aether, 75
et sonet accensis spica Cilissa focus?
flamma nitore suo templorum verberat aurum,
et tremulum summa spargit in aede iubar.
vestibus intactis Tarpeias itur in arces,
et populus festo concolor ipse suo est, 80
iamque novi praeceunt fascēs, nova purpura fulget,
et nova conspicuum pondera sentit ebur.
colla rudes operum praebent ferienda iuvenci,
quos aluit campis herba Falisca suis.
Iuppiter arce sua totum cum spectet in orbem, 85
nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.
salve, laeta dies, meliorque revertere semper,
a populo rerum digna potente coli.
Quem tamen esse deum te dicam, Iane biformis?
nam tibi par nullum Graecia numen habet. 90
ede simul causam, cur de caelestibus unus
sitque quod a tergo sitque quod ante vides.
haec ego cum sumptis agitare mentē tabellis,
lucidior visa est quam fuit ante domus.
tum sacer ancipiti mirandus imagine Ianus 95
bina repens oculis obtulit ora meis.
extimui sensique metu riguisse capillos,
et gelidum subito frigore pectus erat.
ille tenens baculum dextra clavemque sinistra
edidit hos nobis ore priore sonos: 100
'disce metu posito, vates operose dierum,
quod petis, et voces percipe mente meas.
me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant:
aspice quam longi temporis acta canam.
lucidus hic aer et quae tria corpora restant, 105

ignis, aquae, tellus, unus acervus erat.
ut semel haec rerum secessit lite suarum
inque novas abiit massa soluta domos,
flamma petit altum, propior locus aera cepit,
sederunt medio terra fretumque solo. 110
tunc ego, qui fueram globus et sine imagine moles,
in faciem redii dignaque membra deo.
nunc quoque, confusae quondam nota parva figurae,
ante quod est in me postque videtur idem.
accipe quaesitae quae causa sit altera formae, 115
hanc simul ut noris officiumque meum.
quicquid ubique vides, caelum, mare, nubila, terras,
omnia sunt nostra clausa patentque manu.
me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
et ius vertendi cardinis omne meum est. 120
cum libuit Pacem placidis emittere tectis,
libera perpetuas ambulat illa vias:
sanguine letifero totus miscebitur orbis,
ni teneant rigidae condita Bella serae.
praesideo foribus caeli cum mitibus Horis 125
(it, redit officio Iuppiter ipse meo):
inde vocor Ianus; cui cum Ceriale sacerdos
imponit libum farraque mixta sale,
nomina ridebis: modo namque Patulcius idem
et modo sacrifico Clusius ore vocor. 130
scilicet alterno voluit rudis illa vetustas
nomine diversas significare vices.
vis mea narrata est; causam nunc disce figurae:
iam tamen hanc aliqua tu quoque parte vides.
omnis habet geminas, hinc atque hinc, ianua frontes, 135
e quibus haec populum spectat, at illa Larem,
utque sedens primi vester prope limina tecti
ianitor egressus introitusque videt,
sic ego perspicio caelestis ianitor aulae
Eoas partes Hesperiasque simul. 140
ora vides Hecates in tres vertentia partes,
servet ut in ternas compita secta vias:

et mihi, ne flexu cervicis tempora perdam,
cernere non moto corpore bina licet.’
dixerat: et vultu, si plura requirere vellem, 145
difficilem mihi se non fore pactus erat.
sumpsi animum, gratesque deo non territus egi,
verbaque sum spectans plura locutus humum:
‘dic, age, frigoribus quare novus incipit annus,
qui melius per ver incipiendus erat?’ 150
omnia tunc florent, tunc est nova temporis aetas,
et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet,
et modo formatis operitur frondibus arbor,
prodit et in summum seminis herba solum,
et tepidum volucres concentibus aera mulcent, 155
ludit et in pratis luxuriatque pecus.
tum blandi soles, ignotaque prodit hirundo
et luteum celsa sub trabe figit opus:
tum patitur cultus ager et renovatur aratro.
haec anni novitas iure vocanda fuit.’ 160
quaesieram multis; non multis ille moratus
contulit in versus sic sua verba duos:
‘bruma novi prima est veterisque novissima solis:
principium capiunt Phoebus et annus idem.’
post ea mirabar cur non sine litibus esset 165
prima dies. ‘causam percipe’ Ianus ait.
‘tempora commisi nascentia rebus agendis,
totus ab auspicio ne foret annus iners.
quisque suas artes ob idem delibat agendo,
nec plus quam solitum testificatur opus.’ 170
mox ego, ‘cur, quamvis aliorum numina placem,
Iane, tibi primum tura merumque fero?’
‘ut possis aditum per me, qui limina servo,
ad quoscumque voles’ inquit ‘habere deos.’
‘at cur laeta tuis dicuntur verba Kalendis, 175
et damus alternas accipimusque preces?’
tum deus incumbens baculo, quod dextra gerebat,
‘omina principiis’ inquit ‘inesse solent.
ad primam vocem timidas advertitis aures,

et visam primum consulit augur avem. 180
templa patent auresque deum, nec lingua caducas
concipit ulla preces, dictaque pondus habent.’
desierat Ianus. nec longa silentia feci,
sed tetigi verbis ultima verba meis:
‘quid volt palma sibi rugosaque carica’ dixi 185
‘et data sub niveo candida mella cado?’
‘omen’ ait ‘causa est, ut res sapor ille sequatur
et peragat coeptum dulcis ut annus iter.’
‘dulcia cur dentur video: stipis adice causam,
pars mihi de festo ne labet ulla tuo.’ 190
risit, et ‘o quam te fallunt tua saecula’ dixit,
‘qui stipe mel sumpta dulcius esse putas!
vix ego Saturno quemquam regnante videbam
cuius non animo dulcia lucra forent.
tempore crevit amor, qui nunc est summus, habendi: 195
vix ultra quo iam progrediatur habet.
pluris opes nunc sunt quam prisci temporis annis,
dum populus pauper, dum nova Roma fuit,
dum casa Martigenam capiebat parva Quirinum,
et dabat exiguum fluminis ulva torum. 200
Iuppiter angusta vix totus stabat in aede,
inque Iovis dextra fictile fulmen erat.
frondibus ornabant quae nunc Capitolia gemmis,
pasebatque suas ipse senator oves:
nec pudor in stipula placidam cepisse quietem 205
et fenum capiti subposuisse fuit.
iura dabat populis posito modo praetor aratro,
et levis argenti lammina crimen erat.
at postquam fortuna loci caput extulit huius
et tetigit summo vertice Roma deos, 210
creverunt et opes et opum furiosa cupido,
et, cum possideant plurima, plura petunt.
quaerere ut absumant, absumpta requirere certant,
atque ipsae vitiis sunt alimenta vices:
sic quibus intumuit suffusa venter ab unda, 215
quo plus sunt potae, plus sitiuntur aquae.

in pretio pretium nunc est: dat census honores,
census amicitias; pauper ubique iacet.
tu tamen auspicium si sit stipis utile quaeris,
curque iuvent nostras aera vetusta manus, 220
aera dabant olim: melius nunc omen in auro est,
victaque concessit prisca moneta novae.
nos quoque templa iuvant, quamvis antiqua probemus,
aurea: maiestas convenit ipsa deo.
laudamus veteres, sed nostris utimur annis: 225
mos tamen est aequae dignus uterque coli.’
finierat monitus. placidis ita rursus, ut ante,
clavigerum verbis adloquor ipse deum:
‘multa quidem didici: sed cur navalis in aere
altera signata est, altera forma biceps?’ 230
‘noscere me duplici posses ut imagine’ dixit,
‘ni vetus ipsa dies extenuasset opus.
causa ratis superest: Tuscum rate venit ad amnem
ante pererrato falcifer orbe deus.
hac ego Saturnum memini tellure receptum 235
(caelitibus regnis a Iove pulsus erat).
inde diu genti mansit Saturnia nomen;
dicta quoque est Latium terra latente deo.
at bona posteritas puppem formavit in aere,
hospitis adventum testificata dei. 240
ipse solum colui, cuius placidissima laevum
radit harenosi Thybridis unda latus.
hic, ubi nunc Roma est, incaedua silva virebat,
tantaque res paucis pascua bubus erat.
arx mea collis erat, quem volgo nomine nostro 245
nuncupat haec aetas Ianiculumque vocat.
tunc ego regnabam, patiens cum terra deorum
esset, et humanis numina mixta locis.
nondum Iustitiam facinus mortale fugarat
(ultima de superis illa reliquit humum), 250
proque metu populum sine vi pudor ipse regebat;
nullus erat iustis reddere iura labor.
nil mihi cum bello: pacem postesque tuebar,

et', clavem ostendens, 'haec' ait 'arma gero.'
presserat ora deus. tunc sic ego nostra resolvi, 255
voce mea voces eliciente dei:
'cum tot sint iani, cur stas sacratus in uno,
hic ubi iuncta foris templa duobus habes?'
ille, manu mulcens propexam ad pectora barbam,
protinus Oebalii rettulit arma Tati, 260
utque levis custos, armillis capta, Sabinos
ad summae tacitos duxerit arcis iter.
'inde, velut nunc est, per quem descenditis', inquit
'arduus in valles per fora clivus erat.
et iam contigerat portam, Saturnia cuius 265
dempserat oppositas invidiosa seras;
cum tanto veritus committere numine pugnam,
ipse meae movi callidus artis opus,
oraque, qua pollens ope sum, fontana reclusi,
sumque repentinas eiaculatus aquas. 270
ante tamen madidis subieci sulpura venis,
clauderet ut Tatio fervidus umor iter.
cuius ut utilitas pulsus percepta Sabinis,
quae fuerat, tuto reddita forma loco est;
ara mihi posita est parvo coniuncta sacello: 275
haec adolet flammis cum strue farra suis.'
'at cur pace lates, motisque recluderis armis?'
nec mora, quaesiti reddita causa mihi est:
'ut populo reditus pateant ad bella profecto,
tota patet dempta ianua nostra sera. 280
pace fores obdo, ne qua discedere possit;
Caesareoque diu numine clausus ero.'
dixit, et attollens oculos diversa videntes
aspexit toto quicquid in orbe fuit:
pax erat, et vestri, Germanice, causa triumphii, 285
tradiderat famulas iam tibi Rhenus aquas.
Iane, fac aeternos pacem pacisque ministros,
neve suum praesta deserat auctor opus.
Quod tamen ex ipsis licuit mihi discere fastis,
sacravere patres hac duo templa die. 290

accepit Phoebō nymphaque Coronide natum
insula, dividua quam premit amnis aqua.
Iuppiter in parte est: cepit locus unus utrumque
iunctaque sunt magno templa nepotis avo.

(2. B F) 3. C C (4. D C)

Quid vetat et stellas, ut quaeque oriturque caditque,
dicere? promissi pars sit et ista mei.
felices animae, quibus haec cognoscere primis
inque domos superas scandere cura fuit!
credibile est illos pariter vitiisque locisque
altius humanis exseruisse caput. 300
non Venus et vinum sublimia pectora fregit
officiumque fori militiaeve labor;
nec levis ambitio perfusaque gloria fuco
magnarumque fames sollicitavit opum.
admovere oculis distantia sidera mentis 305
aetheraque ingenio subposuere suo.
sic petitur caelum, non ut ferat Ossan Olympus
summaque Peliacus sidera tangat apex.
nos quoque sub ducibus caelum metabimur illis,
ponemusque suos ad vaga signa dies. 310
Ergo ubi nox aderit venturis tertia Nonis,
sparsaque caelesti rore madebit humus,
octipedis frustra quaerentur bracchia Cancri:
praeceps occiduas ille subibit aquas.

5. E NON : F

Institerint Nonae, missi tibi nubibus atris
signa dabunt imbres exoriente Lyra.

(6. F F) (7. G C) (8. H C) 9. A AGON : (? NP)

Quattuor adde dies ductos ex ordine Nonis,
Ianus Agonali luce piandus erit.
nominis esse potest succinctus causa minister,

hostia caelitibus quo feriente cadit, 320
qui calido strictos tincturus sanguine cultros
semper agatne rogat nec nisi iussus agit.
pars, quia non veniant pecudes, sed agantur, ab actu
nomen Agonalem credit habere diem.
pars putat hoc festum priscis Agnalia dictum, 325
una sit ut proprio littera dempta loco.
an, quia praevisos in aqua timet hostia cultros,
a pecoris lux est ipsa notata metu?
fas etiam fieri solitis aetate priorum
nomina de ludis Graeca tulisse diem. 330
et pecus antiquus dicebat agonia sermo;
veraque iudicio est ultima causa meo.
utque ea non certa est, ita rex placare sacrorum
numina lanigerae coniuge debet ovis.
victima quae dextra cecidit victrice vocatur; 335
hostibus a domitis hostia nomen habet.
ante, deos homini quod conciliare valeret,
far erat et puri lucida mica salis.
nondum pertulerat lacrimatas cortice murras
acta per aequoreas hospita navis aquas, 340
tura nec Euphrates nec miserat India costum,
nec fuerant rubri cognita fila croci.
ara dabat fumos herbis contenta Sabinis,
et non exiguo laurus adusta sono;
siquis erat factis prati de flore coronis 345
qui posset violas addere, dives erat.
hic, qui nunc aperit percussi viscera tauri,
in sacris nullum culter habebat opus.
prima Ceres avidae gavisa est sanguine porcae,
ulta suas merita caede nocentis opes: 350
nam sata vere novo teneris lactentia sucis
eruta saetigeræ comperit ore suis.
sus dederat poenas: exemplo territus huius
palmitē debueras abstinuisse, caper.
quem spectans aliquis dentes in vite prementem, 355
talīa non tacito dicta dolore dedit:

‘rode, caper, vitem: tamen hinc, cum stabis ad aram,
in tua quod spargi cornua possit erit.’ 360

verba fides sequitur: noxae tibi deditus hostis
spargitur adfuso cornua, Bacche, mero. 360

culpa sui nocuit, nocuit quoque culpa capellae:
quid bos, quid placidae commeruistis oves?

flebat Aristaeus, quod apes cum stirpe necatas
viderat inceptos destituisse favos;

caerula quem genetrix aegre solata dolentem 365
addidit haec dictis ultima verba suis:

‘siste, puer, lacrimas: Proteus tua damna levabit
quoque modo repares quae periere dabit.

decipiat ne te versis tamen ille figuris,
impediant geminas vincula firma manus.’ 370

pervenit ad vatem iuvenis, resolutaque somno
alligat aequorei bracchia capta senis.

ille sua faciem transformis adulterat arte;
mox domitus vinclis in sua membra redit,

oraeque caerulea tollens rorantia barba 375
‘qua’ dixit ‘repare arte requiris apes?

obruere mactati corpus tellure iuvenci:
quod petis a nobis, obrutus ille dabit.’

iussa facit pastor; fervent examina putri
de bove: mille animas una necata dedit. 380

poscit ovem fatum: verbenas improba carpsit,
quas pia dis ruris ferre solebat anus.

quid tuti superest, animam cum ponat in aris
lanigerumque pecus ruricolaeque boves?

placat equo Persis radiis Hyperiona cinctum, 385
ne detur celeri victima tarda deo.

quod semel est geminae pro virgine caesa Dianae,
nunc quoque pro nulla virgine cerva cadit.

exta canum vidi Triviae libare Sapaecos
et quicumque tuas accolit, Haeme, nives. 390

caeditur et rigido custodi ruris asellus;
causa pudenda quidem, sed tamen apta deo.

festi corymbiferi celebrabas, Graecia, Bacchi,

tertia quae solito tempore bruma refert.
di quoque cultores in idem venere Lyaei 395
et quicumque iocis non alienus erat,
Panem et in Venerem Satyrorum prona iuventus
quaeque colunt amnes solaque rura deae.
venerat et senior pando Silenus asello,
quique ruber pavidas inguine terret aves. 400
dulcia qui dignum nemus in convivia nacti
gramine vestitis accubuere toris:
vina dabat Liber, tulerat sibi quisque coronam,
miscendas parce rivus agebat aquas.
Naides effusis aliae sine pectinis usu, 405
pars aderant positis arte manuque comis;
illa super suras tunicam collecta ministrat,
altera dissuto pectus aperta sinu;
exserit haec umerum, vestes trahit illa per herbas,
impediunt teneros vincula nulla pedes. 410
hinc aliae Satyris incendia mitia praebent,
pars tibi, qui pinu tempora nexa geris:
te quoque, inextinctae Silene libidinis, urunt:
nequitia est quae te non sinit esse senem.
at ruber, hortorum decus et tutela, Priapus 415
omnibus ex illis Lotide captus erat:
hanc cupit, hanc optat, sola suspirat in illa,
signaque dat nutu sollicitatque notis.
fastus inest pulchris sequiturque superbia formam:
inrisum voltu despicit illa suo. 420
nox erat, et vino somnum faciente iacebant
corpora diversis victa sopore locis;
Lotis in herbosa sub acernis ultima ramis,
sicut erat lusu fessa, quievit humo.
surgit amans animamque tenens vestigia furtim 425
suspensio digitis fert taciturna gradu.
ut tetigit niveae secreta cubilia nymphae,
ipsa sui flatus ne sonet aura cavet;
et iam finitima corpus librabat in herba:
illa tamen multi plena soporis erat. 430

gaudet et a pedibus tracto velamine vota
 ad sua felici coeperat ire via.
 ecce rudens rauco Sileni vector asellus
 intempestivos edidit ore sonos.
 territa consurgit nymphe, manibusque Priapum 435
 reicit, et fugiens concitat omne nemus.
 at deus, obscena nimium quoque parte paratus,
 omnibus ad lunae lumina risus erat.
 morte dedit poenas auctor clamoris; et haec est
 Hellespontiaco victima grata deo. 440
 intactae fueratis aves, solacia ruris,
 adsuetum silvis innocuumque genus,
 quae facitis nidos et plumis ova fovetis,
 et facili dulces editis ore modos;
 sed nihil ista iuvant, quia linguae crimen habetis, 445
 dique putant mentes vos aperire suas.
 (nec tamen hoc falsum: nam, dis ut proxima quaeque,
 nunc pinna veras, nunc datis ore notas.)
 tuta diu volucrum proles tum denique caesa est,
 iuveruntque deos indicis exta sui. 450
 ergo saepe suo coniunx abducta marito
 uritur Idaliis alba columba focis.
 nec defensa iuvant Capitolia, quo minus anser
 det iecur in lances, Inachioti, tuas.
 nocte deae Nocti cristatus caeditur ales, 455
 quod tepidum vigili provocet ore diem.
 Interea Delphin clarum super aequora sidus
 tollitur et patriis exserit ora vadis.

10. B EN

Postera lux hiemem medio discrimine signat,
 aequaque praeteritae quae superabit erit.

11. C CAR : NP (12. D C)

Proxima prospiciet Tithono nupta relicto

Arcadiae sacrum pontificale deae.
 te quoque lux eadem, Turni soror, aede recepit,
 hic ubi Virginea Campus obitur aqua.
 unde petam causas horum moremque sacrorum? 465
 deriget in medio quis mea vela freto?
 ipsa mone, quae nomen habes a carmine ductum,
 propositoque fave, ne tuus erret honor.
 orta prior luna, de se si creditur ipsi,
 a magno tellus Arcade nomen habet. 470
 hinc fuit Euander, qui, quamquam clarus utroque,
 nobilior sacrae sanguine matris erat;
 quae, simul aetherios animo conceperat ignes,
 ore dabat vero carmina plena dei.
 dixerat haec nato motus instare sibique, 475
 multaque praeterea tempore nacta fidem.
 nam iuvenis nimium vera cum matre fugatus
 deserit Arcadium Parrhasiumque larem.
 cui genetrix flenti 'fortuna viriliter' inquit
 '(siste, precor, lacrimas) ista ferenda tibi est. 480
 sic erat in fatis, nec te tua culpa fugavit,
 sed deus: offenso pulsus es urbe deo.
 non meriti poenam pateris, sed numinis iram:
 est aliquid magnis crimen abesse malis.
 conscia mens ut cuique sua est, ita concipit intra 485
 pectora pro facto spemque metumque suo.
 nec tamen ut primus maere mala talia passus:
 obruit ingentes ista procella viros.
 passus idem est Tyriis qui quondam pulsus ab oris
 Cadmus in Aonia constitit exul humo; 490
 passus idem Tydeus et idem Pagasaeus Iason,
 et quos praeterea longa referre mora est.
 omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus aequor,
 ut volucris vacuo quicquid in orbe patet.
 nec fera tempestas toto tamen horret in anno: 495
 et tibi, crede mihi, tempora veris erunt.'
 vocibus Euander firmata mente parentis
 nave secat fluctus Hesperiamque tenet.

iamque ratem doctae monitu Carmentis in amnem
egerat et Tuscis obuius ibat aquis: 500
fluminis illa latus, cui sunt vada iuncta Tarenti,
aspicit et sparsas per loca sola casas;
utque erat, immissis puppem stetit ante capillis,
continuitque manum torva regentis iter,
et procul in dextram tendens sua bracchia ripam 505
pineae non sano ter pede texta ferit,
neve daret saltum properans insistere terrae
vix est Euandri vixque retenta manu;
'di' que 'petitorum' dixit 'salvete locorum,
tuque, novos caelo terra datura deos, 510
fluminaque et fontes, quibus utitur hospita tellus,
et nemorum silvae Naiadumque chori,
este bonis avibus visi natoque mihique,
ripaeque felici tacta sit ista pede.
fallor, an hi fient ingentia moenia colles, 515
iuraque ab hac terra cetera terra petet?
montibus his olim totus promittitur orbis.
quis tantum fati credat habere locum?
et iam Dardaniae tangent haec litora pinus:
hic quoque causa novi femina Martis erit. 520
care nepos Palla, funesta quid induis arma?
indue: non humili vindice caesus eris.
victa tamen vinces eversaue, Troia, resurges:
obruit hostiles ista ruina domos.
urite victrices Neptunia Pergama flammae: 525
num minus hic toto est altior orbe cinis?
iam pius Aeneas sacra et, sacra altera, patrem
adferet: Iliacos accipe, Vesta, deos.
tempus erit cum vos orbemque tuebitur idem,
et fient ipso sacra colente deo, 530
et penes Augustos patriae tutela manebit:
hanc fas imperii frena tenere domum.
inde nepos natusque dei, licet ipse recuset,
pondera caelesti mente paterna feret,
utque ego perpetuis olim sacrabor in aris, 535

sic Augusta novum Iulia numen erit.
talibus ut dictis nostros descendit in annos,
 substitit in medio praescia lingua sono.
puppibus egressus Latia stetit exul in herba:
 felix, exilium cui locus ille fuit! 540
nec mora longa fuit: stabant nova tecta, nec alter
 montibus Ausoniis Arcade maior erat.
ecce boves illuc Erytheidas adplicat heros
 emensus longi claviger orbis iter,
dumque huic hospitium domus est Tegeaea, vagantur 545
 incustoditae lata per arva boves.
mane erat: excussus somno Tirynthius actor
 de numero tauros sentit abesse duos.
nulla videt quaerens taciti vestigia furti:
 traxerat aversos Cacus in antra ferox, 550
Cacus, Aventinae timor atque infamia silvae,
 non leve finitimis hospitibusque malum.
dira viro facies, vires pro corpore, corpus
 grande (pater monstri Mulciber huius erat),
proque domo longis spelunca recessibus ingens, 555
 abditā, vix ipsis inveniendā feris;
ora super postes adfixaque bracchia pendent,
 squalidaque humanis ossibus albet humus.
servata male parte boum Iove natus abibat:
 mugitum rauco furta dedere sono. 560
‘accipio revocamen’ ait, vocemque secutus
 impia per silvas ultor ad antra venit.
ille aditum fracti praestruxerat obice montis;
 vix iuga movissent quinque bis illud opus.
nititur hic umeris (caelum quoque sederat illis), 565
 et vastum motu conlabefactat onus.
quod simul eversum est, fragor aethera terruit ipsum,
 ictaque subsedit pondere molis humus.
prima movet Cacus conlata proelia dextra
 remque ferox saxis stipitibusque gerit. 570
quis ubi nil agitur, patrias male fortis ad artes
 confugit, et flammās ore sonante vomit;

quas quotiens proflat, spirare Typhoea credas
et rapidum Aetnaeo fulgur ab igne iaci.
occupat Alcides, adductaque clava trinodis 575
ter quater adverso sedit in ore viri.
ille cadit mixtosque vomit cum sanguine fumos
et lato moriens pectore plangit humum.
immolat ex illis taurum tibi, Iuppiter, unum
victor et Euandrum ruricolaeque vocat, 580
constituitque sibi, quae Maxima dicitur, aram,
hic ubi pars Urbis de bove nomen habet.
nec tacet Euandri mater prope tempus adesse
Hercule quo tellus sit satis usa suo.
at felix vates, ut dis gratissima vixit, 585 possidet hunc Iani sic dea
mense diem.

13. E EID : NP (14. F EN)

Idibus in magni castus Iovis aede sacerdos
semimaris flammis viscera libat ovis;
redditaque est omnis populo provincia nostro
et tuus Augusto nomine dictus avus. 590
perlege dispositas generosa per atria ceras:
contigerunt nulli nomina tanta viro.
Africa victorem de se vocat, alter Isauras
aut Cretum domitas testificatur opes;
hunc Numidae faciunt, illum Messana superbum; 595
ille Numantina traxit ab urbe notam:
et mortem et nomen Druso Germania fecit;
me miserum, virtus quam brevis illa fuit!
si petat a victis, tot sumet nomina Caesar
quot numero gentes maximus orbis habet. 600
ex uno quidam celebres aut torquis adempti
aut corvi titulos auxiliaris habent.
Magne, tuum nomen rerum est mensura tuarum:
sed qui te vicit nomine maior erat.
nec gradus est supra Fabios cognominis ullus: 605
illa domus meritis Maxima dicta suis.

sed tamen humanis celebrantur honoribus omnes,
hic socium summo cum Iove nomen habet.
sancta vocant augusta patres, augusta vocantur
templa sacerdotum rite dicata manu: 610
huius et augurium dependet origine verbi
et quodcumque sua Iuppiter auget ope.
augeat imperium nostri ducis, augeat annos,
protegat et vestras querna corona fores:
auspiciisque deis tanti cognominis heres 615
omine suscipiat, quo pater, orbis onus.

15. G CAR : NP

Respiciet Titan actas ubi tertius Idus,
fient Parrhasiae sacra relata deae.
nam prius Ausonias matres carpenta vehebant
(haec quoque ab Euandri dicta parente reor); 620
mox honor eripitur, matronaque destinat omnis
ingratos nulla prole novare viros,
neve daret partus, ictu temeraria caeco
visceribus crescens excutiebat onus.
corripuisse patres ausas immitia nuptas, 625
ius tamen exemptum restituisse ferunt,
binaque nunc pariter Tegeaeae sacra parenti
pro pueris fieri virginibusque iubent.
scorteae non illi fas est inferre sacello,
ne violent puros exanimata focos. 630
siquis amas veteres ritus, adsiste precanti;
nomina percipies non tibi nota prius.
Porrimum placatur Postvertaque, sive sorores,
sive fugae comites, Maenali diva, tuae;
altera quod porro fuerat cecinisse putatur, 635
altera venturum postmodo quicquid erat.

16. H C (NP inde ab anno 10 p. C.)

Candida, te niveo posuit lux proxima templo,

qua fert sublimes alta Moneta gradus,
nunc bene prospiciens Latiam Concordia turbam,
~nunc~ te sacratae constituere manus. 640
Furius antiquam, populi superator Etrusci,
voverat et voti solverat ille fidem.
causa, quod a patribus sumptis secesserat armis
volgus, et ipsa suas Roma timebat opes.
causa recens melior: passos Germania crines 645
porrigit auspiciis, dux venerande, tuis.
inde triumphatae libasti munera gentis
templaque fecisti, quam colis ipse, deae.
hanc tua constituit genetrix et rebus et ara,
sola toro magni digna reperta Iovis. 650

17. A C

(18. B C) (19. C C) (20. D C) (21. E C) (22. F C) 23. G C

Haec ubi transierint, Capricorno, Phoebe, relicto
per iuvenis curres signa regentis aquam.
septimus hinc Oriens cum se demiserit undis,
fulgebit toto iam Lyra nulla polo.

24. H C (25. A C) (26. B C)

Sidere ab hoc ignis venienti nocte, Leonis
qui micat in medio pectore, mersus erit.
Ter quater evolvi signantes tempora fastos,
nec Sementiva est ulla reperta dies;
cum mihi (sensit enim) 'lux haec indicitur' inquit
Musa, 'quid a fastis non stata sacra petis? 660
utque dies incerta sacri, sic tempora certa,
seminibus iactis est ubi fetus ager.'
state coronati plenum ad praesepe, iuvenci:
cum tepido vestrum vere redibit opus.
rusticus emeritum palo suspendat aratrum: 665
omne reformidat frigore volnus humus.

vilice, da requiem terrae semente peracta;
da requiem, terram qui coluere, viris.
pagus agat festum: pagum lustrate, coloni,
et date paganis annua liba focis. 670
placentur frugum matres, Tellusque Ceresque,
farre suo gravidae visceribusque suis:
officium commune Ceres et Terra tuentur;
haec praebet causam frugibus, illa locum.
consortes operis, per quas correcta vetustas 675
quernaque glans victa est utiliore cibo,
frugibus immensis avidos satiate colonos,
ut capiant cultus praemia digna sui.
vos date perpetuos teneris sementibus auctus,
nec nova per gelidas herba sit usta nives. 680
cum serimus, caelum ventis aperite serenis;
cum latet, aetheria spargite semen aqua.
neve graves cultis Cerialia rura cavete
agmine laesuro depopulentur aves.
vos quoque, formicae, subiectis parcite granis: 685
post messem praedae copia maior erit.
interea crescat scabrae robiginis expers
nec vitio caeli palleat ulla seges,
et neque deficiat macie nec pinguior aequo
divitiis pereat luxuriosa suis; 690
et careant loliis oculos vitiantibus agri,
nec sterilis culto surgat avena solo;
triticeos fetus passuraque farra bis ignem
hordeaque ingenti fenore reddat ager.
haec ego pro vobis, haec vos optate coloni, 695
efficiatque ratas utraque diva preces.
bella diu tenuere viros: erat aptior ensis
vomere, cedebat taurus arator equo;
sarcula cessabant, versique in pila ligones,
factaque de rastri pondere cassis erat. 700
gratia dis domuique tuae: religata catenis
iampridem vestro sub pede Bella iacent.
sub iuga bos veniat, sub terras semen aratas:

Pax Cererem nutrit, Pacis alumna Ceres.

27. C C (28. D C) (29. E F [? NP])

At quae venturas praecedit sexta Kalendas,
hac sunt Ledaeis templa dicata deis:
fratribus illa deis fratres de gente deorum
circa Iuturnae composuere lacus.

30. F NP (31. GC)

Ipsam nos carmen deduxit Pacis ad aram:
haec erit a mensis fine secunda dies.
frondibus Actiacis comptos redimita capillos,
Pax, ades et toto mitis in orbe mane.
dum desint hostes, desit quoque causa triumphi:
tu ducibus bello gloria maior eris.
sola gerat miles, quibus arma coerceat, arma, ⁷¹⁵
canteturque fera nil nisi pompa tuba.
horreat Aeneadas et primus et ultimus orbis:
siqua parum Romam terra timebat, amet.
tura, sacerdotes, Pacalibus addite flammis,
albaque perfusa victima fronte cadat; ⁷²⁰
utque domus, quae praestat eam, cum pace perennet
ad pia propensos vota rogate deos.
Sed iam prima mei pars est exacta laboris,
cumque suo finem mense libellus habet.

LIBER SECVNDVS

Ianus habet finem. cum carmine crescit et annus:
alter ut hic mensis, sic liber alter eat.
nunc primum velis, elegi, maioribus itis:
exiguum, memini, nuper eratis opus.
ipse ego vos habui faciles in amore ministros, 5
cum lusit numeris prima iuventa suis.
idem sacra cano signataque tempora fastis:
ecquis ad haec illinc crederet esse viam?
haec mea militia est; ferimus quae possumus arma,
dextraque non omni munere nostra vacat. 10
si mihi non valido torquentur pila lacerto
nec bellatoris terga premuntur equi,
nec galea tegimur, nec acuto cingimur ense
(his habilis telis quilibet esse potest),
at tua prosequimur studioso pectore, Caesar, 15
nomina, per titulos ingredimurque tuos.
ergo ades et placido paulum mea munera voltu
respice, pacando siquid ab hoste vacat.
Februa Romani dixere piamina patres:
nunc quoque dant verbo plurima signa fidem. 20
pontifices ab rege petunt et flamine lanas,
quis veterum lingua februa nomen erat;
quaeque capit lictor domibus purgamina certis,
torrida cum mica farra, vocantur idem;
nomen idem ramo, qui caesus ab arbore pura 25
casta sacerdotum tempora fronde tegit.
ipse ego flaminicam poscentem februa vidi;
februa poscenti pinea virga data est.
denique quodcumque est quo corpora nostra piantur,
hoc apud intonsos nomen habebat avos. 30
mensis ab his dictus, secta quia pelle Luperci
omne solum lustrant, idque piamen habent;
aut quia placatis sunt tempora pura sepulcris,
tum cum ferales praeteriere dies.

omne nefas omnemque mali purgamina causam 35
credebant nostri tollere posse senes.
Graecia principium moris dedit: illa nocentes
impia lustratos ponere facta putat.
Actoriden Peleus, ipsum quoque Pelea Phoci
caede per Haemonias solvit Acastus aquas; 40
vectam frenatis per inane draconibus Aegeus
credulus immerita Phasida fovit ope;
Amphiareiades Naupactoo Acheloo
‘solve nefas’ dixit, solvit et ille nefas.
ah nimium faciles, qui tristia crimina caedis 45
fluminea tolli posse putatis aqua!
Sed tamen, antiqui ne nescius ordinis erres,
primus, ut est, Iani mensis et ante fuit;
qui sequitur Ianum, veteris fuit ultimus anni:
tu quoque sacrorum, Termine, finis eras. 50
primus enim Iani mensis, quia ianua prima est:
qui sacer est imis manibus, imus erat.
postmodo creduntur spatio distantia longo
tempora bis quini continuasse viri.

1. H : K : FEB : N 54a

Principio mensis Phrygiae contermina Matri
Sospita delubris dicitur aucta novis.
nunc ubi sunt, illis quae sunt sacrata Kalendis
templa deae? longa procubere die.
cetera ne simili caderent labefacta ruina
cavit sacrati provida cura ducis, 60
sub quo delubris sentitur nulla senectus;
nec satis est homines, obligat ille deos.
templorum positor, templorum sancte repostor,
sit superis opto mutua cura tui.
dent tibi caelestes, quos tu caelestibus, annos, 65
proque tua maneant in statione domo.
tum quoque vicini lucus celebratur Alerni,
qua petit aequareas advena Thybris aquas.

ad penetrale Numae Capitolinumque Tonantem
inque Iovis summa caeditur arce bidens. 70
saepe graves pluvias adopertus nubibus aether
concitatur, aut posita sub nive terra latet.

2. A N 72a

Proximus Hesperias Titan abiturus in undas
gemmea purpureis cum iuga demet equis,
illa nocte aliquis, tollens ad sidera voltum, 75
dicet 'ubi est hodie quae Lyra fulsit heri?'
dumque Lyræ quaeret, medii quoque terga Leonis
in liquidas subito mersa notabit aquas.

3. B N 78a

Quem modo caelatum stellis Delphina videbas,
is fugiet visus nocte sequente tuos,
seu fuit occultis felix in amoribus index,
Lesbida cum domino seu tulit ille Lyræ.
quod mare non novit, quae nescit Arionæ tellus?
carmine currentes ille tenebat aquas.
saepe sequens agnam lupus est a voce retentus, 85
saepe avidum fugiens restitit agna lupum;
saepe canes leporesque umbra iacuerunt sub una,
et stetit in saxo proxima cerva leae,
et sine lite loquax cum Palladis alite cornix
sedit, et accipitri iuncta columba fuit. 90
Cynthia saepe tuis fertur, vocalis Arion,
tamquam fraternis obstipuisse modis.
nomen Arionum Siculas impleverat urbes
captaque erat lyricis Ausonis ora sonis;
inde domum repetens puppem conscendit Arion, 95
atque ita quaesitas arte ferebat opes.
forsitan, infelix, ventos undasque timebas:
at tibi nave tua tutius aequor erat.
namque gubernator destrecto constitit ense

ceteraque armata conscia turba manu. 100
 quid tibi cum gladio? dubiam rege, navita, puppem:
 non haec sunt digitis arma tenenda tuis.
 ille, metu pavidus, 'mortem non deprecor' inquit,
 'sed liceat sumpta pauca referre lyra.'
 dant veniam ridentque moram: capit ille coronam, 105
 quae possit crines, Phoebe, decere tuos;
 induerat Tyrio bis tinctam murice pallam:
 reddidit icta suos pollice chorda sonos,
 flebilibus numeris veluti canentia dura
 traiectus penna tempora cantat olor. 110
 protinus in medias ornatus desilit undas;
 spargitur impulsa caerulea puppis aqua.
 inde (fide maius) tergo delphina recurvo
 se memorant oneri subposuisse novo.
 ille, sedens citharamque tenens, pretiumque vehendi 115
 cantat et aequoreas carmine mulcet aquas.
 di pia facta vident: astris delphina recepit
 Iuppiter et stellas iussit habere novem.

(4. C N) 5. D NON : NP 118a

Nunc mihi mille sonos quoque est memoratus Achilles
 vellem, Maeonide, pectus inesse tuum,
 dum canimus sacras alterno carmine Nonas.
 maximus hic fastis accumulatur honor.
 deficit ingenium, maioraque viribus urgent:
 haec mihi praecipuo est ore canenda dies.
 quid volui demens elegis imponere tantum 125
 ponderis? heroi res erat ista pedis.
 sancte pater patriae, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen
 hoc dedit, hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen, eques.
 res tamen ante dedit: sero quoque vera tulisti
 nomina, iam pridem tu pater orbis eras. 130
 hoc tu per terras, quod in aethere Iuppiter alto,
 nomen habes: hominum tu pater, ille deum.
 Romule, concedes: facit hic tua magna tuendo

moenia, tu dederas transilienda Remo.
te Tatius parvique Cures Caeninaque sensit, 135
hoc duce Romanum est solis utrumque latus;
tu breve nescioquid victae telluris habebas,
quodcumque est alto sub Iove, Caesar habet.
tu rapis, hic castas duce se iubet esse maritas;
tu recipis luco, reppulit ille nefas; 140
vis tibi grata fuit, florent sub Caesare leges;
tu domini nomen, principis ille tenet;
te Remus incusat, veniam dedit hostibus ille;
caelestem fecit te pater, ille patrem.
Iam puer Idaeus media tenus eminet alvo, 145
et liquidas mixto nectare fundit aquas.
en etiam, siquis Borean horrere solebat,
gaudeat: a Zephyris mollior aura venit.

(6. E N) (7. F N) (8. G N) (9. H N vel NP) 10. A N 148a

Quintus ab aequoreis nitidum iubar extulit undis
Lucifer, et primi tempora veris erunt.
ne fallare tamen, restant tibi frigora, restant,
magnaue discedens signa reliquit hiems.

(11. B N) 12. C N 152a

Tertia nox veniat, Custodem protinus Ursae
aspicies geminos exseruisse pedes.
inter hamadryadas iaculatricemque Dianam 155
Callisto sacri pars fuit una chori.
illa, deae tangens arcus, 'quos tangimus arcus,
este meae testes virginitatis' ait.
Cynthia laudavit, 'promissa' que 'foedera serva,
et comitum princeps tu mihi' dixit 'eris.' 160
foedera servasset, si non formosa fuisset:
cavit mortales, de Iove crimen habet.
mille feras Phoebe silvis venata redibat
aut plus aut medium sole tenente diem;

ut tetigit lucum (densa niger ilice lucus, 165
 in medio gelidae fons erat altus aquae),
 'hic' ait 'in silva, virgo Tegeaea, lavemur';
 erubuit falso virginis illa sono.
 dixerat et nymphis. nymphae velamina ponunt;
 hanc pudet, et tardae dat mala signa morae. 170
 exuerat tunicas; uteri manifesta tumore
 proditur indicio ponderis ipsa suo.
 cui dea 'virgineos, periura Lycaoni, coetus
 desere, nec castas pollue' dixit 'aquas.'
 luna novum decies implebat cornibus orbem: 175
 quae fuerat virgo credita, mater erat.
 laesa furit Iuno, formam mutatque puellae:
 quid facis? invito est pectore passa Iovem.
 utque ferae vidit turpes in paelice voltus,
 'huius in amplexus, Iuppiter,' inquit 'eas.' 180
 ursa per incultos errabat squalida montes
 quae fuerat summo nuper amata Iovi.
 iam tria lustra puer furto conceptus agebat,
 cum mater nato est obvia facta suo.
 illa quidem, tamquam cognosceret, adstitit amens, 185
 et gemit: gemitus verba parentis erant.
 hanc puer ignarus iaculo fixisset acuto
 ni foret in superas raptus uterque domos.
 signa propinqua micant: prior est, quam dicimus Arcton,
 Arctophylax formam terga sequentis habet. 190
 saevit adhuc canamque rogat Saturnia Tethyn
 Maenaliam tactis ne lavet Arcton aquis.

13. D EID : NP 192a

Idibus agrestis fumant altaria Fauni
 hic ubi discretas insula rumpit aquas.
 haec fuit illa dies in qua Veientibus armis 195
 ter centum Fabii ter cecidere duo.
 una domus vires et onus suscepit urbis:
 sumunt gentiles arma professa manus.

egreditur castris miles generosus ab isdem,
e quis dux fieri quilibet aptus erat. 200
Carmenis portae dextro est via proxima iano:
ire per hanc noli, quisquis es; omen habet.
illa fama refert Fabios exisse trecentos:
porta vacat culpa, sed tamen omen habet.
ut celeri passu Cremeram tetigere rapacem 205
(turbidus hibernis ille fluebat aquis),
castra loco ponunt: dstrictis ensibus ipsi
Tyrrenum valido Marte per agmen eunt;
non aliter quam cum Libyca de gente leones
invadunt sparsos lata per arva greges. 210
diffugiunt hostes inhonestaque volnera tergo
accipiunt: Tusco sanguine terra rubet.
sic iterum, sic saepe cadunt; ubi vincere aperte
non datur, insidias armaque tecta parant.
campus erat, campi claudebant ultima colles 215
silvaeque montanas oculere apta feras.
in medio paucos armentaque rara relinquunt,
cetera virgultis abdita turba latet.
ecce velut torrens undis pluvialibus auctus
aut nive, quae Zephyro victa tepente fluit, 220
per sata perque vias fertur nec, ut ante solebat,
riparum clausas margine finit aquas,
sic Fabii vallem latis discursibus implent,
quodque vident sternunt, nec metus alter inest.
quo ruitis, generosa domus? male creditis hosti: 225
simplex nobilitas, perfida tela cave.
fraude perit virtus: in apertos undique campos
prosiliunt hostes et latus omne tenent.
quid faciant pauci contra tot milia fortes?
quidve, quod in misero tempore restet, adest? 230
sicut aper longe silvis latratibus actus
fulmineo celeres dissipat ore canes,
mox tamen ipse perit, sic non moriuntur inulti,
volneraque alterna dantque feruntque manu.
una dies Fabios ad bellum miserat omnes, 235

ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.
ut tamen Herculeae superessent semina gentis,
credibile est ipsos consuluisse deos:
nam puer impubes et adhuc non utilis armis
unus de Fabia gente relictus erat; 240
scilicet ut posses olim tu, Maxime, nasci,
cui res cunctando restituenda foret.

14. E N 242a

Continuata loco tria sidera, Corvus et Anguis
et medius Crater inter utrumque, iacent.
Idibus illa latent, oriuntur nocte sequenti; 245
quae, tibi, cur tria sint tam sociata, canam.
forte Iovi Phoebus festum sollemne parabat
(non faciet longas fabula nostra moras):
'i, mea' dixit 'avis, ne quid pia sacra moretur,
et tenuem vivis fontibus adfer aquam.' 250
corvus inauratum pedibus cratera recurvis
tollit et aerium pervolat altus iter.
stabat adhuc duris ficus densissima pomis:
temptat eam rostro, non erat apta legi;
immemor imperii sedisse sub arbore fertur, 255
dum fierent tarda dulcia poma mora.
iamque satur nigris longum rapit unguibus hydrum,
ad dominumque redit, fictaque verba refert:
'hic mihi causa morae, vivarum obsessor aquarum:
hic tenuit fontes officiumque meum.' 260
'addis' ait 'culpa mendacia' Phoebus 'et audes
fatidicum verbis fallere velle deum?
at tibi, dum lactens haerebit in arbore ficus,
de nullo gelidae fonte bibentur aquae.'
dixit, et, antiqui monimenta perennia facti, 265
Anguis, avis, Crater sidera iuncta micant.

15. F LVPER : NP 266a

Tertia post Idus nudos aurora Lupercos
aspicit, et Fauni sacra bicornis eunt.
dicite, Pierides, sacrorum quae sit origo,
attigerint Latias unde petita domos. 270
Pana deum pecoris veteres coluisse feruntur
Arcades; Arcadiis plurimus ille iugis.
testis erit Pholoe, testes Stymphalides undae,
quique citis Ladon in mare currit aquis,
cinctaque pinetis nemoris iuga Nonacrini, 275
altaque Tricrene Parrhasiaeque nives.
Pan erat armenti, Pan illic numen equarum,
munus ob incolumes ille ferebat oves.
transtulit Euander silvestria numina secum:
hic, ubi nunc urbs est, tum locus urbis erat. 280
inde deum colimus devectaque sacra Pelasgis:
flamen ad haec prisco more Dialis erat.
cur igitur currant, et cur (sic currere mos est)
nuda ferant posita corpora veste, rogas?
ipse deus velox discurrere gaudet in altis 285
montibus, et subitas concipit ipse fugas:
ipse deus nudus nudos iubet ire ministros;
nec satis ad cursus commoda vestis erit.
ante Iovem genitum terras habuisse feruntur
Arcades, et luna gens prior illa fuit. 290
vita feris similis, nullos agitata per usus:
artis adhuc expers et rude volgus erat.
pro domibus frondes norant, pro frugibus herbas;
nectar erat palmis hausta duabus aqua.
nullus anhelabat sub adunco vomere taurus, 295
nulla sub imperio terra colentis erat:
nullus adhuc erat usus equi; se quisque ferebat:
ibat ovis lana corpus amicta sua.
sub Iove durabant et corpora nuda gerebant,
docta graves imbres et tolerare Notos. 300
nunc quoque detecti referunt monimenta vetusti
moris, et antiquas testificantur opes.
Sed cur praecipue fugiat velamina Faunus,

traditur antiqui fabula plena ioci.
forte comes dominae iuvenis Tirynthius ibat: 305
vidit ab excelso Faunus utrumque iugo;
vidit et incaluit, 'montana' que 'numina', dixit
'nil mihi vobiscum est: hic meus ardor erit.'
ibat odoratis umeros perfusa capillis
Maeonis, aurato conspicienda sinu: 310
aurea pellebant tepidos umbracula soles,
quae tamen Herculeae sustinuerunt manus.
iam Bacchi nemus et Tmoli vineta tenebat,
Hesperos et fusco roscidus ibat equo.
antra subit tofis laqueata et pumice vivo; 315
garrulus in primo limine rivus erat.
dumque parant epulas potandaque vina ministri,
cultibus Alciden instruit illa suis:
dat tenues tunicas Gaetulo murice tinctas,
dat teretem zonam, qua modo cincta fuit. 320
ventre minor zona est; tunicarum vincla relaxat,
ut posset magnas exseruisse manus.
fregerat armillas non illa ad brachia factas,
scindebant magni vincula parva pedes.
ipsa capit clavamque gravem spoliūque leonis 325
conditaque in pharetra tela minora sua.
sic epulis functi sic dant sua corpora somno,
et positis iuxta secubuerunt toris:
causa, repertori vitis quia sacra parabant,
quae facerent pure, cum foret orta dies. 330
noctis erat medium. quid non amor improbus audet?
roscida per tenebras Faunus ad antra venit:
utque videt comites somno vinoque solutos,
spem capit in dominis esse soporis idem.
intrat et huc illuc temerarius errat adulter, 335
et praefert cautas subsequiturque manus.
venerat ad strati captata cubilia lecti,
et felix prima sorte futurus erat;
ut tetigit fulvi saetis hirsuta leonis
vellera, pertimuit sustinuitque manum, 340

attonitusque metu rediit, ut saepe viator
 turbatum viso rettulit angue pedem.
 inde tori qui iunctus erat velamina tangit
 mollia, mendaci decipiturque nota.
 ascendit spondaque sibi propiore recumbit, 345
 et tumidum cornu durius inguen erat.
 interea tunicas ora subducit ab ima:
 horrebant densis aspera crura pilis.
 cetera temptantem subito Tirynthius heros
 repulit: e summo decidit ille toro. 350
 fit sonus, inclamat comites et lumina poscit
 Maeonis: inlatis ignibus acta patent.
 ille gemit lecto graviter deiectus ab alto,
 membraque de dura vix sua tollit humo.
 ridet et Alcides et qui videre iacentem, 355
 ridet amatorem Lyda puella suum.
 veste deus lusus fallentes lumina vestes
 non amat, et nudos ad sua sacra vocat.
 Adde peregrinis causas, mea Musa, Latinas,
 inque suo noster pulvere currat equus. 360
 cornipedi Fauno caesa de more capella
 venit ad exiguas turba vocata dapes.
 dumque sacerdotes veribus transuta salignis
 exta parant, medias sole tenente vias,
 Romulus et frater pastoralisque iuventus 365
 solibus et campo corpora nuda dabant.
 vectibus et iaculis et misso pondere saxi
 brachia per lusus experienda dabant:
 pastor ab excelso 'per devia rura iuencos,
 Romule, praedones, et Reme', dixit 'agunt.' 370
 longum erat armari: diversis exit uterque
 partibus, occursu praeda recepta Remi.
 ut rediit, veribus stridentia detrahit exta
 atque ait 'haec certe non nisi victor edet.'
 dicta facit, Fabiique simul. venit inritus illuc 375
 Romulus et mensas ossaque nuda videt.
 risit, et indoluit Fabios potuisse Remumque

vincere, Quintilios non potuisse suos.
forma manet facti: posito velamine currunt,
et memorem famam quod bene cessit habet. 380
Forsitan et quaeras cur sit locus ille Lupercal,
quaeve diem tali nomine causa notet.
Silvia Vestalis caelestia semina partu
ediderat, patruo regna tenente suo;
is iubet auferri parvos et in amne necari: 385
quid facis? ex istis Romulus alter erit.
iussa recusantes peragunt lacrimosa ministri
(flent tamen) et geminos in loca sola ferunt.
Albula, quem Tiberim mersus Tiberinus in undis
reddidit, hibernis forte tumebat aquis: 390
hic, ubi nunc fora sunt, lintres errare videres,
quaque iacent valles, Maxime Circe, tuae.
huc ubi venerunt (neque enim procedere possunt
longius), ex illis unus et alter ait:
'at quam sunt similes! at quam formosus uterque! 395
plus tamen ex illis iste vigoris habet.
si genus arguitur voltu, nisi fallit imago,
nescioquem in vobis suspicor esse deum.
at siquis vestrae deus esset originis auctor,
in tam praecipiti tempore ferret opem: 400
ferret opem certe, si non ope, mater, egeret,
quae facta est uno mater et orba die.
nata simul, moritura simul, simul ite sub undas
corpora.' desierat, deposuitque sinu.
vagierunt ambo pariter: sensisse putares; 405
hi redeunt udis in sua tecta genis.
sustinet impositos summa cavus alveus unda:
heu quantum fati parva tabella tulit!
alveus in limo silvis adpulsus opacis
paulatim fluvio deficiente sedet. 410
arbor erat: remanent vestigia, quaeque vocatur
Rumina nunc ficus Romula ficus erat.
venit ad expositos, mirum, lupa feta gemellos:
quis credat pueris non nocuisse feram?

non nocuisse parum est, prodest quoque. quos lupa nutrit, 415
perdere cognatae sustinuerunt manus.
constitit et cauda teneris blanditur alumnis,
et fingit lingua corpora bina sua.
Marte satos scires: timor abfuit. ubera ducunt
nec sibi promissi lactis aluntur ope. 420
illa loco nomen fecit, locus ipse Lupercis;
magna dati nutrix praemia lactis habet.
Quid vetat Arcadio dictos a monte Lupercos?
Faunus in Arcadia templa Lycaeus habet.
Nupta, quid exspectas? non tu pollentibus herbis 425
nec prece nec magico carmine mater eris;
excipe fecundae patienter verbera dextrae,
iam socer optatum nomen habebit avi.
nam fuit illa dies, dura cum sorte maritae
reddebant uteri pignora rara sui. 430
‘quid mihi’ clamabat ‘prodest rapuisse Sabinas’
Romulus (hoc illo sceptrum tenente fuit),
‘si mea non vires, sed bellum iniuria fecit?’
utilius fuerat non habuisse nurus.’
monte sub Esquilio multis incaeduis annis 435
Iunonis magnae nomine lucus erat.
huc ubi venerunt, pariter nuptaeque virique
suppliciter posito procubuerunt genu:
cum subito motae tremuere cacumina silvae,
et dea per lucos mira locuta suos. 440
‘Italidas matres’ inquit ‘sacer hircus inito.’
obstipuit dubio territa turba sono.
augur erat, nomen longis intercidit annis:
nuper ab Etrusca venerat exul humo;
ille caprum mactat: iussae sua terga puellae 445
pellibus exsectis percutienda dabant.
luna resumebat decimo nova cornua motu,
virque pater subito nuptaque mater erat.
gratia Lucinae: dedit haec tibi nomina lucus,
aut quia principium tu, dea, lucis habes. 450
parce, precor, gravidis, facilis Lucina, puellis,

maturumque utero molliter aufer onus.
 Orta dies fuerit, tu desine credere ventis;
 perdidit illius temporis aura fidem.
 flamina non constant, et sex reserata diebus 455
 carceris Aeolii ianua lata patet.
 iam levis obliqua subsedit Aquarius urna:
 proximus aetherios excipe, Piscis, equos.
 te memorant fratremque tuum (nam iuncta micatis
 signa) duos tergo sustinuisse deos. 460
 terribilem quondam fugiens Typhona Dione,
 tum, cum pro caelo Iuppiter arma tulit,
 venit ad Euphraten comitata Cupidine parvo,
 inque Palaestinae margine sedit aquae.
 populus et cannae riparum summa tenebant, 465
 spemque dabant salices hos quoque posse tegi.
 dum latet, insonuit vento nemus: illa timore
 pallet, et hostiles credit adesse manus,
 utque sinu tenuit natum, 'succurrite, nymphae,
 et dis auxilium ferte duobus' ait. 470
 nec mora, prosiluit. pisces subiere gemelli:
 pro quo nunc, cernis, sidera nomen habent.
 inde nefas ducunt genus hoc imponere mensis
 nec violant timidi piscibus ora Syri.

(16. G EN) 17. H QVIR : NP 474a

Proxima lux vacua est; at tertia dicta Quirino,
 qui tenet hoc nomen (Romulus ante fuit),
 sive quod hasta 'curis' priscis est dicta Sabinis
 (bellicus a telo venit in astra deus);
 sive suum regi nomen posuere Quirites,
 seu quia Romanis iunxerat ille Cures. 480
 nam pater armipotens postquam nova moenia vidit,
 multaque Romulea bella peracta manu,
 'Iuppiter', inquit 'habet Romana potentia vires:
 sanguinis officio non eget illa mei.
 redde patri natum: quamvis intercidit alter, 485

pro se proque Remo qui mihi restat erit.
“unus erit quem tu tolles in caerula caeli”
tu mihi dixisti: sint rata dicta Iovis.’
Iuppiter adnuerat: nutu tremefactus uterque
est polus, et caeli pondera novit Atlas. 490
est locus, antiqui Caprae dixere paludem:
forte tuis illic, Romule, iura dabas.
sol fugit, et removent subeuntia nubila caelum,
et gravis effusus decidit imber aquis.
hinc tonat, hinc missis abrumpitur ignibus aether: 495
fit fuga, rex patriis astra petebat equis.
luctus erat, falsaeque patres in crimine caedis,
haesissetque animis forsitan illa fides;
sed Proculus Longa veniebat Iulius Alba,
lunaque fulgebat, nec facis usus erat, 500
cum subito motu saepes tremuere sinistrae:
rettulit ille gradus, horrueruntque comae.
pulcher et humano maior trabeaque decorus
Romulus in media visus adesse via
et dixisse simul ‘prohibe lugere Quirites, 505
nec violent lacrimis numina nostra suis:
tura ferant placentque novum pia turba Quirinum,
et patrias artes militiamque colant.’
iussit et in tenues oculis evanuit auras;
convocat hic populos iussaue verba refert. 510
templa deo fiunt: collis quoque dictus ab illo est,
et referunt certi sacra paterna dies.
Lux quoque cur eadem Stultorum festa vocetur
accipe: parva quidem causa, sed apta, subest.
non habuit doctos tellus antiqua colonos: 515
lassabant agiles aspera bella viros.
plus erat in gladio quam curvo laudis aratro:
neglectus domino pauca ferebat ager.
farra tamen veteres iaciebant, farra metebant,
primitias Cereri farra resecta dabant: 520
usibus admoniti flammis torrenda dederunt,
multaque peccato damna tulere suo;

nam modo verrebant nigras pro farre favillas,
nunc ipsas ignes corripuere casas.
facta dea est Fornax: laeti Fornace coloni 525
orant ut fruges temperet illa suas.
curio legitimis nunc Fornacalia verbis
maximus indicit nec stata sacra facit:
inque foro, multa circum pendente tabella,
signatur certa curia quaeque nota, 530
stultaque pars populi quae sit sua curia nescit,
sed facit extrema sacra relata die.

(18. A C) (19. B C) (20. C C) 21. D FERAL : F vel FP 532a

Est honor et tumulis, animas placare paternas,
parvaeque in exstructas munera ferre pyras.
parva petunt manes: pietas pro divite grata est 535
munere; non avidos Styx habet ima deos.
tegula porrectis satis est velata coronis
et sparsae fruges parvaeque mica salis,
inque mero mollita Ceres violaeque solutae:
haec habeat media testa relictia via. 540
nec maiora veto, sed et his placabilis umbra est:
adde preces positis et sua verba focus.
hunc morem Aeneas, pietatis idoneus auctor,
attulit in terras, iuste Latine, tuas.
ille patris Genio sollemnia dona ferebat: 545
hinc populi ritus edidicere pios.
at quondam, dum longa gerunt pugnacibus armis
bella, Parentales deseruere dies.
non impune fuit; nam dicitur omine ab isto
Roma suburbanis incaluisse rogis. 550
vix equidem credo: bustis exisse feruntur
et tacitae questi tempore noctis avi,
perque vias Urbis latosque ululasse per agros
deformes animas, volgus inane, ferunt.
post ea praeteriti tumulis redduntur honores, 555
prodigiisque venit funeribusque modus.

dum tamen haec fiunt, viduae cessate puellae:
expectet puros pinea taeda dies,
nec tibi, quae cupidae matura videbere matri,
comat virgineas hasta recurva comas. 560
conde tuas, Hymenaeae, faces, et ab ignibus atris
aufer: habent alias maesta sepulcra faces.
di quoque templorum foribus celentur opertis,
ture vacent arae stentque sine igne foci.
nunc animae tenues et corpora functa sepulcris 565
errant, nunc posito pascitur umbra cibo.
nec tamen haec ultra, quam tot de mense supersint
Luciferi, quot habent carmina nostra pedes.
hanc, quia iusta ferunt, dixere Feralia lucem;
ultima placandis manibus illa dies. 570
Ecce anus in mediis residens annosa puellis
sacra facit Tacitae (vix tamen ipsa tacet),
et digitis tria tura tribus sub limine ponit,
qua brevis occultum mus sibi fecit iter:
tum cantata ligat cum fusco licia plumbo, 575
et septem nigras versat in ore fabas,
quodque pice adstrinxit, quod acu traiecit aena,
obsutum maenae torret in igne caput;
vina quoque instillat: vini quodcumque relictum est,
aut ipsa aut comites, plus tamen ipsa, bibit. 580
‘hostiles linguas inimicaque vinximus ora’
dicit discedens ebriaque exit anus.
protinus a nobis quae sit dea Muta requires:
disce per antiquos quae mihi nota senes.
Iuppiter, inmodico Iuturnae victus amore, 585
multa tulit tanto non patienda deo:
illa modo in silvis inter coryleta latebat,
nunc in cognatas desiliebat aquas.
convocat hic nymphas, Latium quaecumque tenebant,
et iacit in medio talia verba choro: 590
‘invidet ipsa sibi vitatque quod expedit illi
vestra soror, summo iungere membra deo.
consulite ambobus: nam quae mea magna voluptas,

utilitas vestrae magna sororis erit.
vos illi in prima fugienti obsistite ripa, 595
ne sua fluminea corpora mergat aqua.’
dixerat; adnuerant nymphae Tiberinides omnes
quaeque colunt thalamos, Ilia diva, tuos.
forte fuit Nais, Lara nomine; prima sed illi
dicta bis antiquum syllaba nomen erat, 600
ex vitio positum. saepe illi dixerat Almo
‘nata, tene linguam’: nec tamen illa tenet.
quae simul ac tetigit Iuturnae stagna sororis,
‘effuge’ ait ‘ripas’, dicta refertque Iovis.
illa etiam Iunonem adiit, miserataque nuptas 605
‘Naida Iuturnam vir tuus’ inquit ‘amat.’
Iuppiter intumuit, quaque est non usa modeste
eripit huic linguam, Mercuriumque vocat:
‘duc hanc ad manes: locus ille silentibus aptus.
nympha, sed infernae nympha paludis erit.’ 610
iussa Iovis fiunt. accepit lucus euntes:
dicitur illa duci tum placuisse deo.
vim parat hic, voltu pro verbis illa precatur,
et frustra muto nititur ore loqui,
fitque gravis geminosque parit, qui compita servant 615
et vigilant nostra semper in urbe Lares.

22. E C 616a

Proxima cognati dixere Karistia kari,
et venit ad socios turba propinqua deos.
scilicet a tumulis et qui periere propinquis
protinus ad vivos ora referre iuvat, 620
postque tot amissos quicquid de sanguine restat
aspicere et generis dinumerare gradus.
innocui veniant: procul hinc, procul impius esto
frater et in partus mater acerba suos,
cui pater est vivax, qui matris digerit annos, 625
quae premit invisam socrus iniqua nurum.
Tantalidae fratres absint et Iasonis uxor,

et quae ruricolis semina tosta dedit,
et soror et Procne Tereusque duabus iniquus
et quicumque suas per scelus auget opes. 630
dis generis date tura boni: Concordia fertur
illa praecipue mitis adesse die;
et libate dapes, ut, grati pignus honoris,
nutriat incinctos missa patella Lares.
iamque, ubi suadebit placidos nox umida somnos, 635
larga precaturi sumite vina manu,
et 'bene vos, bene te, patriae pater, optime Caesar'
dicite; suffuso sint bona verba mero.

23. F TER : NP 638a

Nox ubi transierit, solito celebretur honore
separat indicio qui deus arva suo.
Termine, sive lapis sive es defossus in agro
stipes, ab antiquis tu quoque numen habes.
te duo diversa domini de parte coronant,
binaque sarta tibi binaque liba ferunt.
ara fit: huc ignem curto fert rustica testo 645
sumptum de tepidis ipsa colona focis.
ligna senex minuit concisaque construit arte,
et solida ramos figere pugnat humo;
tum sicco primas inritat cortice flammam;
stat puer et manibus lata canistra tenet. 650
inde ubi ter fruges medios immisit in ignes,
porrigit incisos filia parva favos.
vina tenent alii: libantur singula flammis;
spectant, et linguis candida turba favet.
spargitur et caeso communis Terminus agno, 655
nec queritur lactans cum sibi porca datur.
conveniunt celebrantque dapes vicinia simplex
et cantant laudes, Termine sancte, tuas:
'tu populos urbesque et regna ingentia finis:
omnis erit sine te litigiosus ager. 660
nulla tibi ambitio est, nullo corrumperis auro,

legitima servas credita rura fide.
si tu signasses olim Thyreatida terram,
corpora non leto missa trecenta forent,
nec foret Othryades congestis lectus in armis. 665
o quantum patriae sanguinis ille dedit!
quid, nova cum fierent Capitolia? nempe deorum
cuncta Iovi cessit turba locumque dedit;
Terminus, ut veteres memorant, inventus in aede
restitit et magno cum Iove templa tenet. 670
nunc quoque, se supra ne quid nisi sidera cernat,
exiguum templi tecta foramen habent.
Termine, post illud levitas tibi libera non est:
qua positus fueris in statione, mane;
nec tu vicino quicquam concede roganti, 675
ne videre hominem praeposuisse Iovi:
et seu vomeribus seu tu pulsabere rastris,
clamato “tuus est hic ager, ille tuus”.
est via quae populum Laurentes ducit in agros,
quondam Dardanio regna petita duci: 680
illa lanigeri pecoris tibi, Termine, fibris
sacra videt fieri sextus ab Urbe lapis.
gentibus est aliis tellus data limite certo:
Romanae spatium est Urbis et orbis idem.

24. G REGIF : N 684a

Nunc mihi dicenda est regis fuga. traxit ab illa
sextus ab extremo nomina mense dies.
ultima Tarquinius Romanae gentis habebat
regna, vir iniustus, fortis ad arma tamen.
ceperat hic alias, alias everterat urbes,
et Gabios turpi fecerat arte suos. 690
namque trium minimus, proles manifesta Superbi,
in medios hostes nocte silente venit.
nudarant gladios: ‘occidite’ dixit ‘inermem:
hoc cupiant fratres Tarquiniusque pater,
qui mea crudeli laceravit verbere terga’ 695

(dicere ut hoc posset, verbera passus erat).
luna fuit: spectant iuvenem, gladiosque recondunt,
tergaque, deducta veste, notata vident:
flent quoque, et ut secum tueatur bella precantur.
callidus ignaris adnuit ille viris. 700
iamque potens misso genitorem appellat amico,
perdendi Gabios quod sibi monstret iter.
hortus odoratis suberat cultissimus herbis,
sectus humum rivo lene sonantis aquae:
illic Tarquinius mandata latentia nati 705
accipit, et virga lilia summa metit.
nuntius ut rediit decussaue lilia dixit,
filius ‘agnosco iussa parentis’ ait.
nec mora, principibus caesis ex urbe Gabina,
traduntur ducibus moenia nuda suis. 710
ecce, nefas visu, mediis altaribus anguis
exit et exstinctis ignibus exta rapit.
consulitur Phoebus. sors est ita reddita: ‘matri
qui dederit princeps oscula, victor erit.’
oscula quisque suae matri properata tulerunt, 715
non intellecto credula turba deo.
Brutus erat stulti sapiens imitator, ut esset
tutus ab insidiis, dire Superbe, tuis.
ille iacens pronus matri dedit oscula Terrae,
creditus offenso procubuisse pede. 720
cingitur interea Romanis Ardea signis,
et patitur longas obsidione moras.
dum vacat et metuunt hostes committere pugnam,
luditur in castris, otia miles agit.
Tarquinius iuvenis socios dapibusque meroque 725
accipit; ex illis rege creatus ait:
‘dum nos sollicitos pigro tenet Ardea bello,
nec sinit ad patrios arma referre deos,
ecquid in officio torus est socialis? et ecquid
coniugibus nostris mutua cura sumus?’ 730
quisque suam laudat: studiis certamina crescunt,
et fervet multo linguaue corque mero.

surgit cui dederat clarum Collatia nomen:
 ‘non opus est verbis, credite rebus’ ait.
‘nox superest: tollamur equis Urbemque petamus’; 735
 dicta placent, frenis impediuntur equi.
pertulerant dominos. regalia protinus illi
 tectata petunt: custos in fore nullus erat.
ecce nurum regis fuis per colla coronis
 inveniunt posito pervigilare mero. 740
inde cito passu petitur Lucretia, cuius
 ante torum calathi lanaque mollis erat.
lumen ad exiguum famulae data pensa trahebant;
 inter quas tenui sic ait illa sono:
‘mittenda est domino (nunc, nunc properate, puellae) 745
 quamprimum nostra facta lacerna manu.
quid tamen auditis (nam plura audire potestis)?
 quantum de bello dicitur esse super?
postmodo victa cades: melioribus, Ardea, restas,
 improba, quae nostros cogis abesse viros. 750
sint tantum reduces. sed enim temerarius ille
 est meus, et stricto qualibet ense ruit.
mens abit et morior, quotiens pugnantis imago
 me subit, et gelidum pectora frigus habet.’
desinit in lacrimas inceptaque fila remisit, 755
 in gremio vultum deposuitque suum.
hoc ipsum decuit: lacrimae decuere pudicam,
 et facies animo dignaque parque fuit.
‘pone metum, veni’ coniunx ait; illa revixit,
 deque viri collo dulce pependit onus. 760
interea iuvenis furiales regius ignes
 concipit, et caeco raptus amore furit.
forma placet niveusque color flavique capilli
 quique aderat nulla factus ab arte decor:
verba placent et vox et quod corrumpere non est; 765
 quoque minor spes est, hoc magis ille cupit.
iam dederat cantus lucis praenuntius ales,
 cum referunt iuvenes in sua castra pedem.
carpitur attonitos absentis imagine sensus

ille; recordanti plura magisque placent. 770
 sic sedit, sic culta fuit, sic stamina nevit,
 iniectae collo sic iacuere comae,
 hos habuit voltus, haec illi verba fuerunt,
 hic color, haec facies, hic decor oris erat.
 ut solet a magno fluctus languescere flatu, 775
 sed tamen a vento, qui fuit, unda tumet,
 sic, quamvis aberat placitae praesentia formae,
 quem dederat praesens forma, manebat amor.
 ardet, et iniusti stimulis agitatus amoris
 comparat indigno vimque metumque toro. 780
 'exitus in dubio est: audebimus ultima' dixit:
 'viderit! audentes forsque deusque iuvat.
 cepimus audendo Gabios quoque.' talia fatus
 ense latus cinxit tergaque pressit equi.
 accipit aerata iuvenem Collatia porta, 785
 condere iam voltus sole parante suos.
 hostis ut hospes init penetralia Collatini:
 comiter excipitur; sanguine iunctus erat.
 quantum animis erroris inest! parat inscia rerum
 infelix epulas hostibus illa suis. 790
 functus erat dapibus: poscunt sua tempora somnum;
 nox erat, et tota lumina nulla domo.
 surgit et aurata vagina liberat ensem
 et venit in thalamos, nupta pudica, tuos;
 utque torum pressit, 'ferrum, Lucretia, mecum est' 795
 natus ait regis, 'Tarquiniusque loquor.'
 illa nihil, neque enim vocem viresque loquendi
 aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet;
 sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis
 parva sub infesto cum iacet agna lupo. 800
 quid faciat? pugnet? vincetur femina pugnans.
 clamet? at in dextra, qui vetet, ensis erat.
 effugiat? positis urgentur pectora palmis,
 tum primum externa pectora tacta manu.
 instat amans hostis precibus pretioque minisque: 805
 nec prece nec pretio nec movet ille minis.

'nil agis: eripiam' dixit 'per crimina vitam:
 falsus adulterii testis adulter ero:
 interimam famulum, cum quo deprensa fereris.'
 succubuit famae victa puella metu. 810
 quid, victor, gaudes? haec te victoria perdet.
 heu quanto regnis nox stetit una tuis!
 iamque erat orta dies: passis sedet illa capillis,
 ut solet ad nati mater itura rogum,
 grandaevumque patrem fido cum coniuge castris 815
 evocat: et posita venit uterque mora.
 utque vident habitum, quae luctus causa, requirunt,
 cui paret exsequias, quoque sit icta malo.
 illa diu reticet pudibundaque celat amictu
 ora: fluunt lacrimae more perennis aquae. 820
 hinc pater, hinc coniunx lacrimas solantur et orant
 indicet et caeco flentque paventque metu.
 ter conata loqui ter destitit, ausaque quarto
 non oculos ideo sustulit illa suos.
 'hoc quoque Tarquinio debebimus? eloquar' inquit, 825
 'eloquar infelix dedecus ipsa meum?'
 quaeque potest, narrat; restabant ultima: flevit,
 et matronales erubuere genae.
 dant veniam facto genitor coniunxque coactae:
 'quam' dixit 'veniam vos datis, ipsa nego.' 830
 nec mora, celato fixit sua pectora ferro,
 et cadit in patrios sanguinolenta pedes.
 tum quoque iam moriens ne non procumbat honeste
 respicit: haec etiam cura cadentis erat.
 ecce super corpus, communia damna gementes, 835
 obliti decoris virque paterque iacent.
 Brutus adest, tandemque animo sua nomina fallit,
 fixaque semanimi corpore tela rapit,
 stillantemque tenens generoso sanguine cultrum
 edidit impavidos ore minante sonos: 840
 'per tibi ego hunc iuro fortem castumque cruorem,
 perque tuos manes, qui mihi numen erunt,
 Tarquinium profuga poenas cum stirpe daturum.

iam satis est virtus dissimulata diu.'
illa iacens ad verba oculos sine lumine movit, 845
visaque concussa dicta probare coma.
fertur in exsequias animi matrona virilis
et secum lacrimas invidiamque trahit.
volnus inane patet: Brutus clamore Quirites
concitatur et regis facta nefanda refert. 850
Tarquinius cum prole fugit: capit annua consul
iura: dies regnis illa suprema fuit.
Fallimur, an veris praenuntia venit hirundo,
nec metuit ne qua versa recurrat hiems?
saepe tamen, Procne, nimium properasse quereris, 855
virque tuo Tereus frigore laetus erit.

(25. H C) (26. A EN) 27. B EQVIR : NP (28. C C) 856a

Iamque duae restant noctes de mense secundo,
Marsque citos iunctis curribus urget equos;
ex vero positum permansit Equirria nomen,
quae deus in campo prospicit ipse suo. 860
iure venis, Gradive: locum tua tempora poscunt,
signatusque tuo nomine mensis adest.
venimus in portum libro cum mense peracto.
naviget hinc alia iam mihi linter aqua.

LIBER TERTIVS

Bellice, depositis clipeo paulisper et hasta,
Mars, ades et nitidas casside solve comas.
forsitan ipse roges quid sit cum Marte poetae:
a te qui canitur nomina mensis habet.
ipse vides manibus peragi fera bella Minervae: 5
num minus ingenuis artibus illa vacat?
Palladis exemplo ponendae tempora sume
cuspidis: invenies et quod inermis agas.
tum quoque inermis eras, cum te Romana sacerdos
cepit, ut huic urbi semina magna dares. 10
Silvia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri?)
sacra lavaturas mane petebat aquas.
ventum erat ad molli declivem tramite ripam;
ponitur e summa fictilis urna coma:
fessa resedit humo, ventosque accepit aperto 15
pectore, turbatas restituitque comas.
dum sedet, umbrosae salices volucresque canorae
fecerunt somnos et leve murmur aquae;
blanda quies furtim victis obrepsit ocellis,
et cadit a mento languida facta manus. 20
Mars videt hanc visamque cupit potiturque cupita,
et sua divina furta fefellit ope.
somnus abit, iacet ipsa gravis; iam scilicet intra
viscera Romanae conditor urbis erat.
languida consurgit, nec scit cur languida surgat, 25
et peragit tales arbore nixa sonos:
'utile sit faustumque, precor, quod imagine somni
vidimus: an somno clarius illud erat?
ignibus Iliacis aderam, cum lapsa capillis
decidit ante sacros lanea vitta focos. 30
inde duae pariter, visu mirabile, palmae
surgunt: ex illis altera maior erat,
et gravibus ramis totum protexerat orbem,
contigeratque sua sidera summa coma.

ecce meus ferrum patruus molitur in illas: 35
terreor admonitu, corque timore micat.
Marta, picus, avis gemino pro stipite pugnant
et lupa: tuta per hos utraque palma fuit.
dixerat, et plenam non firmis viribus urnam
sustulit: implebat, dum sua visa refert. 40
interea crescente Remo, crescente Quirino,
caelesti tumidus pondere venter erat.
quo minus emeritis exiret cursibus annus
restabant nitido iam duo signa deo:
Silvia fit mater; Vestae simulacra feruntur 45
virgineas oculis opposuisse manus.
ara deae certe tremuit pariente ministra,
et subiit cineres territa flamma suos.
hoc ubi cognovit contemptor Amulius aequi
(nam raptas fratri victor habebat opes), 50
anne iubet mergi geminos. scelus unda refugit:
in sicca pueri destituuntur humo.
lacte quis infantes nescit crevisse ferino,
et picum expositis saepe tulisse cibos?
non ego te, tantae nutrix Larentia gentis, 55
nec taceam vestras, Faustule pauper, opes:
vester honos veniet, cum Larentalia dicam:
acceptus geniis illa December habet.
Marta ter senos proles adoleverat annos,
et suberat flavae iam nova barba comae: 60
omnibus agricolis armentorumque magistris
Iliadae fratres iura petita dabant.
saepe domum veniunt praedonum sanguine laeti
et redigunt actos in sua rura boves.
ut genus audierunt, animos pater editus auget, 65
et pudet in paucis nomen habere casis,
Romuleoque cadit traiectus Amulius ense,
regnaque longaevo restituuntur avo.
moenia conduntur, quae, quamvis parva fuerunt,
non tamen expedit transiluisse Remo. 70
iam, modo quae fuerant silvae pecorumque recessus,

urbs erat, aeternae cum pater urbis ait:
'arbiter armorum, de cuius sanguine natus
credor et, ut credar, pignora multa dabo,
a te principium Romano dicimus anno: 75
primus de patrio nomine mensis erit.'
vox rata fit, patrioque vocat de nomine mensem:
dicitur haec pietas grata fuisse deo.
et tamen ante omnes Martem coluere priores;
hoc dederat studiis bellica turba suis. 80
Pallada Cecropidae, Minoia Creta Dianam,
Volcanum tellus Hypsipylaea colit,
Iunonem Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae,
pinigerum Fauni Maenalis ora caput:
Mars Latio venerandus erat, quia praesidet armis; 85
arma ferae genti remque decusque dabant.
quod si forte vacas, peregrinos inspicere fastos:
mensis in his etiam nomine Martis erit.
tertius Albanis, quintus fuit ille Faliscis,
sextus apud populos, Hernica terra, tuos; 90
inter Aricinos Albanaque tempora constat
factaque Telegoni moenia celsa manu;
quintum Laurentes, bis quintum Aequiculus acer,
a tribus hunc primum turba Curensis habet;
et tibi cum proavis, miles Paeligne, Sabinis 95
convenit; huic genti quartus utrique deus.
Romulus, hos omnes ut vinceret ordine saltem,
sanguinis auctori tempora prima dedit.
nec totidem veteres, quot nunc, habuere Kalendas:
ille minor geminis mensibus annus erat. 100
nondum tradiderat victas victoribus artes
Graecia, facundum sed male forte genus:
qui bene pugnabat, Romanam noverat artem;
mittere qui poterat pila, disertus erat.
quis tunc aut Hyadas aut Pliadas Atlanteas 105
senserat, aut geminos esse sub axe polos,
esse duas Arctos, quarum Cynosura petatur
Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet,

signaque quae longo frater percenseat anno,
ire per haec uno mense sororis equos? 110
libera currebant et inobservata per annum
sidera; constabat sed tamen esse deos.
non illi caelo labentia signa tenebant,
sed sua, quae magnum perdere crimen erat,
illa quidem <e> feno, sed erat reverentia feno 115
quantam nunc aquilas cernis habere tuas.
pertica suspensos portabat longa maniplos,
unde manipularis nomina miles habet.
ergo animi indociles et adhuc ratione carentes
mensibus egerunt lustra minora decem. 120
annus erat decimum cum luna receperat orbem:
hic numerus magno tunc in honore fuit,
seu quia tot digiti, per quos numerare solemus,
seu quia bis quinto femina mense parit,
seu quod adusque decem numero crescente venit, 125
principium spatiis sumitur inde novis.
inde patres centum denos secrevit in orbes
Romulus, hastatos instituitque decem,
et totidem princeps, totidem pilanus habebat
corpora, legitimo quique merebat equo. 130
quin etiam partes totidem Titiensibus ille,
quosque vocant Ramnes, Luceribusque dedit.
adsuetos igitur numeros servavit in anno;
hoc luget spatio femina maesta virum.
neu dubites primae fuerint quin ante Kalendae 135
Martis, ad haec animum signa referre potes.
laurea flaminibus quae toto perstitit anno
tollitur, et frondes sunt in honore novae;
ianua tum regis posita viret arbore Phoebi;
ante tuas fit idem, Curia prisca, fores. 140
Vesta quoque ut folio niteat velata recenti,
cedit ab Iliacis laurea cana focis.
adde quod arcana fieri novus ignis in aede
dicitur, et vires flamma refecta capit.
nec mihi parva fides annos hinc isse priores 145

Anna quod hoc coepta est mense Perenna coli.
 hinc etiam veteres initi memorantur honores
 ad spatium belli, perfide Poene, tui.
 denique quintus ab hoc fuerat Quintilis, et inde
 incipit a numero nomina quisquis habet. 150
 primus, oliviferis Romam deductus ab arvis,
 Pompilius menses sensit abesse duos,
 sive hoc a Samio doctus, qui posse renasci
 nos putat, Egeria sive monente sua.
 sed tamen errabant etiam nunc tempora, donec 155
 Caesaris in multis haec quoque cura fuit.
 non haec ille deus tantaeque propaginis auctor
 credidit officiis esse minora suis,
 promissumque sibi voluit praenoscere caelum
 nec deus ignotas hospes inire domos. 160
 ille moras solis, quibus in sua signa rediret,
 traditur exactis disposuisse notis;
 is decies senos ter centum et quinque diebus
 iunxit et a pleno tempora quinta die.
 hic anni modus est: in lustrum accedere debet, 165
 quae consummatur partibus, una dies.

1. D : K : MAR : NP

‘Si licet occultos monitus audire deorum
 vatibus, ut certe fama licere putat,
 cum sis officiis, Gradive, virilibus aptus,
 dic mihi matronae cur tua festa colant.’ 170
 sic ego. sic posita dixit mihi casside Mavors
 (sed tamen in dextra missilis hasta fuit):
 ‘nunc primum studiis pacis deus utilis armis
 advocor, et gressus in nova castra fero.
 nec piget incepti: iuvat hac quoque parte morari, 175
 hoc solam ne se posse Minerva putet.
 disce, Latinorum vates operose dierum,
 quod petis, et memori pectore dicta nota.
 parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre,

Roma, sed in parva spes tamen huius erat. 180
moenia iam stabant, populis angusta futuris,
credita sed turbae tum nimis ampla suae.
quae fuerit nostri si quaeris regia nati,
aspice de canna straminibusque domum.
in stipula placidi capiebat munera somni, 185
et tamen ex illo venit in astra toro.
iamque loco maius nomen Romanus habebat,
nec coniunx illi nec socer ullus erat.
spernebant generos inopes vicinia dives,
et male credebar sanguinis auctor ego. 190
in stabulis habitasse et oves pavisse nocebat
iugeraque inculti pauca tenere soli.
cum pare quaeque suo coeunt volucresque feraeque
atque aliquam de qua procreet anguis habet.
extremis dantur conubia gentibus: at quae 195
Romano vellet nubere nulla fuit.
indolui patriamque dedi tibi, Romule, mentem.
“tolle preces”, dixi “quod petis arma dabunt.”
festa parat Conso. Consus tibi cetera dicet,
illa facta die dum sua sacra canet. 200
intumuere Cures et quos dolor attigit idem:
tum primum generis intulit arma socer.
iamque fere raptae matrum quoque nomen habebant,
tractaque erant longa bella propinqua mora:
conveniunt nuptae dictam Iunonis in aedem, 205
quas inter mea sic est nurus ausa loqui:
“o pariter raptae, quoniam hoc commune tenemus,
non ultra lente possumus esse piae.
stant acies: sed utra di sint pro parte rogandi
eligite; hinc coniunx, hinc pater arma tenet. 210
quaerendum est viduae fieri malitis an orbae.
consilium vobis forte piumque dabo.”
consilium dederat: parent, crinesque resolvunt
maestaque funerea corpora veste tegunt.
iam steterant acies ferro mortique paratae, 215
iam lituus pugnae signa daturus erat,

cum raptae veniunt inter patresque virosque,
inque sinu natos, pignora cara, tenent.
ut medium campi scissis tetigere capillis,
in terram posito procubuerunt genu; 220
et, quasi sentirent, blando clamore nepotes
tendebant ad avos bracchia parva suos.
qui poterat, clamabat avum tum denique visum,
et, qui vix poterat, posse coactus erat.
tela viris animique cadunt, gladiisque remotis 225
dant soceri generis accipiuntque manus,
laudatasque tenent natas, scutoque nepotem
fert avus: hic scuti dulcior usus erat.
inde ~diem quae prima~ meas celebrare Kalendas
Oebaliae matres non leve munus habent, 230
aut quia committi strictis mucronibus ausae
finierant lacrimis Martia bella suis;
vel quod erat de me feliciter Ilia mater
rite colunt matres sacra diemque meum.
quid quod hiems adoperta gelu tum denique cedit, 235
et pereunt lapsae sole tepente nives;
arboribus redeunt detonsae frigore frondes,
uvidaque in tenero palmitis gemma tumet;
quaeque diu latuit, nunc, se qua tollat in auras,
fertilis occultas invenit herba vias? 240
nunc fecundus ager, pecoris nunc hora creandi,
nunc avis in ramo tecta laremque parat.
tempora iure colunt Latiae fecunda parentes,
quarum militiam votaue partus habet.
adde quod, excubias ubi rex Romanus agebat, 245
qui nunc Esquilias nomina collis habet,
illic a nuribus Iunoni templa Latinis
hac sunt, si memini, publica facta die.
quid moror et variis onero tua pectora causis?
eminet ante oculos quod petis ecce tuos. 250
mater amat nuptas: matris me turba frequentat.
haec nos praecipue tam pia causa decet.
ferre deae flores: gaudet florentibus herbis

haec dea; de tenero cingite flore caput:
 dicite 'tu nobis lucem, Lucina, dedisti': 255
 dicite 'tu voto parturientis ades.'
 siqua tamen gravida est, resoluta crine precetur
 ut solvat partus molliter illa suos.
 Quis mihi nunc dicet quare caelestia Martis
 arma ferant Salii Mamuriumque canant? 260
 nympha, mone, nemori stagnoque operata Dianae;
 nympha, Numae coniunx, ad tua facta veni.
 vallis Aricinae silva praecinctus opaca
 est lacus, antiqua religione sacer;
 hic latet Hippolytus loris direptus equorum, 265
 unde nemus nullis illud aditur equis.
 licia dependent longas velantia saepes,
 et posita est meritae multa tabella deae.
 saepe potens voti, frontem redimita coronis,
 femina lucentes portat ab Urbe faces. 270
 regna tenent fortes manibus pedibusque fugaces,
 et perit exemplo postmodo quisque suo.
 defluit incerto lapidosus murmure rivus:
 saepe, sed exiguis haustibus, inde bibi.
 Egeria est quae praebet aquas, dea grata Camenis: 275
 illa Numae coniunx consiliumque fuit.
 principio nimium promptos ad bella Quirites
 molliri placuit iure deumque metu.
 inde datae leges, ne firmior omnia posset,
 coeptaque sunt pure tradita sacra coli. 280
 exuitur feritas, armisque potentius aequum est,
 et cum cive pudet conseruisse manus,
 atque aliquis, modo trux, visa iam vertitur ara
 vinaque dat tepidis farraque salsa focis.
 ecce deum genitor rutilas per nubila flammas 285
 spargit, et effusis aethera siccat aquis.
 non alias missi cecidere frequentius ignes:
 rex pavet et volgi pectora terror habet.
 cui dea 'ne nimium terrere: piabile fulmen
 est' ait 'et saevi flectitur ira Iovis. 290

sed poterunt ritum Picus Faunusque piandi
 tradere, Romani numen utrumque soli.
 nec sine vi tradent: adhibe tu vincula captis';
 atque ita qua possint edidit arte capi.
 lucus Aventino suberat niger ilicis umbra, 295
 quo posses viso dicere 'numen inest'.
 in medio gramen, muscoque adoperta virenti
 manabat saxo vena perennis aquae;
 inde fere soli Faunus Picusque bibebant:
 huc venit et fonti rex Numa mactat ovem, 300
 plenaque odorati disponit pocula Bacchi,
 cumque suis antro conditus ipse latet.
 ad solitos veniunt silvestria numina fontes
 et relevant multo pectora sicca mero.
 vina quies sequitur: gelido Numa prodit ab antro 305
 vinclaque sopitas addit in arta manus.
 somnus ut abscessit, pugnando vincula temptant
 rumpere; pugnantes fortius illa tenent.
 tum Numa: 'di nemorum, factis ignoscite nostris
 si scelus ingenio scitis abesse meo, 310
 quoque modo possit fulmen monstrare piari.'
 sic Numa; sic quatiens cornua Faunus ait:
 'magna petis, nec quae monitu tibi discere nostro
 fas sit: habent fines numina nostra suos.
 di sumus agrestes et qui dominemur in altis 315
 montibus; arbitrium est in sua tecta Iovi.
 hunc tu non poteris per te deducere caelo,
 at poteris nostra forsitan usus ope.'
 dixerat haec Faunus; par est sententia Pici.
 'deme tamen nobis vincula', Picus ait, 320
 'Iuppiter huc veniet, valida perductus ab arte:
 nubila promissi Styx mihi testis erit.'
 emissi laqueis quid agant, quae carmina dicant,
 quaque trahant superis sedibus arte Iovem
 scire nefas homini. nobis concessa canentur 325
 quaeque pio dici vatis ab ore licet.
 eliciunt caelo te, Iuppiter; unde minores

nunc quoque te celebrant Eliciumque vocant.
constat Aventinae tremuisse cacumina silvae,
terraque subsedit pondere pressa Iovis: 330
corda micant regis totoque e corpore sanguis
fugit et hirsutae deriguere comae.
ut rediit animus, 'da certa piamina' dixit
'fulminis, aliorum rexque paterque deum,
si tua contigimus manibus donaria puris, 335
hoc quoque quod petitur si pia lingua rogat.'
adnuat oranti, sed verum ambage remota
abdidit et dubio terruit ore virum.
'caede caput' dixit; cui rex 'parebimus' inquit;
'caedenda est hortis eruta cepa meis.' 340
addidit hic 'hominis'; 'sumes' ait ille 'capillos.'
postulat hic animam; cui Numa 'piscis' ait.
risit, et 'his' inquit 'facito mea tela procures,
o vir conloquio non abigende deum.
sed tibi, protulerit cum totum crastinus orbem 345
Cynthius, imperii pignora certa dabo.'
dixit et ingenti tonitru super aethera motum
fertur, adorantem destituitque Numam.
ille redit laetus memoratque Quiritibus acta:
tarda venit dictis difficilisque fides. 350
'at certe credemur' ait 'si verba sequetur
exitus: en audi crastina, quisquis ades.
protulerit terris cum totum Cynthius orbem,
Iuppiter imperii pignora certa dabit.'
discedunt dubii, promissaque tarda videntur, 355
dependetque fides a veniente die.
mollis erat tellus rorata mane pruina:
ante sui populus limina regis adest.
prodit et in solio medius consedit acerno;
innumeri circa stantque silentque viri. 360
ortus erat summo tantummodo margine Phoebus:
sollicitae mentes speque metuque pavent.
constitit atque caput niveo velatus amictu
iam bene dis notas sustulit ille manus,

atque ita 'tempus adest promissi muneris' inquit; 365
 'pollicitam dictis, Iuppiter, adde fidem.'
 dum loquitur, totum iam sol emoverat orbem,
 et gravis aetherio venit ab axe fragor.
 ter tonuit sine nube deus, tria fulgura misit.
 credite dicenti: mira sed acta loquor: 370
 a media caelum regione dehiscere coepit:
 summisere oculos cum duce turba suo.
 ecce levi scutum versatum leniter aura
 decidit: a populo clamor ad astra venit.
 tollit humo munus caesa prius ille iuvenca 375
 quae dederat nulli colla premenda iugo,
 idque ancile vocat, quod ab omni parte recisum est,
 quaque notes oculis angulus omnis abest.
 tum, memor imperii sortem consistere in illo,
 consilium multae calliditatis init: 380
 plura iubet fieri simili caelata figura,
 error ut ante oculos insidiantis eat.
 Mamurius, morum fabraene exactior artis
 difficile est, illud, dicere, clausit opus.
 cui Numa munificus 'facti pete praemia' dixit: 385
 'si mea nota fides, inrita nulla petes.'
 iam dederat Saliis a saltu nomina ducta
 armaque et ad certos verba canenda modos;
 tum sic Mamurius: 'merces mihi gloria detur,
 nominaque extremo carmine nostra sonent.' 390
 inde sacerdotes operi promissa vetusto
 praemia persolvunt Mamuriumque vocant.
 Nubere siqua voles, quamvis properabitis ambo,
 differ; habent parvae commoda magna morae.
 arma movent pugnās, pugna est aliena maritis; 395
 condita cum fuerint, aptius omen erit.
 His etiam coniunx apicati cincta Dialis
 lucibus impexas debet habere comas.

Tertia nox de mense suos ubi moverit ortus
conditus e geminis Piscibus alter erit.
nam duo sunt: Austris hic est, Aquilonibus ille
proximus; a vento nomen uterque tenet.

5. H C

Cum croceis rorare genis Tithonia coniunx
coeperit et quintae tempora lucis aget,
sive est Arctophylax, sive est piger ille Bootes, 405
mergetur visus effugietque tuos.
at non effugiet Vindemitor: hoc quoque causam
unde trahat sidus parva docere mora est.
Ampelon intonsum satyro nymphaque creatum
fertur in Ismariis Bacchus amasse iugis. 410
tradidit huic vitem pendentem frondibus ulmi,
quae nunc de pueri nomine nomen habet.
dum legit in ramo pictas temerarius uvas,
decidit: amissum Liber in astra tulit.

6. A NP

Sextus ubi Oceano clivosum scandit Olympum
Phoebus et alatis aethera carpit equis,
quisquis ades castaeque colis penetralia Vestae,
gratare, Iliacis turaque pone focis.
Caesaris innumeris, quos maluit ille mereri,
accessit titulis pontificalis honor. 420
ignibus aeternis aeterni numina praesunt
Caesaris: imperii pignora iuncta vides.
di veteris Troiae, dignissima praeda ferenti,
qua gravis Aeneas tutus ab hoste fuit,
ortus ab Aenea tangit cognata sacerdos 425
numina: cognatum, Vesta, tuere caput.
quos sancta foveat ille manu, bene vivitis, ignes:
vivite inexstincti, flammaque duxque, precor.

7. B NON : F

Una nota est Marti Nonis, sacrata quod illis
 templa putant lucos Veiovis ante duos.
Romulus, ut saxo lucum circumdedit alto,
 ‘quilibet huc’ inquit ‘confuge; tutus eris.’
o quam de tenui Romanus origine crevit,
 turba vetus quam non invidiosa fuit!
ne tamen ignaro novitas tibi nominis obstet, 435
 disce quis iste deus, curve vocetur ita.
Iuppiter est iuvenis: iuvenales aspice voltus;
 aspice deinde manum: fulmina nulla tenet.
fulmina post ausos caelum adfectare Gigantas
 sumpta Iovi: primo tempore inermis erat; 440
ignibus Ossa novis et Pelion altius Ossa
 arsit et in solida fixus Olympus humo.
stat quoque capra simul: nymphae pavisse feruntur
 Cretides, infanti lac dedit illa Iovi.
nunc vocor ad nomen: vegrandia farra coloni 445
 quae male creverunt, vescaque parva vocant;
vis ea si verbi est, cur non ego Veiovis aedem
 aedem non magni suspicer esse Iovis?
Iamque ubi caeruleum variabunt sidera caelum,
 suspice: Gorgonei colla videbis equi. 450
creditur hic caesae gravis cervice Medusae
 sanguine respersis prosiluisse iubis.
huic supra nubes et subter sidera lapso
 caelum pro terra, pro pede pinna fuit;
iamque indignanti nova frena receperat ore 455
 cum levis Aonias ungula fodit aquas.
nunc fruitur caelo, quod pinnis ante petebat,
 et nitidus stellis quinque decemque micat.

8. CF

Protinus aspicias venienti nocte Coronam
 Cnosida: Theseo crimine facta dea est.

iam bene periuro mutarat coniuge Bacchum
 quae dedit ingrato fila legenda viro;
 sorte tori gaudens ‘quid flebam rustica?’ dixit;
 ‘utiliter nobis perfidus ille fuit.’
 interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos 465
 vicit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
 inter captivas facie praestante puellas
 grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
 flebat amans coniunx, spatiatque litore curvo
 edidit incultis talia verba comis: 470
 ‘en iterum, fluctus, similes audite querellas.
 en iterum lacrimas accipe, harena, meas.
 dicebam, memini, “periure et perfide Theseu!”
 ille abiit, eadem crimina Bacchus habet.
 nunc quoque “nulla viro” clamabo “femina credat”; 475
 nomine mutato causa relata mea est.
 o utinam mea sors qua primum coeperat isset,
 iamque ego praesenti tempore nulla forem.
 quid me desertis morituram, Liber, harenis
 servabas? potui dedoluisse semel. 480
 Bacche levis leviorque tuis, quae tempora cingunt,
 frondibus, in lacrimas cognite Bacche meas,
 ausus es ante oculos adducta paelice nostros
 tam bene compositum sollicitare torum?
 heu ubi pacta fides? ubi quae iurare solebas? 485
 me miseram, quotiens haec ego verba loquar?
 Thesea culpabas fallacemque ipse vocabas:
 iudicio peccas turpius ipse tuo.
 ne sciat haec quisquam tacitisque doloribus urar,
 ne totiens falli digna fuisse puter. 490
 praecipue cupiam celari Thesea, ne te
 consortem culpa gaudeat esse suae.
 at, puto, praeposita est fuscae mihi candida paelex!
 eveniat nostris hostibus ille color.
 quid tamen hoc refert? vitio tibi gratior ipso est. 495
 quid facis? amplexus inquinat illa tuos.
 Bacche, fidem praesta, nec praefer amoribus ullam

coniugis: adsuevi semper amare virum.
ceperunt matrem formosi cornua tauri,
me tua; at hic laudi est, ille pudendus amor. 500
ne noceat quod amo: neque enim tibi, Bacche, nocebat
quod flammas nobis fassus es ipse tuas.
nec, quod nos uris, mirum facis: ortus in igne
diceris, et patria raptus ab igne manu.
illa ego sum cui tu solitus promittere caelum. 505
ei mihi, pro caelo qualia dona fero!’
dixerat; audibat iamdudum verba querentis
Liber, ut a tergo forte secutus erat.
occupat amplexu lacrimasque per oscula siccant,
et ‘pariter caeli summa petamus’ ait: 510
‘tu mihi iuncta toro mihi iuncta vocabula sumes,
nam tibi mutatae Libera nomen erit,
sintque tuae tecum faciam monimenta coronae,
Volcanus Veneri quam dedit, illa tibi.’
dicta facit, gemmasque novem transformat in ignes: 515
aurea per stellas nunc micat illa novem.

(9. DC) (10. EC) (11. FC)
(12. GC) (13. H EN) 14. A EQVIRR : NP

Sex ubi sustulerit, totidem demerserit orbes
purpureum rapido qui vehit axe diem,
altera gramineo spectabis Equirria Campo,
quem Tiberis curvis in latus urget aquis; 520
qui tamen eiecta si forte tenebitur unda,
Caelius accipiat pulverulentus equos.

15. B EID : NP

Idibus est Annae festum geniale Perennae
non procul a ripis, advena Thybri, tuis.
plebs venit ac virides passim disiecta per herbas 525
potat, et accumbit cum pare quisque sua.
sub Iove pars durat, pauci tentoria ponunt,

sunt quibus e ramis frondea facta casa est;
pars, ubi pro rigidis calamos statuere columnis,
desuper extentas imposuere togas. 530
sole tamen vinoque calent annosque precantur
quot sumant cyathos, ad numerumque bibunt.
invenies illic qui Nestoris ebibat annos,
quae sit per calices facta Sibylla suos.
illic et cantant quicquid didicere theatris, 535
et iactant faciles ad sua verba manus,
et ducunt posito duras crateres choreas,
cultaque diffusis saltat amica comis.
cum redeunt, titubant et sunt spectacula volgi,
et fortunatos obvia turba vocat. 540
occurrit nuper (visa est mihi digna relatu)
pompa: senem potum pota trahebat anus.
quae tamen haec dea sit quoniam rumoribus errat,
fabula proposito nulla tegenda meo.
arserat Aeneae Dido miserabilis igne, 545
arserat exstructis in sua fata rogis,
compositusque cinis, tumulique in marmore carmen
hoc breve, quod moriens ipsa reliquit, erat:
praebevit Aeneas et causam mortis et ense:
ipsa sua Dido concidit sua manu. 550
protinus invadunt Numidae sine vindice regnum,
et potitur capta Maurus Iarba domo,
seque memor spretum 'thalamis tamen' inquit 'Elissae
en ego, quem totiens reppulit illa, fruor.'
diffugiunt Tyrii quo quemque agit error, ut olim 555
amisso dubiae rege vagantur apes.
tertia nudandas acceperat area messes,
inque cavos ierant tertia musta lacus:
pellitur Anna domo, lacrimansque sororia linquit
moenia; germanae iusta dat ante suae. 560
mixta bibunt molles lacrimis unguenta favillae,
vertice libatas accipiuntque comas,
terque 'vale' dixit, cineres ter ad ora relatos
pressit, et est illis visa subesse soror.

nacta ratem comitesque fugae pede labitur aequo 565
moenia respiciens, dulce sororis opus.
fertilis est Melite sterili vicina Cosyrae
insula, quam Libyci verberat unda freti.
hanc petit, hospitio regis confisa vetusto:
hospes opum dives rex ibi Battus erat. 570
qui postquam didicit casus utriusque sororis,
'haec' inquit 'tellus quantulacumque tua est.'
et tamen hospitii servasset ad ultima munus;
sed timuit magnas Pygmalionis opes.
signa recensuerat bis sol sua, tertius ibat 575
annus, et exilio terra paranda nova est.
frater adest belloque petit. rex arma perosus
'nos sumus inbelles, tu fuge sospes' ait.
iussa fugit ventoque ratem committit et undis:
asperior quovis aequore frater erat. 580
est prope piscosos lapidosi Crathidis amnes
parvus ager, Cameren incola turba vocat:
illuc cursus erat. nec longius abfuit inde
quam quantum novies mittere funda potest:
vela cadunt primo et dubia librantur ab aura: 585
'findite remigio' navita dixit 'aquas';
dumque parant torto subducere carbasa lino,
percutitur rapido puppis adunca Noto,
inque patens aequor, frustra pugnante magistro,
fertur, et ex oculis visa refugit humus. 590
adsiliunt fluctus imoque a gurgite pontus
vertitur, et canas alveus haurit aquas.
vincitur ars vento nec iam moderator habenis
utitur, at votis is quoque poscit opem.
iactatur tumidas exul Phoenissa per undas, 595
umidaque opposita lumina veste tegit.
tum primum Dido felix est dicta sorori
et quaecumque aliquam corpore pressit humum.
ducitur ad Laurens ingenti flamine litus
puppis, et expositis omnibus hausta perit. 600
iam pius Aeneas regno nataque Latini

auctus erat, populos miscueratque duos.
litore dotali solo comitatus Achate
secretum nudo dum pede carpit iter,
aspicit errantem, nec credere sustinet Annam 605
esse: quid in Latios illa veniret agros?
dum secum Aeneas, ‘Anna est!’ exclamat Achates:
ad nomen voltus sustulit illa suos.
heu, quid agat? fugiat? quos terrae quaerat hiatus?
ante oculos miserae fata sororis erant. 610
sensit, et adloquitur trepidam Cythereius heros
(flet tamen admonitu motus, Elissa, tui):
‘Anna, per hanc iuro, quam quondam audire solebas
tellurem fato prosperiore dari,
perque deos comites, hac nuper sede locatos, 615
saepe meas illos increpuisse moras.
nec timui de morte tamen: metus abfuit iste.
ei mihi, credibili fortior illa fuit.
ne refer: aspexi non illo corpore digna
volnera Tartareas ausus adire domos. 620
at tu, seu ratio te nostris adpulit oris
sive deus, regni commoda carpe mei.
multa tibi memores, nil non debemus Elissae:
nomine grata tuo, grata sororis eris.’
taliam dicenti (neque enim spes altera restat) 625
credidit, errores exposuitque suos;
utque domum intravit Tyrios induta paratus,
incipit Aeneas (cetera turba tacet):
‘hanc tibi cur tradam, pia causa, Lavinia coniunx,
est mihi: consumpsi naufragus huius opes. 630
orta Tyro est, regnum Libyca possedit in ora:
quam precor ut carae more sororis ames.’
omnia promittit falsumque Lavinia volnus
mente premit tacita dissimulatque metus;
donaque cum videat praeter sua lumina ferri 635
multa, tamen mitti clam quoque multa putat.
non habet exactum quid agat: furialiter odit,
et parat insidias et cupit ulta mori.

nox erat: ante torum visa est adstare sororis
 squalenti Dido sanguinolenta coma 640
et ‘fuge, ne dubita, maestum fuge’ dicere ‘tectum’;
 sub verbum querulas impulit aura fores.
exsilit et velox humili ~super ausa~ fenestra
 se iacit (audacem fecerat ipse timor),
cumque metu rapitur tunica velata recincta, 645
 currit ut auditis territa damma lupis,
corniger hanc cupidis rapuisse Numicius undis
 creditur et stagnis occuluisse suis.
Sidonis interea magno clamore per agros
 quaeritur: apparent signa notaeque pedum; 650
ventum erat ad ripas: inerant vestigia ripis;
 sustinuit tacitas conscius amnis aquas.
ipsa loqui visa est ‘placidi sum nympha Numici:
 amne perenne latens Anna Perenna vocor.’
protinus erratis laeti vescuntur in agris 655
 et celebrant largo seque diemque mero.
Sunt quibus haec Luna est, quia mensibus impleat annum;
 pars Themis, Inachiam pars putat esse bovem.
invenies qui te nymphen Azanida dicant
 teque Iovi primos, Anna, dedisse cibos. 660
haec quoque, quam referam, nostras pervenit ad aures
 fama, nec a veri dissidet illa fide.
plebs vetus et nullis etiam nunc tuta tribunis
 fugit et in Sacri vertice Montis erat;
iam quoque quem secum tulerant defecerat illos 665
 victus et humanis usibus apta Ceres.
orta suburbanis quaedam fuit Anna Bovillis,
 pauper, sed multae sedulitatis anus;
illa, levi mitra canos incincta capillos,
 fingebat tremula rustica liba manu, 670
atque ita per populum fumantia mane solebat
 dividere: haec populo copia grata fuit.
pace domi facta signum posuere Perennae,
 quod sibi defectis illa ferebat opem.
Nunc mihi, cur cantent, superest, obscena puellae, 675

dicere; nam coeunt certaue probra canunt.
nuper erat dea facta: venit Gradivus ad Annam,
et cum seducta talia verba facit:
‘mense meo coleris, iunxi mea tempora tecum;
pendet ab officio spes mihi magna tuo. 680
armifer armiferae correptus amore Minervae
uror, et hoc longo tempore volnus alo.
effice, di studio similes coeamus in unum:
conveniunt partes hae tibi, comis anus.’
dixerat; illa deum promisso ludit inani, 685
et stultam dubia spem trahit usque mora.
saepius instanti ‘mandata peregrimus’ inquit;
‘evicta est: precibus vix dedit illa manus.’
credit amans thalamosque parat. deducitur illuc
Anna tegens voltus, ut nova nupta, suos. 690
oscula sumpturus subito Mars aspicit Annam:
nunc pudor elusum, nunc subit ira, deum.
ridet amatorem carae nova diva Minervae,
nec res hac Veneri gratior ulla fuit.
inde ioci veteres obscenaue dicta canuntur, 695
et iuvat hanc magno verba dedisse deo.
Praeteriturus eram gladios in principe fixos,
cum sic a castis Vesta locuta focis:
‘ne dubita meminisse: meus fuit ille sacerdos;
sacrilegae telis me petiere manus. 700
ipsa virum rapui simulacraue nuda reliqui:
quae cecidit ferro, Caesaris umbra fuit.’
ille quidem caelo positus Iovis atria vidit,
et tenet in magno templa dicata foro;
at quicumque nefas ausi, prohibente deorum 705
numine, polluerant pontificale caput,
morte iacent merita: testes estote, Philippi,
et quorum sparsis ossibus albet humus.
hoc opus, haec pietas, haec prima elementa fuerunt
Caesaris, ulcisci iusta per arma patrem. 710

Postera cum teneras aurora refecerit herbas,
Scorpios a prima parte videndus erit.

17. D LIB : AGON : NP

Tertia post Idus lux est celeberrima Baccho:

Bacche, fave vati, dum tua festa cano.
nec referam Semelen, ad quam nisi fulmina secum 715

Iuppiter adferret, ~parvus inermis eras~;
nec, puer ut posses maturo tempore nasci,
expletum patrio corpore matris opus.

Sithonas et Scythicos longum narrare triumphos
et domitas gentes, turifer Inde, tuas. 720

tu quoque Thebae mala praeda tacebere matris,
inque tuum furiis acte Lycurge genus.

ecce libet subitos pisces Tyrrhenaque monstra
dicere; sed non est carminis huius opus.

carminis huius opus causas exponere quare 725
vitisator populos ad sua liba vocet.

ante tuos ortus arae sine honore fuerunt,
Liber, et in gelidis herba reperta focis.

te memorant, Gange totoque Oriente subacto,
primitias magno seposuisse Iovi: 730

cinnama tu primus captivaque tura dedisti
deque triumphato viscera tosta bove.

nomine ab auctoris ducunt libamina nomen
libaque, quod sanctis pars datur inde focis;

liba deo fiunt, sucis quia dulcibus idem 735
gaudet, et a Baccho mella reperta ferunt.

ibat harenoso satyris comitatus ab Hebro
(non habet ingratos fabula nostra iocos);

iamque erat ad Rhodopen Pangaeaue florida ventum:
aeriferae comitum concrepuere manus. 740

ecce novae coeunt volucres tinnitibus actae,
quosque movent sonitus aera, sequuntur apes;

colligit errantes et in arbore claudit inani
Liber, et inventi praemia mellis habet.

ut satyri levisque senex tetigere saporem 745
quaerebant flavos per nemus omne favos.
audit in exesa stridorem examinis ulmo,
aspicit et ceras dissimulatque senex;
utque piger pandi tergo residebat aselli,
adplicat hunc ulmo corticibusque cavis. 750
constitit ipse super ramoso stipite nixus,
atque avide trunco condita mella petit:
milia crabronum coeunt, et vertice nudo
spicula defigunt oraque sima notant.
ille cadit praeceps et calce feritur aselli, 755
inclamatque suos auxiliumque rogat.
concurrunt satyri turgentiaque ora parentis
rident: percusso claudicat ille genu.
ridet et ipse deus, limumque inducere monstrat;
hic paret monitis et linit ora luto. 760
melle pater fruitur, liboque infusa calenti
iure repertori splendida mella damus.
femina cur praesit, non est rationis opertae:
femineos thyrsos concitat ille choros.
cur anus hoc faciat, quaeris? vinosior aetas 765
~haec erat et~ gravidae munera vitis amat.
cur hedera cincta est? hedera est gratissima Baccho;
hoc quoque cur ita sit, discere nulla mora est.
Nysiadas nymphas puerum quaerente noverca
hanc frondem cunis opposuisse ferunt. 770
Restat ut inveniam quare toga libera detur
Lucifero pueris, candide Bacche, tuo:
sive quod ipse puer semper iuvenisque videris,
et media est aetas inter utrumque tibi;
seu quia tu pater es, patres sua pignora, natos, 775
commendant curae numinibusque tuis:
sive, quod es Liber, vestis quoque libera per te
sumitur et vitae liberioris iter:
an quia, cum colerent prisci studiosius agros,
et faceret patrio rure senator opus, 780
et caperet fasces a curvo consul aratro,

nec crimen duras esset habere manus,
rusticus ad ludos populus veniebat in Urbem —
sed dis, non studiis ille dabatur honor:
luce sua ludos uvae commentor habebat, 785
quos cum taedifera nunc habet ille dea —
ergo ut tironem celebrare frequentia possit,
visa dies dandae non aliena togae?
mite caput, pater, huc placataque cornua vertas,
et des ingenio vela secunda meo. 790
Itur ad Argeos (qui sint, sua pagina dicet)
hac, si commemini, praeteritaque die.
stella Lycaoniam vergit declinis ad Arcton
Miluus: haec illa nocte videnda venit.
quid dederit volucris, si vis cognoscere, caelum, 795
Saturnus regnis a Iove pulsus erat;
concitatur iratus validos Titanas in arma,
quaeque fuit fati debita temptat opem.
matre satus Terra, monstrum mirabile, taurus
parte sui serpens posteriore fuit: 800
hunc triplici muro lucis incluserat atris
Parcarum monitu Styx violenta trium.
viscera qui tauri flammis adolenda dedisset,
sors erat aeternos vincere posse deos.
immolat hunc Briareus facta ex adamante securi, 805
et iamiam flammis exta daturus erat:
Iuppiter alitibus rapere imperat: attulit illi
miluus, et meritis venit in astra suis.

(18. EC) 19. F QVINQ : NP

20. GC 21. HC 22. AN

Una dies media est, et fiunt sacra Minervae,
nomina quae iunctis quinque diebus habent.
sanguine prima vacat, nec fas concurrere ferro:
causa, quod est illa nata Minerva die.
altera tresque super rasa celebrantur harena:
ensibus exsertis bellica laeta dea est.

Pallada nunc pueri teneraeque orate puellae; 815
 qui bene placarit Pallada, doctus erit.
 Pallade placata lanam mollire puellae
 discant et plenas exonerare colos.
 illa etiam stantes radio percurrere telas
 erudit et rarum pectine denset opus. 820
 hanc cole, qui maculas laesis de vestibis aufers:
 hanc cole, velleribus quisquis aena paras.
 nec quisquam invita faciet bene vincula plantae
 Pallade, sit Tychio doctior ille licet:
 et licet antiquo manibus conlatus Epeo 825
 sit prior, irata Pallade mancus erit.
 vos quoque, Phoebea morbos qui pellitis arte,
 munera de vestris pauca referte deae.
 nec vos, turba fere censu fraudata, magistri,
 spernite (discipulos attrahit illa novos), 830
 quique moves caelum, tabulamque coloribus uris,
 quique facis docta mollia saxa manu.
 mille dea est operum: certe dea carminis illa est;
 si mereor, studiis adsit amica meis.
 Caelius ex alto qua mons descendit in aequum, 835
 hic, ubi non plana est, sed prope plana via,
 parva licet videas Captae delubra Minervae,
 quae dea natali coepit habere suo.
 nominis in dubio causa est. capitale vocamus
 ingenium sollers: ingeniosa dea est. 840
 an quia de capitis fertur sine matre paterni
 vertice cum clipeo prosiluisse suo?
 an quia perdomitis ad nos captiva Faliscis
 venit? et hoc signo littera prisca docet.
 an quod habet legem, capitis quae pendere poenas 845
 ex illo iubeat furta recepta loco?
 a quacumque trahis ratione vocabula, Pallas,
 pro ducibus nostris aegida semper habe.

Summa dies e quinque tubas lustrare canoras
 admonet et forti sacrificare deae.
 nunc potes ad solem sublato dicere voltu
 'hic here Phrixeae vellera pressit ovis.'
 seminibus tostis sceleratae fraude novercae
 sustulerat nullas, ut solet, herba comas:
 mittitur ad tripodas certa qui sorte reportet 855
 quam sterili terrae Delphicus edat opem.
 hic quoque corruptus cum semine nuntiat Helles
 et iuvenis Phrixi funera sorte peti.
 usque recusantem cives et tempus et Ino
 compulerunt regem iussa nefanda pati; 860
 et soror et Phrixus, velati tempora vittis,
 stant simul ante aras iunctaque fata gemunt.
 aspicit hos, ut forte pependerat aethere, mater
 et ferit attonita pectora nuda manu,
 inque draconigenam nimbis comitantibus urbem 865
 desilit, et natos eripit inde suos;
 utque fugam capiant, aries nitidissimus auro
 traditur: ille vehit per freta longa duos.
 dicitur infirma cornu tenuisse sinistra
 femina, cum de se nomina fecit aquae. 870
 paene simul periit, dum volt succurrere lapsae,
 frater, et extentas porrigit usque manus.
 flebat, ut amissa gemini consorte pericli,
 caeruleo iunctam nescius esse deo.
 litoribus tactis aries fit sidus; at huius 875
 pervenit in Colchas aurea lana domos.

(24. C Q : REX : C : F) (25. DC) 26. EC

Tres ubi Luciferos veniens praemiserit Eos,
 tempora nocturnis aequa diurna feres.

(27. F NP) (28. GC) (29. HC) 30. AC

Inde quater pastor saturos ubi clausurit haedos,

canuerint herbae rore recente quater,
Ianus adorandus cumque hoc Concordia mitis
et Romana Salus Araque Pacis erit.

31. BC

Luna regit menses: huius quoque tempora mensis
finit Aventino Luna colenda iugo.

LIBER QVARTVS

‘Alma, fave’, dixi ‘geminorum mater Amorum’;
ad vatem voltus rettulit illa suos;
‘quid tibi’ ait ‘mecum? certe maiora canebas.
num vetus in molli pectore volnus habes?’
‘scis, dea’, respondi ‘de volnere.’ risit, et aether 5
protinus ex illa parte serenus erat.
‘saucius an sanus numquid tua signa reliqui?
tu mihi propositum, tu mihi semper opus.
quae decuit primis sine crimine lusimus annis;
nunc teritur nostris area maior equis. 10
tempora cum causis, annalibus eruta priscis,
lapsaque sub terras ortaue signa cano.
venimus ad quartum, quo tu celeberrima mense:
et vatem et mensem scis, Venus, esse tuos.’
mota Cytheriaca leviter mea tempora myrto 15
contigit et ‘coeptum perface’ dixit ‘opus’.
sensimus, et causae subito patuere dierum:
dum licet et spirant flamina, navis eat.
Siqua tamen pars te de fastis tangere debet,
Caesar, in Aprili quod tuearis habes: 20
hic ad te magna descendit imagine mensis,
et fit adoptiva nobilitate tuus.
hoc pater Iliades, cum longum scriberet annum,
vidit et auctores rettulit ipse tuos:
utque fero Marti primam dedit ordine sortem, 25
quod sibi nascendi proxima causa fuit,
sic Venerem gradibus multis in gente receptam
alterius voluit mensis habere locum;
principiumque sui generis revolutaque quaerens
saecula, cognatos venit adusque deos. 30
Dardanon Electra nesciret Atlantide natum
scilicet, Electran concubuisse Iovi?
huius Erichthonius, Tros est generatus ab illo,
Assaracon creat hic, Assaracusque Capyn;

proximus Anchises, cum quo commune parentis 35
non dedignata est nomen habere Venus:
hinc satus Aeneas; pietas spectata per ignes
sacra patremque umeris, altera sacra, tulit.
venimus ad felix aliquando nomen Iuli,
unde domus Teucros Iulia tangit avos. 40
Postumus hinc, qui, quod silvis fuit ortus in altis,
Silvius in Latia gente vocatus erat.
isque, Latine, tibi pater est; subit Alba Latinum;
proximus est titulis Epytus, Alba, tuis.
ille dedit Capii repetita vocabula Troiae 45
et tuus est idem, Calpete, factus avus.
cumque patris regnum post hunc Tiberinus haberet,
dicitur in Tuscae gurgite mersus aquae.
iam tamen Agrippam natum Remulumque nepotem
viderat; in Remulum fulmina missa ferunt. 50
venit Aventinus post hos, locus unde vocatur,
mons quoque; post illum tradita regna Procae;
quem sequitur duri Numitor germanus Amuli;
Ilia cum Lauso de Numitore sati:
ense cadit patrui Lausus; placet Ilia Marti, 55
teque parit, gemino iuncte Quirine Remo.
ille suos semper Venerem Martemque parentes
dixit, et emeruit vocis habere fidem:
neve secuturi possent nescire nepotes,
tempora dis generis continuata dedit. 60
sed Veneris mensem Graio sermone notatum
auguror; a spumis est dea dicta maris.
nec tibi sit mirum Graeco rem nomine dici;
Italia nam tellus Graecia maior erat.
venerat Euander plena cum classe suorum, 65
venerat Alcides, Graius uterque genus
(hospes Aventinis armentum pavit in herbis
claviger, et tanto est Albula pota deo),
dux quoque Neritius; testes Laestrygones exstant
et quod adhuc Circes nomina litus habet; 70
et iam Telegoni, iam moenia Tiburis udi

stant, Argolicae quod posuere manus.
venerat Atridae fatis agitatus Halaesus,
a quo se dictam terra Falisca putat.
adice Troianae suasorem Antenora pacis, 75
et generum Oeniden, Apule Daune, tuum.
serus ab Iliacis, et post Antenora, flammis
attulit Aeneas in loca nostra deos.
huius erat Solimus Phrygia comes unus ab Ida,
a quo Sulmonis moenia nomen habent, 80
Sulmonis gelidi, patriae, Germanice, nostrae.
me miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est!
ergo ego tam longe — sed supprime, Musa, querellas:
non tibi sunt maesta sacra canenda lyra.
Quo non livor abit? sunt qui tibi mensis honorem 85
eripuisse velint invideantque, Venus.
nam, quia ver aperit tunc omnia densaque cedit
frigoris asperitas fetaque terra patet,
Aprilem memorant ab aperto tempore dictum,
quem Venus iniecta vindicat alma manu. 90
illa quidem totum dignissima temperat orbem,
illa tenet nullo regna minora deo,
iuraque dat caelo, terrae, natalibus undis,
perque suos initus continet omne genus.
illa deos omnes (longum est numerare) creavit, 95
illa satis causas arboribusque dedit,
illa rudes animos hominum contraxit in unum,
et docuit iungi cum pare quemque sua.
quid genus omne creat volucrum, nisi blanda voluptas?
nec coeant pecudes, si levis absit amor. 100
cum mare trux aries cornu decertat, at idem
frontem dilectae laedere parcit ovis;
deposita sequitur taurus feritate iuvencam,
quem toti saltus, quem nemus omne tremit;
vis eadem lato quodcumque sub aequore vivit 105
servat, et innumeris piscibus implet aquas.
prima feros habitus homini detraxit: ab illa
venerunt cultus mundaque cura sui.

primus amans carmen vigilatum nocte negata
dicitur ad clausas concinuisse fores, 110
eloquiumque fuit duram exorare puellam,
proque sua causa quisque disertus erat.
mille per hanc artes motae; studioque placendi,
quae latuere prius, multa reperta ferunt.
hanc quisquam titulo mensis spoliare secundi 115
audeat? a nobis sit furor iste procul.
quid quod ubique potens templisque frequentibus aucta,
urbe tamen nostra ius dea maius habet?
pro Troia, Romane, tua Venus arma ferebat,
cum gemuit teneram cuspide laesa manum; 120
caelestesque duas Troiano iudice vicit
(ah nolim victas hoc meminisse deas),
Assaracique nurus dicta est, ut scilicet olim
magnus Iuleos Caesar haberet avos.
nec Veneri tempus, quam ver, erat aptius ullum 125
(vere nitent terrae, vere remissus ager;
nunc herbae rupta tellure cacumina tollunt,
nunc tumido gemmas cortice palmes agit),
et formosa Venus formoso tempore digna est,
utque solet, Marti continuata suo est. 130
vere monet curvas materna per aequora puppes
ire nec hibernas iam timuisse minas.

1. C K : APRIL : F

Rite deam colitis, Latiae matresque nurusque
et vos, quis vittae longaue vestis abest.
aurea marmoreo redimicula demite collo, 135
demite divitias: tota lavanda dea est.
aurea siccato redimicula reddite collo:
nunc alii flores, nunc nova danda rosa est.
vos quoque sub viridi myrto iubet ipsa lavari:
causaque cur iubeat, discite, certa subest. 140
litore siccabat rorantes nuda capillos:
viderunt satyri, turba proterva, deam.

sensit et opposita texit sua corpora myrto:
tuta fuit facto, vosque referre iubet.
discite nunc, quare Fortunae tura Virili 145
detis eo, gelida qui locus umet aqua.
accipit ille locus posito velamine cunctas
et vitium nudi corporis omne videt;
ut tegat hoc celetque viros, Fortuna Virilis
praestat et hoc parvo ture rogata facit. 150
nec pigeat tritum niveo cum lacte papaver
sumere et expressis mella liquata favis:
cum primum cupido Venus est deducta marito,
hoc bibit; ex illo tempore nupta fuit.
supplicibus verbis illam placate: sub illa 155
et forma et mores et bona fama manet.
Roma pudicitia proavorum tempore lapsa est:
Cumaeam, veteres, consuluistis anum.
templa iubet fieri Veneri: quibus ordine factis
inde Venus verso nomina corde tenet. 160
semper ad Aeneadas placido, pulcherrima, voltu
respice, totque tuas, diva, tuere nurus.
Dum loquor, elatae metuendus acumine caudae
Scorprios in virides praecipitatur aquas.

2. D F

Nox ubi transierit, caelumque rubescere primo
coeperit, et tactae rore querentur aves,
semustamque facem vigilata nocte viator
ponet, et ad solitum rusticus ibit opus,
Pliades incipientumeros relevare paternos,
quae septem dici, sex tamen esse solent: 170
seu quod in amplexum sex hinc venere deorum
(nam Steropen Marti concubuisse ferunt,
Neptuno Alcyonen et te, formosa Celaeno,
Maian et Electran Taygetenque Iovi),
septima mortali Merope tibi, Sisyphe, nupsit; 175
paenitet, et facti sola pudore latet:

sive quod Electra Troiae spectare ruinas
non tulit, ante oculos opposuitque manum.

(3. EC) 4. FC

Ter sine perpetuo caelum versetur in axe,
ter iungat Titan terque resolvat equos,
protinus inflexo Berecynthia tibia cornu
flabit, et Idaeae festa parentis erunt.
ibunt semimares et inania tympana tudent,
aeraque tinnitus aere repulsa dabunt;
ipsa sedens molli comitum cervice feretur 185
Urbis per medias exululata vias.
scaena sonat, ludique vocant: spectate, Quirites,
et fora Marte suo litigiosa vacent.
quaerere multa libet, sed me sonus aeris acuti
terret et horrendo lotos adunca sono. 190
'da, dea, quam sciter.' doctas Cybeleia neptes
vidit et has curae iussit adesse meae.
'pandite mandati memores, Heliconis alumnae,
gaudeat assiduo cur dea Magna sono.'
sic ego. sic Erato (mensis Cythereius illi 195
cessit, quod teneri nomen amoris habet):
'reddita Saturno sors haec erat: "optime regum,
a nato sceptris excutiere tuis."
ille suam metuens, ut quaeque erat edita, prolem
devorat, immersam visceribusque tenet. 200
saepe Rhea questa est totiens fecunda nec umquam
mater, et indoluit fertilitate sua.
Iuppiter ortus erat: (pro magno teste vetustas
creditur; acceptam parce movere fidem)
veste latens saxum caelesti gutture sedit: 205
sic genitor fati decipiendus erat.
ardua iamdudum resonat tinnitibus Ide,
tutus ut infanti vagiat ore puer.
pars clipeos sudibus, galeas pars tundit inanes:
hoc Curetes habent, hoc Corybantes opus. 210

res latuit, priscique manent imitamina facti:
 aera deae comites raucaque terga movent.
 cymbala pro galeis, pro scutis tympana pulsant:
 tibia dat Phrygios, ut dedit ante, modos.’
 desierat; coepi: ‘cur huic genus acre leonum 215
 praebent insolitas ad iuga curva iubas?’
 desieram; coepit: ‘feritas mollita per illam
 creditur; id curru testificata suo est.’
 ‘at cur turrifera caput est onerata corona?
 an primis turres urbibus illa dedit?’ 220
 adnuit. ‘unde venit’ dixi ‘sua membra secandi
 impetus?’ ut tacui, Pieris orsa loqui:
 ‘Phryx puer in silvis, facie spectabilis, Attis
 turrigeram casto vinxit amore deam;
 hunc sibi servari voluit, sua templa tueri, 225
 et dixit “semper fac puer esse velis.”
 ille fidem iussis dedit, et “si mentiar”, inquit
 “ultima, qua fallam, sit Venus illa mihi.”
 fallit, et in nympha Sagaritide desinit esse
 quod fuit: hinc poenas exigit ira deae. 230
 Naida volneribus succidit in arbore factis,
 illa perit; fatum Naidos arbor erat;
 hic furit, et credens thalami procumbere tectum
 effugit, et cursu Dindyma summa petit;
 et modo “tolle faces”, “remove” modo “verbera” clamat, 235
 saepe ~Palaestinas~ iurat adesse deas.
 ille etiam saxo corpus laniavit acuto,
 longaque in immundo pulvere tracta coma est,
 voxque fuit “merui: meritas do sanguine poenas.
 ah pereant partes quae nocuere mihi!” 240
 “ah pereant” dicebat adhuc; onus inguinis aufert,
 nullaque sunt subito signa relictia viri.
 venit in exemplum furor hic, mollesque ministri
 caedunt iactatis vilia membra comis.’
 talibus Aoniae facunda voce Camenae 245
 reddita quaesiti causa furoris erat.
 ‘hoc quoque, dux operis, moneas precor, unde petita

venerit; an nostra semper in urbe fuit?”
‘Dindymon et Cybelen et amoenam fontibus Iden
semper et Iliacas Mater amavit opes: 250
cum Troiam Aeneas Italos portaret in agros,
est dea sacriferas paene secuta rates,
sed nondum fatis Latio sua numina posci
senserat, adsuetis substiteratque locis.
post, ut Roma potens opibus iam saecula quinque 255
vidit et edomito sustulit orbe caput,
carminis Euboici fatalia verba sacerdos
inspicit; inspectum tale fuisse ferunt:
“mater abest: matrem iubeo, Romane, requiras.
cum veniet, casta est accipienda manu.” 260
obscurae sortis patres ambagibus errant,
quaeve parens absit, quove petenda loco.
consulitur Paeon, “divum” que “arcessite Matrem”
inquit; “in Idaeo est invenienda iugo.”
mittuntur proceres. Phrygiae tum sceptrata tenebat 265
Attalus; Ausoniis rem negat ille viris.
mira canam: longo tremuit cum murmure tellus,
et sic est adytis diva locuta suis:
“ipsa peti volui: ne sit mora; mitte volentem:
dignus Roma locus quo deus omnis eat.” 270
ille soni terrore pavens “proficiscere” dixit;
“nostra eris: in Phrygios Roma refertur avos.”
protinus innumerae caedunt pineta secures
illa, quibus fugiens Phryx pius usus erat.
mille manus coeunt, et picta coloribus ustis 275
caelestum Matrem concava puppis habet.
illa sui per aquas fertur tutissima nati,
longaque Phrixiae stagna sororis adit,
Rhoeteumque capax Sigeaque litora transit,
et Tenedum et veteres Eetionis opes. 280
Cyclades excipiunt, Lesbo post terga relictas,
quaeque Carysteis frangitur unda vadis;
transit et Icarium, lapsas ubi perdidit alas
Icarus, et vastae nomina fecit aquae.

tum laeva Creten, dextra Pelopeidas undas 285
deserit, et Veneris sacra Cythera petit.
hinc mare Trinacrium, candens ubi tingueret ferrum
Brontes et Steropes Acmonidesque solent,
aequoraque Afra legit, Sardoaque regna sinistris
respicit a remis, Ausoniamque tenet. 290
ostia contigerat, qua se Tiberinus in altum
dividit et campo liberiore natat:
omnis eques mixtaque gravis cum plebe senatus
obvius ad Tusci fluminis ora venit.
procedunt pariter matres nataeque nurusque 295
quaeque colunt sanctos virginitate focos.
sedula fune viri contento brachia lassant:
vix subit adversas hospita navis aquas.
sicca diu fuerat tellus, sitis usserat herbas:
sedit limoso pressa carina vado. 300
quisquis adest operi, plus quam pro parte laborat,
adiuvat et fortes voce sonante manus:
illa velut medio stabilis sedet insula ponto;
attoniti monstro stantque paventque viri.
Claudia Quinta genus Clauso referebat ab alto 305
(nec facies impar nobilitate fuit),
casta quidem, sed non et credita: rumor iniquus
laeserat, et falsi criminis acta rea est.
cultus et ornatis varie prodisse capillis
obfuit ad rigidos promptaque lingua senes. 310
conscia mens recti famae mendacia risit,
sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.
haec ubi castarum processit ab agmine matrum
et manibus puram fluminis hausit aquam,
ter caput inrorat, ter tollit in aethera palmas 315
(quicumque aspiciunt, mente carere putant),
summissoque genu voltus in imagine divae
figit, et hos edit crine iacente sonos:
“supplicis, alma, tuae, genetrix fecunda deorum,
accipe sub certa condicione preces. 320
casta negor: si tu damnas, meruisse fatebor;

morte luam poenas iudice victa dea;
sed si crimen abest, tu nostrae pignora vitae
re dabis, et castas casta sequere manus.”
dixit, et exiguo funem conamine traxit; 325
mira, sed et scaena testificata loquar:
mota dea est, sequiturque ducem laudatque sequendo;
index laetitiae fertur ad astra sonus.
fluminis ad flexum veniunt (Tiberina priores
Atria dixerunt), unde sinister abit. 330
nox aderat: querno religant in stipite funem,
dantque levi somno corpora functa cibo.
lux aderat: querno solvunt a stipite funem,
ante tamen posito tura dedere foco,
ante coronarunt puppem, sine labe iuvenecam 335
mactarunt operum coniugii que rudem.
est locus, in Tiberim qua lubricus influit Almo
et nomen magno perdit in amne minor.
illic purpurea canus cum veste sacerdos
Almonis dominam sacraque lavit aquis. 340
exululant comites, furiosaque tibia flatur,
et feriunt molles taurea terga manus.
Claudia praecedit laeto celeberrima voltu,
credita vix tandem teste pudica dea;
ipsa sedens plaustro porta est invecta Capena: 345
sparguntur iunctae flore recente boves.
Nasica accepit; templi non perstitit auctor:
Augustus nunc est, ante Metellus erat.’
substitit hic Erato. mora fit, si cetera quaeram.
‘dic’ inquam ‘parva cur stipe quaerat opes.’ 350
‘contulit aes populus, de quo delubra Metellus
fecit’ ait; ‘dandae mos stipis inde manet.’
cur vicibus factis ineant convivia, quaero,
tum magis indictas concelebrentque dapes.
‘quod bene mutarit sedem Berecynthia’, dixit 355
‘captant mutatis sedibus omen idem.’
institeram, quare primi Megalesia ludi
urbe forent nostra, cum dea (sensit enim)

'illa deos' inquit 'peperit: cessere parenti,
 principiumque dati Mater honoris habet.' 360
 'cur igitur Gallos qui se excidere vocamus,
 cum tanto a Phrygia Gallica distet humus?'
 'inter' ait 'viridem Cybelen altasque Celaenas
 amnis it insana, nomine Gallus, aqua.
 qui bibit inde, furit: procul hinc discedite, quis est 365
 cura bonae mentis: qui bibit inde, furit.'
 'non pudet herbosum' dixi 'posuisse moretum
 in dominae mensis: an sua causa subest?'
 'lacte mero veteres usi narrantur et herbis,
 sponte sua siquas terra ferebat' ait; 370
 'candidus elisae miscetur caseus herbae,
 cognoscat priscos ut dea prisca cibos.'

5. G NON : N

Postera cum caelo motis Pallantias astris
 fulserit, et niveos Luna levarit equos,
 qui dicet 'quondam sacrata est colle Quirini 375
 hac Fortuna die Publica', verus erit.

6. H NP (7. AN) (8. BN) 9. CN

Tertia lux (memini) ludis erat, ac mihi quidam
 spectanti senior continuusque loco
 'haec' ait 'illa dies, Libycis qua Caesar in oris
 perfida magnanimi contudit arma Iubae. 380
 dux mihi Caesar erat, sub quo meruisse tribunus
 gloriior: officio praefuit ille meo.
 hanc ego militia sedem, tu pace parasti,
 inter bis quinos usus honore viros.'
 plura locuturi subito seducimur imbre: 385
 pendula caelestes Libra movebat aquas.
 Ante tamen quam summa dies spectacula sistat
 ensifer Orion aequore mersus erit.

10. DN

Proxima victricem cum Romam inspexerit Eos
et dederit Phoebo stella fugata locum,
Circus erit pompa celebr numeroque deorum,
primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.

11. EN 12. FN

Hinc Cereris ludi: non est opus indice causae;
sponte deae munus promeritumque patet.
panis erat primis virides mortalibus herbae, 395
quas tellus nullo sollicitante dabat;
et modo carpebant vivax e caespite gramen,
nunc epulae tenera fronde cacumen erant.
postmodo glans nota est: bene erat iam glande reperta,
duraque magnificas quercus habebat opes. 400
prima Ceres homine ad meliora alimenta vocato
mutavit glandes utiliore cibo.
illa iugo tauros collum praebere coegit:
tum primum soles eruta vidit humus.
aes erat in pretio, Chalybeia massa latebat: 405
eheu, perpetuo debuit illa tegi.
pace Ceres laeta est; et vos orate, coloni,
perpetuam pacem pacificumque ducem.
farra deae micaeque licet salientis honorem
detis et in veteres turea grana focos; 410
et, si tura aberunt, unctas accendite taedas:
parva bonae Cereri, sint modo casta, placent.
a bove succincti cultros removete ministri:
bos aret; ignavam sacrificate suem.
apta iugo cervix non est ferienda securi: 415
vivat et in dura saepe laboret humo.
Exigit ipse locus raptus ut virginis edam:
plura recognosces, pauca docendus eris.
terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in aequor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adepta loci, 420

grata domus Cereri: multas ea possidet urbes,
 in quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo.
 frigida caelestum matres Arethusa vocarat:
 venerat ad sacras et dea flava dapes.
 filia, consuetis ut erat comitata puellis, 425
 errabat nudo per sua prata pede.
 valle sub umbrosa locus est aspergine multa
 uvidus ex alto desilientis aquae.
 tot fuerant illic, quot habet natura, colores,
 pictaque dissimili flore nitebat humus. 430
 quam simul aspexit, 'comites, accedite' dixit
 'et mecum plenos flore referte sinus.'
 praeda puellares animos prolectat inanis,
 et non sentitur sedulitate labor.
 haec implet lento calathos e vimine nexos, 435
 haec gremium, laxos degravat illa sinus;
 illa legit calthas, huic sunt violaria curae,
 illa papavereas subsecat ungue comas;
 has, hyacinthe, tenes; illas, amarante, moraris;
 pars thyma, pars rhoean et meliloton amat; 440
 plurima lecta rosa est, sunt et sine nomine flores:
 ipsa crocos tenues liliaque alba legit.
 carpendi studio paulatim longius itur,
 et dominam casu nulla secuta comes.
 hanc videt et visam patruus velociter aufert 445
 regnaque caeruleis in sua portat equis.
 illa quidem clamabat 'io, carissima mater,
 auferor!', ipsa suos abscideratque sinus:
 panditur interea Diti via, namque diurnum
 lumen inadsueti vix patiuntur equi. 450
 at, chorus aequalis, cumulatae flore ministrae
 'Persephone', clamant 'ad tua dona veni.'
 ut clamata silet, montes ululatibus implent,
 et feriunt maesta pectora nuda manu.
 attonita est plangore Ceres (modo venerat Hennem) 455
 nec mora, 'me miseram! filia' dixit 'ubi es?'
 mentis inops rapitur, quales audire solemus

Threicias fusis maenadas ire comis.
ut vitulo mugit sua mater ab ubere raptio
et quaerit fetus per nemus omne suos, 460
sic dea nec retinet gemitus, et concita cursu
fertur, et e campis incipit, Henna, tuis.
inde puellaris nacta est vestigia plantae
et pressam noto pondere vidit humum;
forsitan illa dies erroris summa fuisset, 465
si non turbassent signa reperta sues.
iamque Leontinos Amenanaque flumina cursu
praeterit et ripas, herbifer Aci, tuas:
praeterit et Cyanen et fontes lenis Anapi
et te, verticibus non adeunde Gela. 470
liquerat Ortygien Megareaque Pantagienque,
quaque Symaetheas accipit aequor aquas,
antraque Cyclopum positae exusta caminis,
quique locus curvae nomina falcis habet,
Himeraque et Didymen Acragantaque Tauromenumque, 475
sacrarumque Mylas pascua laeta boum:
hinc Camerinan adit Thapsonque et Heloria tempe,
quaque iacet Zephyro semper apertus Eryx.
iamque Peloriadem Lilybaeaeque, iamque Pachynon
lustrarat, terrae cornua prima suae: 480
quacumque ingreditur, miseris loca cuncta querellis
implet, ut amissum cum gemit ales Ityn.
perque vices modo 'Persephone!' modo 'filia!' clamat,
clamat et alternis nomen utrumque ciet;
sed neque Persephone Cererem nec filia matrem 485
audit, et alternis nomen utrumque perit;
unaque, pastorem vidisset an arva colentem,
vox erat 'hac gressus ecqua puella tulit?'
iam color unus inest rebus tenebrisque teguntur
omnia, iam vigiles conticuere canes: 490
alta iacet vasti super ora Typhoeos Aetne,
cuius anhelatis ignibus ardet humus;
illic accendit geminas pro lampade pinus:
hinc Cereris sacris nunc quoque taeda datur.

est specus exesi structura pumicis asper, 495
non homini regio, non adeunda ferae:
quo simul ac venit, frenatos curribus angues
iungit et aequoreas sicca pererrat aquas.
effugit et Syrtes et te, Zancleaea Charybdi,
et vos, Nisei, naufraga monstra, canes, 500
Hadriacumque patens late bimaremque Corinthum:
sic venit ad portus, Attica terra, tuos.
hic primum sedit gelido maestissima saxo:
illud Cecropidae nunc quoque triste vocant.
sub Iove duravit multis immota diebus, 505
et lunae patiens et pluvialis aquae.
sors sua cuique loco est: quod nunc Cerialis Eleusin
dicitur, hoc Celei rura fuere senis.
ille domum glandes excussa que mora rubetis
portat et arsuris arida ligna focus. 510
filia parva duas redigebat monte capellas,
et tener in cunis filius aeger erat.
'mater' ait virgo (mota est dea nomine matris),
'quid facis in solis incommitata locis?'
perstitit et senior, quamvis onus urget, et orat 515
tectae suae subeat quantulumque casae.
illa negat (simularat anum mitraque capillos
presserat); instanti talia dicta refert:
'sospes eas semperque parens; mihi filia rapta est.
heu, melior quanto sors tua sorte mea est!' 520
dixit, et ut lacrimae (neque enim lacrimare deorum est)
decidit in tepidos lucida gutta sinus.
flent pariter molles animis virgoque senexque;
e quibus haec iusti verba fuere senis:
'sic tibi, quam raptam quaeris, sit filia sospes; 525
surge, nec exiguae despice tecta casae.'
cui dea 'duc' inquit; 'scisti qua cogere posses',
seque levat saxo subsequiturque senem.
dux comiti narrat quam sit sibi filius aeger,
nec capiat somnos invigiletque malis. 530
illa soporiferum, parvos initura penates,

colligit agresti lene papaver humo.
dum legit, oblito fertur gustasse palato
longamque imprudens exsoluisse famem;
quae quia principio posuit ieiunia noctis, 535
tempus habent mystae sidera visa cibi.
limen ut intravit, luctus videt omnia plena;
iam spes in puero nulla salutis erat.
matre salutata (mater Metanira vocatur)
iungere dignata est os puerile suo. 540
pallor abit, subitasque vident in corpore vires:
tantus caelesti venit ab ore vigor.
tota domus laeta est, hoc est, materque paterque
nataque: tres illi tota fuere domus.
mox epulas ponunt, liquefacta coagula lacte 545
pomaque et in ceris aurea mella suis.
abstinet alma Ceres, somnique papavera causas
dat tibi cum tepido lacte bibenda, puer.
noctis erat medium placidique silentia somni:
Triptoleum gremio sustulit illa suo, 550
terque manu permulsit eum, tria carmina dixit,
carmina mortali non referenda sono,
inque foco corpus pueri vivente favilla
obruit, humanum purget ut ignis onus.
excutitur somno stulte pia mater, et amens 555
‘quid facis?’ exclamat, membraque ab igne rapit.
cui dea ‘dum non es’, dixit ‘scelerata fuisti:
inrita materno sunt mea dona metu.
iste quidem mortalis erit: sed primus arabit
et seret et culta praemia tollet humo.’ 560
dixit et egrediens nubem trahit, inque dracones
transit et aligero tollitur axe Ceres.
Sunion expositum Piraeaque tuta recessu
linquit et in dextrum quae iacet ora latus;
hinc init Aegaeum, quo Cycladas aspicit omnes, 565
Ioniumque rapax Icariumque legit,
perque urbes Asiae longum petit Hellespontum,
diversumque locis alta pererrat iter.

nam modo turilegos Arabas, modo despicit Indos;
hinc Libys, hinc Meroe siccaque terra subest; 570
nunc adit Hesperios, Rhenum Rhodanumque Padumque
teque, future parens, Thybri, potentis aquae.
quo feror? immensum est erratas dicere terras:
praeteritus Cereri nullus in orbe locus.
errat et in caelo, liquidique immunia ponti 575
adloquitur gelido proxima signa polo:
‘Parrhasides stellae, namque omnia nosse potestis,
aequoreas numquam cum subeatis aquas,
Persephonen natam miserae monstrate parenti.’
dixerat. huic Helice talia verba refert: 580
‘crimine nox vacua est; Solem de virgine rapta
consule, qui late facta diurna videt.’
Sol aditus ‘quam quaeris’, ait ‘ne vana labores,
nupta Iovis fratri tertia regna tenet.’
questa diu secum, sic est adfata Tonantem 585
(maximaque in voltu signa dolentis erant):
‘si memor es de quo mihi sit Proserpina nata,
dimidium curae debet habere tuae.
orbe pererrato sola est iniuria facti
cognita: commissi praemia raptor habet. 590
at neque Persephone digna est praedone marito,
nec gener hoc nobis more parandus erat.
quid gravius victore Gyge captiva tulissem
quam nunc te caeli sceptras tenente tuli?
verum impune ferat, nos haec patiemur inultae; 595
reddat et emendet facta priora novis.’
Iuppiter hanc lenit, factumque excusat amore,
nec gener est nobis ille pudendus ait;
‘non ego nobilior: posita est mihi regia caelo,
possidet alter aquas, alter inane chaos. 600
sed si forte tibi non est mutabile pectus,
statque semel iuncti rumpere vincla tori,
hoc quoque temptemus, siquidem ieiuna remansit;
si minus, inferni coniugis uxor erit.’
Tartara iussus adit sumptis Caducifer alis, 605

speque redit citius visaque certa refert:
'rapta tribus' dixit 'solvit ieiunia granis,
Punica quae lento cortice poma tegunt.'
non secus indoluit quam si modo rapta fuisset
maesta parens, longa vixque refecta mora est. 610
atque ita 'nec nobis caelum est habitabile' dixit;
'Taenaria recipi me quoque valle iube.'
et factura fuit, pactus nisi Iuppiter esset
bis tribus ut caelo mensibus illa foret.
tum demum voltumque Ceres animumque recepit, 615
imposuitque suae spicea sarta comae:
largaque provenit cessatis messis in arvis,
et vix congestas area cepit opes.
alba decent Cererem: vestes Cerialibus albas
sumite; nunc pulli velleris usus abest. 620

13. G EID : NP

Occupat Apriles Idus cognomine Victor
Iuppiter: hac illi sunt data templa die.
hac quoque, ni fallor, populo dignissima nostro
atria Libertas coepit habere sua.

14. HN

Luce secutura tutos pete, navita, portus:
ventus ab occasu grandine mixtus erit.
scilicet ut fuerit, tamen hac Mutinensia Caesar
grandine militia perculit arma sua.

15. A FORD : NP 16. BN

Tertia post Veneris cum lux surrexerit Idus,
pontifices, forda sacra litate bove.
forda ferens bos est fecundaque dicta ferendo:
hinc etiam fetus nomen habere putant.
nunc gravidum pecus est, gravidae quoque semine terrae:
Telluri plenae victima plena datur.

pars cadit arce Iovis, ter denas curia vaccas 635
accipit et largo sparsa cruore madet.
ast ubi visceribus vitulos rapuere ministri,
sectaque fumosis exta dedere focis,
igne cremat vitulos quae natu maxima Virgo est,
luce Palis populos purget ut ille cinis. 640
rege Numa, fructu non respondente labori,
inrita decepti vota colentis erant.
nam modo siccus erat gelidis Aquilonibus annus,
nunc ager assidua luxuriabat aqua;
saepe Ceres primis dominum fallebat in herbis, 645
et levis obsessio stabat avena solo,
et pecus ante diem partus edebat acerbos,
agnaque nascendo saepe necabat ovem.
silva vetus nullaue diu violata securi
stabat, Maenalia sacra relictas deo: 650
ille dabat tacitis animo responsa quieto
noctibus; hic geminas rex Numa mactat oves.
prima cadit Fauno, leni cadit altera Somno;
sternitur in duro vellus utrumque solo.
bis caput intonsum fontana spargitur unda, 655
bis sua faginea tempora fronde premit.
usus abest Veneris, nec fas animalia mensis
ponere, nec digitis anulus ullus inest;
veste rudi tectus supra nova vellera corpus
ponit, adorato per sua verba deo. 660
interea placidam redimita papavere frontem
Nox venit, et secum somnia nigra trahit;
Faunus adest, oviumque premens pede vellera duro
edidit a dextro talia verba toro:
'morte boum tibi, rex, Tellus placanda duarum: 665
det sacris animas una iuvenca duas.'
excutitur terrore quies: Numa visa revolvit,
et secum ambages caecaque iussa refert.
expedit errantem nemori gratissima coniunx
et dixit 'gravidae posceris exta bovis.' 670
exta bovis gravidae dantur; fecundior annus

provenit, et fructum terra pecusque ferunt.
Hanc quondam Cytherea diem properantius ire
iussit et admissos praecipitavit equos,
ut titulum imperii cum primum luce sequenti 675
Augusto iuveni prospera bella darent.

17. CN (18. DN)

Sed iam praeteritas quartus tibi Lucifer Idus
respicit; hac Hyades Dorida nocte tenent.

19. E CER : NP

Tertia post Hyadas cum lux erit orta remotas,
carcere partitos Circus habebit equos.
cur igitur missae vinctis ardentia taedis
terga ferant volpes causa docenda mihi est.
frigida Carseolis nec olivis apta ferendis
terra, sed ad segetes ingeniosus ager;
hac ego Paelignos, natalia rura, petebam, 685
parva, sed assiduis obvia semper aquis.
hospitis antiqui solitas intravimus aedes;
dempserat emeritis iam iuga Phoebus equis.
is mihi multa quidem, sed et haec narrare solebat,
unde meum praesens instrueretur opus: 690
'hoc' ait 'in campo' (campumque ostendit) 'habebat
rus breve cum duro parca colona viro.
ille suam peragebat humum, sive usus aratri,
seu curvae falcis, sive bidentis erat;
haec modo verrebat stantem tibicine villam, 695
nunc matris plumis ova fovenda dabat,
aut virides malvas aut fungos colligit albos
aut humilem grato calfacit igne focum;
et tamen assiduis exercet bracchia telis,
adversusque minas frigoris arma parat. 700
filius huius erat primo lascivus in aevo,
addideratque annos ad duo lustra duos.

is capit extremi volpem convalle salicti:
abstulerat multas illa cohortis aves.
captivam stipula fenoque involvit et ignes 705
admovet: urentes effugit illa manus:
qua fugit, incendit vestitos messibus agros;
damnosis vires ignibus aura dabat.
factum abiit, monimenta manent: ~nam dicere certam~
nunc quoque lex volpem Carseolana vetat, 710
utque luat poenas, gens haec Cerialibus ardet,
quoque modo segetes perdidit ipsa perit.'

20. FN

Proxima cum veniet terras visura patentes
Memnonis in roseis lutea mater equis,
de duce lanigeri pecoris, qui prodidit Hellen, 715
sol abit: egresso victima maior adest.
vacca sit an taurus non est cognoscere promptum:
pars prior apparet, posteriora latent.
seu tamen est taurus sive est hoc femina signum,
Iunone invita munus amoris habet. 720

21. G PAR : NP

Nox abiit, oriturque aurora: Parilia poscor;
non poscor frustra, si favet alma Pales.
alma Pales, faveas pastoria sacra canenti,
prosequor officio si tua festa meo.
certe ego de vitulo cinerem stipulasque fabales 725
saepe tuli plena, februa tosta, manu;
certe ego transilui positas ter in ordine flammas,
udaque roratas laurea misit aquas.
mota dea est, operique favet. navalibus exit
puppis; habent ventos iam mea vela suos. 730
i, pete virginea, populus, suffimen ab ara;
Vesta dabit, Vestae munere purus eris.
sanguis equi suffimen erit vitulique favilla,

tertia res durae culmen inane fabae.
 pastor, oves saturas ad prima crepuscula lustra: 735
 unda prius spargat, virgaque verrat humum;
 frondibus et fixis decorentur ovilia ramis,
 et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
 caerulei fiant puro de sulphure fumi,
 tactaque fumanti sulphure balet ovis. 740
 ure mares oleas taedamque herbasque Sabinas,
 et crepet in mediis laurus adusta focus;
 libaque de milio milii fiscella sequatur:
 rustica praecipue est hoc dea laeta cibo.
 adde dapes mulctramque suas, dapibusque resectis 745
 silvicolam tepido lacte precare Palem.
 'consule' dic 'pecori pariter pecorisque magistris:
 effugiat stabulis noxa repulsa meis.
 sive sacro pavi, sedive sub arbore sacra,
 pabulaque e bustis inscia carpsit ovis; 750
 si nemus intravi vetitum, nostrisve fugatae
 sunt oculis nymphae semicaperque deus;
 si mea falx ramo lucum spoliavit opaco,
 unde data est aegrae fiscina frondis ovi,
 da veniam culpae: nec, dum degrandinat, obsit 755
 agresti fano subposuisse pecus.
 nec noceat turbasse lacus: ignoscite, nymphae,
 mota quod obscuras ungula fecit aquas.
 tu, dea, pro nobis fontes fontanaque placa
 numina, tu sparsos per nemus omne deos. 760
 nec dryadas nec nos videamus labra Dianae
 nec Faunum, medio cum premit arva die.
 pelle procul morbos; valeant hominesque gregesque,
 et valeant vigiles, provida turba, canes.
 neve minus multos redigam quam mane fuerunt, 765
 neve gemam referens vellera rapta lupo.
 absit iniqua fames: herbae frondesque supersint,
 quaeque lavent artus quaeque bibantur aquae.
 ubera plena premam, referat mihi caseus aera,
 dentque viam liquido vimina rara sero; 770

sitque salax aries, conceptaque semina coniunx
reddat, et in stabulo multa sit agna meo;
lanaque proveniat nullas laesura puellas,
mollis et ad teneras quamlibet apta manus.
quae precor, eveniant, et nos faciamus ad annum 775
pastorum dominae grandia liba Pali.’
his dea placanda est: haec tu conversus ad ortus
dic quater et vivo perlue rore manus.
tum licet adposita, veluti cratere, camella
lac niveum potes purpureamque sapam; 780
moxque per ardentes stipulae crepitantis acervos
traicias celeri strenua membra pede.
expositus mos est; moris mihi restat origo:
turba facit dubium coeptaque nostra tenet.
omnia purgat edax ignis vitiumque metallis 785
excoquit: idcirco cum duce purgat oves?
an, quia cunctarum contraria semina rerum
sunt duo discordes, ignis et unda, dei,
iunxerunt elementa patres, aptumque putarunt
ignibus et sparsa tangere corpus aqua? 790
an, quod in his vitae causa est, haec perdidit exul,
his nova fit coniunx, haec duo magna putant?
vix equidem credo: sunt qui Phaethonta referri
credant et nimias Deucalionis aquas.
pars quoque, cum saxis pastores saxa feribant, 795
scintillam subito prosiluisse ferunt;
prima quidem periit, stipulis excepta secunda est:
hoc argumentum flamma Parilis habet?
an magis hunc morem pietas Aeneia fecit,
innocuum victo cui dedit ignis iter? 800
num tamen est vero propius, cum condita Roma est,
transferri iussos in nova tecta Lares,
mutantesque domum tectis agrestibus ignem
et cessaturae subposuisse casae,
per flammas saluisse pecus, saluisse colonos? 805
quod fit natali nunc quoque, Roma, tuo.
ipse locum casus vati facit: Urbis origo

venit; ades factis, magne Quirine, tuis.
iam luerat poenas frater Numitoris, et omne
pastorum gemino sub duce volgus erat; 810
contrahere agrestes et moenia ponere utrique
convenit: ambigitur moenia ponat uter.
‘nil opus est’ dixit ‘certamine’ Romulus ‘ullo;
magna fides avium est: experiamur aves.’
res placet: alter init nemorosi saxa Palati; 815
alter Aventinum mane cacumen init.
sex Remus, hic volucres bis sex videt ordine; pacto
statur, et arbitrium Romulus urbis habet.
apta dies legitur qua moenia signet aratro:
sacra Palis suberant; inde movetur opus. 820
fossa fit ad solidum, fruges iaciuntur in ima
et de vicino terra petita solo;
fossa repletur humo, plенаeque imponitur ara,
et novus accenso fungitur igne focus.
inde premens stivam designat moenia sulco; 825
alba iugum niveo cum bove vacca tulit.
vox fuit haec regis: ‘condenti, Iuppiter, urbem,
et genitor Mavors Vestaque mater, ades,
quosque pium est adhibere deos, advertite cuncti:
auspiciis vobis hoc mihi surgat opus. 830
longa sit huic aetas dominaeque potentia terrae,
sitque sub hac oriens occiduusque dies.’
ille precabatur, tonitru dedit omina laevo
Iuppiter, et laevo fulmina missa polo.
augurio laeti iaciunt fundamina cives, 835
et novus exiguo tempore murus erat.
hoc Celer urget opus, quem Romulus ipse vocarat,
‘sint’ que, ‘Celer, curae’ dixerat ‘ista tuae,
neve quis aut muros aut factam vomere fossam
transeat; audentem talia dede neci.’ 840
quod Remus ignorans humiles contemnere muros
coepit, et ‘his populus’ dicere ‘tutus erit?’
nec mora, transiluit: rutro Celer occupat ausum;
ille premit duram sanguinolentus humum.

haec ubi rex didicit, lacrimas introrsus obortas 845
 devorat et clausum pectore volnus habet.
 flere palam non volt exemplaue fortia servat,
 'sic' que 'meos muros transeat hostis' ait.
 dat tamen exsequias; nec iam suspendere fletum
 sustinet, et pietas dissimulata patet; 850
 osculaque adplicuit posito suprema feretro,
 atque ait 'invito frater adempte, vale',
 arsuosque artus unxit: fecere, quod ille,
 Faustulus et maestas Acca soluta comas.
 tum iuvenem nondum facti flevere Quirites; 855
 ultima plorato subdita flamma rogo est.
 urbs oritur (quis tunc hoc ulli credere posset?)
 victorem terris impositura pedem.
 cuncta regas et sis magno sub Caesare semper,
 saepe etiam plures nominis huius habe; 860
 et, quotiens steteris domito sublimis in orbe,
 omnia sint umeris inferiora tuis.

(22. HN) 23. A VIN : FP (ut vid.)

Dicta Pales nobis: idem Vinalia dicam.
 una tamen media est inter utramque dies.
 numina, volgares, Veneris celebrate, puellae: 865
 multa professorum quaestibus apta Venus.
 poscite ture dato formam populiue favorem,
 poscite blanditias dignaque verba ioco;
 cumque sua dominae date grata sisymbria myrto
 tectaque composita iuncea vincla rosa. 870
 templa frequentari Collinae proxima portae
 nunc decet; a Siculo nomina colle tenent,
 utque Syracusas Arethusidas abstulit armis
 Claudius et bello te quoque cepit, Eryx,
 carmine vivacis Venus est translata Sibyllae, 875
 inque suae stirpis maluit urbe coli.
 cur igitur Veneris festum Vinalia dicant
 quaeritis, et quare sit Iovis ista dies?

Turnus an Aeneas Latiae gener esset Amatae
 bellum erat: Etruscas Turnus adorat opes. 880
 clarus erat sumptisque ferox Mezentius armis,
 et vel equo magnus vel pede maior erat;
 quem Rutuli Turnusque suis adsciscere temptat
 partibus. haec contra dux ita Tuscus ait:
 ‘stat mihi non parvo virtus mea: volnera testor 885
 armaque, quae sparsi sanguine saepe meo.
 qui petis auxilium, non grandia divide mecum
 praemia, de lacubus proxima musta tuis.
 nulla mora est operae: vestrum est dare, vincere nostrum.
 quam velit Aeneas ista negata mihi!’ 890
 adnuerant Rutuli. Mezentius induit arma,
 induit Aeneas adloquiturque Iovem:
 ‘hostica Tyrrheno vota est vindemia regi:
 Iuppiter, e Latio palmite musta feres.’
 vota valent meliora: cadit Mezentius ingens 895
 atque indignanti pectore plangit humum.
 venerat Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis:
 redduntur merito debita vina Iovi.
 dicta dies hinc est Vinalia; Iuppiter illa
 vindicat, et festis gaudet inesse suis. 900

(24. BC) 25. C ROB : NP

Sex ubi, quae restant, luces Aprilis habebit,
 in medio cursu tempora veris erunt,
 et frustra pecudem quaeres Athamantidos Helles,
 signaque dant imbres, exoriturque Canis.
 hac mihi Nomento Romam cum luce redirem, 905
 obstitit in media candida turba via:
 flamen in antiquae lucum Robiginis ibat,
 exta canis flammis, exta daturus ovis.
 protinus accessi, ritus ne nescius essem;
 edidit haec flamen verba, Quirine, tuus: 910
 ‘aspera Robigo, parcas Cerialibus herbis,
 et tremat in summa leve cacumen humo.

tu sata sideribus caeli nutrita secundi
 crescere, dum fiant falcibus apta, sinas.
 vis tua non levis est: quae tu frumenta notasti, 915
 maestus in amissis illa colonus habet;
 nec venti tantum Cereri nocuere nec imbres,
 nec sic marmoreo pallet adusta gelu,
 quantum si culmos Titan incalfacit udos:
 tum locus est irae, diva timenda, tuae. 920
 parce, precor, scabrasque manus a messibus aufer,
 neve noce cultis; posse nocere sat est.
 nec teneras segetes, sed durum amplectere ferrum,
 quodque potest alios perdere perde prior.
 utilius gladios et tela nocentia carpes: 925
 nil opus est illis; otia mundus agit.
 sarcula nunc durusque bidens et vomer aduncus,
 ruris opes, niteant; inquinet arma situs,
 conatusque aliquis vagina ducere ferrum
 adstrictum longa sentiat esse mora. 930
 at tu ne viola Cererem, semperque colonus
 absenti possit solvere vota tibi.’
 dixerat; a dextra villis mantele solutis
 cumque meri patera turis acerra fuit.
 tura focis vinumque dedit fibrasque bidentis 935
 turpiaque obscenae (vidimus) exta canis.
 tum mihi ‘cur detur sacris nova victima quaeris?’
 (quaesieram) ‘causam percipe’ flamen ait.
 ‘est Canis, Icarium dicunt, quo sidere moto
 tosta sitit tellus praecipiturque seges: 940
 pro cane sidereo canis hic imponitur arae,
 et quare fiat nil nisi nomen habet.’

(26. DF) (27. EC) 28. F NP 29. GC 30. HC

Cum Phrygis Assaraci Tithonia fratre relicto
 sustulit immenso ter iubar orbe suum,
 mille venit variis florum dea nexa coronis; 945
 scaena ioci morem liberioris habet.

exit et in Maias sacrum Florale Kalendas:
tunc repetam, nunc me grandius urget opus.
aufer, Vesta, diem: cognati Vesta recepta est
limine; sic iusti constituere patres. 950
Phoebus habet partem: Vestae pars altera cessit:
quod superest illis, tertius ipse tenet.
state Palatinae laurus, praetextaque quercu
stet domus: aeternos tres habet una deos.

LIBER QVINTVS

Quaeritis unde putem Maio data nomina mensi?
non satis est liquido cognita causa mihi.
ut stat et incertus qua sit sibi nescit eundum,
cum videt ex omni parte, viator, iter,
sic, quia posse datur diversas reddere causas, 5
qua ferar ignoro, copiaque ipsa nocet.
dicite, quae fontes Aganippidos Hippocrenes,
grata Medusaei signa, tenetis, equi.
dissensere deae; quarum Polyhymnia coepit
prima (silent aliae, dictaque mente notant): 10
‘post chaos ut primum data sunt tria corpora mundo
inque novas species omne recessit opus,
pondere terra suo subsedit et aequora traxit:
at caelum levitas in loca summa tulit;
sol quoque cum stellis nulla gravitate retentus 15
et vos, Lunares, exsiluistis, equi.
sed neque terra diu caelo, nec cetera Phoebos
sidera cedebant: par erat omnis honos.
saepe aliquis solio, quod tu, Saturne, tenebas,
ausus de media plebe sedere deus: 20
nec latus Oceano quisquam deus advena iunxit,
et Themis extremo saepe recepta loco est,
donec Honor placidoque decens Reverentia voltu
corpora legitimis imposuere toris.
hinc sata Maiestas, hos est dea censa parentes, 25
quaque die partu est edita, magna fuit.
nec mora, consedit medio sublimis Olympo
aurea, purpureo conspicienda sinu;
consedere simul Pudor et Metus. omne videres
numen ad hanc voltus composuisse suos. 30
protinus intravit mentes suspectus honorum:
fit pretium dignis, nec sibi quisque placet.
hic status in caelo multos permansit in annos,
dum senior fati excidit arce deus.

Terra feros partus, immania monstra, Gigantas 35
edidit ausuros in Iovis ire domum.
mille manus illis dedit et pro cruribus angues,
atque ait “in magnos arma movete deos.”
exstruere hi montes ad sidera summa parabant
et magnum bello sollicitare Iovem; 40
fulmina de caeli iaculatus Iuppiter arce
vertit in auctores pondera vasta suos.
his bene Maiestas armis defensa deorum
restat, et ex illo tempore culta manet.
assidet inde Iovi, Iovis est fidissima custos, 45
et praestat sine vi sceptrum timenda Iovi.
venit et in terras: coluerunt Romulus illam
et Numa, mox alii, tempore quisque suo.
illa patres in honore pio matresque tuetur,
illa comes pueris virginibusque venit; 50
illa datos fasces commendat eburque curule,
illa coronatis alta triumphat equis.’
finierat voces Polyhymnia: dicta probarunt
Clioque et curvae scita Thalia lyrae.
excipit Uranie: fecere silentia cunctae, 55
et vox audiri nulla, nisi illa, potest.
‘magna fuit quondam capitis reverentia cani,
inque suo pretio ruga senilis erat.
Martis opus iuvenes animosaque bella gerebant,
et pro dis aderant in statione suis; 60
viribus illa minor nec habendis utilis armis
consilio patriae saepe ferebat opem;
nec nisi post annos patuit tunc curia seros,
nomen et aetatis mite senatus habet.
iura dabat populo senior, finitaque certis 65
legibus est aetas unde petatur honor,
et medius iuvenum, non indignantibus ipsis,
ibat, et interior, si comes unus erat.
verba quis auderet coram sene digna rubore
dicere? censuram longa senecta dabat. 70
Romulus hoc vidit selectaque pectora patres

dixit: ad hos urbis summa relata novae.
hinc sua maiores tribuisse vocabula Maio
tangor, et aetati consuluisse suae.
et Numitor dixisse potest “da, Romule, mensem 75
hunc senibus”, nec avum sustinuisse nepos.
nec leve propositi pignus successor honoris
Iunius, a iuvenum nomine dictus, habet.’
tunc sic, neglectos hedera redimita capillos,
prima sui coepit Calliopea chori: 80
‘duxerat Oceanus quondam Titanida Tethyn,
qui terram liquidis, qua patet, ambit aquis;
hinc sata Pleione cum caelifero Atlante
iungitur, ut fama est, Pleiadasque parit.
quarum Maia suas forma superasse sorores 85
traditur et summo concubuisse Iovi.
haec enixa iugo cupressiferae Cyllenes
aetherium volucris qui pede carpit iter;
Arcades hunc Ladonque rapax et Maenalos ingens
rite colunt, luna credita terra prior. 90
exul ab Arcadia Latios Euander in agros
venerat, impositos attuleratque deos.
hic, ubi nunc Roma est, orbis caput, arbor et herbae
et paucae pecudes et casa rara fuit:
quo postquam ventum est, “consistite”, praescia mater 95
“nam locus imperii rus erit istud” ait.
et matri et vati paret Nonacrius heros,
inque peregrina constitit hospes humo;
sacraque multa quidem, sed Fauni prima bicornis
has docuit gentes alipedisque dei. 100
semicaper, coleris cinctutis, Faune, Lupercis,
cum lustrant celebres verbera secta vias;
at tu materno donasti nomine mensem,
inventor curvae, furibus apte, fidis.
nec pietas haec prima tua est: septena putaris, 105
Pleiadum numerum, fila dedisse lyrae.’
haec quoque desierat: laudata est voce suarum.
quid faciam? turbae pars habet omnis idem.

gratia Pieridum nobis aequaliter adsit,
nullaque laudetur plusve minusve mihi. 110

1. A K : MAI : F

Ab Iove surgat opus. prima mihi nocte videnda
stella est in cunas officiosa Iovis:
nascitur Oleniae signum pluviale Capellae;
illa dati caelum praemia lactis habet.
Nais Amalthea, Cretaea nobilis Ida, 115
dicitur in silvis occuluisse Iovem.
huic fuit haedorum mater formosa duorum,
inter Dictaeos conspicienda greges,
cornibus aeriis atque in sua terga recurvis,
ubere, quod nutrix posset habere Iovis. 120
lac dabat illa deo; sed fregit in arbore cornu,
truncaque dimidia parte decoris erat.
sustulit hoc nymphe cinxitque recentibus herbis,
et plenum pomis ad Iovis ora tulit.
ille ubi res caeli tenuit solioque paterno 125
sedit, et invicto nil Iove maius erat,
sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
fecit, quod dominae nunc quoque nomen habet.
Praestitibus Maiiae Laribus videre Kalendae
aram constitui parvaeque signa deum: 130
voverat illa quidem Curius, sed multa vetustas
destruit; et saxo longa senecta nocet.
causa tamen positi fuerat cognominis illis
quod praestant oculis omnia tuta suis:
stant quoque pro nobis et praesunt moenibus Urbis, 135
et sunt praesentes auxiliumque ferunt.
at canis ante pedes saxo fabricatus eodem
stabat: quae standi cum Lare causa fuit?
servat uterque domum, domino quoque fidus uterque:
compita grata deo, compita grata cani. 140
exagitant et Lar et turba Diania fures:
pervigilantque Lares, pervigilantque canes.

bina gemellorum quaerebam signa deorum
viribus annosae facta caduca morae:
mille Lares Geniumque ducis, qui tradidit illos, 145
Urbs habet, et vici numina terna colunt.
quo feror? Augustus mensis mihi carminis huius
ius dabit: interea Diva canenda Bona est.
est moles nativa, loco res nomina fecit:
appellant Saxum; pars bona montis ea est. 150
huic Remus institerat frustra, quo tempore fratri
prima Palatinae signa dedistis aves;
templa patres illic oculos exosa viriles
leniter adclivi constituere iugo.
dedicat haec veteris Crassorum nominis heres, 155
virgineo nullum corpore passa virum:
Livia restituit, ne non imitata maritum
esset et ex omni parte secuta ~virum~.

2. B F

Postera cum roseam pulsus Hyperionis astris
in matutinis lampada tollet equis,
frigidus Argestes summas mulcebit aristas,
candidaque a Calabris vela dabuntur aquis.
at simul inducent obscura crepuscula noctem,
pars Hyadum toto de grege nulla latet.
ora micant Tauri septem radiantia flammis, 165
navita quas Hyadas Graius ab imbre vocat;
pars Bacchum nutrisse putat, pars credidit esse
Tethyos has neptes Oceanique senis.
nondum stabat Atlas umeros oneratus Olympo
cum satus est forma conspiciendus Hyas: 170
hunc stirps Oceani maturis nixibus Aethra
edidit et nymphas, sed prior ortus Hyas.
dum nova lanugo est, pavidos formidine cervos
terret, et est illi praeda benigna lepus:
at postquam virtus annis adolevit, in apros 175
audet et hirsutas comminus ire leas;

dumque petit latebras fetae catulosque leaenae,
ipse fuit Libycae praeda cruenta ferae.
mater Hyan et Hyan maestae flevere sorores
cervicemque polo subpositurus Atlas. 180
victus uterque parens tamen est pietate sororum:
illa dedit caelum, nomina fecit Hyas.
‘Mater, ades, florum, ludis celebranda iocosis:
distuleram partes mense priore tuas.
incipis Aprili, transis in tempora Maii: 185
alter te fugiens, cum venit alter habet.
cum tua sint cedantque tibi confinia mensum,
convenit in laudes ille vel ille tuas.
Circus in hunc exit clamataque palma theatris;
hoc quoque cum Circi munere carmen eat. 190
ipsa doce quae sis: hominum sententia fallax;
optima tu proprii nominis auctor eris.’
sic ego; sic nostris respondit diva rogatis
(dum loquitur, vernas efflat ab ore rosas):
‘Chloris eram quae Flora vocor: corrupta Latino 195
nominis est nostri littera Graeca sono.
Chloris eram, nymphe campi felicitis, ubi audis
rem fortunatis ante fuisse viris.
quae fuerit mihi forma, grave est narrare modestae;
sed generum matri repperit illa deum. 200
ver erat, errabam; Zephyrus conspexit, abibam;
insequitur, fugio: fortior ille fuit.
et dederat fratri Boreas ius omne rapinae,
ausus Erecthea praemia ferre domo.
vim tamen emendat dando mihi nomina nuptae, 205
inque meo non est ulla querella toro.
[vere fruor semper: semper nitidissimus annus,
arbor habet frondes, pabula semper humus.]
est mihi fecundus dotalibus hortus in agris;
aura foveat, liquidae fonte rigatur aquae: 210
hunc meus implevit generoso flore maritus,
atque ait “arbitrium tu, dea, floris habe.”
saepe ego digestos volui numerare colores,

nec potui: numero copia maior erat.
roscida cum primum foliis excussa pruina est 215
et variae radiis intepuere comae,
conveniunt pictis incinctae vestibus Horae,
inque leves calathos munera nostra legunt;
protinus accedunt Charites, nectuntque coronas
sertaque caelestes implicitura comas. 220
prima per immensas sparsi nova semina gentes:
unius tellus ante coloris erat;
prima Therapnaeo feci de sanguine florem,
et manet in folio scripta querella suo.
tu quoque nomen habes cultos, Narcisse, per hortos, 225
infelix, quod non alter et alter eras.
quid Crocon aut Attin referam Cinyraque creatum,
de quorum per me volnere surgit honor?
Mars quoque, si nescis, per nostras editus artes:
Iuppiter hoc, ut adhuc, nesciat usque, precor. 230
sancta Iovem Iuno nata sine matre Minerva
officio doluit non eguisse suo.
ibat ut Oceano quereretur facta mariti;
restitit ad nostras fessa labore fores.
quam simul aspexi, “quid te, Saturnia”, dixi 235
“attulit?” exponit, quem petat, illa, locum;
addidit et causam. verbis solabar amicis.
“non” inquit “verbis cura levanda mea est.
si pater est factus neglecto coniugis usu
Iuppiter, et solus nomen utrumque tenet, 240
cur ego desperem fieri sine coniuge mater,
et parere intacto, dummodo casta, viro?
omnia temptabo latis medicamina terris,
et freta Tartareos excutiamque sinus.”
vox erat in cursu: voltum dubitantis habebam. 245
“nescioquid, nymphe, posse videris” ait.
ter volui promittere opem, ter lingua retenta est:
ira Iovis magni causa timoris erat.
“fer, precor, auxilium” dixit, “celabitur auctor”,
et Stygiae numen testificatur aquae. 250

“quod petis, Oleniis” inquam “mihi missus ab arvis
flos dabit: est hortis unicus ille meis.
qui dabat, ‘hoc’ dixit ‘sterilem quoque tange iuvencam,
mater erit’: tetigi, nec mora, mater erat.”
protinus haerentem decerpsi pollice florem; 255
tangitur, et tacto concipit illa sinu.
iamque gravis Thracen et laeva Propontidos intrat,
fitque potens voti, Marsque creatus erat.
qui memor accepti per me natalis “habeto
tu quoque Romulea” dixit “in urbe locum.” 260
forsitan in teneris tantum mea regna coronis
esse putes. tangit numen et arva meum.
si bene floruerint segetes, erit area dives:
si bene floruerit vinea, Bacchus erit;
si bene floruerint oleae, nitidissimus annus, 265
pomaque proventum temporis huius habent.
flore semel laeso pereunt viciaeque fabaeque,
et pereunt lentes, advena Nile, tuae.
vina quoque in magnis operose condita cellis
florent, et nebulae dolia summa tegunt. 270
mella meum munus: volucres ego mella daturas
ad violam et cytisos et thyma cana voco.’
[nos quoque idem facimus tunc, cum iuvenalibus annis
luxuriant animi, corporaque ipsa vigent.]
taliam dicentem tacitus mirabar; at illa 275
‘ius tibi discendi, siqua requiris’ ait.
‘dic, dea’, respondi ‘ludorum quae sit origo.’
vix bene desieram, rettulit illa mihi:
‘cetera luxuriae nondum instrumenta vigeant;
aut pecus aut latam dives habebat humum 280
(hinc etiam locuples, hinc ipsa pecunia dicta est);
sed iam de vetito quisque parabat opes.
venerat in morem populi depascere saltus,
idque diu licuit, poenaeque nulla fuit;
vindice servabat nullo sua publica volgas, 285
iamque in privato pascere inertis erat.
plebis ad aediles perducta licentia talis

Publicios; animus defuit ante viris.
rem populus recipit, multam subiere nocentes:
vindictibus laudi publica cura fuit. 290
multa data est ex parte mihi, magnoque favore
victores ludos instituere novos;
parte locant clivum, qui tunc erat ardua rupes,
utile nunc iter est, Publiciumque vocant.’
annua credideram spectacula facta: negavit, 295
addidit et dictis altera verba suis:
‘nos quoque tangit honor: festis gaudemus et aris,
turbaque caelestes ambitiosa sumus.
saepe deos aliquis peccando fecit iniquos,
et pro delictis hostia blanda fuit; 300
saepe Iovem vidi, cum iam sua mittere vellet
fulmina, ture dato sustinuisse manum.
at si neglegimur, magnis iniuria poenis
solvitur, et iustum praeterit ira modum.
respice Thestiaden: flammis absentibus arsit; 305
causa est, quod Phoebes ara sine igne fuit.
respice Tantaliden: eadem dea vela tenebat;
virgo est, et spreto bis tamen ulta focos.
Hippolyte infelix, velles coluisse Dionen,
cum consternatis diripereris equis. 310
longa referre mora est correcta oblivia damnis:
me quoque Romani praeteriere patres.
quid facerem, per quod fierem manifesta doloris?
exigerem nostrae qualia damna notae?
excidit officium tristi mihi: nulla tuebar 315
rura, nec in pretio fertilis hortus erat;
lilia deciderant, violas arere videres,
filaeque punicei languida facta croci.
saepe mihi Zephyrus “dotes corrumpere noli
ipsa tuas” dixit: dos mihi vilis erat. 320
florebant oleae, venti nocuere protervi:
florebant segetes, grandine laesa seges.
in spe vitis erat, caelum nigrescit ab Austris
et subita frondes decutiuntur aqua.

nec volui fieri nec sum crudelis in ira; 325
cura repellendi sed mihi nulla fuit.
convenere patres, et, si bene floreat annus,
numinibus nostris annua festa vovent.
adnuimus voto: consul cum consule ludos
Postumio Laenas persolvere mihi.’ 330
Quaerere conabar quare lascivia maior
his foret in ludis liberiorque iocus;
sed mihi succurrit numen non esse severum,
aptaque deliciis munera ferre deam.
tempora sutilibus cinguntur tota coronis, 335
et latet iniecta splendida mensa rosa;
ebrius incinctis philyra conviva capillis
saltat, et imprudens utitur arte meri;
ebrius ad durum formosae limen amicae
cantat, habent unctae mollia sarta comae. 340
nulla coronata peraguntur seria fronte,
nec liquidae vinctis flore bibuntur aquae;
donec eras mixtus nullis, Acheloe, racemis,
gratia sumendae non erat ulla rosae.
Bacchus amat flores: Baccho placuisse coronam 345
ex Ariadnaeo sidere nosse potes.
scaena levis decet hanc: non est, mihi credite, non est
illa cothurnatas inter habenda deas.
turba quidem cur hos celebret meretricia ludos
non ex difficili causa petita subest. 350
non est de tetricis, non est de magna professis:
volt sua plebeio sacra patere choro,
et monet aetatis specie, dum floreat, uti;
contemni spinam, cum cecidere rosae.
Cur tamen, ut dantur vestes Cerialibus albae, 355
sic haec est cultu versicolore decens?
an quia maturis albescit messis aristas,
et color et species floribus omnis inest?
adnuat, et motis flores cecidere capillis,
accidere in mensas ut rosa missa solet. 360
lumina restabant, quorum me causa latebat,

cum sic errores abstulit illa meos:
‘vel quia purpureis conlucent floribus agri,
lumina sunt nostros visa decere dies;
vel quia nec flos est hebeti nec flamma colore, 365
atque oculos in se splendor uterque trahit;
vel quia deliciis nocturna licentia nostris
convenit: a vero tertia causa venit.’
‘est breve praeterea, de quo mihi quaerere restat,
si liceat’ dixi: dixit et illa ‘licet’. 370
‘cur tibi pro Libycis clauduntur rete leaenis
inbelles capreae sollicitusque lepus?’
non sibi respondit silvas cessisse, sed hortos
arvaeque pugnaci non adeunda ferae.
omnia finierat: tenues secessit in auras, 375
mansit odor; posses scire fuisse deam.
floreat ut toto carmen Nasonis in aevo,
sparge, precor, donis pectora nostra tuis.

3. C C

Nocte minus quarta promet sua sidera Chiron
semivir et flavi corpore mixtus equi.
Pelion Haemoniae mons est obversus in Austros:
summa virent pinu, cetera quercus habet.
Phillyrides tenuit; saxo stant antra vetusto,
quae iustum memorant incoluisse senem.
ille manus olim missuras Hectora leto 385
creditur in lyricis detinuisse modis.
venerat Alcides exhausta parte laborum,
iussaque restabant ultima paene viro.
stare simul casu Troiae duo fata videres:
hinc puer Aeacides, hinc Iove natus erat. 390
excipit hospitio iuvenem Philyreius heros,
et causam adventus hic rogat, ille docet.
respicit interea clavam spoliumque leonis,
‘vir’ que ait ‘his armis, armaque digna viro!’
nec se, quin horrens auderent tangere saetis 395

vellus, Achilleae continuere manus.
dumque senex tractat squalentia tela venenis,
excidit et laevo fixa sagitta pede est.
ingemuit Chiron, traxitque e corpore ferrum:
adgemit Alcides Haemoniusque puer. 400
ipse tamen lectas Pagasaeis collibus herbas
temperat et varia volnera mulcet ope;
virus edax superabat opem, penitusque recepta
ossibus et toto corpore pestis erat:
sanguine Centauri Lernaeae sanguis echidnae 405
mixtus ad auxilium tempora nulla dabat.
stabat, ut ante patrem, lacrimis perfusus Achilles:
sic flendus Peleus, si moreretur, erat.
saepe manus aegras manibus fingeat amicis:
morum, quos fecit, praemia doctor habet. 410
oscula saepe dedit, dixit quoque saepe iacenti
‘vive, precor, nec me, care, relinque, pater.’
nona dies aderat, cum tu, iustissime Chiron,
bis septem stellis corpora cinctus eras.

(4. D C) 5. E C

Hunc Lyra curva sequi cuperet, sed idonea nondum
est via: nox aptum tertia tempus erit.

6. F C

Scorpios in caelo, cum cras lucescere Nonas
dicimus, a media parte notandus erit.

(7. G NON : N vel F)

(8. H F) 9. A LEM : N

Hinc ubi protulerit formosa ter Hesperos ora,
ter dederint Phoebo sidera victa locum,
ritus erit veteris, nocturna Lemuria, sacri:
inferias tacitis manibus illa dabunt.

annus erat brevior, nec adhuc pia februa norant,
nec tu dux mensum, Iane biformis, eras:
iam tamen extincto cineri sua dona ferebant, 425
compositique nepos busta piabat avi.
mensis erat Maius, maiorum nomine dictus,
qui partem prisci nunc quoque moris habet.
nox ubi iam media est somnoque silentia praebet,
et canis et variae conticuistis aves, 430
ille memor veteris ritus timidusque deorum
surgit (habent gemini vincula nulla pedes),
signaque dat digitis medio cum pollice iunctis,
occurrat tacito ne levis umbra sibi.
cumque manus puras fontana perluit unda, 435
vertitur et nigras accipit ante fabas,
aversusque iacit; sed dum iacit, 'haec ego mitto,
his' inquit 'redimo meque meosque fabis.'
hoc novies dicit nec respicit: umbra putatur
colligere et nullo terga vidente sequi. 440
rursus aquam tangit, Temesaeaque concrepat aera,
et rogat ut tectis exeat umbra suis.
cum dixit novies 'manes exite paterni'
respicit, et pure sacra peracta putat.
dicta sit unde dies, quae nominis exstet origo 445
me fugit: ex aliquo est invenienda deo.
Pliade nate, mone, virga venerande potenti:
saepe tibi est Stygii regia visa Iovis.
venit adoratus Caducifer. accipe causam
nominis: ex ipso est cognita causa deo. 450
Romulus ut tumulo fraternas condidit umbras,
et male veloci iusta soluta Remo,
Faustulus infelix et passis Acca capillis
spargebant lacrimis ossa perusta suis;
inde domum redeunt sub prima crepuscula maesti, 455
utque erat, in duro procubere toro.
umbra cruenta Remi visa est adsistere lecto,
atque haec exiguo murmure verba loqui:
'en ego dimidium vestri parsque altera voti,

cernite sim qualis, qui modo qualis eram! 460
 qui modo, si volucres habuissem regna iubentes,
 in populo potui maximus esse meo,
 nunc sum elapsa rogi flammis et inanis imago:
 haec est ex illo forma relicta Remo.
 heu ubi Mars pater est? si vos modo vera locuti, 465
 uberaque expositis ille ferina dedit.
 quem lupa servavit, manus hunc temeraria civis
 perdidit. o quanto mitior illa fuit!
 saeve Celer, crudelem animam per volnera reddas,
 utque ego, sub terras sanguinolentus eas. 470
 noluit hoc frater, pietas aequalis in illo est:
 quod potuit, lacrimas in mea fata dedit.
 hunc vos per lacrimas, per vestra alimenta rogate
 ut celebrem nostro signet honore diem.
 mandantem amplecti cupiunt et bracchia tendunt: 475
 lubrica prensantes effugit umbra manus.
 ut secum fugiens somnos abduxit imago,
 ad regem voces fratris uterque ferunt.
 Romulus obsequitur, lucemque Remuria dicit
 illam, qua positis iusta feruntur avis. 480
 aspera mutata est in lenem tempore longo
 littera, quae toto nomine prima fuit;
 mox etiam lemures animas dixere silentum:
 hic sensus verbi, vis ea vocis erat.
 fana tamen veteres illis clausere diebus, 485
 ut nunc ferali tempore operta vides;
 nec viduae taedis eadem nec virginis apta
 tempora: quae nupsit, non diuturna fuit.
 hac quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,
 mense malas Maio nubere volgus ait. 490
 sed tamen haec tria sunt sub eodem tempore festa
 inter se nulla continuata die.

10. B C 11. C LEM : N

Quorum si mediis Boeotum Oriona quaeres,

falsus eris: signi causa canenda mihi.
 Iuppiter et lato qui regnat in aequore frater 495
 carpebant socias Mercuriusque vias;
 tempus erat quo versa iugo referuntur aratra,
 et pronus saturae lac bibit agnus ovis.
 forte senex Hyrieus, angusti cultor agelli,
 hos videt, exiguam stabat ut ante casam, 500
 atque ita ‘longa via est, nec tempora longa supersunt’,
 dixit ‘et hospitibus ianua nostra patet.’
 addidit et voltum verbis, iterumque rogavit:
 parent promissis dissimulantque deos.
 tecta senis subeunt nigro deformia fumo; 505
 ignis in hesterno stipite parvus erat:
 ipse genu nixus flammam exsuscitat aura,
 et promittit quassas comminuitque faces.
 stant calices; minor inde fabas, holus alter habebat,
 et spumat testo pressus uterque suo. 510
 dumque mora est, tremula dat vina rubentia dextra:
 accipit aequoreus pocula prima deus.
 quae simul exhaustis, ‘da nunc bibat ordine’ dixit
 ‘Iuppiter.’ audito palluit ille Iove.
 ut rediit animus, cultorem pauperis agri 515
 immolat et magno torret in igne bovem;
 quaeque puer quondam primis diffuderat annis
 promittit fumoso condita vina cado.
 nec mora, flumineam lino celantibus ulvam,
 sic quoque non altis, incubuere toris. 520
 nunc dape, nunc posito mensae nituere Lyaeo;
 terra rubens crater, pocula fagus erant.
 verba fuere Iovis: ‘si quid fert impetus, opta:
 omne feres.’ placidi verba fuere senis:
 ‘cara fuit coniunx, primae mihi vere iuventae 525
 cognita. nunc ubi sit quaeritis? urna tegit.
 huic ego iuratus, vobis in verba vocatis,
 “coniugio” dixi “sola frui meo.”
 et dixi et servo; sed enim diversa voluntas
 est mihi: nec coniunx et pater esse volo.’ 530

adnuerant omnes. omnes ad terga iuveni
 constiterant — pudor est ulteriora loqui.
 tum superiniecta texere madentia terra:
 iamque decem menses, et puer ortus erat.
 hunc Hyrieus, quia sic genitus, vocat Uriona: 535
 perdidit antiquum littera prima sonum.
 creverat immensum: comitem sibi Delia sumpsit;
 ille deae custos, ille satellites erat.
 verba movent iras non circumspecta deorum:
 ‘quam nequeam’ dixit ‘vincere nulla fera est.’ 540
 scorpion immisit Tellus: fuit impetus illi
 curva gemelliparae spicula ferre deae;
 obstitit Orion. Latona nitentibus astris
 addidit et ‘meriti praemia’ dixit ‘habe.’

12. D NP

Sed quid et Orion et cetera sidera mundo
 cedere festinant, noxque coartat iter?
 quid solito citius liquido iubar aequore tollit
 candida, Lucifero praeveniente, dies?
 fallor, an arma sonant? non fallimur, arma sonabant:
 Mars venit et veniens bellica signa dedit. 550
 Ultor ad ipse suos caelo descendit honores
 templaque in Augusto conspicienda foro.
 et deus est ingens et opus: debebat in urbe
 non aliter nati Mars habitare sui.
 digna Giganteis haec sunt delubra tropaeis: 555
 hinc fera Gradivum bella movere decet,
 seu quis ab Eoo nos impius orbe lacesset,
 seu quis ab occiduo sole domandus erit.
 perspicit Armipotens operis fastigia summi,
 et probat invictas summa tenere deas; 560
 perspicit in foribus diversae tela figurae,
 armaque terrarum milite victa suo.
 hinc videt Aenean oneratum pondere caro
 et tot Iuleae nobilitatis avos;

hinc videt Iliaden umeris ducis arma ferentem, 565
 claraque dispositis acta subesse viris.
 spectat et Augusto praetextum nomine templum,
 et visum lecto Caesare maius opus.
 voverat hoc iuvenis tum cum pia sustulit arma:
 a tantis princeps incipiendus erat. 570
 ille manus tendens, hinc stanti milite iusto,
 hinc coniuratis, talia dicta dedit:
 ‘si mihi bellandi pater est Vestaeque sacerdos
 auctor, et ulcisci numen utrumque paro,
 Mars, ades et satia scelerato sanguine ferrum, 575
 stetque favor causa pro meliore tuus.
 templa feres et, me victore, vocaberis Ultor.’
 voverat, et fuso laetus ab hoste redit.
 nec satis est meruisse semel cognomina Marti:
 persequitur Parthi signa retenta manu. 580
 gens fuit et campis et equis et tuta sagittis
 et circumfusus invia fluminibus;
 addiderant animos Crassorum funera genti,
 cum periit miles signaque duxque simul.
 signa, decus belli, Parthus Romana tenebat, 585
 Romanaeque aquilae signifer hostis erat;
 isque pudor mansisset adhuc, nisi fortibus armis
 Caesaris Ausoniae protegerentur opes.
 ille notas veteres et longi dedecus aevi
 sustulit: agnorunt signa recepta suos. 590
 quid tibi nunc solitae mitti post terga sagittae,
 quid loca, quid rapidi profuit usus equi?
 Parthe, refers aquilas, victos quoque porrigis arcus:
 pignora iam nostri nulla pudoris habes.
 rite deo templumque datum nomenque bis ulto, 595
 et meritis voti debita solvit honor.
 sollemnes ludos Circo celebrate, Quirites:
 non visa est fortem scaena decere deum.

Pliadas aspicias omnes totumque sororum
agmen, ubi ante Idus nox erit una super:
tum mihi non dubiis auctoribus incipit aestas,
et tepidi finem tempora veris habent.

14. F C

Idibus ora prior stellantia tollere Taurum
indicat: huic signo fabula nota subest.
praebuit ut taurus Tyriae sua terga puellae 605
Iuppiter et falsa cornua fronte tulit,
illa iubam dextra, laeva retinebat amictus,
et timor ipse novi causa decoris erat;
aura sinus implet, flavos movet aura capillos:
Sidoni, sic fueras aspicienda Iovi. 610
saepe puellares subduxit ab aequore plantas,
et metuit tactus adsilientis aquae;
saepe deus prudens tergum demisit in undas,
haereat ut collo fortius illa suo.
litoribus tactis stabat sine cornibus ullis 615
Iuppiter inque deum de bove versus erat.
taurus init caelum: te, Sidoni, Iuppiter implet,
parsque tuum terrae tertia nomen habet.
hoc alii signum Phariam dixere iuencam,
quae bos ex homine est, ex bove facta dea. 620
Tum quoque priscorum Virgo simulacra virorum
mittere roboreo scirpea ponte solet.
corpora post decies senos qui credidit annos
missa neci, sceleris crimine damnat avos.
fama vetus, tum cum Saturnia terra vocata est, 625
talìa fatidici dicta fuisse Iovis:
‘falcifero libata seni duo corpora gentis
mittite, quae Tuscis excipiantur aquis’;
donec in haec venit Tirynthius arva, quotannis
tristia Leucadio sacra peracta modo; 630
illum stramineos in aquam misisse Quirites,
Herculis exemplo corpora falsa iaci.

pars putat, ut ferrent iuvenes suffragia soli,
 pontibus infirmos praecipitasse senes.
 Thybri, doce verum: tua ripa vetustior Urbe est; 635
 principium ritus tu bene nosse potes.
 Thybris harundiferum medio caput extulit alveo
 raucaque dimovit talibus ora sonis:
 ‘haec loca desertas vidi sine moenibus herbas:
 pascebat sparsas utraque ripa boves, 640
 et, quem nunc gentes Tiberim noruntque timentque,
 tunc etiam pecori despiciendus eram.
 Arcadis Euandri nomen tibi saepe refertur:
 ille meas remis advena torsit aquas.
 venit et Alcides, turba comitatus Achiva: 645
 Albula, si memini, tunc mihi nomen erat.
 excipit hospitio iuvenem Pallantius heros,
 et tandem Caco debita poena venit.
 victor abit, secumque boves, Erytheida praedam,
 abstrahit; at comites longius ire negant. 650
 magnaue pars horum desertis venerat Argis:
 montibus his ponunt spemque laremque suum.
 saepe tamen patriae dulci tanguntur amore,
 atque aliquis moriens hoc breve mandat opus:
 “mittite me in Tiberim, Tiberinis vectus ut undis 655
 litus ad Inachium pulvis inanis eam.”
 displicet heredi mandati cura sepulcri:
 mortuus Ausonia conditur hospes humo;
 scirpea pro domino Tiberi iactatur imago,
 ut repetat Graias per freta longa domos.’ 660
 hactenus, et subiit vivo rorantia saxo
 antra; leves cursum sustinuistis aquae.

15. G EID : NP (16. H F)

(17. A C) (18. B C) (19. C C)

Clare nepos Atlantis, ades, quem montibus olim
 edidit Arcadiis Pleias una Iovi:

pacis et armorum superis imisque deorum 665
 arbiter, alato qui pede carpis iter,
 laete lyrae pulsu, nitida quoque laete palaestra,
 quo didicit culte lingua docente loqui,
 templa tibi posuere patres spectantia Circum
 Idibus; ex illo est haec tibi festa dies. 670
 te, quicumque suas profitentur vendere merces,
 ture dato tribuas ut sibi lucra rogant.
 est aqua Mercurii portae vicina Capenae;
 si iuvat expertis credere, numen habet.
 huc venit incinctus tunica mercator et urna 675
 purus suffita, quam ferat, haurit aquam.
 uda fit hinc laurus, lauro sparguntur ab uda
 omnia quae dominos sunt habitura novos.
 spargit et ipse suos lauro rorante capillos,
 et peragit solita fallere voce preces: 680
 ‘abluere praeteriti periuria temporis’, inquit
 ‘abluere praeteritae perfida verba die.
 sive ego te feci testem, falsove citavi
 non audituri numina vana Iovis,
 sive deum prudens alium divamve fefelli, 685
 abstulerint celeres improba dicta Noti:
 et pateant veniente die periuria nobis,
 nec curent superi siqua locutus ero.
 da modo lucra mihi, da facto gaudia lucro,
 et fac ut emptori verba dedisse iuvet.’ 690
 talia Mercurius poscenti ridet ab alto,
 se memor Ortygias subripuisse boves.

20. D C

At mihi pande, precor, tanto meliora petenti,
 in Geminos ex quo tempore Phoebus eat.
 ‘cum totidem de mense dies superesse videbis 695
 quot sunt Herculei facta laboris’ ait.
 ‘dic’ ego respondi ‘causam mihi sideris huius.’
 causam facundo reddidit ore deus:

‘abstulerant raptas Phoeben Phoebesque sororem
 Tyndaridae fratres, hic eques, ille pugil. 700
 bella parant repetuntque suas et frater et Idas,
 Leucippo fieri pactus uterque gener.
 his amor ut repetant, illis ut reddere nolint,
 suadet; et ex causa pugnat uterque pari.
 effugere Oeбалidae cursu potuere sequentes, 705
 sed visum celeri vincere turpe fuga.
 liber ab arboribus locus est, apta area pugnae:
 constiterant illo (nomen Aphidna) loco.
 pectora traiectus Lynceo Castor ab ense
 non exspectato volnere pressit humum; 710
 ultor adest Pollux, et Lyncea perforat hasta,
 qua cervix umeros continuata premit.
 ibat in hunc Idas, vixque est Iovis igne repulsus;
 tela tamen dextrae fulmine rapta negant.
 iamque tibi, Pollux, caelum sublime patebat, 715
 cum “mea” dixisti “percipe verba, pater:
 quod mihi das uni caelum, partire duobus;
 dimidium toto munere maius erit.”
 dixit et alterna fratrem statione redemit:
 utile sollicitae sidus utrumque rati.’ 720

21. E AGON : NP

Ad Ianum redeat, qui quaerit Agonia quid sint:
 quae tamen in fastis hoc quoque tempus habent.

22. F N

Nocte sequente diem canis Erigoneius exit:
 est alio signi reddita causa loco.

23. G TVB : NP

Proxima Volcani lux est, Tubilustria dicunt:
 lustrantur purae, quas facit ille, tubae.

24. H Q : REX C : F

Quattuor inde notis locus est, quibus ordine lectis
vel mos sacrorum vel fuga regis inest.

25. A C 26. B C 27. C C (28. D C) (29. E C) (30. F C) (31. G C)

Nec te praetereo, populi Fortuna potentis
publica, cui templum luce sequente datum est.
hanc ubi dives aquis acceperit Amphitrite,
grata Iovi fulvae rostra videbis avis.
auferet ex oculis veniens aurora Booten,
continuaque die sidus Hyantis erit.

LIBER SEXTVS

Hic quoque mensis habet dubias in nomine causas:
 quae placeat, positis omnibus ipse leges.
facta canam; sed erunt qui me finxisse loquantur,
 nullaque mortali numina visa putent.
est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo; 5
 impetus hic sacrae semina mentis habet:
fas mihi praecipue voltus vidisse deorum,
 vel quia sum vates, vel quia sacra cano.
est nemus arboribus densum, secretus ab omni
 voce locus, si non obstreperetur aquis: 10
hic ego quaerebam coepti quae mensis origo
 esset, et in cura nominis huius eram.
ecce deas vidi, non quas praeceptor arandi
 viderat, Ascraeas cum sequeretur oves;
nec quas Priamides in aquosae vallibus Idae 15
 contulit: ex illis sed tamen una fuit,
ex illis fuit una, sui germana mariti;
 haec erat, agnovi, quae stat in arce Iovis.
horrueram tacitoque animum pallore fatebar;
 tum dea, quos fecit, sustulit ipsa metus. 20
namque ait ‘o vates, Romani conditor anni,
 ause per exiguos magna referre modos,
ius tibi fecisti numen caeleste videndi,
 cum placuit numeris condere festa tuis:
ne tamen ignores volgique errore traharis, 25
 Iunius a nostro nomine nomen habet.
est aliquid nupsisse Iovi, Iovis esse sororem:
 fratre magis dubito glorier anne viro.
si genus aspicitur, Saturnum prima parentem
 feci, Saturni sors ego prima fui. 30
a patre dicta meo quondam Saturnia Roma est:
 haec illi a caelo proxima terra fuit.
si torus in pretio est, dicor matrona Tonantis,
 iunctaque Tarpeio sunt mea templa Iovi.

an potuit Maio paelex dare nomina mensi, 35
hic honor in nobis invidiosus erit?
cur igitur regina vocor princepsque dearum,
aurea cur dextrae scepra dedere meae?
an facient mensem luces, Lucinaque ab illis
dicar, et a nullo nomina mense traham? 40
tum me paeniteat posuisse fideliter iras
in genus Electrae Dardaniamque domum.
causa duplex irae: raptō Ganymede dolebam,
forma quoque Idaeo iudice victa mea est.
paeniteat quod non foveo Carthaginis arces, 45
cum mea sint illo currus et arma loco:
paeniteat Sparten Argosque measque Mycenās
et veterem Latio subposuisse Samon:
adde senem Tatium Iunonicolasque Faliscos,
quos ego Romanis succubuisse tuli. 50
sed neque paeniteat, nec gens mihi carior ulla est:
hic colar, hic teneam cum Iove templa meo.
ipse mihi Mavors “commendo moenia” dixit
“haec tibi: tu pollens urbe nepotis eris.”
dicta fides sequitur: centum celebramur in aris, 55
nec levior quovis est mihi mensis honor.
nec tamen hunc nobis tantummodo praestat honorem
Roma: suburbani dant mihi munus idem.
inspice quos habeat nemoralis Aricia fastos
et populus Laurens Lanuviumque meum: 60
est illic mensis Iunonius. inspice Tibur
et Praenestinae moenia sacra deae,
Iunonale leges tempus: nec Romulus illas
condidit, at nostri Roma nepotis erat.’
finierat Iuno, respeximus: Herculis uxor 65
stabat, et in vultu signa vigoris erant.
‘non ego, si toto mater me cedere caelo
iusserit, invita matre morabor’ ait.
‘nunc quoque non luctor de nomine temporis huius:
blandior, et partes paene rogantis ago, 70
remque mei iuris malim tenuisse precando:

et faveas causae forsitan ipse meae.
 aurea possedit socio Capitolia templo
 mater et, ut debet, cum Iove summa tenet;
 at decus omne mihi contingit origine mensis: 75
 unicus est, de quo sollicitamur, honor.
 quid grave, si titulum mensis, Romane, dedisti
 Herculis uxori, posteritasque memor?
 haec quoque terra aliquid debet mihi nomine magni
 coniugis: huc captas adpulit ille boves, 80
 hic male defensus flammis et dote paterna
 Cacus Aventinam sanguine tinxit humum.
 ad propiora vocor: populum digessit ab annis
 Romulus, in partes distribuitque duas;
 haec dare consilium, pugnare paratior illa est, 85
 haec aetas bellum suadet, at illa gerit.
 sic statuit, mensesque nota secrevit eadem:
 Iunius est iuvenum; qui fuit ante, senum.’
 dixit; et in litem studio certaminis issent,
 atque ira pietas dissimulata foret: 90
 venit Apollinea longas Concordia lauro
 nexa comas, placidi numen opusque ducis.
 haec ubi narravit Tatium fortemque Quirinum
 binaque cum populis regna coisse suis,
 et lare communi soceros generosque receptos, 95
 ‘his nomen iunctis Iunius’ inquit ‘habet.’
 dicta triplex causa est. at vos ignoscite, divae:
 res est arbitrio non dirimenda meo.
 ite pares a me. perierunt iudice formae
 Pergama: plus laedunt, quam iuvat una, duae. 100

1. H K : IVN : N 100a

Prima dies tibi, Carna, datur. dea cardinis haec est:
 numine clausa aperit, claudit aperta suo.
 unde datas habeat vires, obscurior aevo
 fama; sed e nostro carmine certus eris.
 adiacet antiquus Tiberino lucus Alerni: 105

pontifices illuc nunc quoque sacra ferunt.
inde sata est nymphe (Cranaen dixere priores)
nequiquam multis saepe petita procis.
rura sequi iaculisque feras agitare solebat,
nodosasque cava tendere valle plagas; 110
non habuit pharetram, Phoebi tamen esse sororem
credebant, nec erat, Phoebe, pudenda tibi.
huic aliquis iuvenum dixisset amantia verba,
reddebat tales protinus illa sonos:
‘haec loca lucis habent nimis, et cum luce pudoris: 115
si secreta magis ducis in antra, sequor.’
credulus ante ut iit, frutices haec nacta resistit,
et latet et nullo est invenienda modo.
viderat hanc Ianus, visaeque cupidine captus
ad duram verbis mollibus usus erat. 120
nympha iubet quaeri de more remotius antrum,
utque comes sequitur, destituitque ducem.
stulta! videt Ianus quae post sua terga gerantur:
nil agis, et latebras respicit ille tuas.
nil agis, en! dixi: nam te sub rupe latentem 125
occupat amplexu, speque potitus ait
‘ius pro concubitu nostro tibi cardinis esto:
hoc pretium positae virginitatis habe.’
sic fatus spinam, qua tristes pellere posset
a foribus noxas (haec erat alba) dedit. 130
sunt avidae volucres, non quae Phineia mensis
guttura fraudabant, sed genus inde trahunt:
grande caput, stantes oculi, rostra apta rapinis;
canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest;
nocte volant puerosque petunt nutricis egentes, 135
et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis;
carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,
et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.
est illis strigibus nomen; sed nominis huius
causa quod horrenda stridere nocte solent. 140
sive igitur nascuntur aves, seu carmine fiunt
neniaque in volucres Marsa figurat anus,

in thalamos venere Procae: Proca natus in illis
praeda recens avium quinque diebus erat,
pectoraque exsorbent avidis infantia linguis; 145
at puer infelix vagit opemque petit.
terrata voce sui nutrix accurrit alumni,
et rigido sectas invenit ungue genas.
quid faceret? color oris erat qui frondibus olim
esse solet seris, quas nova laesit hiems. 150
pervenit ad Cranaen, et rem docet. illa 'timorem
pone: tuus sospes' dixit 'alumnus erit.'
venerat ad cunas; flebant materque paterque:
'sistite vos lacrimas, ipsa medebor' ait.
protinus arbutea postes ter in ordine tangit 155
fronde, ter arbutea limina fronde notat,
spargit aquis aditus (et aquae medicamen habebant)
extaque de porca cruda bimenstre tenet,
atque ita 'noctis aves, extis puerilibus' inquit
'parcite: pro parvo victima parva cadit. 160
cor pro corde, precor, pro fibris sumite fibras:
hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus.'
sic ubi libavit, prosecta sub aethere ponit,
quique adsint sacris respicere illa vetat:
virgaque Ianalys de spina subditur alba, 165
qua lumen thalamis parva fenestra dabat.
post illud nec aves cunas violasse feruntur,
et rediit puero qui fuit ante color.
Pinguia cur illis gustentur larda Kalendis
mixtaque cum calido sit faba farre rogas? 170
prisca dea est, aliturque cibis quibus ante solebat,
nec petit adscitas luxuriosa dapes.
piscis adhuc illi populo sine fraude natabat,
ostreaque in conchis tuta fuere suis;
nec Latium norat quam praebet Ionia dives 175
nec quae Pygmaeo sanguine gaudet avis;
et praeter pennas nihil in pavone placebat,
nec tellus captas miserat arte feras.
sus erat in pretio, caesa sue festa colebant;

terra fabas tantum duraque farra dabat. 180
quae duo mixta simul sextis quicumque Kalendis
ederit, huic laedi viscera posse negant.
Arce quoque in summa Iunoni templa Monetae
ex voto memorant facta, Camille, tuo.
ante domus Manli fuerat, qui Gallica quondam 185
a Capitolino reppulit arma Iove.
quam bene, di magni, pugna cecidisset in illa
defensor solii, Iuppiter alte, tui!
vixit, ut occideret damnatus crimine regni:
hunc illi titulum longa senecta dabat. 190
Lux eadem Marti festa est, quem prospicit extra
adpositum Tectae porta Capena Viae.
te quoque, Tempestas, meritam delubra fatemur,
cum paene est Corsis obruta classis aquis.
haec hominum monimenta patent: si quaeritis astra, 195
tunc oritur magni praepes adunca Iovis.

2. A F 196a

Postera lux Hyadas, Taurinae cornua frontis,
evocat, et multa terra madescit aqua.

3. B C 198a

Mane ubi bis fuerit Phoebusque iteraverit ortus
factaque erit posito rore bis uda seges,
hac sacrata die Tusco Bellona duello
dicitur, et Latio prospera semper adest.
Appius est auctor, Pyrrho qui pace negata
multum animo vidit, lumine cas erat.
prospicit a templo summum brevis area Circum: 205
est ibi non parvae parva columna notae;
hinc solet hasta manu, belli praenuntia, mitti,
in regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.

4. C C 208a

Altera pars Circi Custode sub Hercule tuta est,
quod deus Euboico carmine munus habet.
muneris est tempus qui Nonas Lucifer ante est;
si titulum quaeris, Sulla probavit opus.

5. D NON : N 212a

Quaerebam Nonas Sanco Fidione referrem
an tibi, Semo pater; tum mihi Sancus ait:
‘cuicumque ex istis dederis, ego munus habebo: 215
nomina terna fero: sic voluere Cures.’
hunc igitur veteres donarunt aede Sabini,
inque Quirinali constituere iugo.

6. E N 218a

Est mihi, sitque, precor, nostris diuturnior annis,
filia, qua felix sospite semper ero.
hanc ego cum vellem genero dare, tempora taedis
apta requirebam, quaeque cavenda forent:
tum mihi post sacras monstratus Iunius Idus
utilis et nuptis, utilis esse viris,
primaque pars huius thalamis aliena reperta est; 225
nam mihi sic coniunx sancta Dialis ait:
‘donec ab Iliaca placidus purgamina Vesta
detulerit flavis in mare Thybris aquis,
non mihi detonso crinem depectere buxo,
non unguis ferro subsecuisse licet, 230
non tetigisse virum, quamvis Iovis ille sacerdos,
quamvis perpetua sit mihi lege datus.
tu quoque ne propera: melius tua filia nubet
ignea cum pura Vesta nitebit humo.’

7. F N 234a

Tertia post Nonas remove Lycaona Phoebe
fertur, et a tergo non habet Ursa metum.

tunc ego me memini ludos in gramine Campi
aspicere et dici, lubrice Thybri, tuos.
festa dies illis qui lina madentia ducunt,
quique tegunt parvis aera recurva cibis. 240

8. G N 240a

Mens quoque numen habet: Mentis delubra videmus
vota metu belli, perfide Poene, tui.
Poene, rebellaras, et leto consulis omnes
attoniti Mauras pertimuere manus.
spem metus expulerat, cum Menti vota senatus 245
suscipit, et melior protinus illa venit.
aspicit instantes mediis sex lucibus Idus
illa dies qua sunt vota soluta deae.

9. H VEST : N 248a

Vesta, fave: tibi nunc operata resolvimus ora,
ad tua si nobis sacra venire licet.
in prece totus eram: caelestia numina sensi,
lactaque purpurea luce refulsit humus.
non equidem vidi (valeant mendacia vatum)
te, dea, nec fueras aspicienda viro;
sed quae nescieram quorumque errore tenebar 255
cognita sunt nullo praecipiente mihi.
dena quater memorant habuisse Parilia Romam,
cum flammae custos aede recepta dea est,
regis opus placidi, quo non metuentius ullum
numinis ingenium terra Sabina tulit. 260
quae nunc aere vides, stipula tum tecta videres,
et paries lento vimine textus erat.
hic locus exiguus, qui sustinet Atria Vestae,
tunc erat intonsi regia magna Numae;
forma tamen templi, quae nunc manet, ante fuisse 265
dicitur, et formae causa probanda subest.
Vesta eadem est et terra: subest vigil ignis utrique:

significant sedem terra focusque suam.
terra pilae similis, nullo fulcimine nixa,
aere subiecto tam grave pendet onus: 270
ipsa volubilitas libratum sustinet orbem,
quique premat partes angulus omnis abest:
cumque sit in media rerum regione locata,
ut tangat nullum plusve minusve latus,
ni convexa foret, parti vicinior esset, 275
nec medium terram mundus haberet onus.
arte Syracosia suspensus in aere clauso
stat globus, immensi parva figura poli,
et quantum a summis, tantum secessit ab imis
terra; quod ut fiat forma rotunda facit. 280
par facies templi; nullus procurrat in illo
angulus, a pluvio vindicat imbre tholus.
cur sit virginibus, quaeris, dea culta ministris?
inveniam causas hac quoque parte suas.
ex Ope Iunonem memorant Cereremque creatas 285
semine Saturni; tertia Vesta fuit.
utraque nupserunt, ambae peperisse feruntur;
de tribus impatiens restitit una viri.
quid mirum, virgo si virgine laeta ministra
admittit castas ad sua sacra manus? 290
nec tu aliud Vestam quam vivam intellege flammam;
nataque de flamma corpora nulla vides.
iure igitur virgo est, quae semina nulla remittit
nec capit, et comites virginitatis amat.
esse diu stultus Vestae simulacra putavi, 295
mox didici curvo nulla subesse tholo.
ignis inextinctus templo celatur in illo:
effigiem nullam Vesta nec ignis habet.
stat vi terra sua: vi stando Vesta vocatur;
causaque par Grai nominis esse potest. 300
at focus a flammis et quod fovet omnia dictus;
qui tamen in primis aedibus ante fuit.
hinc quoque vestibulum dici reor; inde precando
praefamur Vestam, quae loca prima tenet.

Ante focos olim scamnis considerare longis 305
mos erat, et mensae credere adesse deos;
nunc quoque, cum fiunt antiquae sacra Vacunae,
ante Vacunales stantque sedentque focos.
venit in hos annos aliquid de more vetusto:
fert missos Vestae pura patella cibos. 310
Ecce coronatis panis dependet asellis,
et velant scabras florida sarta molas.
sola prius furnis torrebant farra coloni
(et Fornacali sunt sua sacra deae):
subpositum cineri panem focus ipse parabat, 315
strataque erat tepido tegula quassa solo.
inde focum servat pistor dominamque focorum
et quae pumiceas versat asella molas.
praeteream referamne tuum, rubicunde Priape,
dedecus? est multi fabula parva ioci. 320
turrigera frontem Cybele redimita corona
convocat aeternos ad sua festa deos;
convocat et satyros et, rustica numina, nymphas;
Silenus, quamvis nemo vocarat, adest.
nec licet et longum est epulas narrare deorum: 325
in multo nox est pervigilata mero.
hi temere errabant in opacae vallibus Idae,
pars iacet et molli gramine membra levat;
hi ludunt, hos somnus habet; pars brachia nectit
et viridem celeri ter pede pulsat humum. 330
Vesta iacet placidamque capit secunda quietem,
sicut erat, positum caespite fulta caput.
at ruber hortorum custos nymphasque deasque
captat, et errantes fertque refertque pedes;
aspicit et Vestam: dubium nymphamne putarit 335
an scierit Vestam, scisse sed ipse negat.
spem capit obscenam, furtimque accedere temptat,
et fert suspensos corde micante gradus.
forte senex, quo vectus erat, Silenus asellum
liquerat ad ripas lene sonantis aquae; 340
ibat ut inciperet longi deus Hellesponti,

intempestivo cum rudit ille sono.
 territa voce gravi surgit dea; convolat omnis
 turba, per infestas effugit ille manus.
 Lampsacos hoc animal solita est mactare Priapo, 345
 ‘apta’ canens ‘flammis indicis exta damus.’
 quem tu, diva, memor de pane monilibus ornas;
 cessat opus, vacuae conticuere molae.
 Nomine quam pretio celebratior arce Tonantis
 dicam Pistoris quid velit ara Iovis. 350
 cincta premebantur trucibus Capitolia Gallis:
 fecerat obsidio iam diuturna famem.
 Iuppiter, ad solium superis regale vocatis,
 ‘incipere’ ait Marti; protinus ille refert:
 ‘scilicet ignotum est quae sit fortuna malorum, 355
 et dolor hic animi voce querentis eget.
 si tamen ut referam breviter mala iuncta pudori
 exigis, Alpino Roma sub hoste iacet.
 haec est cui fuerat promissa potentia rerum,
 Iuppiter? hanc terris impositurus eras? 360
 iamque suburbanos Etruscaque contudit arma:
 spes erat in cursu: nunc lare pulsa suo est.
 vidimus ornatos aerata per atria picta
 veste triumphales occubuisse senes;
 vidimus Iliacae transferri pignora Vestae 365
 sede: putant aliquos scilicet esse deos.
 at si respicerent qua vos habitatis in arce
 totque domos vestras obsidione premi,
 nil opis in cura scirent superesse deorum,
 et data sollicita tura perire manu. 370
 atque utinam pugnae pateat locus; arma capessant,
 et, si non poterunt exsuperare, cadant.
 nunc inopes victus ignavaque fata timentes
 monte suo clausos barbara turba premit.’
 tunc Venus et lituo pulcher trabeaque Quirinus 375
 Vestaque pro Latio multa locuta suo est.
 ‘publica’ respondit ‘cura est pro moenibus istis’
 Iuppiter ‘et poenas Gallia victa dabit.

tu modo, quae desunt fruges, superesse putentur
 effice, nec sedes desere, Vesta, tuas. 380
 quodcumque est solidae Cereris, cava machina frangat,
 mollitamque manu duret in igne focus.
 iusserat, et fratris virgo Saturnia iussis
 adnuit, et mediae tempora noctis erant.
 iam ducibus somnum dederat labor. increpat illos 385
 Iuppiter et sacro quid velit ore docet:
 ‘surgite, et in medios de summis arcibus hostes
 mittite, quam minime mittere voltis, opem.’
 somnus abit, quaeruntque, novis ambagibus acti,
 tradere quam nolint et iubeantur opem. 390
 esse Ceres visa est; iaciunt Cerialia dona:
 iacta super galeas scutaque longa sonant.
 posse fame vinci spes excidit: hoste repulso
 candida Pistori ponitur ara Iovi.
 Forte revertēbar festis Vestalibus illa 395
 quae Nova Romano nunc Via iuncta foro est:
 huc pede matronam nudo descendere vidi;
 obstipui tacitus sustinuique gradum.
 sensit anus vicina loci, iussumque sedere
 adloquitur, quatiens voce tremante caput: 400
 ‘hoc, ubi nunc fora sunt, udae tenuere paludes;
 amne redundatis fossa madebat aquis.
 Curtius ille lacus, siccās qui sustinet aras,
 nunc solida est tellus, sed lacus ante fuit;
 qua Velabra solent in Circum ducere pompas, 405
 nil praeter salices cassaue canna fuit:
 saepe suburbanas rediens conviva per undas
 cantat et ad nautas ebria verba iacit.
 nondum conveniens diversis iste figuris
 nomen ab averso ceperat amne deus. 410
 hic quoque lucus erat iuncis et harundine densus
 et pede velato non adeunda palus.
 stagna recesserunt et aquas sua ripa coercent,
 siccaeque nunc tellus: mos tamen ille manet.’
 reddiderat causam. ‘valeas, anus optima’ dixi; 415

‘quod superest aevi molle sit omne tui.’
 Cetera iam pridem didici puerilibus annis,
 non tamen idcirco praetereunda mihi.
 moenia Dardanides nuper nova fecerat Ilus
 (Ilus adhuc Asiae dives habebat opes); 420
 creditur armiferae signum caeleste Minervae
 urbis in Iliacae desiluisse iuga.
 cura videre fuit: vidi templumque locumque;
 hoc superest illi, Pallada Roma tenet.
 consulitur Smintheus, lucoque obscurus opaco 425
 hos non mentito reddidit ore sonos:
 ‘aetheriam servate deam, servabitis urbem:
 imperium secum transferet illa loci.’
 servat et inclusam summa tenet Ilus in arce,
 curaque ad heredem Laomedonta redit; 430
 sub Priamo servata parum: sic ipsa volebat,
 ex quo iudicio forma revicta sua est.
 seu gener Adrasti, seu furtis aptus Ulixes,
 seu fuit Aeneas, eripuisse ferunt;
 auctor in incerto, res est Romana: tuetur 435
 Vesta, quod assiduo lumine cuncta videt.
 heu quantum timuere patres, quo tempore Vesta
 arsit et est tectis obruta paene suis!
 flagrabant sancti sceleratis ignibus ignes,
 mixtaque erat flammae flamma profana pia; 440
 attonitae flebant demisso crine ministrae:
 abstulerat vires corporis ipse timor.
 provolat in medium, et magna ‘succurrite’ voce,
 ‘non est auxilium flere’ Metellus ait.
 ‘pignora virgineis fatalia tollite palmis: 445
 non ea sunt voto, sed rapienda manu.
 me miserum! dubitatis?’ ait. dubitare videbat
 et pavidas posito procubuisse genu.
 haurit aquas, tollensque manus ‘ignoscite’, dixit
 ‘sacra: vir intrabo non adeunda viro. 450
 si scelus est, in me commissi poena redundet:
 sit capitis damno Roma soluta mei.’

dixit, et inrupit: factum dea rapta probavit,
pontificisque sui munere tuta fuit.
nunc bene lucetis sacrae sub Caesare flammae: 455
ignis in Iliacis nunc erit estque focus;
nullaque dicetur vittas temerasse sacerdos
hoc duce, nec viva defodietur humo:
sic incesta perit, quia, quam violavit, in illam
conditur: est Tellus Vestaque numen idem. 460
Tum sibi Callaico Brutus cognomen ab hoste
fecit et Hispanam sanguine tinxit humum.
scilicet interdum miscentur tristia laetis,
ne populum toto pectore festa iuvent:
Crassus ad Euphraten aquilas natumque suosque 465
perdidit, et leto est ultimus ipse datus.
‘Parthe, quid exsultas?’ dixit dea ‘signa remittes,
quique necem Crassi vindicet ultor erit.’

10. A N 468a

At simul auritis violae demuntur asellis,
et Cereris fruges aspera saxa terunt,
navita puppe sedens ‘Delphina videbimus’, inquit
‘umida cum pulso nox erit orta die.’

11. B MATR : N vel NP 472a

Iam, Phryx, a nupta quereris, Tithone, relinqui,
et vigil Eois Lucifer exit aquis:
ite, bonae matres (vestrum Matralia festum), 475
flavaque Thebanae reddite liba deae.
pontibus et magno iuncta est celeberrima Circo
area, quae posito de bove nomen habet.
hac ibi luce ferunt Matutae sacra parenti
sceptraferas Servi templa dedisse manus. 480
quae dea sit, quare famulas a limine templi
arceat (arcet enim) libaque tosta petat,
Bacche racemiferos hedera distincte capillos,

si domus illa tua est, derige vatis opus.
 arserat obsequio Semele Iovis: accipit Ino 485
 te, puer, et summa sedula nutrit ope.
 intumuit Iuno, raptum quod paelice natum
 educet: at sanguis ille sororis erat.
 hinc agitur furiis Athamas et imagine falsa,
 tuque cadis patria, parve Learche, manu; 490
 maesta Learcheas mater tumulaverat umbras
 et dederat miseris omnia iusta rogis.
 haec quoque, funestos ut erat laniata capillos,
 prosilit et cunis te, Melicerta, rapit.
 est spatio contracta brevi, freta bina repellit, 495
 unaque pulsatur, terra, duabus aquis:
 huc venit insanis natum complexa lacertis,
 et secum celso mittit in alta iugo.
 excipit inlaesos Panope centumque sorores,
 et placido lapsu per sua regna ferunt. 500
 nondum Leucothea, nondum puer ille Palaemon
 verticibus densi Thybridis ora tenent.
 lucus erat, dubium Semelae Stimulaene vocetur;
 maenadas Ausonias incoluisse ferunt:
 quaerit ab his Ino quae gens foret. Arcadas esse 505
 audit et Euandrum sceptrum tenere loci;
 dissimulata deam Latias Saturnia Bacchas
 instimulat fictis insidiosa sonis:
 ‘o nimium faciles, o toto pectore captae,
 non venit haec nostris hospes amica choris. 510
 fraude petit, sacrique parat cognoscere ritum:
 quo possit poenas pendere pignus habet.’
 vix bene desierat, complent ululatus auras
 thyiades, effusis per sua colla comis,
 iniunguntque manus puerumque revellere pugnant. 515
 quos ignorat adhuc, invocant illa deos:
 ‘dique virique loci, miserae succurrite matri.’
 clamor Aventini saxa propinqua ferit.
 adpulerat ripae vaccas Oetaeus Hiberas;
 audit, et ad vocem concitus urget iter: 520

Herculis adventu quae vim modo ferre parabant
turpia femineae terga dedere fugae.
‘quid petis hinc’, (cognorat enim) ‘matertera Bacchi?
an numen, quod me, te quoque vexat?’ ait.
illa docet partim, partim praesentia nati 525
continet, et furiis in scelus isse pudet.
Rumor, ut est velox, agitatis pervolat alis,
estque frequens, Ino, nomen in ore tuum.
hospita Carmentis fidos intrasse penates
diceris et longam deposuisse famem. 530
liba sua properata manu Tegeaea sacerdos
traditur in subito cocta dedisse foco.
nunc quoque liba iuvant festis Matralibus illam;
rustica sedulitas gratior arte fuit.
‘nunc’, ait ‘o vates, venientia fata resigna, 535
qua licet: hospitibus hoc, precor, adde meis.’
parva mora est, caelum vates ac numina sumit,
fitque sui toto pectore plena dei;
vix illam subito posses cognoscere, tanto
sanctior et tanto, quam modo, maior erat. 540
‘laeta canam: gaude, defuncta laboribus Ino’
dixit, ‘et huic populo prospera semper ades.
numen eris pelagi: natum quoque pontus habebit.
in vestris aliud sumite nomen aquis:
Leucothea Graeis, Matuta vocabere nostris; 545
in portus nato ius erit omne tuo,
quem nos Portunum, sua lingua Palaemona dicet.
ite, precor, nostris aequus uterque locis.’
adnuerat, promissa fides; posuere labores,
nomina mutarunt: hic deus, illa dea est. 550
Cur vetet ancillas accedere quaeritis? odit,
principiumque odii, si sinat illa, canam.
una ministrarum solita est, Cadmei, tuarum
saepe sub amplexus coniugis ire tui.
improbis hanc Athamas furtim dilexit; ab illa 555
comperit agricolis semina tosta dari:
ipsa quidem fecisse negas, sed fama recepit:

hoc est cur odio sit tibi serva manus.
non tamen hanc pro stirpe sua pia mater adoret:
ipsa parum felix visa fuisse parens. 560
alterius prolem melius mandabit illi:
utilior Baccho quam fuit illa suis.
hanc tibi 'quo properas?' memorant dixisse, Rutili,
'luce mea Marso consul ab hoste cades.'
exitus accessit verbis, flumenque Toleni 565
purpureum mixtis sanguine fluxit aquis.
proximus annus erat: Pallantide caesus eadem
Didius hostiles ingeminavit opes.
Lux eadem, Fortuna, tua est, auctorque locusque;
sed superiniectis quis latet iste togis? 570
Servius est, hoc constat enim: sed causa latendi
discrepat, et dubium me quoque mentis habet.
dum dea furtivos timide profitetur amores,
caelestemque homini concubuisse pudet
(arsit enim magno correpta cupidine regis, 575
caecaque in hoc uno non fuit illa viro),
nocte domum parva solita est intrare fenestra,
unde Fenestellae nomina porta tenet.
nunc pudet, et voltus velamine celat amatos,
oraque sunt multa regia tecta toga. 580
an magis est verum post Tulli funera plebem
confusam placidi morte fuisse ducis:
nec modus ullus erat, crescebat imagine luctus,
donec eum positus occuluere togis?
tertia causa mihi spatio maiore canenda est; 585
nos tamen adductos intus agemus equos.
Tullia coniugio, sceleris mercede, peracto
his solita est dictis exstimulare virum:
'quid iuvat esse pares, te nostrae caede sororis
meque tui fratris, si pia vita placet? 590
vivere debuerant et vir meus et tua coniunx,
si nullum ausuri maius eramus opus.
et caput et regnum facio dotale parentis.
si vir es, i, dictas exige dotis opes.

regia res scelus est: socero cape regna necato, 595
et nostras patrio sanguine tingue manus.’
talibus instinctus solio privatus in alto
sederat: attonitum volgas in arma ruit:
hinc cruor et caedes, infirmaque vincitur aetas:
sceptra gener socero rapta Superbus habet. 600
ipse sub Esquiliis, ubi erat sua regia, caesus
concidit in dura sanguinolentus humo.
filia carpento, patrios initura penates,
ibat per medias alta feroxque vias.
corpus ut aspexit, lacrimis auriga profusis 605
restitit; hunc tali corripit illa sono:
‘vadis, an exspectas pretium pietatis amarum?
duc, inquam, invitas ipsa per ora rotas.’
certa fides facti: dictus Sceleratus ab illa
vicus, et aeterna res ea pressa nota. 610
post tamen hoc ausa est templum, monimenta parentis,
tangere: mira quidem, sed tamen acta loquar.
signum erat in solio residens sub imagine Tulli;
dicitur hoc oculis opposuisse manum,
et vox audita est ‘vultus abscondite nostros, 615
ne natae videant ora nefanda meae.’
veste data tegitur; vetat hanc Fortuna moveri,
et sic e templo est ipsa locuta suo:
‘ore revelato qua primum luce patebit
Servius, haec positi prima pudoris erit.’ 620
parcite, matronae, vetitas attingere vestes
(sollemni satis est voce movere preces),
sitque caput semper Romano tectus amictu
qui rex in nostra septimus urbe fuit.
arserat hoc templum: signo tamen ille pepercit 625
ignis; opem nato Mulciber ipse tulit.
namque pater Tulli Volcanus, Oeresia mater
praesignis facie Corniculana fuit.
hanc secum Tanaquil, sacris de more peractis,
iussit in ornatum fundere vina focum: 630
hinc inter cineres obsceni forma virilis

aut fuit aut visa est, sed fuit illa magis.
iussa foco captiva sedet: conceptus ab illa
Servius a caelo semina gentis habet.
signa dedit genitor tunc cum caput igne corusco 635
contigit, inque comis flammeus arsit apex.
Te quoque magnifica, Concordia, dedicat aede
Livia, quam caro praestitit ipsa viro.
disce tamen, veniens aetas: ubi Livia nunc est
porticus, immensae tecta fuere domus; 640
urbis opus domus una fuit spatiumque tenebat
quo brevius muris oppida multa tenent.
haec aequata solo est, nullo sub crimine regni,
sed quia luxuria visa nocere sua.
sustinuit tantas operum subvertere moles 645
totque suas heres perdere Caesar opes:
sic agitur censura et sic exempla parantur,
cum vindex, alios quod monet, ipse facit.

12. C N 13. D EID : NP ut vid. 648a

Nulla nota est veniente die, quam dicere possis;
Idibus Invicto sunt data templa Iovi.
et iam Quinquatrus iubeor narrare minores.
nunc ades o coeptis, flava Minerva, meis.
'cur vagus incedit tota tibicen in Urbe?
quid sibi personae, quid stola longa volunt?'
sic ego. sic posita Tritonia cuspide dixit 655
(possim utinam doctae verba referre deae):
'temporibus veterum tibicinis usus avorum
magnus et in magno semper honore fuit:
cantabat fanis, cantabat tibia ludis,
cantabat maestis tibia funeribus; 660
dulcis erat mercede labor. tempusque secutum
quod subito gratae frangeret artis opus.
adde quod aedilis, pompam qui funeris irent,
artifices solos iusserat esse decem.
exilio mutant Urbem Tiburque recedunt: 665

exilium quodam tempore Tibur erat.
quaeritur in scaena cava tibia, quaeritur aris;
 ducit supremos nenia nulla toros.
servierat quidam, quantolibet ordine dignus,
 Tibure, sed longo tempore liber erat. 670
rure dapes parat ille suo, turbamque canoram
 convocat: ad festas convenit illa dapes.
nox erat, et vinis oculique animique natabant,
 cum praecomposito nuntius ore venit,
atque ita “quid cessas convivium solvere?” dixit 675
 “auctor vindictae nam venit ecce tuae.”
nec mora, convivae valido titubantia vino
 membra movent; dubii stantque labantque pedes.
at dominus “discedite” ait, plaustroque morantes
 sustulit; in plaustro scirpea lata fuit. 680
adliciunt somnos tempus motusque merumque,
 potaque se Tibur turba redire putat.
iamque per Esquilias Romanam intraverat urbem,
 et mane in medio plaustra fuere foro.
Plautius, ut posset specie numeroque senatum 685
 fallere, personis imperat ora tegi,
admiscetque alios et, ut hunc tibicina coetum
 augeat, in longis vestibibus esse iubet;
sic reduces bene posse tegi, ne forte notentur
 contra collegi iussa venire sui. 690
res placuit, cultuque novo licet Idibus uti
 et canere ad veteres verba iocosa modos.’
haec ubi perdocuit, ‘superest mihi discere’ dixi
 ‘cur sit Quinquatrus illa vocata dies.’
‘Martius’ inquit ‘agit tali mea nomine festa, 695
 estque sub inventis haec quoque turba meis.
prima, terebrato per rara foramina buxo,
 ut daret, effeci, tibia longa sonos.
vox placuit: faciem liquidis referentibus undis
 vidi virgineas intumuisse genas. 700
“ars mihi non tanti est; valeas, mea tibia” dixi:
 excipit abiectam caespite ripa suo.

inventam satyrus primum miratur, et usum
nescit, et inflatam sentit habere sonum;
et modo dimittit digitis, modo concipit auras, 705
iamque inter nymphas arte superbus erat:
provocat et Phoebum. Phoebus superante pependit;
caesa recesserunt a cute membra sua.
sum tamen inventrix auctorque ego carminis huius:
hoc est cur nostros ars colat ista dies.’ 710

(14. E EN) 15. F Q : ST : D : F 710a

Tertia nox veniet, qua tu, Dodoni Thyone,
stabis Agenorei fronte videnda bovis.
haec est illa dies qua tu purgamina Vestae,
Thybri, per Etruscas in mare mittis aquas.

16. G C 714a

Siqua fides ventis, Zephyro date carbasa, nautae:
cras veniet vestris ille secundus aquis.

17. H C 18. A C 716a

At pater Heliadum radios ubi tinxerit undis,
et cinget geminos stella serena polos,
tollet humo validos proles Hyriea lacertos;
continua Delphin nocte videndus erit. 720
scilicet hic olim Volscos Aequosque fugatos
viderat in campis, Algida terra, tuis;
unde suburbano clarus, Tuberte, triumpho
vectus es in niveis postmodo victor equis.

19. B C 724a

Iam sex et totidem luces de mense supersunt,
huic unum numero tu tamen adde diem.
sol abit a Geminis, et Cancri signa rubescunt:
coepit Aventina Pallas in arce coli.

20. C C 728a

Iam tua, Laomedon, oritur nurus, ortaque noctem
pellit, et e pratis uda pruina fugit:
reddita, quisquis is est, Summano templa feruntur,
tum cum Romanis, Pyrrhe, timendus eras.

21. D C 732a

Hanc quoque cum patriis Galatea receperit undis,
plenaque securae terra quietis erit,
surgit humo iuvenis telis adflatus avitis, 735
et gemino nexas porrigit angue manus.
notus amor Phaedrae, nota est iniuria Thesei:
devovit natum credulus ille suum.
non impune pius iuvenis Troezena petebat:
dividit obstantes pectore taurus aquas. 740
solliciti terrentur equi, frustra que retenti
per scopulos dominum duraque saxa trahunt.
exciderat curru, lorisque morantibus artus
Hippolytus lacero corpore raptus erat,
reddideratque animam, multum indignante Diana. 745
'nulla' Coronides 'causa doloris' ait:
'namque pio iuveni vitam sine vulnere reddam,
et cedent arti tristia fata meae.'
gramina continuo loculis depromit eburnis:
profuerant Glauci manibus illa prius, 750
tum cum observatas augur descendit in herbas,
usus et auxilio est anguis ab angue dato.
pectora ter tetigit, ter verba salubria dixit:
depositum terra sustulit ille caput.
lucus eum nemorisque sui Dictynna recessu 755
celat: Aricino Virbius ille lacu.
at Clymenus Clothoque dolent, haec fila teneri,
hic fieri regni iura minora sui.
Iuppiter, exemplum veritus, derexit in ipsum
fulmina qui nimiae moverat artis opem. 760

Phoebe, querebaris: deus est, placare parenti:
propter te, fieri quod vetat, ipse facit.

22. E C 23. F C 762a

Non ego te, quamvis properabis vincere, Caesar,
si vetet auspicium, signa movere velim.
sint tibi Flaminius Trasimenaque litora testes 765
per volucres aequos multa monere deos.
tempora si veteris quaeris temeraria damni,
quintus ab extremo mense bis ille dies.
postera lux melior: superat Masinissa Syphacem,
et cecidit telis Hasdrubal ipse suis. 770

24. G C 770a

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
quam cito venerunt Fortunae Fortis honores!
post septem luces Iunius actus erit.
ite, deam laeti Fortem celebrate, Quirites: 775
in Tiberis ripa munera regis habet.
pars pede, pars etiam celeri decurrite cumba,
nec pudeat potos inde redire domum.
ferte coronatae iuvenum convivias, lintres,
multaque per medias vina bibantur aquas. 780
plebs colit hanc, quia qui posuit de plebe fuisse
fertur, et ex humili sceptrum tulisse loco.
convenit et servis, serva quia Tullius ortus
constituit dubiae templa propinqua deae.

25. H C 26. A C, postea NP 784a

Ecce suburbana rediens male sobrius aede
ad stellas aliquis talia verba iacit:
‘zona latet tua nunc, et cras fortasse latebit:
dehinc erit, Orion, aspicienda mihi.’
at, si non esset potus, dixisset eadem

venturum tempus solstitiale die. 790

27. B C 28. C C 790a

Lucifero subeunte Lares delubra tulerunt
hic ubi fit docta multa corona manu.
tempus idem Stator aedis habet, quam Romulus olim
ante Palatini condidit ora iugi.

29. D F 794a

Tot restant de mense dies quot nomina Parcis,
cum data sunt trabeae templa, Quirine, tuae.

30. E C 796a

Tempus Iuleis cras est natale Kalendis:
Pierides, coeptis addite summa meis.
dicite, Pierides, quis vos addixerit isti
cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. 800
sic ego. sic Clio: 'clari monimenta Philippi
aspicis, unde trahit Marcia casta genus,
Marcia, sacrificio deductum nomen ab Anco,
in qua par facies nobilitate sua.
par animo quoque forma suo respondet; in illa 805
et genus et facies ingeniumque simul.
nec, quod laudamus formam, tu turpe putaris:
laudamus magnas hac quoque parte deas.
nupta fuit quondam matertera Caesaris illi:
o decus, o sacra femina digna domo!' 810
sic cecinit Clio, doctae adsensere sorores;
adnuat Alcides increpuitque Ilyam.

IBIS

Tempus ad hoc, lustris bis iam mihi quinque peractis,
Omne fuit Musae carmen inerme meae;
Nullaque, quae possit, scriptis tot milibus, extat
Littera Nasonis sanguinolenta legi:
Nec quemquam nostri nisi me laesere libelli, 5
Artificis periit cum caput Arte sua.
Unus (et hoc ipsum est iniuria magna) perennem
Candoris titulum non sinit esse mei.
Quisquis is est (nam nomen adhuc utcumque tacebo),
Cogit inassuetas sumere tela manus. 10
Ille relegatum gelidos aquilonis ad ortus
Non sinit exilio delituisse meo;
Vulneraque inmitis requiem quaerentia vexat,
Iactat et in toto nomina nostra foro;
Perpetuoque mihi sociatam foedere lecti 15
Non patitur vivi funera flere viri.
Cumque ego quassa meae complectar membra carinae,
Naufragii tabulas pugnat habere mei:
Et qui debuerat subitas extinguere flammās,
Hic praedam medio raptor ab igne petit. 20
Nititur, ut profugae desint alimenta senectae:
Heu! quanto est nostris dignior ipse malis!
Di melius! quorum longe mihi maximus ille est,
Qui nostras inopes noluit esse vias.
Huic igitur meritas grates, ubicumque licebit, 25
Pro tam mansueto pectore semper agam.
Audiat hoc Pontus: faciet quoque forsitan idem,
Terra sit ut propior testificanda mihi.
At tibi, calcasti qui me, violente, iacentem,
Qua licet ei misero! debitus hostis ero. 30
Desinet esse prius contrarius ignibus umor,
Iunctaque cum luna lumina solis erunt;
Parsque eadem caeli zephyros emittet et euros,
Et tepidus gelido flabit ab axe notus;

Et ver autumnno, brumae miscebitur aestas, 37
Atque eadem regio vesper et ortus erit;
Et nova fraterno veniet concordia fumo, 35
Quem vetus accensa separat ira pyra:
Quam mihi sit tecum positus, quae sumpsimus, armis 39
Gratia, commissis, improbe, rupta tuis.
Pax erit haec nobis, donec mihi vita manebit, 43
Cum pecore infirmo quae solet esse lupis.
Prima quidem coepto committam proelia versu,
Non soleant quamvis hoc pede bella geri:
Utque petit primo plenum flaventis harenae
Nondum calfacti militis hasta solum,
Sic ego te nondum ferro iaculabor acuto,
Protinus invisum nec petet hasta caput; 50
Et neque nomen in hoc nec dicam facta libello,
Teque brevi, qui sis, dissimulare sinam.
Postmodo, si perges, in te mihi liber iambus
Tincta Lycambeo sanguine tela dabit.
Nunc quo Battiades inimicum devovet Ibin, 55
Hoc ego devoveo teque tuosque modo.
Utque ille, historiis involvam carmina caecis:
Non soleam quamvis hoc genus ipse sequi.
Illius ambages imitatus in Ibide dicar
Oblitus moris iudiciiue mei. 60
Et quoniam, qui sis, nondum quaerentibus edo,
Ibidis interea tu quoque nomen habe;
Utque mei versus aliquantum noctis habebunt,
Sic vitae series tota sit atra tuae.
Haec tibi natali facito, Ianique kalendis 65
Non mentituro quilibet ore legat.
Di maris et terrae, quique his meliora tenetis
Inter diversos cum Iove regna polos,
Huc, precor, huc vestras omnes advertite mentes,
Et sinite optatis pondus inesse meis: 70
Ipsaque tu tellus, ipsum cum fluctibus aequor,
Ipse meas aether accipe summe preces;
Sideraque et radiis circumdata solis imago,

Lunaque, quae numquam quo prius orbe micas,
Noxque tenebrarum specie reverenda tuarum; 75
Quaeque ratum triplici pollice netis opus,
Quique per infernas horrendo murmure valles
Inperiuratae laberis amnis aquae,
Quasque ferunt torto vittatis angue capillis
Carceris obscuras ante sedere fores; 80
Vos quoque, plebs superum, Fauni Satyrique Laresque
Fluminaque et nymphae semideumque genus:
Denique ab antiquo divi veteresque novique
In nostrum cuncti tempus, adeste, chao,
Carmina dum capiti male fido dira canentur 85
Et peragent partes ira dolorque suas.
Adnuite optatis omnes ex ordine nostris,
Et sit pars voti nulla caduca mei.
Quaeque precor, fiant: ut non mea dicta, sed illa
Pasiphaes generi verba fuisse putet. 90
Quasque ego transiero poenas, patiatur et illas;
Plenius ingenio sit miser ille meo!
Neve minus noceant fictum execrantia nomen
Vota, minus magnos commoveantve deos:
Illum ego devoveo, quem mens intellegit, Ibin, 95
Qui se scit factis has meruisse preces.
Nulla mora est in me: peragam rata vota sacerdos.
Quisquis ades sacris, ore favete, meis;
Quisquis ades sacris, lugubria dicite verba,
Et fletu madidis Ibin adite genis: 100
Ominibusque malis pedibusque occurrите laevis,
Et nigrae vestes corpora vestra tegant!
Tu quoque, quid dubitas ferales sumere vittas?
Iam stat, ut ipse vides, funeris ara tui.
Pompa parata tibi est: votis mora tristibus absit: 105
Da iugulum cultris, hostia dira, meis.
Terra tibi fruges, amnis tibi deneget undas,
Deneget afflatus ventus et aura suos.
Nec tibi sol calidus, nec sit tibi lucida Phoebe,
Destituant oculos sidera clara tuos. 110

Nec se Vulcanus nec se tibi praebeat aer,
Nec tibi det tellus nec tibi pontus iter.
Exul, inops erres, alienaque limina lustres,
Exiguumque petas ore tremente cibum.
Nec corpus querulo nec mens vacet aegra dolore, 115
Noxque die gravior sit tibi, nocte dies.
Sisque miser semper, nec sis miserabilis ulli:
Gaudeat adversis femina virque tuis.
Accedat lacrimis odium, dignusque putere,
Qui, mala cum tuleris plurima, plura feras. 120
Sitque, quod est rarum, solito defecta favore
Fortunae facies invidiosa tuae.
Causaque non desit, desit tibi copia mortis:
Optatam fugiat vita coacta necem:
Luctatusque diu cruciatos spiritus artus 125
Deserat, et longa torqueat ante mora.
Evenient. dedit ipse mihi modo signa futuri
Phoebus, et a laeva maesta volavit avis.
Certe ego, quae voveo, superos motura putabo,
Speque tuae mortis, perfide, semper alar. 130
Et prius hanc animam, nimium tibi saepe petitam,
Auferet illa dies, quae mihi sera venit,
Quam dolor hic umquam spatio evanescere possit,
Leniat aut odium tempus et hora meum.
Pugnabunt arcu dum Thraces, Iazyges hasta, 135
Dum tepidus Ganges, frigidus Hister erit;
Robora dum montes, dum mollia pabula campi,
Dum Tiberis liquidas Tuscus habebit aquas,
Tecum bella geram; nec mors mihi finiet iras,
Saeva sed in manes manibus arma dabit. 140
Tum quoque, cum fuero vacuas dilapsus in auras,
Exsanguis mores oderit umbra tuos,
Tum quoque factorum veniam memor umbra tuorum,
Insequar et vultus ossea forma tuos.
Sive ego, quod nolim, longis consumptus ab annis, 145
Sive manu facta morte solutus ero:
Sive per immensas iactabor naufragus undas,

Nostraque longinquus viscera piscis edet:
Sive peregrinae carpent mea membra volucres:
Sive meo tinguent sanguine rostra lupi: 150
Sive aliquis dignatus erit subponere terrae
Et dare plebeio corpus inane rogo:
Quidquid ero, Stygiis erumpere nitar ab oris,
Et tendam gelidas ultor in ora manus.
Me vigilans cernes, tacitis ego noctis in umbris 155
Excutiam somnos visus adesse tuos.
Denique quidquid ages, ante os oculosque volabo
Et querar, et nulla sede quietus eris.
Verbera saeva dabunt sonitum nexaeque colubrae,
Conscia fumabunt semper ad ora faces. 160
His vivus furiis agitabere, mortuus isdem,
Et brevior poena vita futura tua est.
Nec tibi continget funus lacrimaeque tuorum;
Indeploratum proiciere caput;
Carnificisque manu, populo plaudente, traheris, 165
Infixusque tuis ossibus uncus erit.
Ipsae te fugient, quae carpunt omnia, flammae;
Respuet invisum iusta cadaver humus.
Unguibus et rostro crudus trahet ilia vultur
Et scindent avidi perfida corda canes, 170
Deque tuo fiet++licet hac sis laude superbus++
Insatiabilibus corpore rixa lupis.
In loca ab Elysiis diversa fugabere campis,
Quasque tenet sedes noxia turba, coles.
Sisyphus est illic saxum volvensque petensque, 175
Quique agitur rapidae vinctus ab orbe rotae,
Iugeribusque novem summus qui distat ab imo, 181
Visceraque assiduae debita praebet avi.
Quaeque gerunt umeris perituras Belides undas, 177
Exulis Aegypti, turba cruenta, nurus.
Poma pater Pelopis praesentia quaerit, et idem
Semper eget liquidis, semper abundat aquis. 180
Hic tibi de Furiis scindet latus una flagello, 183
Ut sceleris numeros confiteare tui:

Altera Tartareis sectos dabit anguibus artus:
Tertia fumantes incoquet igne genas.
Noxia mille modis lacerabitur umbra, tuasque
Aeacus in poenas ingeniosus erit.
In te transcribet veterum tormenta reorum:
Sontibus antiquis causa quietis eris. 190
Sisyphæ, cui tradas revolubile pondus, habebis:
Versabunt celeres nunc nova membra rotæ:
Hic et erit, ramos frustra qui captet et undas:
Hic inconsumpto viscere pascet aves.
Nec mortis poenas mors altera finiet huius, 195
Horaque erit tantis ultima nulla malis.
Inde ego pauca canam, frondes ut siquis ab Ida
Aut summam Libyco de mare carpat aquam.
Nam neque, quot flores Sicula nascantur in Hybla,
Quotve ferat, dicam, terra Cilissa crocos, 200
Nec cum tristis hiems Aquilonis inhorruit alis,
Quam multa fiat grandine canus Athos;
Nec mala voce mea poterunt tua cuncta referri,
Ora licet tribuas multiplicata mihi.
Tot tibi vae! misero venient talesque ruinae, 205
Ut cogi in lacrimas me quoque posse putem.
Illae me lacrimae facient sine fine beatum:
Dulcior hic risu tunc mihi fletus erit.
Natus es infelix,++ita di voluere++nec ulla
Commoda nascenti stella levisve fuit. 210
Non Venus affulsit, non illa Iuppiter hora,
Lunaque non apto solque fuere loco,
Nec satis utiliter positos tibi praebuilt ignes
Quem peperit magno lucida Maia Iovi.
Te fera nec quicquam placidum spondentia Martis 215
Sidera presserunt falciferique senis.
Lux quoque natalis, ne quid nisi triste videres,
Turpis et inductis nubibus atra fuit.
Haec est, in fastis cui dat gravis Allia nomen,
Quaeque dies Ibin, publica damna tulit. 220
Qui simul impura matris prolapsus ab alvo

Cinyphiam foedo corpore pressit humum,
Sedit in adverso nocturnus culmine bubo,
Funereoque graves edidit ore sonos.
Protinus Eumenides lavere palustribus undis, 225
Qua cava de Stygiis fluxerat unda vadis,
Pectoraque unxerunt Erebeae felle colubrae,
Terque cruentatas increpuere manus.
Gutturaque imbuerunt infantia lacte canino:
Hic primus pueri venit in ora cibus: 230
Perbibit inde suae rabiem nutricis alumnus,
Latrat et in toto verba canina foro.
Membraque vinxerunt tinctis ferrugine pannis,
A male deserto quos rapuere rogo:
Et, ne non fultum nuda tellure iaceret, 235
Molle super silices inposuere caput.
Iamque recessurae viridi de stipite factas
Admorunt oculos usque sub ora faces.
Flebat, ut est fumis infans contactus amaris,
De tribus est cum sic una locuta soror: 240
‘Tempus in immensum lacrimas tibi movimus istas,
Quae semper causa sufficiente cadent.’
Dixerat; at Clotho iussit promissa valere,
Nevit et infesta stamina pulla manu;
Et, ne longa suo praesagia diceret ore, 245
‘Fata canet vates qui tua,’ dixit, ‘erit.’
Ille ego sum vates: ex me tua vulnera disces,
Dent modo di vires in mea verba suas;
Carminibusque meis accedent pondera rerum,
Quae rata per luctus experiere tuos. 250
Neve sine exemplis aevi cruciari prioris,
Sint tua Troianis non leviora malis,
Quantaque clavigeri Poeantius Herculis heres,
Tanta venenato vulnera crure geras.
Nec levius doleas, quam qui bibit ubera cervae, 255
Armatique tulit vulnus, inermis opem;
Quique ab equo praeceps in Aleia decidit arva,
Exitio facies cui sua paene fuit.

Id quod Amyntorides videas, trepidumque ministro
 Praetemptes baculo luminis orbus iter. 260
 Nec plus aspicias quam quem sua filia rexit,
 Expertus scelus est cuius uterque parens:
 Qualis erat, postquam est iudex de lite iocosa
 Sumptus, Apollinea clarus in arte senex:
 Qualis et ille fuit, quo praecipiente columba 265
 Est data Palladiae praevia duxque rati:
 Quique oculis caruit, per quos male viderat aurum,
 Inferias nato quos dedit orba parens:
 Pastor ut Aetnaeus, cui casus ante futuros
 Telemus Eurymides vaticinatus erat: 270
 Ut duo Phinidae, quibus idem lumen ademit,
 Qui dedit: ut Thamyrae Demodocique caput
 Sic aliquis tua membra secet, Saturnus ut illas
 Subsecuit partes, unde creatus erat.
 Nec tibi sit melior tumidis Neptunus in undis, 275
 Quam cui sunt subitae frater et uxor aves;
 Sollertique viro, lacerae quem fracta tenentem
 Membra ratis Semeles est miserata soror.
 Vel tua, ne poenae genus hoc cognoverit unus,
 Viscera diversis scissa ferantur equis: 280
 Vel quae, qui redimi Romano turpe putavit,
 A duce Puniceo pertulit, ipse feras.
 Nec tibi subsidio praesens sit numen, ut illi,
 Cui nihil Hercei profuit ara Iovis.
 Utque dedit saltus a summa Thessalus Ossa, 285
 Tu quoque saxoso praecipitere iugo.
 Aut velut Eurylochi, qui sceptrum cepit ab illo,
 Sint artus avidis anguibus esca tui.
 Vel tua maturet, sicut Minoia fata,
 Per caput infusae fervidus umor aquae. 290
 [Utque parum mitis, sed non impune, Prometheus,
 Aerias volucres sanguine fixus alas.]
 Aut ut Erechthides, magno ter ab Hercule victus,
 Caesus in inmensum proiciare fretum.
 Aut ut Amyntiaden, turpi dilectus amore 295

Oderit, et saevo vulneret ense puer.
 Nec tibi fida magis misceri pocula possint,
 Quam qui cornigero de Iove natus erat.
 More vel intereas capti suspensus Achaei,
 Qui miser aurifera teste pependit aqua. 300
 Aut ut Achilliden, cognato nomine clarum,
 Opprimat hostili tegula iacta manu.
 Nec tua quam Pyrrhi felicius ossa quiescant,
 Sparsa per Ambracias quae iacuerere vias.
 Nataque ut Aeacidæ iaculis moriaris adactis; 305
 Non licet hoc Cereri dissimulare sacrum.
 Utque nepos dicti nostro modo carmine regis,
 Cantharidum sucos dante parente bibas.
 Aut pia te caeso dicatur adultera, sicut
 Qua cecidit Leucon vindice, dicta pia est. 310
 Inque pyram tecum carissima corpora mittas,
 Quem finem vitae Sardanapallus habet.
 Utque Iovis Libyci templum violare parantes,
 Acta noto vultus condant harena tuos.
 Utque necatorum Darei fraude secundi, 315
 Sic tua subsidens devoret ora cinis.
 Aut ut olivifera quondam Sicyone profecto,
 Sit frigus mortis causa famesque tuae.
 Aut ut Atarnites, insutus pelle iuvenci
 Turpiter ad dominum praeda ferare tuum. 320
 Inque tuo thalamo ritu iugulere Pheræi,
 Qui datus est leto coniugis ense suae,
 Quosque putas fidos, ut Larisæus Aleuas
 Vulnere non fidos experiare tuo.
 Utque Milo, sub quo cruciata est Pisa tyranno, 325
 Vivus in occultas praecipiteris aquas.
 Quaeque in Adimantum Phyllesia regna tenentem
 A Iove venerunt, te quoque tela petant.
 Aut ut Amastriacis quondam Lenæus ab oris,
 Nudus Achillea destituaris humo. 330
 Utque vel Eurydamas ter circum busta Thrasylli
 Est Larisæis raptus ab hoste rotis,

Vel qui, quae fuerat tutatus moenia saepe,
 Corpore lustravit non diuturna suo,
 Utque novum passa genus Hippomeneide poenae 335
 Tractus in Actaea fertur adulter humo,
 Sic, ubi vita tuos invisa reliquerit artus,
 Ultiores rapiant turpe cadaver equi.
 Viscera sic aliquis scopulus tua figat, ut olim
 Fixa sub Euboico Graia fuere sinu; 340
 Utque ferox periit et fulmine et aequore raptor,
 Sic te mersuras adiuvet ignis aquas.
 Mens quoque sic furiis vecors agitetur, ut illi,
 Unum qui toto corpore vulnus habet;
 Utque Dryantiadae Rhodopeia regna tenenti, 345
 In gemino dispar cui pede cultus erat,
 Ut fuit Oetaeo quondam generoque draconum
 Tisamenique patri Calliroidesque viro.
 Nec tibi contingat matrona pudicior illa,
 Qua potuit Tydeus erubuisse nuru: 350
 Quaeque sui Venerem iunxit cum fratre mariti,
 Locris in ancillae dissimulata nece.
 Tam quoque, di faciant, possis gaudere fideli
 Coniuge, quam Talai Tyndareique gener:
 Quaeque parare suis letum patruelibus ausae 355
 Belides assidua colla premuntur aqua.
 Byblidos et Canaces, sicut facit, ardeat igne,
 Nec nisi per crimen sit tibi fida soror.
 Filia si fuerit, sit quod Pelopea Thyestae,
 Myrrha suo patri, Nyctimeneque suo. 360
 Neve magis pia sit capitique parentis amica,
 Quam sua vel Pterelae, vel tibi, Nise, fuit:
 Infamemque locum sceleris quae nomine fecit,
 Pressit et inductis membra paterna rotis.
 Ut iuvenes pereas, quorum fastigia vultus 365
 Membraque Pisaeae sustinuerunt foris:
 Ut qui perfusam miserorum saepe procorum
 Ipse suo melius sanguine tinxit humum:
 Proditor ut saevi periit auriga tyranni,

Qui nova Myrtoae nomina fecit aquae: 370
Ut qui velocem frustra petiere puellam,
Dum facta est pomis tardior illa tribus:
Ut qui tecta novi formam celantia monstri
Intrarunt caecae non redeunda domus:
Ut quorum Aeacides misit violentus in altum 375
Corpora cum senis altera sena rogom:
Ut quos, obscuri victos ambagibus oris,
Legimus infandae Sphinga dedisse neci:
Ut qui Bistoniae templo cecidere Minervae,
Propter quos acies nunc quoque tecta deae est: 380
Ut qui Threicii quondam praesepia regis
Fecerunt dapibus sanguinolenta suis:
Therodamanteos ut qui sensere leones,
Quique Thoanteae Taurica sacra deae:
Ut quos Scylla vorax Scyllaeque adversa Charybdis 385
Dulichiae pavidos eripuerunt rati:
Ut quos demisit vastam Polyphemus in alvum:
Ut Laestrygonias qui subiere manus:
Ut quos dux Poenus mersit putealibus undis
Et iacto canas pulvere fecit aquas: 390
Sex bis ut Icaridos famulae periit procique,
Inque caput domini qui dabat arma procis:
Ut iacet Aonio luctator ab hospite fusus,
Qui, mirum, victor, cum cecidisset, erat:
Ut quos Antaei fortes pressere lacerti: 395
Quosque ferae morti Lemnia turba dedit:
Ut qui post longum, sacri monstrator iniqui,
Elicit pluvias victima caesus aquas:
Frater ut Antaei, quo sanguine debuit, aras
Tinxit, et exemplis occidit ipse suis: 400
Ut qui terribiles pro gramen habentibus herbis
Impius humano viscere pavit equos:
Ut duo diversis sub eodem vindice caesi
Vulneribus, Nessus Dexamenique gener:
Ut pronepos, Saturne, tuus, quem reddere vitam 405
Urbe Coronides vidit ab ipse sua:

Ut Sinis et Sciron et cum Polypemone natus:
 Quique homo parte sui, parte iuvenus erat:
Quique trabes pressas ab humo mittebat in auras,
 Aequoris aspiciens huius et huius aquas: 410
Quaeque Ceres laeto vidit pereuntia vultu
 Corpora Thesea Cercyonea manu.
Haec tibi, quem meritis precibus mea devovet ira,
 Evenient, aut his non leviora malis.
Qualis Achaemenidis, Sicala desertus in Aetna 415
 Troica cum vidit vela venire, fuit,
Qualis erat nec non fortuna binominis Iri,
 Quique tenent pontem, spe tibi maior erit.
Filius et Cereris frustra tibi semper ametur,
 Destituatque tuas usque petitus opes: 420
Utque per alternos unda labente recursus
 Subtrahitur presso mollis harena pedi,
Sic tua nescio qua semper fortuna liquescat,
 Lapsaque per medias effluat usque manus.
Utque pater solitae varias mutare figuras, 425
 Plenus inextincta conficiare fame;
Nec dapis humanae tibi sint fastidia; quaque
 Parte potes, Tydeus temporis huius eris.
Atque aliquid facies, a vespere Solis ad ortus
 Cur externati rursus agantur equi; 430
Foeda Lycaoniae repetes convivium mensae,
 Temptabisque cibi fallere fraude Iovem;
Teque aliquis posito temptet vim numinis opto,
 Tantalides tu sis, tu Teleique puer.
Et tua sic latos spargantur membra per agros, 435
 Tamquam quae patrias detinere vias.
Aere Perilleo veros imitere iuvencos,
 Ad formam tauri conveniente sono.
Utque ferox Phalaris, lingua prius ense resecta
 More bovis Paphio clausus in aere gemas. 440
Dumque redire voles aevi melioris in annos,
 Ut vetus Admeti decipere socer.
Aut eques in medii mergare voragine caeni,

Dummodo sint fati nomina nulla tui.
Atque utinam pereas, veluti de dentibus orti 445
Sidonia iactis Graia per arva manu.
Et quae Pitthides fecit de fratre Medusae,
Eveniant capiti vota sinistra tuo:
Et quibus exiguo volucris devota libello est,
Corpora proiecta quae sua purgat aqua. 450
Vulnera totque feras quot dicitur ille tulisse,
Cuius ab inferiis culter abesse solet.
Attonitusque seces, ut quos Cybeleia mater
Incitat, ad Phrygios vilia membra modos;
Deque viro fias nec femina nec vir, ut Attis, 455
Et quantias molli tympana rauca manu.
Inque pecus subito Magnae vertare Parentis,
Victor ut est celeri victaque versa pede.
Solaque Limone poenam ne senserit illam,
Et tua dente fero viscera carpat equus. 460
Aut, ut Cassandreus domino non mitior illo,
Saucius ingesta contumuleris humo.
Aut ut Abantiades, aut ut Cycneius heros,
Clausus in aequoreas praecipiteris aquas.
Victima vel Phoebos sacras macteris ad aras, 465
Quam tulit a saevo Theudotus hoste necem.
Aut te devoveat certis Abdera diebus,
Saxaque devotum grandine plura petant.
Aut Iovis infesti telo feriare trisulco,
Ut satus Hipponoo, Dexitheaeque pater, 470
Ut soror Autonoes, ut cui matertera Maia,
Ut temere optatos qui male rexit equos;
Ut ferus Aeolides, ut sanguine natus eodem,
Quo genita est liquidis quae caret Arctos aquis,
Ut Macelo rapidis icta est cum coniuge flammis, 475
Sic, precor, aetherii vindicis igne cadas.
Praedaque sis illis, quibus est Latonia Delos
Ante diem rapto non adeunda Thaso:
Quique verecundae speculantem labra Dianae,
Quique Crotopiaden diripere Linum. 480

Neve venenato levius feriaris ab angue,
Quam senis Oeagri Calliopesque nurus:
Quam puer Hypsipyles, quam qui cava primus acuta
Cuspide suspecti robora fixit equi.
Neve gradus adeas Elpenore cautius altos, 485
Vimque feras vini quo tulit ille modo.
Tamque cadas domitus, quam quisquis ad arma vocantem
Iuvit inhumanum Thiodamanta Dryops:
Quam ferus ipse suo periit mactatus in antro
Proditus inclusae Cacus ab ore bovis: 490
Quam qui dona tulit Nesseo tincta veneno,
Euboicasque suo sanguine tinxit aquas.
Vel de praecipiti venias in Tartara saxo,
Ut qui Socraticum de nece legit opus;
Ut qui Theseae fallacia vela carinae 495
Vidit, ut Iliaca missus ab arce puer,
Ut teneri nutrix, eadem matertera, Bacchi,
Ut cui causa necis serra reperta fuit;
Livida se scopulis ut virgo misit ab altis,
Dixerat invicto quae mala verba deo. 500
Feta tibi occurrat patrio popularis in arvo,
Sitque Phalaeceae causa leaena necis.
Quique Lycurgiden letavit, et arbore natum,
Idmonaque audacem, te quoque rumpat aper.
Isque vel exanimis faciat tibi vulnus, ut illi, 505
Ora super fixi quem cecidere suis.
Sive idem, simili pinus quem morte peremit,
Phryx ac venator sis Berecyntiades.
Si tua contigerit Minoas puppis harenas,
Te Corcyraeum Cressia turba putet. 510
Lapsuramque domum subeas, ut sanguis Aleuae,
Stella Leoprepidae cum fuit aequa Iovis.
Utque vel Evenus, torrenti flumine mersus
Nomina des rapidae, vel Tiberinus, aquae.
Astacidaeque modo decisa cadavere trunco, 515
Digna feris, hominis sit caput esca tuum,
Quodque ferunt Brotean fecisse cupidine mortis,

Des tua succensae membra cremanda pyrae.
Inclususque necem cavea patiaris, ut ille
Non profecturae conditor historiae. 520
Utque repertori nocuit pugnacis iambi,
Sic sit in exitium lingua proterva tuum.
Utque parum stabili qui carmine laesit Athenin,
Invisus pereas deficiente cibo.
Utque lyrae vates fertur periisse severae, 525
Causa sit exitii dextera laesa tui.
Utque Agamemnonio vulnus dedit anguis Orestae,
Tu quoque de morsu virus habente cadas.
Sit tibi coniugii nox prima novissima vitae:
Eupolis hoc periit et nova nupta modo. 530
Utque coturnatum periisse Lycophrona narrant,
Haereat in fibris fixa sagitta tuis.
Aut lacer in silva manibus spargare tuorum,
Sparsus ut est Thebis angue creatus avo.
Perque feros montes tauro rapiente traharis, 535
Ut tracta est coniunx imperiosa Lyci.
Quodque suae passa est paelex invita sororis,
Excidat ante pedes lingua resecta tuos.
Conditor ut tardae, laesus cognomine, Myrrhae,
Urbis in innumeris inveniare locis. 540
Inque tuis opifex, vati quod fecit Achaeo,
Noxia luminibus spicula condat apis.
Fixus et in duris carparis viscera saxis,
Ut cui Pyrrha sui filia fratris erat.
Ut puer Harpagides referas exempla Thyestae, 545
Inque tui caesus viscera patris eas.
Trunca geras saevo mutilatis partibus ense,
Qualia Mamertae membra fuisse ferunt.
Utve Syracosio praestricta fauce poetae,
Sic animae laqueo sit via clausa tuae. 550
Nudave derepta pateant tua viscera pelle,
Ut Phrygium cuius nomina flumen habet.
Saxificae videas infelix ora Medusae,
Cephenum multos quae dedit una neci.

Potniadum morsus subeas, ut Glaucus, equarum, 555
Inque maris salias, Glaucus ut alter, aquas.
Utque duobus idem dictis modo nomen habenti,
Praefocent animae Cnosia mella viam.
Sollicitoque bibas, Anyti doctissimus olim
Imperturbato quod bibit ore reus. 560
Nec tibi, siquid amas, felicius Haemone cedit:
Utque sua Macareus, sic potiare tua.
Vel videas quod, iam cum flammae cuncta tenerent,
Hectoreus patria vidit ab arce puer.
Sanguine probra luas, ut avo genitore creatus, 565
Per facinus soror est cui sua facta parens.
Ossibus inque tuis teli genus haereat illud,
Traditur Icarii quo cecidisse gener.
Utque loquax in equo est elisum guttur acerno,
Sic tibi claudatur pollice vocis iter. 570
Aut ut Anaxarchus pila minuaris in alta,
Ictaque pro solitis frugibus ossa sonent.
Utque patrem Psamathes, condant te Phoebus in ima
Tartara, quod natae fecerat ille suae.
Inque tuos ea pestis eat, quam dextra Coroebi 575
Vicit, opem miseris Argolisinque tulit.
Utque nepos Aethrae, Veneris moriturus ob iram,
Exul ab attonitis excutiaris equis.
Propter opes magnas ut perdidit hospes alumnum,
Perdat ob exiguas te tuus hospes opes. 580
Utque ferunt caesos sex cum Damasichthone fratres,
Intereat tecum sic genus omne tuum.
Addidit ut fidicen miseris sua funera natis,
Sic tibi sint vitae taedia iusta tuae.
Utve soror Pelopis, saxo dureris oborto, 585
Ut laesus lingua Battus ab ipse sua.
Aera si misso vacuum iaculabere disco,
Quo puer Oebalides, ictus ab orbe cadas.
Siqua per alternos pulsabitur unda lacertos,
Omnis Abydena sit tibi peior aqua. 590
Comicus ut liquidis periit, dum nabat, in undis,

Et tua sic Stygius strangulet ora liquor.
Aut ubi ventosum superaris naufragus aequor,
Contacta pereas, ut Palinurus, humo.
Utque coturnatum vatem tutela Dianae, 595
Dilaniet vigilum te quoque turba canum.
Aut ut Trinacrius salias super ora gigantis,
Plurima qua flammis Sicanis Aetna vomit.
Diripiantque tuos insanis unguibus artus
Strymoniae matres, Orpheos esse ratae. 600
Natus ut Althaeae flammis absentibus arsit,
Sic tuus ardescat stipitis igne rogos.
Ut nova Phasiaca comprehensa est nupta corona,
Utque pater nuptae, cumque parente domus;
Ut cruor Herculeos abiit diffusus in artus; 605
Corpora pestiferum sic tua virus edat.
Qua sua Penteliden proles est ultra Lycurgum,
Haec maneat teli te quoque plaga novi.
Utque Milo robur diducere fissile temptes,
Nec possis captas inde referre manus. 610
Muneribusque tuis laedaris, ut Icarus, in quem
Intulit armatas ebria turba manus.
Quodque dolore necis patriae pia filia fecit,
Vincula per laquei fac tibi guttur eat.
Obstructoque famem patiaris limine tecti, 615
Ut legem poenae cui dedit ipsa parens.
Illius exemplo violes simulacra Minervae,
Aulidis a portu qui leve vertit iter.
Naupliadaeve modo poenas pro crimine falso
Morte luas, nec te non meruisse iuvet. 620
Aethalon ut vita spoliavit Isindius hospes,
Quem memor a sacris nunc quoque pellit Ion:
Utque Melanthea tenebris a caede latentem
Prodidit officio luminis ipsa parens:
Sic tua coniectis fodiantur viscera telis, 625
Sic precor auxiliis impedire tuis.
Qualis equos pacto, quos fortis agebat Achilles,
Acta Phrygi timido, nox tibi talis eat.

Nec tu quam Rhesus somno meliore quiescas,
Quam comites Rhesi tum necis, ante viae; 630
Quam quos cum Rutulo morti Ramnete dederunt
Impiger Hyrtacides Hyrtacidaeque comes.
Cliniadaeve modo circumdatus ignibus atris
Membra feras Stygiae semicremata neci.
Utque Remo muros auso transire recentes, 635
Noxia sint capiti rustica tela tuo.
Denique Sarmaticas inter Geticasque sagittas
His precor ut vivas et moriari locis.
Haec tibi tantisper subito sint missa libello,
Inmemores ne nos esse querare tui. 640
Pauca quidem, fateor: sed di dent plura rogatis,
Multiplicentque suo vota favore mea.
Postmodo plura leges et nomen habentia verum,
Et pede quo debent acria bella geri.

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LIBER PRIMUS

Parue — nec inuideo — sine me, liber, ibis in urbem:
ei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo!
uade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse;
infelix habitum temporis huius habe.
nec te purpureo uelent uaccinia fuco —
non est conueniens luctibus ille color —
nec titulus minio, nec cedro charta notetur,
candida nec nigra cornua fronte geras.
felices ornent haec instrumenta libellos:
fortunae memorem te decet esse meae.
nec fragili geminae poliantur pumice frontes,
hirsutus sparsis ut uideare comis.
neue liturarum pudeat; qui uiderit illas,
de lacrimis factas sentiat esse meis.
uade, liber, uerbisque meis loca grata saluta:
contingam certe quo licet illa pede.
siquis, ut in populo, nostri non inmemor illi,
siquis, qui, quid agam, forte requirat, erit:
uiuere me dices, saluum tamen esse negabis;
id quoque, quod uiuam, munus habere dei.
atque ita tu tacitus, (quaerenti plura legendum)
ne, quae non opus est, forte loquare, caue!
protinus admonitus repetet mea crimina lector,
et peragar populi publicus ore reus.
tu caue defendas, quamuis mordebere dictis:
causa patrocinio non bona maior erit.
inuenies aliquem, qui me suspiret ademptum,
carmina nec siccis perlegat ista genis,
et tacitus secum, ne quis malus audiat, optet,
sit mea lenito Caesare poena leuis.
nos quoque, quisquis erit, ne sit miser ille, precamur,
placatos miseris qui uolet esse deos;
quaeque uolet, rata sint, ablataque principis ira
sedibus in patriis det mihi posse mori.

ut peragas mandata, liber, culpabere forsan
ingeniique minor laude ferere mei.
iudicis officium est ut res, ita tempora rerum
quaerere; quaesito tempore tutus eris.
carmina proueniunt animo deducta sereno:
nubila sunt subitis pectora nostra malis.
carmina secessum scribentis et otia quaerunt:
me mare, me uenti, me fera iactat hiems.
carminibus metus omnis obest: ego perditus ensem
haesurum iugulo iam puto iamque meo.
haec quoque quod facio, iudex mirabitur aequus,
scriptaque cum uenia qualiacumque leget.
da mihi Maeoniden et tot circumice casus,
ingenium tantis excidet omne malis.
denique securus famae, liber, ire memento,
nec tibi sit lecto displicuisse pudor.
non ita se praebet nobis Fortuna secundam,
ut tibi sit ratio laudis habenda tuae.
donec eram sospes, tituli tangebar amore,
quaerendique mihi nominis ardor erat;
carmina nunc si non studiumque, quod obfuit, odi,
sit satis; ingenio sic fuga parta meo.
tu tamen i pro me, tu, cui licet, aspice Romam;
di facerent, possem nunc meus esse liber!
nec te, quod uenias magnam peregrinus in urbem,
ignotum populo posse uenire puta.
ut titulo careas, ipso noscere colore;
dissimulare uelis, te liquet esse meum.
clam tamen intrato, ne te mea carmina laedant;
non sunt ut quondam plena fauoris erant.
siquis erit, qui te, quia sis meus, esse legendum
non putet, e gremio reiciatque suo,
'inspice' dic 'titulum: non sum praeceptor amoris;
quas meruit, poenas iam dedit illud opus.'
forsitan expectes, an in alta Palatia missum
scandere te iubeam Caesareamque domum.
ignoscant augusta mihi loca dique locorum.

uenit in hoc illa fulmen ab arce caput.
esse quidem memini mitissima sedibus illis
numina, sed timeo qui nocuere deos.
terretur minimo pennae stridore columba,
unguibus, accipiter, saucia facta tuis.
nec procul a stabulis audet discedere, siqua
excussa est auidi dentibus agna lupi.
uitaret caelum Phaethon, si uiueret, et quos
optarat stulte, tangere nollet equos.
me quoque, quae sensi, fateor Iouis arma timere:
me reor infesto, cum tonat, igne peti.
quicumque Argolica de classe Capherea fugit,
semper ab Euboicis uela retorquet aquis;
et mea cumba semel uasta percussa procella
illum, quo laesa est, horret adire locum.
ergo caue, liber, et timida circumspice mente,
ut satis a media sit tibi plebe legi.
dum petit infirmis nimium sublimia pennis
Icarus, aequoreis nomina fecit aquis.
difficile est tamen hinc remis utaris an aura,
dicere; consilium resque locusque dabunt.
si poteris uacuo tradi, si cuncta uidebis
mitia, si uires fregerit ira suas;
siquis erit, qui te dubitantem et adire timentem
tradat, et ante tamen pauca loquatur, adi.
luce bona dominoque tuo felicior ipse
peruenias illuc et mala nostra leues.
namque ea uel nemo, uel qui mihi uulnera fecit
solus Achilleo tollere more potest.
tantum ne noceas, dum uis prodesse, uideto —
nam spes est animi nostra timore minor —
quaeque quiescebat, ne mota resaeuiat ira
et poenae tu sis altera causa, caue!
cum tamen in nostrum fueris penetrare receptus,
contigerisque tuam, scrinia curua, domum,
aspicies illic positos ex ordine fratres,
quos studium cunctos euigilauit idem.

cetera turba palam titulos ostendet apertos,
et sua detecta nomina fronte geret;
tres procul obscura latitantes parte uidebis:
hi quia, quod nemo nescit, amare docent;
hos tu uel fugias, uel, si satis oris habebis,
Oedipodas facito Telegonosque uoces.
deque tribus, moneo, si qua est tibi cura parentis,
ne quemquam, quamuis ipse docebit, ames.
sunt quoque mutatae, ter quinque uolumina, formae,
nuper ab exequiis carmina rapta meis.
his mando dicas, inter mutata referri
fortunae uultum corpora posse meae,
namque ea dissimilis subito est effecta priori,
flendaque nunc, aliquo tempore laeta fuit.
plura quidem mandare tibi, si quaeris, habebam,
sed uereor tardae causa fuisse uiae;
et si quae subeunt, tecum, liber, omnia ferres,
sarcina laturo magna futurus eras.
longa uia est, propera! nobis habitabitur orbis
ultimus, a terra terra remota mea.

II

Di maris et caeli — quid enim nisi uota supersunt? —
soluere quassatae parcite membra ratis,
neue, precor, magni subscribite Caesaris irae:
saepe premente deo fert deus alter opem.
Mulciber in Troiam, pro Troia stabat Apollo;
aequa Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.
oderat Aenean propior Saturnia Turno;
ille tamen Veneris numine tutus erat.
saepe ferox cautum petiit Neptunus Vlixem;
eripuit patruo saepe Minerua suo.
et nobis aliquod, quamuis distamus ab illis,
quis uetat irato numen adesse deo?
uerba miser frustra non proficientia perdo.
ipsa graues spargunt ora loquentis aquae,
terribilisque Notus iactat mea dicta, precesque
ad quos mittuntur, non sinit ire deos.
ergo idem uenti, ne causa laedar in una,
uelaque nescio quo uotaque nostra ferunt.
me miserum, quanti montes uoluuntur aquarum!
iam iam tacturos sidera summa putes.
quantae diducto subsidunt aequore ualles!
iam iam tacturas Tartara nigra putes.
quocumque aspicio, nihil est, nisi pontus et aer,
fluctibus hic tumidus, nubibus ille minax.
inter utrumque fremunt inmani murmure uenti.
nescit, cui domino pareat, unda maris.
nam modo purpureo uires capit Eurys ab ortu,
nunc Zephyrus sero uespere missus adest,
nunc sicca gelidus Boreas bacchatur ab Arcto,
nunc Notus aduersa proelia fronte gerit.
rector in incerto est nec quid fugiatue petatue
inuenit: ambiguus ars stupet ipsa malis.
scilicet occidimus, nec spes est ulla salutis,
dumque loquor, uultus obruit unda meos.

opprimet hanc animam fluctus, frustraue precanti
ore necaturas accipiemus aquas.
at pia nil aliud quam me dolet exule coniunx:
hoc unum nostri scitque gemitque mali.
nescit in inmenso iactari corpora ponto,
nescit agi uentis, nescit adesse necem.
o bene, quod non sum mecum conscendere passus,
ne mihi mors misero bis patienda foret!
at nunc ut peream, quoniam caret illa periclo,
dimidia certe parte superstes ero.
ei mihi, quam celeri micuerunt nubila flamma!
quantus ab aetherio personat axe fragor!
nec leuius tabulae laterum feriuntur ab undis,
quam graue ballistae moenia pulsat onus.
qui uenit hic fluctus, fluctus supereminet omnes:
posterior nono est undecimoque prior.
nec letum timeo; genus est miserabile leti;
demite naufragium, mors mihi munus erit.
est aliquid, fatoue suo ferroue cadentem
in solida moriens ponere corpus humo,
et mandare suis aliqua et sperare sepulcrum
et non aequoreis piscibus esse cibum.
fingite me dignum tali nece, non ego solus
hic uehor. inmeritos cur mea poena trahit?
pro superi uiridesque dei, quibus aequora curae,
utraque iam uestras sistite turba minas;
quamque dedit uitam mitissima Caesaris ira,
hanc sinite infelix in loca iussa feram.
si quoque, quam merui poena me pendere uultis,
culpa mea est ipso iudice morte minor.
mittere me Stygias si iam uoluisset in undas
Caesar, in hoc uestra non eguisset ope.
est illi nostri non inuidiosa cruoris
copia; quodque dedit, cum uolet, ipse feret.
uos modo, quos certe nullo, puto, crimine laesi,
contenti nostris iam, precor, este malis.
nec tamen, ut cuncti miserum seruare uelitis,

quod periit, saluum iam caput esse potest.
ut mare considat uentisque ferentibus utar,
ut mihi parcatis, non minus exul ero.
non ego diuitias auidus sine fine parandi
latum mutandis mercibus aequor aro,
nec peto, quas quondam petii studiosus, Athenas,
oppida non Asiae, non loca uisa prius;
non ut Alexandri claram delatus in urbem
delicias uideam, Nile iocose, tuas.
quod faciles opto uentos (quis credere possit?)
Sarmatis est tellus, quam mea uela petunt.
obligor, ut tangam Laeui fera litora Ponti;
quodque sit a patria tam fuga tarda, queror.
nescioquo uideam positos ut in orbe Tomitas,
exilem facio per mea uota uiam.
seu me diligitis, tantos conpescite fluctus,
pronaque sint nostrae numina uestra rati;
seu magis odistis, iussae me aduertite terrae:
supplicii pars est in regione mei.
ferte — quid hic facio? — rapidi mea carbasa uenti!
Ausonios fines cur mea uela uolunt?
noluit hoc Caesar: quid, quem fugat ille, tenetis?
aspiciat uultus Pontica terra meos.
et iubet et merui; nec, quae damnauerit ille,
crimina defendi fasque piumque puto.
si tamen acta deos numquam mortalia fallunt,
a culpa facinus scitis abesse mea.
immo ita, si scitis, si me meus abstulit error,
stultaque mens nobis non scelerata fuit,
quod licet et minimis, domui si fauimus illi,
si satis Augusti publica iussa mihi,
hoc duce si dixi felicia saecula, proque
Caesare tura pius Caesaribusque dedi, —
si fuit hic animus nobis, ita parcite diui!
si minus, alta cadens obruat unda caput!
fallor, an incipiunt grauidae uanescere nubes,
uictaque mutati frangitur ira maris?

non casu, uos sed sub condicione uocati,
fallere quos non est, hanc mihi fertis opem.

III

Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
 quae mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit,
cum repeto noctem, qua tot mihi cara reliqui,
 labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.
iam prope lux aderat, qua me discedere Caesar
 finibus extremae iusserat Ausoniae.
nec spatium nec mens fuerat satis apta parandi:
 torpuerant longa pectora nostra mora.
non mihi seruorum, comitis non cura legendi,
 non aptae profugo uestis opisue fuit.
non aliter stupui, quam qui Iouis ignibus ictus
 uiuuit et est uitae nescius ipse suae.
ut tamen hanc animi nubem dolor ipse remouit,
 et tandem sensus conualuere mei,
alloquor extremum maestos abiturus amicos,
 qui modo de multis unus et alter erat.
uxor amans flentem flens acrius ipsa tenebat,
 imbre per indignas usque cadente genas.
nata procul Libycis aberat diuersa sub oris,
 nec poterat fati certior esse mei.
quocumque aspiceres, luctus gemitusque sonabant,
 formaque non taciti funeris intus erat.
femina uirque meo, pueri quoque funere maerent,
 inque domo lacrimas angulus omnis habet.
si licet exemplis in paruīs grandibus uti,
 haec facies Troiae, cum caperetur, erat.
iamque quiescebant uoces hominumque canumque
 Lunaque nocturnos alta regebat equos.
hanc ego suspiciens et ad hanc Capitolia cernens,
 quae nostro frustra iuncta fuere Lari,
‘numina uicinis habitantia sedibus,’ inquam,
 ‘iamque oculis numquam templa uidenda meis,
dique relinquendi, quos urbs habet alta Quirini,
 este salutati tempus in omne mihi.

et quamquam sero clipeum post uulnera sumo,
attamen hanc odiis exonerate fugam,
caelestique uiro, quis me deceperit error,
dicite, pro culpa ne scelus esse putet.
ut quod uos scitis, poenae quoque sentiat auctor:
placato possum non miser esse deo.’
hac prece adoraui superos ego, pluribus uxor,
singultu medios impediēte sonos.
illa etiam ante Lares passis adstrata capillis
contigit extinctos ore tremēte focos,
multaque in auersos effudit uerba Penates
pro deplorato non ualitura uiro.
iamque morae spatium nox praecipitata negabat,
uersaque ab axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.
quid facerem? blando patriae retinebar amore,
ultima sed iussae nox erat illa fugae.
a! quotiens aliquo dixi properante ‘quid urges?
uel quo festinas ire, uel unde, uide.’
a! quotiens certam me sum mentitus habere
horam, propositae quae foret apta uiae.
ter limen tetigi, ter sum reuocatus, et ipse
indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat.
saepe ‘uale’ dicto rursus sum multa locutus,
et quasi discedens oscula summa dedi.
saepe eadem mandata dedi meque ipse fefelli,
respiciens oculis pignora cara meis.
denique ‘quid propero? Scythia est, quo mittimur’, inquam,
‘Roma relinquenda est, utraque iusta mora.
uxor in aeternum uiuo mihi uiua negatur,
et domus et fidae dulcia membra domus,
quosque ego dilexi fraterno more sodales,
o mihi Thesea pectora iuncta fide!
dum licet, amplectar: numquam fortasse licebit
amplius; in lucro est quae datur hora mihi.’
nec mora sermonis uerba imperfecta relinquo,
complectens animo proxima quaeque meo.
dum loquor et flemus, caelo nitidissimus alto,

stella grauis nobis, Lucifer ortus erat.
diuidor haud aliter, quam si mea membra relinquam,
et pars abrumpi corpore uisa suo est.
sic doluit Mettus tum cum in contraria uersos
ultores habuit proditiōis equos.
tum uero exoritur clamor gemitusque meorum,
et feriunt maestae pectora nuda manus.
tum uero coniunx umeris abeuntis inhaerens
miscuit haec lacrimis tristia uerba suis:
‘non potes auelli: simul ah! simul ibimus’, inquit,
‘te sequar et coniunx exulis exul ero.
et mihi facta uia est, et me capit ultima tellus:
accedam profugae sarcina parua rati.
te iubet e patria discedere Caesaris ira,
me pietas: pietas haec mihi Caesar erit.’
talìa temptabat, sicut temptauerat ante,
uixque dedit uictas utilitate manus.
egredior (siue illud erat sine funere ferri?)
squalidus inmissis hirta per ora comis.
illa dolore amens tenebris narratur obortis
semianimis media procubuisse domo,
utque resurrexit foedatis puluere turpi
crinibus et gelida membra leuauit humo,
se modo, desertos modo complorasse Penates,
nomen et erepti saepe uocasse uiri,
nec gemuisse minus, quam si nataeque meumque
uidisset structos corpus habere rogos,
et uoluisse mali moriendo ponere sensum,
respectuque tamen non potuisse mei.
uiuat et absentem, quoniam sic fata tulerunt,
uiuat ut auxilio subleuet usque suo.

IV

Tingitur oceano custos Erymanthidos ursae,
aequoreasque suo sidere turbat aquas.
nos tamen Ionium non nostra findimus aequor
sponte, sed audaces cogimur esse metu.
me miserum! quantis increscunt aequora uentis,
erutaque ex imis feruet harena fretis!
monte nec inferior prorae puppique recuruae
insilit et pictos uerberat unda deos.
pineae texta sonant pulsu, stridore rudentes,
ingemit et nostris ipsa carina malis.
nauita confessus gelidum pallore timorem,
iam sequitur uictus, non regit arte ratem.
utque parum ualidus non proficientia rector
ceruicis rigidae frena remittit equo,
sic non quo uoluit, sed quo rapit impetus undae,
aurigam uideo uela dedisse rati.
quod nisi mutatas emisit Aeolus auras,
in loca iam nobis non adeunda ferar.
nam procul Illyriis laeua de parte relictis
interdicta mihi cernitur Italia.
desinat in uetitas quaeso contendere terras,
et mecum magno pareat aura deo.
dum loquor et timeo pariter cupioque repelli,
increpuit quantis uiribus unda latus!
parcite caerulei uos parcite numina ponti,
infestumque mihi sit satis esse Iouem.
uos animam saeuae fessam subducite morti,
si modo, qui periit, non periisse potest.

V

O mihi post nullos umquam memorande sodales,
et cui praecipue sors mea uisa sua est;
attonitum qui me, memini, carissime, primus
ausus es alloquio sustinuisse tuo,
qui mihi consilium uiuendi mite dedisti,
cum foret in misero pectore mortis amor.
scis bene, cui dicam, positis pro nomine signis,
officium nec te fallit, amice, tuum.
haec mihi semper erunt imis infixae medullis,
perpetuusque animae debitor huius ero:
spiritus in uacuas prius hic tenuandus in auras
ibit, et in tepido deseret ossa rogo,
quam subeant animo meritorum obliuia nostro,
et longa pietas excidat ista die.
di tibi sint faciles, et opis nullius egentem
fortunam praestent dissimilemque meae.
si tamen haec nauis uento ferretur amico,
ignoraretur forsitan ista fides.
Thesea Pirithous non tam sensisset amicum,
si non infernas uiuus adisset aquas.
ut foret exemplum ueri Phoeus amoris,
fecerunt furiae, tristis Oresta, tuae.
si non Euryalus Rutulos cecidisset in hostes,
Hyrtacidae Nisi gloria nulla foret.
scilicet ut flauum spectatur in ignibus aurum,
tempore sic duro est inspicienda fides.
dum iuuat et uultu ridet Fortuna sereno,
indelibatas cuncta sequuntur opes:
at simul intonuit, fugiunt, nec noscitur ulli,
agminibus comitum qui modo cinctus erat.
atque haec, exemplis quondam collecta priorum,
nunc mihi sunt propriis cognita uera malis.
uix duo tresue mihi de tot superestis amici:
cetera Fortunae, non mea turba fuit.

quo magis, o pauci, rebus succurrite laesis,
et date naufragio litora tuta meo,
neue metu falso nimium trepidate, timentes
hac offendatur ne pietate deus.
saepe fidem aduersis etiam laudauit in armis,
inque suis amat hanc Caesar, in hoste probat.
causa mea est melior, qui non contraria foui
arma, sed hanc merui simplicitate fugam.
inuigiles igitur nostris pro casibus, oro,
deminui siqua numinis ira potest.
scire meos casus siquis desiderat omnes,
plus, quam quod fieri res sinit, ille petit.
tot mala sum passus, quot in aethere sidera lucent
paruaque quot siccus corpora puluis habet;
multaque credibili tulimus maiora ratamque,
quamuis acciderint, non habitura fidem.
pars etiam quaedam mecum moriatur oportet,
meque uelim possit dissimulante tegi.
si uox infragilis, pectus mihi firmitus aere,
pluraque cum linguis pluribus ora forent,
non tamen idcirco complecterer omnia uerbis,
materia uires exsuperante meas.
pro duce Neritio docti mala nostra poetae
scribite: Neritio nam mala plura tuli.
ille breui spatio multis errauit in annis
inter Dulichias Iliacasque domos:
nos freta sideribus totis distantia mensos
sors tulit in Geticos Sarmaticosque sinus.
ille habuit fidamque manum sociosque fideles:
me profugum comites deseruere mei.
ille suam laetus patriam uictorque petebat:
a patria fugi uictus et exul ego.
nec mihi Dulichium domus est Ithaceue Samosue,
poena quibus non est grandis abesse locis,
sed quae de septem totum circumspicit orbem
montibus, imperii Roma deumque locus.
illi corpus erat durum patiensque laborum:

inualidae uires ingenuaeque mihi.
ille erat assidue saeuus agitatus in armis:
adsuetus studiis mollibus ipse fui.
me deus oppressit, nullo mala nostra leuante:
bellatrix illi diua ferebat opem.
cumque minor Ioue sit tumidis qui regnat in undis,
illum Neptuni, me Iouis ira premit.
adde, quod illius pars maxima ficta laborum,
ponitur in nostris fabula nulla malis.
denique quaesitos tetigit tamen ille Penates,
quaeque diu petiit, contigit arua tamen:
at mihi perpetuo patria tellure carendum est,
ni fuerit laesi mollior ira dei.

VI

Nec tantum Clario est Lyde dilecta poetae,
nec tantum Coe Bittis amata suo est,
pectoribus quantum tu nostris, uxor, inhaeres,
digna minus misero, non meliore uiro.
te mea supposita ueluti trabe fulta ruina est:
siquid adhuc ego sum, muneris omne tui est.
tu facis, ut spoliū non sim, nec nuder ab illis,
naufragii tabulas qui petiere mei.
utque rapax stimulante fame cupidusque cruoris
incustoditum captat ouile lūpus,
aut ut edax uultur corpus circumspicit ecquod
sub nulla positum cernere possit humo,
sic mea nescioquis, rebus male fidus acerbis
in bona uenturus, si paterere, fuit.
hunc tua per fortis uirtus summouit amicos,
nulla quibus reddi gratia digna potest.
ergo quam misero, tam uero teste probaris,
hic aliquod pondus si modo testis habet.
nec probitate tua prior est aut Hectoris uxor,
aut comes extincto Laodamia uiro.
tu si Maeonium uatem sortita fuisses,
Penelopes esset fama secunda tuae:
siue tibi hoc debes, nullo pia facta magistro,
cumque noua mores sunt tibi luce dati,
femina seu princeps omnes tibi culta per annos
te docet exemplum coniugis esse bonae,
adsimilemque sui longa adsuetudine fecit,
grandia si paruis adsimilare licet.
ei mihi, non magnas quod habent mea carmina uires,
nostraque sunt meritis ora minora tuis,
siquid et in nobis uiui fuit ante uigoris,
extinctum longis occidit omne malis!
prima locum sanctas heroidas inter haberes,
prima bonis animi conspicerere tui.

quantumcumque tamen praeconia nostra ualebunt,
carminibus uiues tempus in omne meis.

VII

Si quis habes nostri similes in imagine uultus,
deme meis hederas, Bacchica certa, comis.
ista decent laetos felicia signa poetas:
temporibus non est apta corona meis.
hoc tibi dissimula, senti tamen, optime, dici,
in digito qui me fersque refersque tuo,
effigiemque meam fuluo complexus in auro
cara relegati, quae potes, ora uides.
quae quotiens spectas, subeat tibi dicere forsan
‘quam procul a nobis Naso sodalis abest!’
grata tua est pietas, sed carmina maior imago
sunt mea, quae mando qualiacumque legas,
carmina mutatas hominum dicentia formas,
infelix domini quod fuga rupit opus.
haec ego discedens, sicut bene multa meorum,
ipse mea posui maestus in igne manu.
utque cremasse suum fertur sub stipite natum
Thestias et melior matre fuisse soror,
sic ego non meritos mecum peritura libellos
imposui rapidis uiscera nostra rogis:
uel quod eram Musas, ut crimina nostra, perosus,
uel quod adhuc crescens et rude carmen erat.
quae quoniam non sunt penitus sublata, sed extant
(pluribus exemplis scripta fuisse reor),
nunc precor ut uiuant et non ignaua legentem
otia delectent admoneantque mei.
nec tamen illa legi poterunt patienter ab ullo,
nesciet his summam siquis abesse manum.
ablatum mediis opus est incudibus illud,
defuit et coeptis ultima lima meis.
et ueniam pro laude peto, laudatus abunde,
non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.
hos quoque sex uersus, in prima fronte libelli
si praeponendos esse putabis, habe:

‘orba parente suo quicumque uolumina tangis,
his saltem uestra detur in urbe locus.
quoque magis faueas, non haec sunt edita ab ipso,
sed quasi de domini funere rapta sui.
quicquid in his igitur uitii rude carmen habebit,
emendaturus, si licuisset, eram.’

VIII

In caput alta suum labentur ab aequore retro
flumina, conuersis Solque recurret equis:
terra feret stellas, caelum findetur aratro,
unda dabit flammās, et dabit ignis aquas,
omnia naturae praepostera legibus ibunt,
parsque suum mundi nulla tenebit iter,
omnia iam fient, fieri quae posse negabam,
et nihil est, de quo non sit habenda fides.
haec ego uaticinor, quia sum deceptus ab illo,
laturum misero quem mihi rebar opem.
tantane te, fallax, cepere obliuia nostri,
adflictumque fuit tantus adire timor,
ut neque respiceres nec solarere iacentem,
dure, neque exequias prosequerere meas?
illud amicitiae sanctum et uenerabile nomen
re tibi pro uili sub pedibusque iacet?
quid fuit, ingenti prostratum mole sodalem
uisere et alloquio parte leuare tuo,
inque meos si non lacrimam demittere casus,
pauca tamen ficto uerba dolore pati,
idque, quod ignoti faciunt uel dicere saltem,
et uocem populi publicaue ora sequi?
denique lugubres uultus numquamque uidendos
cernere supremo dum licuitque die,
dicendumque semel toto non amplius aeuo
accipere et parili reddere uoce ‘uale’?
at fecere alii nullo mihi foedere iuncti,
et lacrimas animi signa dedere sui.
quid, nisi conuictu causisque ualentibus essem
temporis et longi uinctus amore tibi?
quid, nisi tot lusus et tot mea seria nosses,
tot nossem lusus seriaque ipse tua?
quid, si dumtaxat Romae mihi cognitus esses,
adscitus totiens in genus omne loci?

cunctane in aequoreos abierunt irrita uentos?
cunctane Lethaeis mersa feruntur aquis?
non ego te genitum placida reor urbe Quirini,
urbe, meo quae iam non adeunda pede est,
sed scopulis, Ponti quos haec habet ora sinistri,
inque feris Scythiae Sarmaticisque iugis:
et tua sunt silicis circum praecordia uenae,
et rigidum ferri semina pectus habet,
quaeque tibi quondam tenero ducenda palato
plena dedit nutrix ubera, tigris erat:
aut mala nostra minus quam nunc aliena putares,
duritiaeque mihi non agerere reus.
sed quoniam accedit fatalibus hoc quoque damnis,
ut careant numeris tempora prima suis,
effice, peccati ne sim memor huius, et illo
officium laudem, quo queror, ore tuum.

IX

Detur inoffenso uitae tibi tangere metam,
qui legis hoc nobis non inimicus opus.
atque utinam pro te possint mea uota ualere,
quae pro me duros non tetigere deos!
donec eris sospes, multos numerabis amicos:
tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
aspicis, ut ueniant ad candida tecta columbae,
accipiat nullas sordida turris aues.
horrea formicae tendunt ad inania numquam:
nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.
utque comes radios per solis euntibus umbra est,
cum latet hic pressus nubibus, illa fugit,
mobile sic sequitur Fortunae lumina uulgus:
quae simul inducta nocte teguntur, abit.
haec precor ut semper possint tibi falsa uideri:
sunt tamen euentu uera fatenda meo.
dum stetimus, turbae quantum satis esset, habebat
nota quidem, sed non ambitiosa domus.
at simul impulsa est, omnes timuere ruinam,
cautaque communi terga dedere fugae.
saeua neque admiror metuunt si fulmina, quorum
ignibus adflari proxima quaeque solent.
sed tamen in duris remanentem rebus amicum
quamlibet inuiso Caesar in hoste probat,
nec solet irasci — neque enim moderatior alter —
cum quis in aduersis, siquid amauit, amat.
de comite Argolici postquam cognouit Orestae,
narratur Pyladen ipse probasse Thoas.
quae fuit Actoridae cum magno semper Achille,
laudari solita est Hectoris ore fides.
quod pius ad Manes Theseus comes iret amico,
Tartareum dicunt indoluisse deum.
Euryali Nisique fide tibi, Turne, relata
credibile est lacrimis inmaduisse genas.

est etiam in miseris pietas, et in hoste probatur.
ei mihi, quam paucos haec mea dicta mouent!
is status, haec rerum nunc est fortuna mearum,
debeat ut lacrimis nullus adesse modus;
at mea sunt, proprio quamuis maestissima casu,
pectora processu facta serena tuo.
hoc ego uenturum iam tum, carissime, uidi,
ferret adhuc istam cum minor aura ratem.
siue aliquod morum seu uitae labe carentis
est pretium, nemo pluris emendus erat:
siue per ingenuas aliquis caput extulit artes,
quaelibet eloquio fit bona causa tuo.
his ego commotus dixi tibi protinus ipsi
‘scaena manet dotes grandis, amice, tuas.’
haec mihi non ouium fibrae tonitrusue sinistri,
linguae seruatae pennaue dixit auis:
augurium ratio est et coniectura futuri:
hac diuinaui notitiamque tuli.
quae quoniam uera est, tota tibi mente mihique
gratulator, ingenium non latuisse tuum.
at nostrum tenebris utinam latuisset in imis!
expediit studio lumen abesse meo.
utque tibi prosunt artes, facunde, seuerae,
dissimiles illis sic nocuere mihi.
uita tamen tibi nota mea est; scis artibus illis
auctoris mores abstinuisse sui;
scis uetus hoc iuueni lusum mihi carmen, et istos,
ut non laudandos, sic tamen esse iocos.
ergo ut defendi nullo mea posse colore,
sic excusari crimina posse puto.
qua potes, excusa, nec amici desere causam:
qua bene coepisti, sic bene semper eas.

X

Est mihi sitque, precor, flauae tutela Mineruae,
 nauis et a picta casside nomen habet.
siue opus est uelis, minimam bene currit ad auram
 siue opus est remo, remige carpit iter.
nec comites uolucris contenta est uincere cursu,
 occupat egressas quamlibet ante rates,
et pariter fluctus ferit atque silentia longe
 aequora, nec saeuis uicta madescit aquis.
illa, Corinthiacis primum mihi cognita Cenchreis,
 fida manet trepidae duxque comesque fugae,
perque tot euentus et iniquis concita uentis
 aequora Palladio numine tuta fuit.
nunc quoque tuta, precor, uasti secet ostia Ponti,
 quasque petit, Getici litoris intret aquas.
quae simul Aeoliae mare me deduxit in Helles,
 et longum tenui limite fecit iter,
fleximus in laeuum cursus, et ab Hectoris urbe
 uenimus ad portus, Imbria terra, tuos.
inde, leui uento Zerynthia litora nacta,
 Threiciam tetigit fessa carina Samon.
saltus ab hac contra breuis est Tempyra petenti:
 hac dominum tenuis est illa secuta suum.
nam mihi Bistonios placuit pede carpere campos:
 Hellespontiacas illa relegit aquas,
Dardaniumque petit, auctoris nomen habentem,
 et te ruricola, Lampsace, tuta deo,
quodque per angustas uectae male uirginis undas
 Seston Abydena separat urbe fretum,
inque Propontiacis haerentem Cyzicon oris,
 Cyzicon, Haemoniae nobile gentis opus,
quaeque tenent Ponti Byzantia litora fauces:
 hic locus est gemini ianua uasta maris.
haec, precor, euincat, propulsaque fortibus Austris
 transeat instabilis strenua Cyaneas

Thyniacosque sinus, et ab his per Apollinis urbem
arta sub Anchiali moenia tendat iter.
inde Mesembriacos portus et Odeson et arces
praetereat dictas nomine, Bacche, tuo,
et quos Alcathoi memorant e moenibus ortos
sedibus his profugos constituisse Larem.
a quibus adueniat Miletida sospes ad urbem,
offensi quo me detulit ira dei.
haec si contigerint, merita cadet agna Mineruae:
non facit ad nostras hostia maior opes.
uos quoque, Tyndaridae, quos haec colit insula, fratres,
mite, precor, duplici numen adesse uiae!
altera namque parat Symplegadas ire per artas,
scindere Bistonias altera puppis aquas.
uos facite ut uentos, loca cum diuersa petamus,
illa suos habeat, nec minus illa suos.

XI

Littera quaecumque est toto tibi lecta libello,
est mihi sollicito tempore facta uiae.
aut haec me, gelido tremerem cum mense Decembri,
scribentem mediis Hadria uidit aquis;
aut, postquam bimarem cursu superauius Isthmon,
alteraque est nostrae sumpta carina fugae,
quod facerem uersus inter fera murmura ponti,
Cycladas Aegaeas obstipuisse puto.
ipse ego nunc miror tantis animique marisque
fluctibus ingenium non cecidisse meum.
seu stupor huic studio siue est insania nomen,
omnis ab hac cura cura leuata mea est.
saepe ego nimboris dubius iactabar ab Haedis,
saepe minax Steropes sidere pontus erat,
fuscabatque diem custos Atlantidos Vrsae,
aut Hyadas seris hauserat Auster aquis,
saepe maris pars intus erat; tamen ipse trementi
carmina ducebam qualiacumque manu.
nunc quoque contenti stridunt Aquilone rudentes,
inque modum cumuli concaua surgit aqua.
ipse gubernator tollens ad sidera palmas
exposcit uotis, inmemor artis, opem.
quocumque aspexi, nihil est nisi mortis imago,
quam dubia timeo mente timensque precor.
attigero portum, portu terrebor ab ipso:
plus habet infesta terra timoris aqua;
nam simul insidiis hominum pelagique laboro,
et faciunt geminos ensis et unda metus.
ille meo uereor ne speret sanguine praedam,
haec titulum nostrae mortis habere uelit.
barbara pars laeua est auidaeque adsueta rapinae,
quam cruor et caedes bellaque semper habent,
cumque sit hibernis agitatam fluctibus aequor,
pectora sunt ipso turbidiora mari.

quo magis his debes ignoscere, candide lector,
 si spe sunt, ut sunt, inferiora tua.
non haec in nostris, ut quondam, scripsimus hortis,
 nec, consuete, meum, lectule, corpus habes.
iactor in indomito brumali luce profundo
 ipsaque caeruleis charta feritur aquis.
improba pugnat hiems indignaturque quod ausim
 scribere se rigidas incutiente minas.
uincat hiems hominem! sed eodem tempore, quaeso,
 ipse modum statuam carminis, illa sui.

LIBER SECUNDUS

Quid mihi uobiscum est, infelix cura, libelli,
ingenio perii qui miser ipse meo?
Cur modo damnatas repeto, mea crimina, Musas?
An semel est poenam commeruisse parum?
Carmina fecerunt, ut me cognoscere uellet
omine non fausto femina uirque meo:
carmina fecerunt, ut me moresque notaret
iam demi iussa Caesar ab Arte meos.
Deme mihi studium, uitae quoque crimina demes;
acceptum refero uersibus esse nocens.
Hoc pretium curae uigilatorumque laborum
cepimus: ingenio est poena reperta meo.
Si saperem, doctas odissem iure sorores,
numina cultori pernicioso suo.
At nunc (tanta meo conies est insania morbo)
saxa malum refero rursus ad ista pedem:
scilicet ut uictus repetit gladiator harenam,
et redit in tumidas naufraga puppis aquas.
Forsitan ut quondam Teuthrantia regna tenenti,
sic mihi res eadem uulnus opemque feret,
Musaque, quam mouit, motam quoque leniet iram:
exorant magnos carmina saepe deos.
Ipse quoque Ausonias Caesar matresque nurusque
carmina turrigeræ dicere iussit Opi:
iusserat et Phoebæ dici, quo tempore ludos
fecit, quos aetas aspicit una semel.
His precor exemplis tua nunc, mitissime Caesar,
fiat ab ingenio mollior ira meo.
Illa quidem iusta est, nec me meruisse negabo:
non adeo nostro fugit ab ore pudor.
Sed nisi peccassem, quid tu concedere posses?
Materiam ueniae sors tibi nostra dedit.
Si, quotiens peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat
Iuppiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit;

nunc ubi detonuit strepituque exterruit orbem,
purum discussis aera reddit aquis.
Iure igitur genitorque deum rectorque uocatur,
iure capax mundus nil Ioue maius habet.
Tu quoque, cum patriae rector dicare paterque,
utere more dei nomen habentis idem.
Idque facis, nec te quisquam moderatius umquam
inperii potuit frena tenere sui.
Tu ueniam parti superatae saepe dedisti,
non concessurus quam tibi uictor erat.
Diuitiis etiam multos et honoribus auctos
uidi, qui tulerant in caput arma tuum;
quaeque dies bellum, belli tibi sustulit iram,
parsque simul templis utraque dona tulit;
utque tuus gaudet miles, quod uicerit hostem,
sic uictum cur se gaudeat, hostis habet.
Causa mea est melior, qui nec contraria dicor
arma nec hostiles esse secutus opes.
Per mare, per terras, per tertia numina iuro,
per te praesentem conspicuumque deum,
hunc animum fauisse tibi, uir maxime, meque,
qua sola potui, mente fuisse tuum.
Optauī, peteres caelestia sidera tarde,
parsque fui turbae parua precantis idem,
et pia tura dedi pro te, cumque omnibus unus
ipse quoque adiuui publica uota meis.
Quid referam libros, illos quoque, crimina nostra,
mille locis plenos nominis esse tui?
Inspice maius opus, quod adhuc sine fine tenetur,
in non credendos corpora uersa modos:
inuenies uestri praeconia nominis illic,
inuenies animi pignora multa mei.
Non tua carminibus maior fit gloria, nec quo,
ut maior fiat, crescere possit, habet.
Fama Ioui superest: tamen hunc sua facta referri
et se materiam carminis esse iuuat,
cumque Gigantei memorantur proelia belli,

credibile est laetum laudibus esse suis.
Te celebrant alii, quanto decet ore, tuasque
ingenio laudes uberiore canunt:
sed tamen, ut fuso taurorum sanguine centum,
sic capitur minimo turis honore deus.
A, ferus et nobis crudelior omnibus hostis,
delicias legit qui tibi cumque meas,
carmina ne nostris quae te uenerantia libris
iudicio possint candidiore legi.
Esse sed irato quis te mihi posset amicus?
Vix tunc ipse mihi non inimicus eram.
Cum coepit quassata domus subsidere, partes
in proclinas omne recumbit onus,
cunctaque fortuna rimam faciente dehiscunt,
ipsa suoque eadem pondere tracta ruunt.
Ergo hominum quaesitum odium mihi carmine, quosque
debit, est uultus turba secuta tuos.
At, memini, uitamque meam moresque probabas
illo, quem dederas, praetereuntis equo:
quod si non prodest et honesti gloria nulla
redditur, at nullum crimen adeptus eram.
Nec male commissa est nobis fortuna reorum
lisque decem deciens inspicienda uiris.
Res quoque priuatas statui sine crimine iudex,
deque mea fassa est pars quoque uicta fide.
Me miserum! Potui, si non extrema nocerent,
iudicio tutus non semel esse tuo.
ultima me perdunt, imoque sub aequore mergit
incolumem totiens una procella ratem.
Nec mihi pars nocuit de gurgite parua, sed omnes
pressere hoc fluctus oceanusque caput.
Cur aliquid uidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?
Inscius Actaeon uidit sine ueste Dianam:
praeda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.
Scilicet in superis etiam fortuna luenda est,
nec ueniam laeso numine casus habet.

Illa nostra die, qua me malus abstulit error,
parua quidem periit, sed sine labe domus:
sic quoque parua tamen, patrio dicatur ut aeuo
clara nec ullius nobilitate minor,
et neque diuitiis nec paupertate notanda,
unde sit in neutrum conspiciendus eques.
Sit quoque nostra domus uel censu parua uel ortu,
ingenio certe non latet illa meo:
quo uidear quamuis nimium iuuenaliter usus,
grande tamen toto nomen ab orbe fero;
turbaque doctorum Nasonem nouit, et audet
non fastiditis adnumerare uiris.
Corruit haec igitur Musis accepta, sub uno
sed non exiguo crimine lapsa domus:
atque ea sic lapsa est, ut surgere, si modo laesi
ematuruerit Caesaris ira, queat.
Cuius in euentu poenae clementia tanta est,
uenerit ut nostro lenior illa metu.
Vita data est, citraque necem tua constitit ira,
o princeps parce uiribus use tuis!
Insuper accedunt, te non adimente, paternae,
tamquam uita parum muneris esset, opes.
Nec mea decreto damnasti facta senatus,
nec mea selecto iudice iussa fuga est.
Tristibus inuectus uerbis (ita principe dignum)
ultus es offensas, ut decet, ipse tuas.
Adde quod edictum, quamuis immite minaxque,
attamen in poenae nomine lene fuit:
quippe relegatus, non exul, dicor in illo,
priuaque fortunae sunt ibi uerba meae.
Nulla quidem sano grauior mentisque potenti
poena est, quam tanto displicuisse uiro:
sed solet interdum fieri placabile numen:
nube solet pulsa candidus ire dies.
Vidi ego pampineis oneratam uitibus ulmum,
quae fuerat saeui fulmine tacta Iouis.
Ipse licet sperare uetes, sperabimus usque;

hoc unum fieri te prohibente potest.
Spes mihi magna subit, cum te, mitissime princeps,
 spes mihi, respicio cum mea facta, cadit.
Ac ueluti uentis agitantibus aera non est
 aequalis rabies continuusque furor,
sed modo subsidunt intermissique silescent,
 uimque putes illos deposuisse suam:
sic abeunt redeuntque mei uariantque timores,
 et spem placandi dantque negantque tui.
Per superos igitur, qui dant tibi longa dabuntque
 tempora, Romanum si modo nomen amant;
per patriam, quae te tuta et secura parente est,
 cuius, ut in populo, pars ego nuper eram;
sic tibi, quem semper factis animoque mereris,
 reddatur gratae debitus urbis amor;
Liua sic tecum sociales compleat annos,
 quae, nisi te, nullo coniuge digna fuit,
quae si non esset, caelebs te uita deceret,
 nullaque, cui posses esse maritus, erat;
sospite sit tecum natus quoque sospes, et olim
 inperium regat hoc cum seniore senex;
ut faciuntque tui, sidus iuuenale, nepotes,
 per tua perque sui facta parentis, eant;
sic adsueta tuis semper Victoria castris
 nunc quoque se praestet notaque signa petat,
Ausoniumque ducem solitis circumuolet alis,
 ponat et in nitida laureaserta coma,
per quem bella geris, cuius nunc corpore pugnas,
 auspiciu cui das grande deosque tuos,
dimidioque tui praesens es et aspicias urbem,
 dimidio procul es saeuaque bella geris;
hic tibi sic redeat superato uictor ab hoste,
 inque coronatis fulgeat altus equis:
parce, precor, fulmenque tuum, fera tela, reconde,
 heu nimium misero cognita tela mihi!
Parce, pater patriae, nec nominis inmemor huius
 olim placandi spem mihi tolle tui.

Non precor ut redeam, quamuis maiora petitis
credibile est magnos saepe dedisse deos:
mitius exilium si das propiusque roganti,
pars erit ex poena magna leuata mea.
ultima perpetior medios eiectus in hostes,
nec quisquam patria longius exul abest.
Solutus ad egressus missus septemplex Histri
Parrhasiae gelido uirginis axe premor.
Iazyges et Colchi Tereteaque turba Getaeque
Danuuii mediis uix prohibentur aquis;
cumque alii causa tibi sint grauiore fugati,
ulterior nulli, quam mihi, terra data est.
Longius hac nihil est, nisi tantum frigus et hostes,
et maris adstricto quae coit unda gelu.
Hactenus Euxini pars est Romana Sinistri:
proxima Bastarnae Sauromataeque tenent.
Haec est Ausonio sub iure nouissima, uixque
haeret in imperii margine terra tui.
unde precor supplex ut nos in tuta releges,
ne sit cum patria pax quoque adempta mihi,
ne timeam gentes, quas non bene summouet Hister,
neue tuus possim ciuis ab hoste capi.
Fas prohibet Latio quemquam de sanguine natum
Caesaribus saluis barbara uincla pati.
Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, carmen et error,
alterius facti culpa silenda mihi:
nam non sum tanti, renouem ut tua uulnera, Caesar,
quem nimio plus est indoluisse semel.
Altera pars superest, qua turpi carmine factus
arguor obsceni doctor adulterii.
Fas ergo est aliqua caelestia pectora falli,
et sunt notitia multa minora tua;
utque deos caelumque simul sublime tuenti
non uacat exiguis rebus adesse Ioui,
de te pendentem sic dum circumspicis orbem,
effugiunt curas inferiora tuas.
Scilicet imperii princeps statione relictā

inparibus legeres carmina facta modis?
Non ea te moles Romani nominis urget,
inque tuis umeris tam leue fertur onus,
lusibus ut possis aduertere numen ineptis,
excutiasque oculis otia nostra tuis.
Nunc tibi Pannonia est, nunc Illyris ora domanda,
Raetica nunc praebent Thraciaque arma metum,
nunc petit Armenius pacem, nunc porrigit arcus
Parthus eques timida captaque signa manu,
nunc te prole tua iuuenem Germania sentit,
bellaque pro magno Caesare Caesar obit.
Denique, ut in tanto, quantum non extitit umquam,
corpore pars nulla est, quae labet, inperii,
urbs quoque te et legum lassat tutela tuarum
et morum, similes quos cupis esse tuis.
Non tibi contingunt, quae gentibus otia praestas,
bellaque cum multis inrequieta geris.
Mirer in hoc igitur tantarum pondere rerum
te numquam nostros euoluisse iocos?
At si, quod mallet, uacuum tibi forte fuisset,
nullum legisses crimen in Arte mea.
Illa quidem fateor frontis non esse seuerae
scripta, nec a tanto principe digna legi:
non tamen idcirco legum contraria iussis
sunt ea Romanas erudiuntque nurus.
Neue, quibus scribam, possis dubitare, libellos,
quattuor hos uersus e tribus unus habet:
“este procul, uittae tenues, insigne pudoris,
quaeque tegis medios instita longa pedes!
Nil nisi legitimum concessaque furta canemus,
inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.”
Ecquid ab hac omnes rigide summouimus Arte,
quas stola contingi uittaque sumpta uetat?
“At matrona potest alienis artibus uti,
quoque trahat, quamuis non doceatur, habet.”
Nil igitur matrona legat, quia carmine ab omni
ad delinquendum doctior esse potest.

Quodcumque attigerit siqua est studiosa sinistri,
ad uitium mores instruet inde suos.
Sumpserit Annales (nihil est hirsutius illis)
facta sit unde parens Ilia, nempe leget.
Sumpserit "Aeneadum genetrix" ubi prima, requirerit,
Aeneadum genetrix unde sit alma Venus.
Persequar inferius, modo si licet ordine ferri,
posse nocere animis carminis omne genus.
Non tamen idcirco crimen liber omnis habebit:
nil prodest, quod non laedere possit idem.
Igne quid utilius? Siquis tamen urere tecta
comparat, audaces instruit igne manus.
Eripit interdum, modo dat medicina salutem,
quaeque iuuat, monstrat, quaeque sit herba nocens.
Et latro et cautus praecingitur ense uiator
ille sed insidias, hic sibi portat opem.
Discitur innocuas ut agat facundia causas:
protegit haec fontes, inmeritosque premit.
Sic igitur carmen, recta si mente legatur,
constabit nulli posse nocere meum.
"At quasdam uitio." Quicumque hoc concipit, errat,
et nimium scriptis arrogat ille meis.
ut tamen hoc fatear, ludi quoque semina praebent
nequitiae: tolli tota theatra iube:
peccandi causam multis quam saepe dederunt,
Marta cum durum sternit harena solum.
Tollatur Circus; non tuta licentia Circi est:
hic sedet ignoto iuncta puella uiro.
Cum quaedam spatientur in hoc, ut amator eodem
conueniat, quare porticus ulla patet?
Quis locus est templis augustior? Haec quoque uitet,
in culpam siqua est ingeniosa suam.
Cum steterit Iouis aede, Iouis succurret in aede
quam multas matres fecerit ille deus.
Proxima adoranti Iunonis templa subibit,
paelicibus multis hanc doluisse deam.
Pallade conspecta, natum de crimine uirgo

sustulerit quare, quaeret, Erichthonium.
Venerit in magni templum, tua munera, Martis,
stat Venus Vltori iuncta, uir ante fores.
Isidis aede sedens, cur hanc Saturnia, quaeret,
egerit Ionio Bosphorioque mari?
In Venerem Anchises, in Lunam Latmius heros,
in Cererem Iasion, qui referatur, erit.
Omnia peruersas possunt corrumpere mentes
stant tamen illa suis omnia tuta locis.
Et procul a scripta solis meretricibus Arte
summouet ingenuas pagina prima manus.
Quaecumque erupit, qua non sinit ire sacerdos,
protinus huic dempti criminis ipsa rea est.
Nec tamen est facinus uersus euoluere mollis,
multa licet castae non facienda legant.
Saepe supercilii nudas matrona seueri
et Veneris stantis ad genus omne uidet.
Corpora Vestales oculi meretricia cernunt,
nec domino poenae res ea causa fuit.
at cur in nostra nimia est lasciuia Musa,
curue meus cuiquam suadet amare liber?
Nil nisi peccatum manifestaue culpa fatenda est:
paenitet ingenii iudiciiue mei.
Cur non Argolicis potius quae concidit armis
uexata est iterum carmine Troia meo?
Cur tacui Thebas et uulnera mutua fratrum,
et septem portas, sub duce quamque suo?
Nec mihi materiam bellatrix Roma negabat,
et pius est patriae facta referre labor.
Denique cum meritis inpleueris omnia, Caesar,
pars mihi de multis una canenda fuit,
utque trahunt oculos radiantia lumina solis,
traxissent animum sic tua facta meum.
Arguor immerito. Tenuis mihi campus aratur:
illud erat magnae fertilitatis opus.
Non ideo debet pelago se credere, siqua
audet in exiguo ludere cumba lacu.

Forsan (et hoc dubitem) numeris leuioribus aptus
sim satis, in paruos sufficiamque modos:
at si me iubeas domitos Iouis igne Gigantas
dicere, conantem debilitabit onus.
Diuitis ingenii est inmania Caesaris acta
condere, materia ne superetur opus.
Et tamen ausus eram. Sed detractare uidebar,
quodque nefas, damno uiribus esse tuis.
Ad leue rursus opus, iuuenalia carmina, ueni,
et falso moui pectus amore meum.
Non equidem uellem: sed me mea fata trahebant,
inque meas poenas ingeniosus eram.
Et mihi, quod didici! Cur me docuere parentes,
litteraque est oculos ulla morata meos?
Haec tibi me inuisum lasciuiam fecit, ob Artes,
quis ratus es uetitos sollicitare toros.
Sed neque me nuptae didicerunt furta magistro,
quodque parum nouit, nemo docere potest.
Sic ego delicias et mollia carmina feci,
strinxerit ut nomen fabula nulla meum.
Nec quisquam est adeo media de plebe maritus,
ut dubius uitio sit pater ille meo.
Crede mihi, distant mores a carmine nostro
(uita uerecunda est, Musa iocosa mea)
magnaue pars mendax operum est et ficta meorum:
plus sibi permisit compositore suo.
Nec liber indicium est animi, sed honesta uoluntas:
plurima mulcendis auribus apta feres.
Accius esset atrox, conuiuia Terentius esset,
essent pugnaces qui fera bella canunt.
Denique composui teneros non solus amores:
composito poenas solus amore dedi.
Quid, nisi cum multo Venerem confundere uino,
praecepit lyrici Teia Musa senis?
Lesbia quid docuit Sappho, nisi amare, puellas?
Tuta tamen Sappho, tutus et ille fuit.
Nec tibi, Battiade, nocuit, quod saepe legenti

delicias uersu fassus es ipse tuas.
Fabula iucundi nulla est sine amore Menandri,
et solet hic pueris uirginibusque legi.
Ilias ipsa quid est aliud, nisi adultera, de qua
inter amatorem pugna uirunique fuit?
Quid prius est illi flamma Briseidos, utque
fecerit iratos rapta puella duces?
Aut quid Odyssea est, nisi femina propter amorem,
dum uir abest, multis una petita procis?
Quis, nisi Maeonides, Venerem Martemque ligatos
narrat in obsceno corpora presa toro?
unde nisi indicio magni sciremus Homeri
hospitis igne duas incaluisse deas?
Omne genus scripti grauitate tragoedia uincit:
haec quoque materiam semper amoris habet.
Numquid in Hippolyto, nisi caecae flamma nouercae?
Nobilis est Canace fratris amore sui.
Quid? Non Tantalides agitante Cupidine currus
Pisaeam Phrygiis uexit eburnus equis?
Tingeret ut ferrum natorum sanguine mater,
concitus a laeso fecit amore dolor.
Fecit amor subitas uolucres cum paelice regem,
quaeque suum luget nunc quoque mater Ityn.
Si non Aeropen frater sceleratus amasset,
auersos Solis non legeremus equos.
Inpia nec tragicos tetigisset Scylla coturnos,
ni patrium crinem desecuisset amor.
Qui legis Electran et egentem mentis Oresten,
Aegisthi crimen Tyndaridosque legis.
Nam quid de tetrico referam domitore Chimaerae,
quem leto fallax hospita paene dedit?
Quid loquar Hermionen, quid te, Schoeneia uirgo,
teque, Mycenaeo Phoebas amata duci?
Quid Danaen Danaesque nurum matremque Lyaei
Haemonaque et noctes cui coiere duae?
Quid Peliae generum, quid Thesea, quique Pelasgum
Iliacam tetigit de rate primus humum?

Huc Iole Pyrrhique parens, huc Herculis uxor,
huc accedat Hylas Iliacusque puer.
Tempore deficiat, tragicos si persequar ignes,
uixque meus capiet nomina nuda liber.
Est et in obscenos commixta tragoedia risus,
multaque praeteriti uerba pudoris habet.
Nec nocet auctori, mollem qui fecit Achillem,
infregisse suis fortia facta modis.
Iunxit Aristides Milesia crimina secum,
pulsus Aristides nec tamen urbe sua est.
Nec qui descripsit corrumpi semina matrum,
Eubius, impurae conditor historiae,
nec qui composuit nuper Sybaritica, fugit,
nec qui concubitus non tacuere suos.
Suntque ea doctorum monumentis mixta uirorum,
muneribusque ducum publica facta patent.
Neue peregrinis tantum defendar ab armis,
et Romanus habet multa iocosa liber.
utque suo Martem cecinit grauis Ennius ore,
Ennius ingenio maximus, arte rudis:
explicat ut causas rapidi Lucretius ignis,
casurumque triplex uaticinatur opus:
sic sua lasciuo cantata est saepe Catullo
femina, cui falsum Lesbia nomen erat;
nec contentus ea, multos uulgauit amores,
in quibus ipse suum fassus adulterium est.
Par fuit exigui similisque licentia Calui,
detexit uariis qui sua furta modis.
Cinna quoque his comes est, Cinnaque procacior Anser,
et leue Cornifici parque Catonis opus.
Quid referam Ticideae, quid Memmi carmen, apud quos
rebus adest nomen nominibusque pudor,
et quorum libris modo dissimulata Perilla est,
nomine nunc legitur dicta, Metelle, tuo?
Is quoque, Phasiacas Argon qui duxit in undas,
non potuit Veneris furta tacere suae.
Nec minus Hortensi, nec sunt minus improba Serui

carmina. Quis dubitet nomina tanta sequi?
Vertit Aristiden Sisenna, nec obfuit illi,
historiae turpis inseruisse iocos.
Non fuit opprobrio celebrasse Lycorida Gallo,
sed linguam nimio non tenuisse mero.
Credere iuranti durum putat esse Tibullus,
sic etiam de se quod neget illa uiro:
fallere custodes idem docuisse fatetur,
seque sua miserum nunc ait arte premi.
Saepe, uelut gemmam dominae signumue probaret,
per causam meminit se tetigisse manum,
utque refert, digitis saepe est nutuque locutus,
et tacitam mensae duxit in orbe notam
et quibus e sucis abeat de corpore liuor,
inpresso fieri qui solet ore, docet:
denique ab incauto nimium petit ille marito,
se quoque uti seruet, peccet ut illa minus.
Scit, cui latretur, cum solus obambulet, ipsas
cui totiens clausas exscreet ante fores,
multaque dat furti talis praecepta docetque
qua nuptae possint fallere ab arte uiros.
Non fuit hoc illi fraudi, legiturque Tibullus
et placet, et iam te principe notus erat.
Inuenies eadem blandi praecepta Properti:
detractus minima nec tamen ille nota est.
His ego successi, quoniam praestantia candor
nomina uiuorum dissimulare iubet.
Non timui, fateor, ne, qua tot iere carinae,
naufraga seruatis omnibus una foret.
Sunt aliis scriptae, quibus alea luditur, artes
(hoc est ad nostros non leue crimen auos)
quid ualeant tali, quo possis plurima iactu
figere, damnosos effugasue canes,
tessera quos habeat numeros, distante uocato
mittere quo deceat, quo dare missa modo,
discolor ut recto grassetur limite miles,
cum medius gemino calculus hoste perit,

ut bellare sequens sciat et reuocare priorem,
nec tuto fugiens incommitatus eat;
parua sit ut ternis instructa tabella lapillis,
in qua uicisse est continuasse suos;
quique alli lusus (neque enim nunc persequar omnes)
perdere, rem caram, tempora nostra solent.
Ecce canit formas alius iactusque pilarum,
hic artem nandi praecipit, ille trochi,
composita est aliis fucandi cura coloris;
hic epulis leges hospitioque dedit
alter humum, de qua fingantur pocula, monstrat,
quaeque, docet, liquido testa sit apta mero.
Talia luduntur fumoso mense Decembri,
quae damno nulli composuisse fuit.
His ego deceptus non tristia carmina feci,
sed tristis nostros poena secuta iocos.
Denique nec uideo tot de scribentibus unum,
quem sua perdiderit Musa, repertus ego.
Quid, si scripsissem mimos obscena iocantes,
qui semper uetiti crimen amoris habent:
in quibus assidue cultus procedit adulter,
uerbaque dat stulto callida nupta uiro?
Nubilis hos uirgo matronaque uirque puerque
spectat, et ex magna parte senatus adest.
Nec satis incestis temerari uocibus aures;
adsuescunt oculi multa pudenda pati:
cumque fefellit amans aliqua nouitate maritum
plauditur et magno palma fauore datur;
quoque minus prodest, scaena est lucrosa poetae,
tantaque non paruo crimina praetor emit.
Inspice ludorum sumptus, Auguste, tuorum:
empta tibi magno talia multa leges.
Haec tu spectasti spectandaque saepe dedisti
(maiestas adeo conlis ubique tua est)
luminibusque tuis, totus quibus utitur orbis,
scaenica uidisti lentus adulteria.
Scribere si fas est imitantes turpia mimos,

materiae minor est debita poena meae.
An genus hoc scripti faciunt sua pulpita tutum,
quodque licet, mimis scaena licere dedit?
Et mea sunt populo saltata poemata saepe,
saepe oculos etiam detinuere tuos.
Scilicet in domibus nostris ut prisca uirorum
artificis fulgent corpora picta manu,
sic quae concubitus uarios Venerisque figuras
exprimat, est aliquo parua tabella loco:
utque sedet uultu fassus Telamonius iram,
inque oculis facinus barbara mater habet,
sic madidos siccant digitis Venus uda capillos,
et modo maternis tecta uidetur aquis.
Bella sonant alii telis instructa cruentis,
parsque tui generis, pars tua facta canunt.
Inuida me spatium natura coercuit arto,
ingenio uires exiguasque dedit
et tamen ille tuae felix Aeneidos auctor
contulit in Tyrios arma uirumque toros,
nec legitur pars ulla magis de corpore toto,
quam non legitimo foedere iunctus amor.
Phyllidis hic idem teneraeque Amaryllidis ignes
bucolicis iuuenis luserat ante modis.
Nos quoque iam pridem scripto peccauimus isto:
supplicium patitur non noua culpa nouum;
carminaque edideram, cum te delicta notantem
praeteriit totiens inreprehensus eques.
Ergo quae iuuenis mihi non nocitura putauit
scripta parum prudens, nunc nocuere seni.
Sera redundauit ueteris uindicta libelli,
distat et a meriti tempore poena sui.
Ne tamen omne meum credas opus esse remissum,
saepe dedi nostrae grandia uela rati.
Sex ego Fastorum scripsi totidemque libellos,
cumque suo finem mense uolumen habet,
idque tuo nuper scriptum sub nomine, Caesar,
et tibi sacratum sors mea rupit opus;

et dedimus tragicis scriptum regale coturnis,
quaeque grauis debet uerba coturnus habet;
dictaque sunt nobis, quamuis manus ultima coeptis
defuit, in facies corpora uersa nouas.
Atque utinam reuoces animum paulisper ab ira,
et uacuo iubeas hinc tibi pauca legi,
pauca, quibus prima surgens ab origine mundi
in tua deduxi tempora, Caesar, opus:
aspicies, quantum dederis mihi pectoris ipse,
quoque fauore animi teque tuosque canam.
Non ego mordaci destrinxi carmine quemquam,
nec meus ullius crimina uersus habet.
Candidus a salibus suffusis felle refugi:
nulla uenenato littera mixta ioco est.
Inter tot populi, tot scriptis, milia nostri,
quem mea Calliope laeserit, unus ero.
Non igitur nostris ullum gaudere Quiritem
auguror, at multos indoluisse malis;
nec mihi credibile est, quemquam insultasse iacenti,
gratia candori si qua relata meo est
his, precor, atque aliis possint tua numina flecti,
o pater, o patriae cura salusque tuae!
Non ut in Ausoniam redeam, nisi forsitan olim,
cum longo poenae tempore uictus eris,
tutius exilium pauloque quietius oro,
ut par delicto sit mea poena suo.

LIBER TERTIUS

“Missus in hanc uenio timide liber exulis urbem
da placidam fesso, lector amice, manum;
neue reformida, ne sim tibi forte pudori:
nullus in hac charta uersus amare docet.
Haec domini fortuna mei est, ut debeat illam
infelix nullis dissimulare iocis.
Id quoque, quod uiridi quondam male lusit in aeuo,
heu nimium sero damnat et odit opus.
Inspice quid portem: nihil hic nisi triste uidebis,
carmine temporibus conueniente suis.
Clauda quod alterno subsidunt carmina uersu,
uel pedis hoc ratio, uel uia longa facit;
quod neque sum cedro flauus nec pumice leuis,
erubui domino cultior esse meo;
littera suffusas quod habet maculosa lituras,
laesit opus lacrimis ipse poeta suum.
Siqua uidebuntur casu non dicta Latine,
in qua scribebat, barbara terra fuit.
Dicite, lectores, si non graue, qua sit eundum,
quasque petam sedes hospes in urbe liber.”
Haec ubi sum furtim lingua titubante locutus,
qui mihi monstraret, uix fuit unus, iter.
“Di tibi dent, nostro quod non tribuere poetae,
molliter in patria uiuere posse tua.
Duc age, namque sequar, quamuis terraque marique
longinquo referam lassus ab orbe pedem.”
Paruit, et ducens “haec sunt fora Caesaris,” inquit,
“haec est a sacris quae uia nomen habet,
hic locus est Vestae, qui Pallada seruat et ignem,
haec fuit antiqui regia parua Numae.”
Inde petens dextram “porta est” ait “ista Palati,
hic Stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est.”
Singula dum miror, uideo fulgentibus armis
conspicuos postes tectaque digna deo.

“Et Iouis haec” dixi “domus est?” Quod ut esse putarem,
augurium menti querna corona dabat.
Cuius ut accepi dominum, “non fallimur,” inquam,
“et magni uerum est hanc Iouis esse domum.
Cur tamen opposita uelatur ianua lauro,
cingit et augustas arbor opaca comas?
Num quia perpetuos meruit domus ista triumphos,
an quia Leucadio semper amata deo est?
Ipsane quod festa est, an quod facit omnia festa?
Quam tribuit terris, pacis an ista nota est?
utque uiret semper laurus nec fronde caduca
carpitur, aeternum sic habet illa decus?
Causa superpositae scripto est testata coronae:
seruatos ciuis indicat huius ope.
Adice seruatis unum, pater optime, ciuem,
qui procul extremo pulsus in orbe latet,
in quo poenarum, quas se meruisse fatetur,
non facinus causam, sed suus error habet.
Me miserum! Vereorque locum uereorque potentem,
et quatitur trepido littera nostra metu.
Aspicias exsanguī chartam pallere colore?
Aspicias alternos intremuisse pedes?
Quandocumque, precor, nostro placere parenti
isdem et sub dominis aspiciare domus!”
Inde tenore pari gradibus sublimia celsis
ducor ad intonsi candida templa dei,
signa peregrinis ubi sunt alterna columnis,
Belides et stricto barbarus ense pater,
quaeque uiri docto ueteres cepere nouique
pectore, lecturis inspicienda patent.
Quaerebam fratres, exceptis scilicet illis,
quos suus optaret non genuisse pater.
Quaerentem frustra custos e sedibus illis
praepositus sancto iussit abire loco.
Altera templa peto, uicino iuncta theatro:
haec quoque erant pedibus non adeunda meis.
Nec me, quae doctis patuerunt prima libellis,

atria Libertas tangere passa sua est.
In genus auctoris miseri fortuna redundat,
et patimur nati, quam tulit ipse, fugam.
Forsitan et nobis olim minus asper et illi
euictus longo tempore Caesar erit.
Di, precor, atque adeo (neque enim mihi turba roganda est)
Caesar, ades uoto, maxime diue, meo.
Interea, quoniam statio mihi publica clausa est,
priuato liceat delituisse loco.
Vos quoque, si fas est, confusa pudore repulsae
sumite plebeiae carmina nostra manus.

II

Ergo erat in fatiſ Scythiam quoque uiſere noſtris,
 quaeque Lycaonio terra ſub axe iacet:
nec uoſ, Pierideſ, nec ſtirps Letoia, ueſtro
 docta ſacerdoti turba tuliſtiſ opem.
Nec mihi, quod luſi uero ſine crimine, prodeſt,
 quodque magiſ uita Muſa iocata mea eſt:
plurima ſed pelago terraque pericula paſſum
 uſtuſ ab aſſiduo frigore Pontuſ habet.
Quique, fugax rerum ſecuraque in otia natuſ,
 mollis et inpatiens ante laboriſ eram,
ultima nunc patior, nec me mare portubuſ orbuſ
 perdere, diuerſae nec potuere uiſae;
ſufficit atque malis animuſ; nam corpuſ ab illo
 accepit uiſeſ, uixque ferenda tulit.
Dum tamen et terriſ dubiuſ iactabar et undiſ,
 fallebat curas aeagraque corda labor:
ut uiſa finita eſt et opuſ requieuit eundiſ,
 et poenae telluſ eſt mihi tacta meae,
nil niſi flere libet, nec noſtro parcior imber
 lumine, de uerna quam niue manat aqua.
Roma domuſque ſubit deſideriuſque locoruſ,
 quicquid et amiſſa reſtat in urbe mei.
Ei mihi, quo totiens noſtri pulſata ſepulcri
 ianua, ſed nullo tempore aperta fuit?
Cur ego tot gladioſ fugi totienguſque minata
 obruit infelix nulla procella caput?
Di, quos experior nimiuſ conſtanter iniquoſ,
 participes irae quoſ deuſ unuſ habet,
exſtimulate, precor, ceſſantia fata meique
 interituſ clauſaſ eſſe uetate foreſ!

III

Haec mea si casu miraris epistula quare
alterius digitis scripta sit, aeger eram.
Aeger in extremis ignoti partibus orbis,
incertusque meae paene salutis eram.
Quem mihi nunc animum dira regione iacenti
inter Sauromatas esse Getasque putes?
Nec caelum patior, nec aquis adsueuimus istis,
terraque nescioquo non placet ipsa modo.
Non domus apta satis, non hic cibus utilis aegro,
nullus, Apollinea qui leuet arte malum,
non qui soletur, non qui labentia tarde
tempora narrando fallat, amicus adest.
Lassus in extremis iaceo populisque locisque,
et subit adfecto nunc mihi, quicquid abest.
Omnia cum subeant, uincis tamen omnia, coniunx,
et plus in nostro pectore parte tenes.
Te loquor absentem, te uox mea nominat unam;
nulla uenit sine te nox mihi, nulla dies.
Quin etiam sic me dicunt aliena locutum,
ut foret amenti nomen in ore tuum.
Si iam deficiam, subpressaue lingua palato
uix instillato restituenda mero,
nuntiet huc aliquis dominam uenisse, resurgam,
spesque tui nobis causa uigoris erit.
Ergo ego sum dubius uitae, tu forsitan istic
iucundum nostri nescia tempus agis?
Non agis, adfirmo. Liquet hoc, carissima, nobis,
tempus agi sine me non nisi triste tibi.
Si tamen inpleuit mea sors, quos debuit, annos,
et mihi uiuendi tam cito finis adest,
quantum erat, o magni, morituro parcere, diui,
ut saltem patria contumularer humo?
Vel poena in tempus mortis dilata fuisset,
uel praecepisset mors properata fugam.

Integer hanc potui nuper bene reddere lucem;
exul ut occiderem, nunc mihi uita data est.
Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in oris,
et fient ipso tristia fata loco;
nec mea consueto languescent corpora lecto,
depositum nec me qui fleat, ullus erit;
nec dominae lacrimis in nostra cadentibus ora
accedent animae tempora parua meae;
nec mandata dabo, nec cum clamore supremo
labentes oculos condet amica manus;
sed sine funeribus caput hoc, sine honore sepulcri
indeploratum barbara terra teget.
Ecquid, ubi audieris, tota turbabere mente,
et feries pauida pectora fida manu?
Ecquid, in has frustra tendens tua brachia partes,
clamabis miseri nomen inane uiri?
Parce tamen lacerare genas, nec scinde capillos:
non tibi nunc primum, lux mea, raptus ero.
Cum patriam amisi, tunc me periisse putato:
et prior et grauior mors fuit illa mihi.
Nunc, si forte potes (sed non potes, optima coniunx)
finitis gaude tot mihi morte malis.
Quod potes, extenua forti mala corde ferendo,
ad quae iampridem non rude pectus habes.
Atque utinam pereant animae cum corpore nostrae,
effugiatque auidos pars mihi nulla rogos.
Nam si morte carens uacua uolat altus in aura
spiritus, et Samii sunt rata dicta senis,
inter Sarmaticas Romana uagabitur umbras,
perque feros Manes hospita semper erit.
Ossa tamen facito parua referantur in urna:
sic ego non etiam mortuus exul ero.
Non uetat hoc quisquam: fratrem Thebana peremptum
supposuit tumulo rege uetante soror.
Atque ea cum foliis et amomi puluere misce,
inque suburbano condita pone solo;
quosque legat uersus oculo properante uiator,

grandibus in tituli marmore caede notis:
“hic ego qui iaceo tenerorum lusor amorum
ingenio perii Naso poeta meo;
at tibi qui transis ne sit graue quisquis amasti
dicere “Nasonis molliter ossa cubent””
hoc satis in titulo est. Etenim maiora libelli
et diuturna magis sunt monimenta mihi,
quos ego confido, quamuis nocuere, daturos
nomen et auctori tempora longa suo.
Tu tamen extincto feralia munera semper
deque tuis lacrimis umidaserta dato.
Quamuis in cineres corpus mutauerit ignis
sentiet officium maesta fauilla pium.
Scribere plura libet: sed uox mihi fessa loquendo
dictandi uires siccaque lingua negat.
Accipe supremo dictum mihi forsitan ore,
quod, tibi qui mittit, non habet ipse, “uale”.

IV

O mihi care quidem semper, sed tempore duro
 cognite, res postquam procubuere meae:
usibus edocto si quicquam credis amico,
 uiue tibi et longe nomina magna fuge.
Viue tibi, quantumque potes praelustria uita:
 saeuum praelustri fulmen ab arce uenit.
Nam quamquam soli possunt prodesse potentes,
 non prosit potius, siquis obesse potest.
Effugit hibernas demissa antemna procellas,
 lataque plus paruis uela timoris habent.
Aspicias, ut summa cortex leuis innatet unda,
 cum graue nexa simul retia mergat onus.
Haec ego si monitor monitus prius ipse fuisset,
 in qua debebam forsitan urbe forem.
Dum tecum uixi, dum me leuis aura ferebat,
 haec mea per placidas cumba cucurrit aquas.
Qui cadit in plano (uix hoc tamen euenit ipsum)
 sic cadit, ut tacta surgere possit humo.
At miser Elpenor tecto delapsus ab alto
 occurrit regi debilis umbra suo.
Quid fuit, ut tutas agitare Daedalus alas,
 Icarus immensas nomine signet aquas?
Nempe quod hic alte, demissius ille uolabat:
 nam pennas ambo non habuere suas.
Crede mihi, bene qui latuit bene uixit, et intra
 fortunam debet quisque manere suam.
Non foret Eumedes orbus, si filius eius
 stultus Achilleos non adamasset equos:
nec natum in flamma uidisset, in arbore natas,
 cepisset genitor si Phaethonta Merops.
Tu quoque formida nimium sublimia semper,
 propositique, precor, contrahe uela tui.
Nam pede inoffenso spatium decurrere uitae
 dignus es et fato candidiore frui.

Quae pro te ut uoueam, miti pietate mereris
haesuraque fide tempus in omne mihi.
Vidi ego te tali uultu mea fata gementem,
qualem credibile est ore fuisse meo.
Nostra tuas uidi lacrimas super ora cadentes,
tempore quas uno fidaque uerba bibi.
Nunc quoque summotum studio defendis amicum,
et mala uix ulla parte leuanda leuas.
Viue sine inuidia, mollesque inglorius annos
exige, amicitias et tibi iunge pares,
Nasonisque tui, quod adhuc non exulat unum,
nomen ama: Scythicus cetera Pontus habet.

IV B

Proxima sideribus tellus Erymanthidos Vrsae
me tenet, adstricto terra perusta gelu.
Bosporos et Tanais superant Scythiaequae paludes
uix satis et noti nomina pauca loci.
ulterius nihil est nisi non habitabile frigus.
Heu quam uicina est ultima terra mihi!
At longe patria est, longe carissima coniunx,
quicquid et haec nobis post duo dulce fuit.
Sic tamen haec adsunt, ut quae contingere non est
corpore: sunt animo cuncta uidenda meo.
Ante oculos errant domus, urbsque et forma locorum,
acceduntque suis singula facta locis.
Coniugis ante oculos, sicut praesentis, imago est.
Illa meos casus ingrauat, illa leuat:
ingrauat hoc, quod abest; leuat hoc, quod praestat amorem
inpositumque sibi firma tuetur onus.
Vos quoque pectoribus nostris haeretis, amici,
dicere quos cupio nomine quemque suo.
Sed timor officium cautus compescit, et ipsos
in nostro poni carmine nolle puto.
Ante uolebatis, gratique erat instar honoris,
uersibus in nostris nomina uestra legi.
Quod quoniam est anceps, intra mea pectora quemque
alloquar, et nulli causa timoris ero.
Nec meus indicio latitantes uersus amicos
protrahit. Occulte siquis amabat, amet.
Scite tamen, quamuis longe regione remotus
absim, uos animo semper adesse meo.
Et qua quisque potest, aliqua mala nostra leuate,
fidam proiecto neue negate manum.
Prospera sic maneat uobis fortuna, nec umquam
contacti simili sorte rogetis idem.

V

Vsus amicitiae tecum mihi paruus, ut illam
non aegre posses dissimulare, fuit,
nec me complexus uinclis propioribus esses
naue mea uento, forsan, eunte suo.
ut cecidi cunctique metu fugere ruinam,
uersaque amicitiae terga dedere meae,
ausus es igne Iouis percutsum tangere corpus
et deploratae limen adire domus:
idque recens praestas nec longo cognitus usu,
quod ueterum misero uix duo tresue mihi.
Vidi ego confusos uultus uisosque notaui,
osque madens fletu pallidiusque meo:
et lacrimas cernens in singula uerba cadentes
ore meo lacrimas, auribus illa bibi;
brachiaque accepi presso pendentia collo,
et singultatis oscula mixta sonis.
Sum quoque, care, tuis defensus uiribus absens
(scis carum ueri nominis esse loco),
multaque praeterea manifestaue signa fauoris
pectoribus teneo non abitura meis.
Di tibi posse tuos tribuant defendere semper,
quos in materia prosperiore iuues.
Si tamen interea, quid in his ego perditus oris
(quod te credibile est quaerere) quaeris, agam:
spe trahor exigua, quam tu mihi demere noli,
tristitia leniri numina posse dei.
Seu temere exspecto, siue id contingere fas est,
tu mihi, quod cupio, fas, precor, esse proba,
quaeque tibi linguae est facundia, confer in illud,
ut doceas uotum posse ualere meum.
Quo quisque est maior, magis est placabilis irae,
et faciles motus mens generosa capit.
Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse leoni,
pugna suum finem, cum iacet hostis, habet:

at lupus et turpes instant morientibus ursi
et quaecumque minor nobilitate fera.
Maius apud Troiam forti quid habemus Achille?
Dardanii lacrimas non tulit ille senis.
Quae ducis Emathii fuerit clementia, Porus
Dareique docent funeris exsequiae.
Neue hominum referam flexas ad mitius iras,
Iunonis gener est qui prius hostis erat.
Denique non possum nullam sperare salutem,
cum poenae non sit causa cruenta meae.
Non mihi quaerenti pessumdare cuncta petitum
Caesareum caput est, quod caput orbis erat:
non aliquid dixiue, elataue lingua loquendo est,
lapsaque sunt nimio uerba profana mero:
inscia quod crimen uiderunt lumina, plector,
peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum.
Non equidem totam possum defendere culpam:
sed partem nostri criminis error habet.
spes igitur superest facturum ut molliat ipse
mutati poenam condicione loci.
Hos utinam nitidi Solis praenuntius ortus
afferat admisso Lucifer albus equo!

VI

Foedus amicitiae nec uis, carissime, nostrae,
nec, si forte uelis, dissimulare potes.
Donec enim licuit, nec te mihi carior alter,
nec tibi me tota iunctior urbe fuit;
isque erat usque adeo populo testatus, ut esset
paene magis quam tu quamque ego notus, amor:
quique est in caris animi tibi candor amicis-
cognita sunt ipsi, quem colis, ista uiro.
Nil ita celabas, ut non ego conscius essem,
pectoribusque dabas multa tegenda meis:
cuique ego narrabam secreti quicquid habebam,
excepto quod me perdidit, unus eras.
Id quoque si scisses, saluo fruerere sodali,
consilioque forem sospes, amice, tuo.
Sed mea me in poenam nimirum fata trahebant.
Omne bonae claudent utilitatis iter?
Siue malum potui tamen hoc uitare cauendo,
seu ratio fatum uincere nulla ualet,
tu tamen, o nobis usu iunctissime longo,
pars desiderii maxima paene mei,
sis memor, et si quas fecit tibi gratia uires,
illas pro nobis experiare, rogo,
numinis ut laesi fiat mansuetior ira,
mutatoque minor sit mea poena loco.
Idque ita, si nullum scelus est in pectore nostro,
principiumque mei criminis error habet.
Nec breue nec tutum, quo sint mea, dicere, casu
lumina funesti conscia facta mali:
mensque reformidat, ueluti sua uulnera, tempus
illud, et admonitu fit nouus ipse pudor:
sed quaecumque adeo possunt afferre pudorem,
illa tegi caeca condita nocte decet.
Nil igitur referam nisi me peccasse, sed illo
praemia peccato nulla petita mihi,

stultitiamque meum crimen debere uocari,
nomina si facto reddere uera uelis.
Quae si non ita sunt, alium, quo longius absim,
quaere, suburbana est hic mihi terra locus.

VII

Vade salutatum, subito perarata, Perillam,
 littera, sermonis fida ministra mei.
Aut illam inuenies dulci cum matre sedentem,
 aut inter libros Pieridasque suas.
Quicquid aget, cum te scierit uenisse, relinquet,
 nec mora, quid uenias quidue, requireret, agam.
Viueret me dices, sed sic, ut uiuere nolim,
 nec mala tam longa nostra leuata mora:
et tamen ad Musas, quamuis nocuere, reuerti,
 aptaque in alternos cogere uerba pedes.
“Tu quoque” dic “studiis communibus ecquid inhaeres,
 doctaque non patrio carmina more canis?”
Nam tibi cum fati mores natura pudicos
 et raras dotes ingeniumque dedit.
Hoc ego Pegasidas deduxi primus ad undas,
 ne male fecundae uena periret aquae;
primus id aspexi teneris in uirginis annis,
 utque pater natae duxque comesque fui.
Ergo si remanent ignes tibi pectoris idem,
 sola tuum uates Lesbia uincet opus.
Sed uereor, ne te mea nunc fortuna retardet,
 postque meos casus sit tibi pectus iners.
Dum licuit, tua saepe mihi, tibi nostra legebam;
 saepe tui iudex, saepe magister eram:
aut ego praebebam factis modo uersibus aures,
 aut, ubi cessares, causa ruboris eram.
Forsitan exemplo, quia me laesere libelli,
 tu quoque sis poenae fata secuta meae.
Pone, Perilla, metum. Tantummodo femina nulla
 neue uir a scriptis discat amare tuis.
Ergo desidia remoue, doctissima, causas,
 inque bonas artes et tua sacra redi.
Ista decens facies longis uitabitur annis,
 rugaque in antiqua fronte senilis erit,

inicietque manum formae damnosa senectus,
 quae strepitus passu non faciente uenit.
Cumque aliquis dicet “fuit haec formosa” dolebis,
 et speculum mendax esse querere tuum.
Sunt tibi opes modicae, cum sis dignissima magnis:
 finge sed inmensis censibus esse pares,
nempe dat id quodcumque libet fortuna rapitque,
 Irus et est subito, qui modo Croesus erat.
Singula ne referam, nil non mortale tenemus
 pectoris exceptis ingeniique bonis.
En ego, cum caream patria uobisque domoque,
 raptaque sint, adimi quae potuere mihi,
ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque:
 Caesar in hoc potuit iuris habere nihil.
Quilibet hanc saeue uitam mihi finiat ense,
 me tamen extincto fama superstes erit,
dumque suis uictrix omnem de montibus orbem
 prospiciet domitum Martia Roma, legar.
Tu quoque, quam studii maneat felicius usus,
 effuge uenturos, qua potes, usque rogos!”

VIII

Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem consistere curru,
 misit in ignotam qui rude semen humum;
nunc ego Medae uellem frenare dracones,
 quos habuit fugiens arce, Corinthe, tua;
nunc ego iactandas optarem sumere pennas,
 siue tuas, Perseu, Daedale, siue tuas:
ut tenera nostris cedente uolatibus aura
 aspicerem patriae dulce repente solum,
desertaeque domus uultus, memoresque sodales,
 caraque praecipue coniugis ora meae.
Stulte, quid haec frustra uotis puerilibus optas,
 quae non ulla tibi fertque feretque dies?
Si semel optandum est, Augusti numen adora,
 et, quem sensisti, rite precare deum.
Ille tibi pennasque potest currusque uolucres
 tradere. Det redditum, protinus ales eris.
Si precer hoc (neque enim possum maiora rogare)
 ne mea sint, timeo, uota modesta parum.
Forsitan hoc olim, cum iam satiauerit iram,
 tum quoque sollicita mente rogandus erit.
Quod minus interea est, instar mihi muneris ampli,
 ex his me iubeat quolibet ire locis.
Nec caelum nec aquae faciunt nec terra nec aurae;
 ei mihi, perpetuus corpora languor habet!
Seu uitiant artus aegrae contagia mentis,
 siue mei causa est in regione mali,
ut tetigi Pontum, uexant insomnia, uixque
 ossa tegit macies nec iuuat ora cibus;
quique per autumnum percussis frigore primo
 est color in foliis, quae noua laesit hiems,
is mea membra tenet, nec uiribus alleuor ullis,
 et numquam queruli causa doloris abest.
Nec melius ualeo, quam corpore, mente, sed aegra est
 utraque pars aequae binaque damna fero.

Haeret et ante oculos ueluti spectabile corpus
astat fortunae forma legenda meae:
cumque locum moresque hominum cultusque sonumque
cernimus, et, qui sim qui fuerimque, subit,
tantus amor necis est, querar ut cum Caesaris ira,
quod non offensas uindicet ense suas.
At, quoniam semel est odio ciuilitate usus,
mutato leuior sit fuga nostra loco.

IX

Hic quoque sunt igitur Graiae (quis crederet?) urbes
inter inhumanae nomina barbariae?
Huc quoque Mileto missi uenere coloni,
inque Getis Graias constituere domos?
Sed uetus huic nomen, positaque antiquius urbe,
constat ab Absyrti caede fuisse loco.
Nam rate, quae cura pugnacis facta Mineruae
per non temptatas prima cucurrit aquas,
impia desertum fugiens Medea parentem
dicitur his remos applicuisse uadis.
Quem procul ut uidit tumulo speculator ab alto,
“hospes,” ait “nosco, Colchide, uela, uenit.”
Dum trepidant Minyae, dum soluitur aggere funis,
dum sequitur celeres ancora tracta manus,
conscia percussit meritorum pectora Colchis
ausa atque ausura multa nefanda manu;
et, quamquam superest ingens audacia menti,
pallor in attonitae uirginis ore fuit.
Ergo ubi prospexit uenientia uela “tenemur,
et pater est aliqua fraude morandus” ait.
Dum quid agat quaerit, dum uersat in omnia uultus,
ad fratrem casu lumina flexa tulit.
Cuius ut oblata est praesentia, “uicimus” inquit:
“hic mihi morte sua causa salutis erit.”
Protinus ignari nec quicquam tale timentis
innocuum rigido perforat ense latus,
atque ita diuellit diuulsaque membra per agros
dissipat in multis inuenienda locis.
Neu pater ignoret, scopulo proponit in alto
pallentesque manus sanguineumque caput,
ut genitor luctuque nouo tardetur et, artus
dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter.
Inde Tomis dictus locus hic, quia fertur in illo
membra soror fratris consecuisse sui.

X

Siquis adhuc istic meminit Nasonis adempti,
et superest sine me nomen in urbe meum.
suppositum stellis numquam tangentibus aequor
me sciat in media uiuere barbaria.
Sauromatae cingunt, fera gens, Bessique Getaeque,
quam non ingenio nomina digna meo!
Dum tamen aura tepet, medio defendimur Histro:
ille suis liquidis bella repellit aquis.
At cum tristis hiems squalentia protulit ora,
terraque marmoreo est candida facta gelu,
dum prohibet Boreas et nix habitare sub Arcto,
tum patet has gentes axe tremente premi.
Nix iacet, et iactam ne sol pluuiiaeque resoluant,
indurat Boreas perpetuamque facit.
Ergo ubi deliquit nondum prior, altera uenit,
et solet in multis bima manere locis;
tantaque commoti uis est Aquilonis, ut altas
aequet humo turres tectaque rapta ferat.
Pellibus et sutis arcent mala frigora braxis,
oraeque de toto corpore sola patent.
Saepe sonant moti glacie pendente capilli,
et nitet inducto candida barba gelu;
nudaque consistunt, formam seruantia testae,
uina, nec hausta meri, sed data frustra bibunt.
Quid loquar, ut uincti concrescant frigore riui,
deque lacu fragiles effodiantur aquae?
Ipse, papyrifero qui non angustior amne
miscetur uasto multa per ora freto,
caeruleos uentis latices durantibus, Hister
congelat et tectis in mare serpit aquis;
quaue rates ierant, pedibus nunc itur, et undas
frigore concretas ungula pulsat equi;
perque nouos pontes, subter labentibus undis,
ducunt Sarmatici barbara plaustra boues.

Vix equidem credar, sed, cum sint praemia falsi
nulla, ratam debet testis habere fidem.
Vidimus ingentem glacie consistere pontum,
lubricaque inmotas testa premebat aquas.
Nec uidisse sat est. Durum calcauimus aequor,
undaque non udo sub pede summa fuit.
Si tibi tale fretum quondam, Leandre, fuisset,
non foret angustae mors tua crimen aquae.
Tum neque se pandi possunt delphines in auras
et quamuis Boreas iactatis insonet alis,
fluctus in obsessio gurgite nullus erit;
inclusaeque gelu stabunt in marmore puppes,
nec poterit rigidas findere remus aquas.
Vidimus in glacie pisces haerere ligatos,
sed pars ex illis tum quoque uiua fuit.
Siue igitur nimii Boreae uis saeua marinas,
protinus aequato siccis Aquilonibus Histro
inuehitur celeri barbarus hostis equo;
hostis equo pollens longeque uolante sagitta
uicinam late depopulatur humum.
Diffugiunt alii, nullisque tuentibus agros
incustoditae diripiuntur opes,
ruris opes paruae, pecus et stridentia plaustra,
et quas diuitias incola pauper habet.
Pars agitur uinctis post tergum capta lacertis,
respiciens frustra rura Laremque suum:
pars cadit hamatis misere confixa sagittis:
nam uolucris ferro tinctile uirus inest.
Quae nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
et cremat insontes hostica flamma casas.
Tunc quoque, cum pax est, trepidant formidine belli,
nec quisquam presso uomere sulcat humum.
Aut uidet aut metuit locus hic, quem non uidet, hostem;
cessat iners rigido terra relicta situ.
Non hic pampinea dulcis latet uua sub umbra,
nec cumulant altos feruida musta lacus.
Poma negat regio, nec haberet Acontius, in quo

scriberet hic dominae uerba legenda suae.

Aspiceres nudos sine fronde, sine arbore, campos:

heu loca felici non adeunda uiro!

Ergo tam late pateat cum maximus orbis,

haec est in poenam terra reperta meam.

XI

Si quis es, insultes qui casibus, inprobe, nostris,
meque reum dempto fine cruentus agas,
natus es e scopulis et pastus lacte ferino,
et dicam silices pectus habere tuum.
Quis gradus ulterior, quo se tua porrigat ira,
restat? Quidue meis cernis abesse malis?
Barbara me tellus et inhospita litora Ponti
cumque suo Borea Maenalis Vrsa uidet.
Nulla mihi cum gente fera commercia linguae:
omnia solliciti sunt loca plena metus.
utque fugax auidis ceruus deprensus ab ursis,
cinctaue montanis ut pauet agna lupis,
sic ego belligeris a gentibus undique saeptus
terreor, hoste meum paene premente latus.
utque sit exiguum poenae, quod coniuge cara,
quod patria careo pignoribusque meis:
ut mala nulla feram nisi nudam Caesaris iram,
nuda parum est nobis Caesaris ira mali?
Et tamen est aliquis, qui uulnera cruda retractet,
soluat et in mores ora diserta meos.
In causa facili cuiuis licet esse deserto,
et minimae uires frangere quassa ualent.
Subruere est arces et stantia moenia uirtus:
quamlibet ignaui praecipitata premunt.
Non sum ego quod fueram. Quid inanem proteris umbram?
quid cinerem saxis bustaque nostra petis?
Hector erat tunc cum bello certabat; at idem
uinctus ad Haemonios non erat Hector equos.
Me quoque, quem noras olim, non esse memento:
ex illo superant haec simulacra uiro.
Quid simulacra, ferox, dictis incessis amaris?
Parce, precor, Manes sollicitare meos.
Omnia uera puta mea crimina, nil sit in illis,
quod magis errorem quam scelus esse putes,

pendimus en profugi (satia tua pectora) poenas
exilioque graues exilique loco.
Carnifici fortuna potest mea flenda uideri:
et tamen est uno iudice mersa partum.
Saeuior es tristi Busiride, saeuior illo,
qui falsum lento torruit igne bouem,
quique bouem Siculo fertur donasse tyranno,
et dictis artes conciliasse suas:
“munere in hoc, rex, est usus, sed imagine maior,
nec sola est operis forma probanda mei.
Aspicias a dextra latus hoc adapertile tauri?
Hac tibi, quem perdes, coniciendus erit.
Protinus inclusum lentis carbonibus ure:
mugiet, et ueri uox erit illa bouis.
Pro quibus inuentis, ut munus munere penses,
da, precor, ingenio praemia digna meo.”
Dixerat. At Phalaris “poenae mirande repertor,
ipse tuum praesens imbue” dixit “opus”.
Nec mora, monstratis crudeliter ignibus ustus
exhibuit geminos ore gemente sonos.
Quid mihi cum Siculis inter Scythiamque Getasque?
Ad te, quisquis is es, nostra querela redit.
utque sitim nostro possis explere cruore,
quantaque uis, auído gaudia corde feras,
tot mala sum fugiens tellure, tot aequore passus,
te quoque ut auditis posse dolere putem.
Crede mihi, si sit nobis collatus Vlixes,
Neptunine minor quam Iouis ira fuit?
Ergo quicumque es, rescindere crimina noli,
deque graui duras uulnere tolle manus;
utque meae famam tenuent obliuia culpae,
facta cicatricem ducere nostra sine;
humanaeque memor sortis, quae tollit eosdem
et premit, incertas ipse uerere uices.
Et quoniam, fieri quod numquam posse putauī,
est tibi de rebus maxima cura meis,
non est quod timeas: fortuna miserrima nostra est,

omne trahit secum Caesaris ira malum.

Quod magis ut liqueat, neue hoc ego fingere credar,
ipse uelim poenas experiare meas.

XII

Frigora iam Zephyri minuunt, annoque peracto
longior antiquis uisa Maeotis hiems,
inpositamque sibi qui non bene pertulit Hellen,
tempora nocturnis aequa diurna facit.
Iam uiolam puerique legunt hilaresque puellae,
rustica quae nullo nata serente uenit;
prataque pubescunt uariorum flore colorum,
indocilique loquax gutture uernat auis;
utque malae matris crimen deponat hirundo
sub trabibus cunas tectaque parua facit;
herbaque, quae latuit Cerealibus obruta sulcis,
exit et expandit molle cacumen humo;
quoque loco est uitis, de palmite gemma mouetur:
nam procul a Getico litore uitis abest;
quoque loco est arbor, turgescit in arbore ramus:
nam procul a Geticis finibus arbor abest.
Otia nunc istic, iunctisque ex ordine ludis
cedunt uerbosi garrula bella fori.
usus equi nunc est, leuibus nunc luditur armis,
nunc pila, nunc celeri uoluitur orbe trochus;
nunc ubi perfusa est oleo labente iuuentus,
defessos artus Virgine tingit aqua.
Scaena uiget studiisque fauor distantibus ardet,
proque tribus resonant terna theatra foris.
O quantum et quotiens non est numerare, beatum,
non interdicta cui licet urbe frui!
At mihi sentitur nix uerno sole soluta,
quaeque lacu durae non fodiantur aquae:
nec mare concrescit glacie, nec, ut ante, per Histrum
stridula Sauromates plaustra bubulcus agit.
Incipient aliquae tamen huc adnare carinae,
hospitaque in Ponti litore puppis erit.
Sedulus occurram nautae, dictaque salute,
quid ueniat, quaeram, quisue quibusue locis.

Ille quidem mirum ni de regione propinqua
non nisi uicinas tutus ararit aquas.
Rarus ab Italia tantum mare nauita transit,
litora rarus in haec portubus orba uenit.
Siue tamen Graeca scierit, siue ille Latina
uoce loqui (certe gratior huius erit;
fas quoque ab ore freti longaeque Propontidos undis
huc aliquem certo uela dedisse Noto),
quisquis is est, memori rumore uoce referre
et fieri famae parsque gradusque potest.
Is, precor, auditos possit narrare triumphos
Caesaris et Latio reddita uota Ioui,
teque, rebellatrix, tandem, Germania, magni
triste caput pedibus supposuisse ducis.
Haec mihi qui referet, quae non uidisse dolebo,
ille meae domui protinus hospes erit.
Ei mihi, iamne domus Scythico Nasonis in orbe est?
Iamque suum mihi dat pro Lare poena locum?
di facite ut caesar non hic penetrare domumque,
hospitium poenae sed uelit esse meae.

XIII

Ecce superuacuuus (quid enim fuit utile gigni?)
ad sua natalis tempora noster adest.
Dure, quid ad miseros ueniebas exulis annos?
debueras illis inposuisse modum.
Si tibi cura mei, uel si pudor ullus inesset,
non ultra patriam me sequerere meam,
quoque loco primum tibi sum male cognitus infans,
illo temptasses ultimus esse mihi,
inque relinquendo, quod idem fecere sodales,
tu quoque dixisses tristis in urbe “uale”.
Quid tibi cum Ponto? Num te quoque Caesaris ira
extremam gelidi misit in orbis humum?
Scilicet exspectas soliti tibi moris honorem,
pendeat ex umeris uestis ut alba meis,
fumida cingatur florentibus ara coronis,
micaque sollemni turis in igne sonet,
libaque dem proprie genitale notantia tempus,
concipiamque bonas ore fauente preces.
Non ita sum positus, nec sunt ea tempora nobis,
aduentu possim laetus ut esse tuo.
Funeris ara mihi, ferali cincta cupresso,
conuenit et structis flamma parata rogis.
Nec dare tura libet nil exorantia diuos,
in tantis subeunt nec bona uerba malis.
Si tamen est aliquid nobis hac luce petendum,
in loca ne redeas amplius ista, precor,
dum me terrarum pars paene nouissima, Pontus,
Euxinus falso nomine dictus, habet.

XIV

Cultor et antistes doctorum sancte uirorum,
quid facis ingenio semper amice meo?
Ecquid, ut incolumem quondam celebrare solebas,
nunc quoque ne uidear totus abesse, caues?
Conficis exceptis ecquid mea carmina solis
Artibus, artifici quae nocuere suo?
Immo ita fac, quaeso, uatum studiose nouorum,
quaque potes, retine corpus in urbe meum.
Est fuga dicta mihi, non est fuga dicta libellis,
qui domini poenam non meruere sui.
Saepe per externas profugus pater exulat oras,
urbe tamen natis exulis esse licet.
Palladis exemplo de me sine matre creata
carmina sunt; stirps haec progeniesque mea est.
Hanc tibi commendo, quae quo magis orba parente est,
hoc tibi tutori sarcina maior erit.
Tres mihi sunt nati contagia nostra secuti:
cetera fac curae sit tibi turba palam.
Sunt quoque mutatae, ter quinque uolumina, formae,
carmina de domini funere rapta sui.
Illud opus potuit, si non prius ipse perissem,
certius a summa nomen habere manu:
nunc incorrectum populi peruenit in ora,
in populi quicquam si tamen ore mei est.
Hoc quoque nescioquid nostris appone libellis,
diuerso missum quod tibi ab orbe uenit.
Quod quicumque leget (si quis leget) aestimet ante,
compositum quo sit tempore quoque loco.
Aequus erit scriptis, quorum cognouerit esse
exilium tempus barbariamque locum:
inque tot aduersis carmen mirabitur ullum
ducere me tristi sustinuisse manu.
Ingenium fregere meum mala, cuius et ante
fons infecundus paruaque uena fuit.

Sed quaecumque fuit, nullo exercente refugit,
et longo periit arida facta situ.
Non hic librorum, per quos inuiter alarque,
copia: pro libris arcus et arma sonant.
Nullus in hac terra, recitem si carmina, cuius
intellecturis auribus utar, adest.
Non quo secedam locus est. Custodia muri
sum mouet infestos clausaque porta Getas.
Saepe aliquod quaero uerbum nomenque locumque,
nec quisquam est a quo certior esse queam.
Dicere saepe aliquid conanti (turpe fateri)
uerba mihi desunt dedidicique loqui.
Threicio Scythicoque fere circumsonor ore,
et uideor Geticis scribere posse modis.
Crede mihi, timeo ne sint inmixta Latinis
inque meis scriptis Pontica uerba legas.
Qualemcumque igitur uenia dignare libellum.
Sortis et excusa condicione meae.

LIBER QUARTUS

Siqua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitiosa libellis,
 excusata suo tempore, lector, habe.
 exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama petita est,
 mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
 hoc est cur cantet vinctus quoque compede fossor, 5
 indocili numero cum grave mollit opus.
 cantat et innitens limosae pronus harenae,
 adverso tardam qui trahit amne ratem;
 quique refert pariter lentos ad pectora remos,
 in numerum pulsa brachia iactat aqua. 10
 fessus ubi incubuit baculo saxove resedit
 pastor, harundineo carmine mulcet oves.
 cantantis pariter, pariter data pensa trahentis,
 fallitur ancillae decipiturque labor.
 fertur et abducta Lyrneside tristis Achilles 15
 Haemonia curas attenuasse lyra.
 cum traheret silvas Orpheus et dura canendo
 saxa, bis amissa coniuge maestus erat.
 me quoque Musa levat Ponti loca iussa petentem:
 sola comes nostrae perstitit illa fugae; 20
 sola nec insidias, nec Sinti militis ensem,
 nec mare nec ventos barbariamque timet.
 scit quoque, cum perii, quis me deceperit error,
 et culpam in facto, non scelus, esse meo,
 scilicet hoc ipso nunc aequa, quod obfuit ante, 25
 cum mecum iuncti criminis acta rea est.
 non equidem vellem, quoniam nocitura fuerunt,
 Pieridum sacris inposuisse manum.
 sed nunc quid faciam? vis me tenet ipsa sacrorum,
 et carmen demens carmine laesus amo. 30
 sic nova Dulichio lotos gustata palato
 illo, quo nocuit, grata sapore fuit.
 sentit amans sua damna fere, tamen haeret in illis,
 materiam culpaе persequiturque suae.

nos quoque delectant, quamvis nocuere, libelli, 35
quodque mihi telum vulnera fecit, amo.
forsitan hoc studium possit furor esse videri,
sed quiddam furor hic utilitatis habet:
semper in obtutu mentem vetat esse malorum,
praesentis casus immemoremque facit. 40
utque suum Bacche non sentit saucia vulnus,
dum stupet Idaeis exululata iugis,
sic ubi mota calent viridi mea pectora thyrsos,
altior humano spiritus ille malo est.
ille nec exilium, Scythici nec litora ponti, 45
ille nec iratos sentit habere deos.
utque soporiferae biberem si pocula Lethes,
temporis adversi sic mihi sensus abest.
iure deas igitur veneror mala nostra levantes,
sollicitae comites ex Helicone fugae, 50
et partim pelago, partim vestigia terra
vel rate dignatas vel pede nostra sequi.
sint, precor, hae saltem faciles mihi! namque deorum
cetera cum magno Caesare turba facit,
meque tot adversis cumulant, quot litus harenas, 55
quotque fretum pisces, ovaque piscis habet.
vere prius flores, aestu numerabis aristas,
poma per autumnum frigoribusque nives,
quam mala, quae toto patior iactatus in orbe,
dum miser Euxini litora laeva peto. 60
nec tamen, ut veni, levior fortuna malorum est:
huc quoque sunt nostras fata secuta vias;
hic quoque cognosco natalis stamina nostri,
stamina de nigro vellere facta mihi.
utque neque insidias capitisque pericula narrem, 65
vera quidem, veri sed graviora fide,
vivere quam miserum est inter Bessosque Getasque
illum, qui populi semper in ore fuit!
quam miserum est, porta vitam muroque tueri,
vixque sui tutum viribus esse loci! 70
aspera militiae iuvenis certamina fugi,

nec nisi lusura movimus arma manu;
 nunc senior gladioque latus scutoque sinistram,
 canitiem galeae subicioque meam.
 nam dedit e specula custos ubi signa tumultus, 75
 induimus trepida protinus arma manu.
 hostis habens arcus imbutaque tela venenis,
 saevus anhelanti moenia lustrat equo;
 utque rapax pecudem, quae se non texit ovili,
 per sata, per silvas fertque trahitque lupus, 80
 sic, siquem nondum portarum saepe receptum
 barbarus in campis repperit hostis, habet:
 aut sequitur captus coniectaque vincula collo
 accipit, aut telo virus habente perit.
 hic ego sollicitae iaceo novus incola sedis: 85
 heu nimium fati tempora longa mei!
 et tamen ad numeros antiquaque sacra reverti
 sustinet in tantis hospita Musa malis.
 sed neque cui recitem quisquam est mea carmina, nec qui
 auribus accipiat verba Latina suis. 90
 ipse mihi — quid enim faciam? — scriboque legoque,
 tutaque iudicio littera nostra meo est.
 saepe tamen dixi ‘cui nunc haec cura laborat?
 an mea Sauromatae scripta Getaeque legent?’
 saepe etiam lacrimae me sunt scribente profusae, 95
 umidaque est fletu littera facta meo,
 corque vetusta meum, tamquam nova, vulnera novit,
 inque sinum maestae labitur imber aquae.
 cum, vice mutata, qui sim fuerimque, recordor
 et, tulerit quo me casus et unde, subit, 100
 saepe manus demens, studiis irata sibique,
 misit in arsuros carmina nostra rogos.
 atque ita, de multis quoniam non multa supersunt,
 cum venia facito, quisquis es, ista legas.
 tu quoque non melius, quam sunt mea tempora, carmen, 105
 interdicta mihi, consule, Roma, boni.

II

Iam fera Caesaribus Germania, totus ut orbis,
victa potest flexo succubuisse genu,
altaque velentur fortasse Palatia sertis,
turaque in igne sonent inficiantque diem,
candidaque adducta collum percussa securi 5
victima purpureo sanguine pulset humum,
donaque amicorum templis promissa deorum
reddere victores Caesar uterque parent;
et qui Caesareo iuvenes sub nomine crescunt,
perpetuo terras ut domus illa regat, 10
cumque bonis nuribus pro sospite Livia nato
munera det meritis, saepe datura, deis;
et pariter matres et quae sine crimine castos
perpetua servant virginitate focos;
plebs pia cumque pia laetetur plebe senatus, 15
parvaeque cuius eram pars ego nuper, eques.
nos procul expulsos communia gaudia fallunt,
famaque tam longe non nisi parva venit.
ergo omnis populus poterit spectare triumphos,
cumque ducum titulis oppida capta leget, 20
vinclaque captiva reges cervice gerentes
ante coronatos ire videbit equos,
et cernit vultus aliis pro tempore versos,
terribiles aliis inmemoresque sui.
quorum pars causas et res et nomina quaeret, 25
pars referet, quamvis noverit illa parum:
‘hic, qui Sidonio fulget sublimis in ostro,
dux fuerat belli, proximus ille duci.
hic, qui nunc in humo lumen miserabile fixit,
non isto vultu, cum tulit arma, fuit. 30
ille ferox et adhuc oculis hostilibus ardens
hortator pugnae consiliumque fuit.
perfidus hic nostros inclusit fraude locorum,
squalida promissis qui tegit ora comis.

illo, qui sequitur, dicunt mactata ministro 35
 saepe recusanti corpora capta deo.
 hic lacus, hi montes, haec tot castella, tot amnes
 plena ferae caedis, plena cruoris erant.
 Drusus in his meruit quondam cognomina terris,
 quae bona progenies, digna parente, tulit. 40
 cornibus hic fractis viridi male tectus ab ulva
 decolor ipse suo sanguine Rhenus erat.
 crinibus en etiam fertur Germania passis,
 et ducis invicti sub pede maesta sedet,
 collaque Romanae praebens animosa securi 45
 vincula fert illa, qua tulit arma, manu.’
 hos super in curru, Caesar, victore veheris
 purpureus populi rite per ora tui,
 quaque ibis, manibus circumplaudere tuorum,
 undique iactato flore tegente vias. 50
 tempora Phoebea lauro cingetur ‘io’ que
 miles ‘io’ magna voce ‘triumphe’ canet.
 ipse sono plausuque simul fremituque calentes
 quadriiugos cernes saepe resistere equos.
 inde petes arcem, delubra faventia votis, 55
 et dabitur merito laurea vota Iovi.
 haec ego summotus, qua possum, mente videbo:
 erepti nobis ius habet illa loci;
 illa per immensas spatiatur libera terras,
 in caelum celeri pervenit illa fuga; 60
 illa meos oculos mediam deducit in Urbem,
 immunes tanti nec sinit esse boni;
 invenietque animus, qua currus spectet eburnos;
 sic certe in patria per breve tempus ero.
 vera tamen capiet populus spectacula felix, 65
 laetaque erit praesens cum duce turba suo.
 at mihi fingendo tantum longeque remotis
 auribus hic fructus percipiendus erit,
 aq̄ue procul Latio diversum missus in orbem
 qui narret cupido, vix erit, ista mihi. 70
 is quoque iam serum referet veteremque triumphum:

quo tamen audiero tempore, laetus ero.
illa dies veniet, mea qua lugubria ponam,
causaque privata publica maior erit.

III

Magna minorque ferae, quarum regis altera Graias,
altera Sidonias, utraque sicca, rates,
omnia cum summo positae videatis in axe,
et maris occiduas non subeatis aquas,
aetheriamque suis cingens amplexibus arcem 5
vester ab intacta circulus extet humo,
aspicite illa, precor, quae non bene moenia quondam
dicitur Iliades transiluisse Remus,
inque meam nitidos dominam convertite vultus,
sitque memor nostri necne, referte mihi. 10
ei mihi, cur nimium quae sunt manifesta, requiro?
cur iacet ambiguo spes mea mixta metu?
crede quod est et vis, ac desine tuta vereri,
deque fide certa sit tibi certa fides,
quodque polo fixae nequeunt tibi dicere flammae, 15
non mentitura tu tibi voce refer,
esse tui memorem, de qua tibi maxima cura est,
quodque potest, secum nomen habere tuum.
vultibus illa tuis tamquam praesentis inhaeret,
~teque remota procul~ si modo vivit, amat. 20
ecquid, ubi incubuit iusto mens aegra dolori,
lenis ab admonito pectore somnus abit?
tunc subeunt curae, dum te lectus locusque
tangit et oblitam non sinit esse mei,
et veniunt aestus, et nox inmensa videtur, 25
fessaque iactati corporis ossa dolent?
non equidem dubito, quin haec et cetera fiant,
detque tuus maesti signa doloris amor,
nec cruciari minus, quam cum Thebana cruentum
Hectora Thessalico vidit ab axe rapi. 30
quid tamen ipse precer dubito, nec dicere possum,
affectum quem te mentis habere velim.
tristis es? indignor quod sim tibi causa doloris:
non es? at amisso coniuge digna fores.

tu vero tua damna dole, mitissima coniunx, 35
 tempus et a nostris exige triste malis,
 fleque meos casus: est quaedam flere voluptas;
 expletur lacrimis egeriturque dolor.
 atque utinam lugenda tibi non vita, sed esset
 mors mea, morte fores sola relictæ meæ! 40
 spiritus hic per te patrias exisset in auras,
 sparsissent lacrimæ pectora nostra piaæ,
 supremoque die notum spectantia cælum
 texissent digiti lumina nostra tui,
 et cinis in tumulo positus iacuisset avito, 45
 tactaque nascenti corpus haberet humus;
 denique, ut et vixi, sine crimine mortuus essem:
 nunc mea supplicio vita pudenda suo est.
 me miserum, si tu, cum diceris exulis uxor,
 avertis vultus et subit ora rubor! 50
 me miserum, si turpe putas mihi nupta videri!
 me miserum, si te iam pudet esse meam!
 tempus ubi est illud, quo te iactare solebas
 coniuge, nec nomen dissimulare viri?
 tempus ubi est, quo te — nisi non vis illa referri — 55
 et dici, meminî, iuvat et esse meam?
 utque probæ dignum est, omni tibi dote placebam:
 addebat veris multa faventis amor.
 nec, quem præferres — ita res tibi magna videbar —
 quemque tuum malles esse, vir alter erat. 60
 nunc quoque ne pudeat, quod sis mihi nupta, tuusque
 non debet dolor hinc, debet abesse pudor.
 cum cecidit Capaneus subito temerarius ictu,
 num legis Euadnen erubuisse viro?
 nec quia rex mundi compescuit ignibus ignes, 65
 ipse suis Phaethon infitiandus erat.
 nec Semele Cadmo facta est aliena parenti,
 quod precibus periit ambitiosa suis.
 nec tibi, quod saevis ego sum Iovis ignibus ictus,
 purpureus molli fiat in ore pudor. 70
 sed magis in curam nostri consurge tuendi,

exemplumque mihi coniugis esto bonae,
materiamque tuis tristem virtutibus imple:
 ardua per praeceps gloria vadit iter.
Hectora quis nosset, si felix Troia fuisset? 75
 publica virtuti per mala facta via est.
ars tua, Tiphys, vacet, si non sit in aequore fluctus:
 si valeant homines, ars tua, Phoebe, vacet.
quae latet inque bonis cessat non cognita rebus,
 apparet virtus arguiturque malis. 80
dat tibi nostra locum tituli fortuna, caputque
 conspicuum pietas qua tua tollat, habet.
utere temporibus, quorum nunc munere facta est
 et patet in laudes area magna tuas.

IV

O qui, nominibus cum sis generosus avorum,
exsuperas morum nobilitate genus,
cuius inest animo patrii candoris imago,
non careat numeris candor ut iste suis,
cuius in ingenio est patriae facundia linguae, 5
qua prior in Latio non fuit ulla foro:
quod minime volui, positis pro nomine signis
dictus es: ignoscas laudibus ipse tuis.
nil ego peccavi; tua te bona cognita produnt;
si, quod es, appares, culpa soluta mea est. 10
nec tamen officium nostro tibi carmine factum
principe tam iusto posse nocere puto.
ipse pater patriae — quid enim est civilius illo? —
sustinet in nostro carmine saepe legi;
nec prohibere potest, quia res est publica Caesar, 15
et de communi pars quoque nostra bono est.
Iuppiter ingeniis praebet sua numina vatum,
seque celebrari quolibet ore sinit.
causa tua exemplo superiorum tuta deorum est,
quorum hic aspicitur, creditur ille deus. 20
ut non debuerim, tamen hoc ego crimen habebō:
non fuit arbitrii littera nostra tui.
nec nova, quod tecum loquor, est iniuria nostra,
incolumis cum quo saepe locutus eram.
quo vereare minus ne sim tibi crimen amicus, 25
invidiam, siqua est, auctor habere potest.
nam tuus est primis cultus mihi semper ab annis —
hoc certe noli dissimulare — pater,
ingeniumque meum (potes hoc meminisse) probabat
plus etiam quam me iudice dignus eram; 30
deque meis illo referebat versibus ore,
in quo pars magnae nobilitatis erat.
non igitur tibi nunc, quod me domus ista recepit,
sed prius auctori sunt data verba tuo.

nec data sunt, mihi crede, tamen, sed in omnibus actis, 35
ultima si demas, vita tuenda mea est.
hanc quoque, qua perii, culpam scelus esse negabis,
si tanti series sit tibi nota mali.
aut timor aut error nobis, prius obfuit error.
ah! sine me fati non meminisse mei; 40
neve retractando nondum coeuntia rumpam
vulnera: vix illis proderit ipsa quies.
ergo ut iure damus poenas, sic afuit omne
peccato facinus consiliumque meo;
idque deus sentit; pro quo nec lumen ademptum, 45
nec mihi detractas possidet alter opes.
forsitan hanc ipsam, vivam modo, finiet olim,
tempore cum fuerit lenior ira, fugam.
nunc precor hinc alio iubeat discedere, si non
nostra verecundo vota pudore carent. 50
mitius exilium pauloque propinquius opto,
quique sit a saevo longius hoste locus.
quantaque in Augusto clementia, si quis ab illo
hoc peteret pro me, forsitan ille daret.
frigida me cohibent Euxini litora Ponti: 55
dictus ab antiquis Axenus ille fuit.
nam neque iactantur moderatis aequora ventis,
nec placidos portus hospita navis adit.
sunt circa gentes, quae praedam sanguine quaerunt;
nec minus infida terra timetur aqua. 60
illi, quos audis hominum gaudere cruore,
paene sub eiusdem sideris axe iacent,
nec procul a nobis locus est, ubi Taurica dira
caede pharetratae spargitur ara deae.
haec prius, ut memorant, non invidiosa nefandis 65
nec cupienda bonis regna Thoantis erant.
hic pro supposita virgo Pelopeia cerva
sacra deae coluit qualiacumque suae.
quo postquam, dubium pius an sceleratus, Orestes
exactus Furiis venerat ipse suis, 70
et comes exemplum veri Phoeus amoris,

qui duo corporibus, mentibus unus erant,
protinus evincti tristem ducuntur ad aram,
 quae stabat geminas ante cruenta fores.
nec tamen hunc sua mors, nec mors sua terruit illum; 75
 alter ob alterius funera maestus erat.
et iam constiterat stricto mucrone sacerdos,
 cinxerat et Graias barbara vitta comas,
cum vice sermonis fratrem cognovit, et illi
 pro nece complexus Iphigenia dedit. 80
laeta deae signum crudelia sacra perosae
 transtulit ex illis in meliora locis.
haec igitur regio, magni paene ultima mundi,
 quam fugere homines dique, propinqua mihi est;
aque mea terra prope sunt funebria sacra, 85
 si modo Nasoni barbara terra sua est.
o utinam venti, quibus est ablatas Orestes,
 placato referant et mea vela deo!

V

O mihi dilectos inter pars prima sodales,
 unica fortunis ara reperta meis,
 cuius ab adloquiis anima haec moribunda revixit,
 ut vigil infusa Pallade flamma solet;
 qui veritus non es portus aperire fideles 5
 fulmine percussae confugiumque rati;
 cuius eram censu non me sensurus egentem,
 si Caesar patrias eripuisset opes:
 temporis oblitum dum me rapit impetus huius,
 excidit heu nomen quam mihi paene tuum! 10
 tu tamen agnoscis, tactusque cupidine laudis
 'ille ego sum' cuperes dicere posse palam.
 certe ego, si sineres, titulum tibi reddere vellem,
 et raram famae conciliare fidem.
 ne noceam grato vereor tibi carmine, neve 15
 intempestivus nominis obstet honor.
 quod licet et tutum est, intra tua pectora gaude
 meque tui memorem teque fuisse pium,
 utque facis, remis ad opem luctare ferendam,
 dum veniat placido mollior aura deo; 20
 et tutare caput nulli servabile, si non
 qui mersit Stygia sublevet illud aqua;
 teque, quod est rarum, praesta constanter ad omne
 indeclinatae munus amicitiae.
 sic tua processus habeat fortuna perennes, 25
 sic ope non egeas ipse iuvesque tuos;
 sic aequet tua nupta virum probitate perenni,
 incidat et vestro rara querela toro;
 diligit et semper socius te sanguinis illo,
 quo pius affectu Castora frater amat; 30
 sic iuvenis similisque tibi sit natus, et illum
 moribus agnoscat quilibet esse tuum;
 sic faciat socerum taeda te nata iugali,
 nec tardum iuveni det tibi nomen avi.

VI

Tempore ruricolae patiens fit taurus aratri,
praebet et incurvo colla premenda iugo;
tempore paret equus lentis animosus habenis,
et placido duros accipit ore lupos;
tempore Poenorum compescitur ira leonum, 5
nec feritas animo, quae fuit ante, manet;
quaeque sui monitis obtemperat Inda magistri
belua, servitium tempore victa subit.
tempus ut extensis tumeat facit uva racemis,
vixque merum capiant grana quod intus habent; 10
tempus et in canas semen producit aristas,
et ne sint tristi poma sapore cavet.
hoc tenuat dentem terras renovantis aratri,
hoc rigidas silices, hoc adamanta terit;
hoc etiam saevas paulatim mitigat iras, 15
hoc minuit luctus maestaque corda levat.
cuncta potest igitur tacito pede lapsa vetustas
praeterquam curas attenuare meas.
ut patria careo, bis frugibus area trita est,
dissiluit nudo pressa bis uva pede. 20
nec quaesita tamen spatio patientia longo est,
mensque mali sensum nostra recentis habet.
scilicet et veteres fugiunt iuga saeva iuveni,
et domitus freno saepe repugnat equus.
tristior est etiam praesens aerumna priore: 25
ut sit enim sibi par, crevit et aucta mora est.
nec tam nota mihi, quam sunt, mala nostra fuerunt;
nunc magis hoc, quo sunt cognitiora, gravant.
est quoque non nihilum vires afferre recentes,
nec praeconsumptum temporis esse malis. 30
fortior in fulva novus est luctator harena,
quam cui sunt tarda brachia fessa mora.
integer est melior nitidis gladiator in armis,
quam cui tela suo sanguine tincta rubent.

fert bene praecipites navis modo facta procellas: 35
 quamlibet exiguo solvitur imbre vetus.
nos quoque vix ferimus (tulimus patientius ante)
 quae mala sunt longa multiplicata die.
credite, deficio, nostrisque, a corpore quantum
 auguror, accedent tempora parva malis. 40
nam neque sunt vires, nec qui color esse solebat:
 vix habeo tenuem, quae tegat ossa, cutem.
corpore sed mens est aegro magis aegra, malique
 in circumspectu stat sine fine sui.
Vrbis abest facies, absunt, mea cura, sodales, 45
 et, qua nulla mihi carior, uxor abest.
vulgus adest Scythicum bracataque turba Getarum:
 sic me quae video non videoque movent.
una tamen spes est quae me soletur in istis,
 haec fore morte mea non diuturna mala.

VII

Bis me sol adiit gelidae post frigora brumae,
 bisque suum tacto Pisce peregit iter.
tempore tam longo cur non tua dextera versus
 quamlibet in paucos officiosa fuit?
cur tua cessavit pietas scribentibus illis, 5
 exiguus nobis cum quibus usus erat?
cur, quotiens alicui chartae sua vincula dempsi,
 illam speravi nomen habere tuum?
di faciant ut saepe tua sit epistula dextra
 scripta, sed e multis reddita nulla mihi. 10
quod precor, esse liquet: credam prius ora Medusae
 Gorgonis anguineis cincta fuisse comis,
esse canes utero sub virginis, esse Chimaeram,
 a truce quae flammis separet angue leam,
quadrupesque hominis cum pectore pectora iunctos, 15
 tergeminumque virum tergeminumque canem,
Sphingaque et Harpyias serpentipedesque Gigantas,
 centimanumque Gyn semibovemque virum.
haec ego cuncta prius, quam te, carissime, credam
 mutatum curam deposuisse mei. 20
innumeri montes inter me teque viaeque
 fluminaque et campi nec freta pauca iacent:
mille potest causis, a te quae littera saepe
 missa sit, in nostras rara venire manus;
mille tamen causas scribendo vince frequenter, 25
 excusem ne te semper, amice, mihi.

VIII

Iam mea cycneas imitantur tempora plumas,
inficit et nigras alba senecta comas.
iam subeunt anni fragiles et inertior aetas,
iamque parum firmo me mihi ferre grave est.
nunc erat, ut posito deberem fine laborum 5
vivere cor nullo sollicitante metu,
quaeque meae semper placuerunt otia menti
carpere et in studiis molliter esse meis,
et parvam celebrare domum veteresque Penates
et quae nunc domino rura paterna carent, 10
inque sinu dominae carisque sodalibus inque
securus patria consenuisse mea.
haec mea sic quondam peragi speraverat aetas;
hos ego sic annos ponere dignus eram.
non ita dis visum est, qui me terraque marique 15
actum Sarmaticis exposuere locis.
in cava ducuntur quassae navalia puppes,
ne temere in mediis dissoluantur aquis.
ne cadat et ~multas palmas inhonestet adeptus~
languidus in pratis gramina carpit equus. 20
miles ubi emeritis non est satis utilis annis,
ponit ad antiquos, quae tulit, arma Lares.
sic igitur, tarda vires minuente senecta,
me quoque donari iam rude tempus erat;
tempus erat nec me peregrinum ducere caelum, 25
nec siccam Getico fonte levare sitim,
sed modo, quos habui, vacuos secedere in hortos,
nunc hominum visu rursus et Vrbe frui.
sic animo quondam non divinante futura
optabam placide vivere posse senex. 30
fata repugnarunt, quae, cum mihi tempora prima
mollia praeberint, posteriora gravant.
iamque decem lustris omni sine labe peractis,
parte premor vitae deteriore meae;

nec procul a metis, quas paene tenere videbar, 35
 curriculo gravis est facta ruina meo.
ergo illum demens in me saevire coegi,
 mitius inmensus quo nihil orbis habet,
ipsaque delictis victa est clementia nostris,
 nec tamen errori vita negata meo est, 40
vita procul patria peragenda sub axe Boreo,
 qua maris Euxini terra sinistra iacet?
hoc mihi si Delphi Dodonaque diceret ipsa,
 esse videretur vanus uterque locus.
nil adeo validum est, adamas licet alliget illud, 45
 ut maneat rapido firmius igne Iovis;
nil ita sublime est supraque pericula tendit
 non sit ut inferius suppositumque deo.
nam quamquam vitio pars est contracta malorum,
 plus tamen exitii numinis ira dedit. 50
at vos admoniti nostris quoque casibus este,
 aequantem superos emeruisse virum.

IX

Si licet et pateris, nomen facinusque tacebo,
et tua Lethaeis acta dabuntur aquis,
nostraque vincetur lacrimis sententia seris,
fac modo te pateat paenituisse tui;
fac modo te damnes cupiasque eradere vitae 5
tempora, si possis, Tisiphonaea tuae.
sin minus, et flagrant odio tua pectora nostri,
induet infelix arma coacta dolor.
sim licet extremum, sicut sum, missus in orbem,
nostra suas isto porriget ira manus. 10
omnia, si nescis, Caesar mihi iura reliquit,
et sola est patria poena carere mea.
et patriam, modo sit sospes, speramus ab illo:
saepe Iovis telo quercus adusta viret.
denique vindictae si sit mihi nulla facultas, 15
Pierides vires et sua tela dabunt.
quod Scythicis habitem longe summotus in oris,
siccaeque sint oculis proxima signa meis,
nostra per immensas ibunt praeconia gentes,
quodque querar notum qua patet orbis erit. 20
ibit ad occasum quicquid dicemus ob ortu,
testis et Hesperiae vocis Eous erit.
trans ego tellurem, trans altas audiar undas,
et gemitus vox est magna futura mei;
nec tua te sontem tantummodo saecula norint, 25
perpetuae crimen posteritatis eris.
iam feror in pugnās et nondum cornua sumpsi,
nec mihi sumendi causa sit ulla velim.
Circus adhuc cessat; spargit iam torvus harenam
taurus et infesto iam pede pulsat humum. 30
hoc quoque, quam volui, plus est: cane, Musa, recessus,
dum licet huic nomen dissimulare suum.

X

Ille ego qui fuerim, tenerorum lusor amorum,
quem legis, ut noris, accipe posteritas.
Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis,
milia qui novies distat ab Vrbe decem.
editus hic ego sum nec non ut tempora noris, 5
cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.
si quid id est, usque a proavis vetus ordinis heres,
non modo fortunae munere factus eques.
nec stirps prima fui; genito sum fratre creatus,
qui tribus ante quater mensibus ortus erat. 10
Lucifer amborum natalibus affuit idem:
una celebrata est per duo liba dies;
haec est armiferae festis de quinque Minervae,
quae fieri pugna prima cruenta solet.
protinus excolimur teneri, curaque parentis 15
imus ad insignes Urbis ab arte viros.
frater ad eloquium viridi tendebat ab aevo,
fortia verbosi natus ad arma fori;
at mihi iam puero caelestia sacra placebant,
inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus. 20
saepe pater dixit 'studium quid inutile temptas?
Maeonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.'
motus eram dictis, totoque Helicone relicto
scribere temptabam verba soluta modis.
sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos, 25
et quod temptabam scribere versus erat.
interea tacito passu labentibus annis
liberior fratri sumpta mihique toga est,
induiturque umeris cum lato purpura clavo,
et studium nobis, quod fuit ante, manet. 30
iamque decem vitae frater geminaverat annos,
cum perit, et coepi parte carere mei.
cepimus et tenerae primos aetatis honores,
eque viris quondam pars tribus una fui.

curia restabat: clavi mensura coacta est; 35
maius erat nostris viribus illud onus.
nec patiens corpus, nec mens fuit apta labori,
sollicitaeque fugax ambitionis eram,
et petere Aoniae suadebant tuta sorores
otia, iudicio semper amata meo. 40
temporis illius colui fovique poetas,
quotque aderant vates, rebar adesse deos.
saepe suas volucres legit mihi grandior aevo,
quaeque necet serpens, quae iuvet herba, Macer.
saepe suos solitus recitare Propertius ignes 45
iure sodalicii, quo mihi iunctus erat.
Ponticus heroo, Bassus quoque clarus iambis
dulcia convictus membra fuere mei.
et tenuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures,
dum ferit Ausonia carmina culta lyra. 50
Vergilium vidi tantum, nec avara Tibullo
tempus amicitiae fata dedere meae.
successor fuit hic tibi, Galle, Propertius illi;
quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.
utque ego maiores, sic me coluere minores, 55
notaque non tarde facta Thalia mea est.
carmina cum primum populo iuvenilia legi,
barba resecta mihi bisve semelve fuit.
moverat ingenium totam cantata per Urbem
nomine non vero dicta Corinna mihi. 60
multa quidem scripsi, sed, quae vitiosa putavi,
emendaturis ignibus ipse dedi.
tunc quoque, cum fugerem, quaedam placitura cremavi
iratus studio carminibusque meis.
molle Cupidineis nec inexpugnabile telis 65
cor mihi, quodque levis causa moveret, erat.
cum tamen hic essem minimoque accenderer igni,
nomine sub nostro fabula nulla fuit.
paene mihi puero nec digna nec utilis uxor
est data, quae tempus perbreve nupta fuit. 70
illi successit, quamvis sine crimine coniunx,

non tamen in nostro firma futura toro.
ultima, quae mecum seros permansit in annos,
sustinuit coniunx exulis esse viri.
filia me mea bis prima fecunda iuventa, 75
sed non ex uno coniuge, fecit avum.
et iam complerat genitor sua fata novemque
addiderat lustris altera lustra novem.
non aliter flevi, quam me fleturus adempto
ille fuit; matri proxima iusta tuli. 80
felices ambo tempestiveque sepulti,
ante diem poenae quod periere meae!
me quoque felicem, quod non viventibus illis
sum miser, et de me quod doluere nihil!
si tamen extinctis aliquid nisi nomina restat, 85
et gracilis structos effugit umbra rogos,
fama, parentales, si vos mea contigit, umbrae,
et sunt in Stygio crimina nostra foro,
scite, precor, causam (nec vos mihi fallere fas est)
errorem iussae, non scelus, esse fugae. 90
manibus hoc satis est: ad vos, studiosa, revertor,
pectora, qui vitae quaeritis acta meae.
iam mihi canities pulsus melioribus annis
venerat, antiquas miscueratque comas,
postque meos ortus Pisaea vinctus oliva 95
abstulerat deciens praemia victor equus,
cum maris Euxini positos ad laeva Tomitas
quaerere me laesi principis ira iubet.
causa meae cunctis nimium quoque nota ruinae
indicio non est testificanda meo. 100
quid referam comitumque nefas famulosque nocentes?
ipsa multa tuli non leviora fuga.
indignata malis mens est succumbere seque
praestitit invictam viribus usa suis;
oblitusque mei ductaeque per otia vitae 105
insolita cepi temporis arma manu;
totque tuli terra casus pelagoque quot inter
occultum stellae conspicuumque polum.

tacta mihi tandem longis erroribus acto
iuncta pharetratis Sarmatis ora Getis. 110
hic ego, finitimis quamvis circumsoner armis,
tristia, quo possum, carmine fata levo.
quod quamvis nemo est, cuius referatur ad aures,
sic tamen absumo decipioque diem.
ergo quod vivo durisque laboribus obsto, 115
nec me sollicitae taedia lucis habent,
gratia, Musa, tibi: nam tu solacia praebes,
tu curae requies, tu medicina venis.
tu dux et comes es, tu nos abducis ab Histro,
in medioque mihi das Helicone locum; 120
tu mihi, quod rarum est, vivo sublime dedisti
nomen, ab exequiis quod dare fama solet.
nec, qui detrectat praesentia, Livor iniquo
ullum de nostris dente momordit opus.
nam tulerint magnos cum saecula nostra poetas, 125
non fuit ingenio fama maligna meo,
cumque ego praeponam multos mihi, non minor illis
dicor et in toto plurimus orbe legor.
si quid habent igitur vatum praesagia veri,
protinus ut moriar, non ero, terra, tuus. 130
sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam,
iure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.

LIBER QUINTUS

Hunc quoque de Getico, nostri studiose, libellum
litore praemissis quattuor adde meis.
Hic quoque talis erit, qualis fortuna poetae:
inuenies toto carmine dulce nihil.
Flebilis ut noster status est, ita flebile carmen,
materiae scripto conueniente suae.
Integer et laetus laeta et iuuenalia lusi:
illa tamen nunc me composuisse piget.
ut cecidi, subiti perago praeconia casus,
sumque argumenti conditor ipse mei.
utque iacens ripa deflere Caystrius ales
dicitur ore suam deficiente necem,
sic ego, Sarmaticas longe proiectus in oras,
efficio tacitum ne mihi funus eat.
Delicias siquis lasciuaque carmina quaerit,
praemoneo, non est scripta quod ista legat.
Aptior huic Gallus blandique Propertius oris,
aptior, ingenium come, Tibullus erit.
Atque utinam numero non nos essemus in isto!
ei mihi, cur umquam Musa iocata mea est?
Sed dedimus poenas, Scythicique in finibus Histri
ille pharetrati lusor Amoris abest.
Quod superest, animos ad publica carmina flexi,
et memores iussi nominis esse mei.
Si tamen ex uobis aliquis tam multa requireret,
unde dolenda canam, multa dolenda tuli.
Non haec ingenio, non haec componimus arte:
materia est propriis ingeniosa malis.
Et quota fortunae pars est in carmine nostrae?
Felix, qui patitur quae numerare potest!
Quot frutices siluae, quot flauas Thybris harenas,
mollia quot Martis gramina campus habet,
tot mala pertulimus, quorum medicina quiesque
nulla nisi in studio est Pieridumque mora.

“Quis tibi, Naso, modus lacrimosi carminis?” inquis:
idem, fortunae qui modus huius erit.
Quod querar, illa mihi pleno de fonte ministrat,
nec mea sunt, fati uerba sed ista mei.
At mihi si cara patriam cum coniuge reddas,
sint uultus hilares, simque quod ante fui.
Lenior inuicti si sit mihi Caesaris ira,
carmina laetitiae iam tibi plena dabo.
Nec tamen ut lusit, rursus mea littera ludet:
sit semel illa ioco luxuriata meo.
Quod probet ipse, canam. Poenae modo parte leuata
barbariam rigidos effugiamque Getas.
Interea nostri quid agant, nisi triste, libelli?
Tibia funeribus conuenit ista meis.
“At poteras” inquis “melius mala ferre silendo,
et tacitus casus dissimulare tuos.”
Exigis ut nulli gemitus tormenta sequantur,
acceptoque graui uulnere flere uetas?
Ipse Perilleo Phalaris permisit in aere
edere mugitus et bouis ore queri.
Cum Priami lacrimis offensus non sit Achilles,
tu fletus inhibes, durior hoste, meos?
Cum faceret Nioben orbam Latonia proles,
non tamen et siccas iussit habere genas.
Est aliquid, fatale malum per uerba leuare:
hoc querulam Procnem Halcyonenque facit.
Hoc erat, in gelido quare Poeantius antro
uoce fatigaret Lemnia saxa sua.
Strangulat inclusus dolor atque exaestuat intus,
cogitur et uires multiplicare suas.
Da ueniam potius, uel totos tolle libellos,
sic mihi quod prodest si tibi, lector, obest.
Sed neque obesse potest, ulli nee scripta fuerunt
nostra nisi auctori perniciosa suo.
“At mala sunt.” Fateor. Quis te mala sumere cogit?
Aut quis deceptum ponere sumpta uetat?
Ipse nec emendo, sed ut hic deducta legantur;

non sunt illa suo barbariora loco.
Nec me Roma suis debet conferre poetis:
inter Sauromatas ingeniosus eram.
Denique nulla mihi captatur gloria, quaeque
ingeniis stimulos subdere fama solet.
Nolumus assiduis animum tabescere curis,
quae tamen irrumpunt quoque uetantur eunt.
Cur scribam, docui. Cur mittam, quaeritis, isto?
uobiscum cupio quolibet esse modo.

II

Ecquid ubi e Ponto noua uenit epistula, palles,
et tibi sollicita soluitur illa manu?
Pone metum, ualeo; corpusque, quod ante laborum
inpatiens nobis inualidumque fuit,
sufficit, atque ipso uexatum induruit usu.
An magis infirmo non uacat esse mihi?
Mens tamen aegra iacet, nec tempore robora sumpsit,
affectusque animi, qui fuit ante, manet.
Quaeque mora spatiumque suo coitura putauit
uulnera non aliter quam modo facta dolent.
Scilicet exiguis prodest annosa uetustas;
grandibus accedunt tempore damna malis.
Paene decem totis aluit Poeantius annis
pestiferum tumido uulnus ab angue datum.
Telephus aeterna consumptus tabe perisset,
si non, quae nocuit, dextra tulisset opem.
Et mea, si facinus nullum commisimus, opto,
uulnera qui fecit, facta leuare uelit,
contentusque mei iam tandem parte doloris
exiguum pleno de mare demat aquae.
Detrahat ut multum, multum restabit acerbi,
parsque meae poenae totius instar erit.
Litora quot conchas, quot amoena rosaria flores,
quotue soporiferum grana papauer habet,
silua feras quot alit, quot piscibus unda natatur,
quot tenerum pennis aera pulsat auis,
tot premor aduersis: quae si comprehendere coner,
Icariae numerum dicere coner aquae.
utque uiae casus, ut amam pericula ponti,
ut taceam strictas in mea fata manus,
barbara me tellus orbisque nouissima magni
sustinet et saeuo cinctus ab hoste locus.
Hinc ego traicerer (neque enim mea culpa cruenta est)
esset, quae debet, si tibi cura mei.

Ille deus, bene quo Romana potentia nixa est,
saepe suo uictor lenis in hoste fuit.
Quid dubitas et tuta times? Accede rogaque:
Caesare nil ingens mitius orbis habet.
Me miserum! Quid agam, si proxima quaeque relinquunt?
Subtrahis effracto tu quoque colla iugo?
Quo ferar? unde petam lassis solacia rebus?
Ancora iam nostram non tenet ulla ratem.
Videris. Ipse sacram, quamuis inuisus, ad aram
confugiam: nullas summouet ara manus.
Alloquor en absens absentia numina supplex,
si fas est homini cum Ioue posse loqui.
Arbiter inperii, quo certum est sospite cunctos
Ausoniae curam gentis habere deos,
o decus, o patriae per te florentis imago,
o uir non ipso, quem regis, orbe minor
(sic habites terras et te desideret aether,
sic ad pacta tibi sidera tardus eas)
parce, precor, minimamque tuo de fulmine partem
deme: satis poenae, quod superabit, erit.
Ira quidem moderata tua est, uitamque dedisti,
nec mihi ius ciuis nec mihi nomen abest,
nec mea concessa est aliis fortuna, nec exul
edicti uerbis nominor ipse tui.
Omniaque haec timui, quia me meruisse uidebam;
sed tua peccato lenior ira meo est.
Arua relegatum iussisti uisere Ponti,
et Scythicum profuga scindere puppe fretum.
Iussus ad Euxini deformia litora ueni
aequoris (haec gelido terra sub axe iacet)
nec me tam cruciat numquam sine frigore caelum,
glaebaque canenti semper obusta gelu,
nesciaque est uocis quod barbara lingua Latinae,
Graecaque quod Getico uicta loquela sono est,
quam quod finitimo cinctus premor undique Marte,
uixque breuis tutum murus ab hoste facit.
Pax tamen interdum est, pacis fiducia numquam.

Sic hic nunc patitur, nunc timet arma locus.
Hinc ego dum muter, uel me Zancloa Charybdis
deuoret atque suis ad Styga mittat aquis,
uel rapidae flammis urar patienter in Aetnae,
uel freta Leucadii mittar in alta dei.
Quod petimus, poena est: neque enim miser esse recuso,
sed precor ut possim tutius esse miser.

III

Illa dies haec est, qua te celebrare poetae,
 si modo non fallunt tempora, Bacche, solent,
festaque odoratis innectunt tempora sertis,
 et dicunt laudes ad tua uina tuas.
Inter quos, memini, dum me mea fata sinebant,
 non inuisa tibi pars ego saepe fui,
quem nunc suppositum stellis Cynosuridos Vrsae
 iuncta tenet crudis Sarmatis ora Getis.
Quique prius mollem uacuamque laboribus egi
 in studiis uitam Pieridumque choro,
nunc procul a patria Geticis circumsonor armis,
 multa prius pelago multaque passus humo.
Siue mihi casus siue hoc dedit ira deorum,
 nubila nascenti seu mihi Parca fuit,
tu tamen e sacris hederæ cultoribus unum
 numine debueras sustinuisse tuo.
An dominae fati quicquid cecinere sorores,
 omne sub arbitrio desinit esse dei?
Ipse quoque aetherias meritis inuectus es arces,
 quo non exiguo facta labore uia est.
Nec patria est habitata tibi, sed adusque niuosum
 Strymona uenisti Marticolamque Geten,
Persidaque et lato spatiantem flumine Gangen,
 et quascumque bibit decolor Indus aquas.
Scilicet hanc legem nentes fatalia Parcae
 stamina bis genito bis cecinere tibi.
Me quoque, si fas est exemplis ire deorum,
 ferrea sors uitae difficilisque premit.
Illo nec leuius cecidi, quem magna locutum
 reppulit a Thebis Iuppiter igne suo.
ut tamen audisti percussum fulmine uatem,
 admonitu matris condoluisse potes,
et potes aspiciens circum tua sacra poetas
 “nescioquis nostri” dicere “cultor abest.”

Fer, bone Liber, opem: sic altera degraueſt ulmum
uitis et inſuſo plena ſit uua mero,
ſic tibi cum Bacchiſ Satyrorum gnaua iuuentus
aſſit, et attonito non taceare ſono,
oſſa bipenniferi ſic ſint male preſſa Lycurgi,
impia nec poena Pentheos umbra uacet,
ſic micet aeternum uicinaque ſidera uincat
coniugis in caelo clara corona tuae:
huc ades et caſus releues, pulcherrime, noſtros,
unum de numero me memor eſſe tuo.
Sunt diſ inter ſe commercia. Flectere tempta
Caſareum numen numine, Bacche, tuo.
Voſ quoque, conſortes ſtudii, pia turba, poetae,
haec eadem ſumpto quiſque rogate mero.
Atque aliquiſ ueſtrum, Naſoniſ nomine dicto,
opponat lacrimis pocula mixta ſuiſ,
admonituſque mei, cum circumſpexerit omneſ,
dicat “ubi eſt noſtri pars modo Naſo chori?”
Idque ita, ſi ueſtrum merui candore fauorem,
nullaque iudicio littera laeſa meo eſt,
ſi, ueterum digne ueneror cum ſcripta uirorum,
proxima non illiſ eſſe minora reor.
Sic igitur dextro faciatiſ Apolline carmen:
quod licet, inter uoſ nomen habete meum.

IV

Litore ab Euxino Nasonis epistula ueni,
lassaque facta mari lassaque facta uia,
qui mihi flens dixit “tu, cui licet, aspice Romam.
Heu quanto melior sors tua sorte mea est!”
Flens quoque me scripsit: nec qua signabar, ad os est
ante, sed ad madidas gemma relata genas.
Tristitiae causam siquis cognoscere quaerit,
ostendi solem postulat ille sibi,
nec frondem in siluis, nec aperto mollia prato
gramina, nec pleno flumine cernit aquam;
quid Priamus doleat, mirabitur, Hectore raptō,
quidue Philoctetes ictus ab angue gemat.
Di facerent utinam talis status esset in illo,
ut non tristitiae causa dolenda foret!
Fert tamen, ut debet, casus patienter amaro,
more nec indomiti frena recusat equi.
Nec fore perpetuam sperat sibi numinis iram,
consciū in culpa non scelus esse sua.
Saepe refert, sit quanta dei clementia, cuius
se quoque in exemplis adnumerare solet:
nam, quod opes teneat patrias, quod nomina ciuis,
denique quod uiuat, munus habere dei.
Te tamen (o, si quid credis mihi, carior illi
omnibus) in toto pectore semper habet;
teque Menoetiaden, te, qui comitatus Oresten,
te uocat Aegiden Euryalumque suum.
Nec patriam magis ille suam desiderat et quae
plurima cum patria sentit abesse sibi,
quam uultus oculosque tuos, o dulcior illo
melle, quod in ceris Attica ponit apis.
Saepe etiam maerens tempus reminiscitur illud,
quod non praeuentum morte fuisse dolet;
cumque alii fugerent subitae contagia cladis,
nec uellent ictae limen adire domus,

te sibi cum paucis meminit mansisse fidelem,
 si paucos aliquis tresue duosue uocat.
Quamuis attonitus, sensit tamen omnia, nec te
 se minus aduersis indoluisse suis.
Verba solet uultumque tuum gemitusque referre,
 et te flente suos emaduisse sinus:
quam sibi praestiteris, qua consolatus amicum
 sis ope, solandus cum simul ipse fores.
Pro quibus affirmat fore se memoremque piumque,
 siue diem uideat siue tegatur humo,
per caput ipse suum solitus iurare tuumque,
 quod scio non illi uilius esse suo.
Plena tot ac tantis referetur gratia factis,
 nec sinet ille tuos litus arare boues.
Fac modo, constanter profugum tueare: quod ille,
 qui bene te nouit, non rogat, ipsa rogo.

V

Annuus assuetum dominae natalis honorem
exigit: ite manus ad pia sacra meae.
Sic quondam festum Laertius egerat heros
forsan in extremo coniugis orbe diem.
Lingua fauens adsit, nostrorum oblita malorum,
quae, puto, dedidicit iam bona uerba loqui:
quaeque semel toto uestis mihi sumitur anno,
sumatur fatis discolor alba meis;
araque gramineo uiridis de caespite fiat,
et uelet tepidos nexa corona focos.
da mihi tura, puer, pingues facientia flammās,
quodque pio fusum stridat in igne merum.
Optime natalis! Quamuis procul absumus, opto
candidus huc uenias dissimilisque meo,
si quod et instabat dominae miserabile uulnus
sit perfuncta meis tempus in omne malis;
quaeque graui nuper plus quam quassata procella est,
quod superest, tutum per mare nauis eat.
Illa domo nataque sua patriaque fruatur
(erepta haec uni sit satis esse mihi)
quatenus et non est in caro coniuge felix
pars uitae tristi cetera nube uacet.
Viuat, ametque uirum, quoniam sic cogitur, absens,
consumatque annos, sed diuturna, suos.
Adicerem et nostros, sed ne contagia fati
corrumpant timeo, quos agit ipsa, mei.
Nil homini certum est. Fieri quis posse putaret,
ut facerem in mediis haec ego sacra Getis?
Aspice ut aum tamen fumos e ture coortos
in partes Italas et loca dextra ferat.
Sensus inest igitur nebulis, quas exigit ignis:
consilio fugiunt aethera, Ponte, tuum.
Consilio, commune sacrum cum fiat in ara
fratribus, alterna qui periere manu,

ipsa sibi discors, tamquam mandetur ab illis,
 scinditur in partes atra fauilla duas.
Hoc, memini, quondam fieri non posse loquebar,
 et me Battiades iudice falsus erat:
omnia nunc credo, cum tu non stultus ab Arcto
 terga uapor dederis Ausoniamque petas.
Haec ergo lux est, quae si non orta fuisset,
 nulla fuit misero festa uidenda mihi.
Edidit haec mores illis heroisin aequos,
 quis erat Eetion Icariusque pater.
Nata pudicitia est, uirtus probitasque, fidesque,
 at non sunt ista gaudia nata die,
sed labor et curae fortunaque moribus inpar,
 iustaque de uiduo paene querela toro.
Scilicet aduersis probitas exercita rebus
 tristi materiam tempore laudis habet.
Si nihil infesti durus uidisset Vlixes,
 Penelope felix sed sine laude foret.
Victor Echionias si uir penetrasset in arces,
 forsitan Euadnen uix sua nosset humus.
Cum Pelia genitae tot sint, cur nobilis una est?
 Nempe fuit misero nupta quod una uiro.
Effice ut Iliacas tangat prior alter harenas,
 Laudamia nihil cur referatur erit.
Et tua, quod malles, pietas ignota maneret,
 implerent uenti si mea uela sui.
Di tamen et Caesar dis accessure, sed olim,
 aequarint Pylios cum tua fata dies,
non mihi, qui poenam fateor meruisse, sed illi
 parcite, quae nullo digna dolore dolet.

VI

Tu quoque, nostrarum quondam fiducia rerum,
qui mihi confugium, qui mihi portus eras,
tu quoque suscepti curam dimittis amici,
officiiue pium tam cito ponis onus?
sarcina sum, fateor, quam si non tempore nostro
depositurus eras, non subeunda fuit.
Fluctibus in mediis nauem, Palinure, relinquis?
Ne fuge, neue tua sit minor arte fides.
Numquid Achilleos inter fera proelia fidi
deseruit leuitas Automedontis equos?
Quem semel exceptit, numquam Podalirius aegro
promissam medicae non tulit artis opem.
Turpius eicitur, quam non admittitur hospes
quae patuit, dextrae firma sit ara meae.
Nil nisi me solum primo tutatus es; at nunc
me pariter serua iudiciumque tuum,
si modo non aliqua est in me noua culpa, tuamque
mutarunt subito crimina nostra fidem.
Spiritus hic, Scythica quem non bene ducimus aura,
quod cupio, membris exeat ante meis,
quam tua delicto stringantur pectora nostro,
et uidear merito uilior esse tibi.
Non adeo toti fatis urgemur iniquis,
ut mea sit longis mens quoque mota malis.
Finge tamen motam, quotiens Agamemnone natum
dixisse in Pyladen improba uerba putas?
Nec procul a uero est quin et pulsarit amicum:
mansit in officiis non minus ille suis.
Hoc est cum miseris solum commune beatis,
ambobus tribui quod solet obsequium:
ceditur et caecis et quos praetexta uerendos
uirgaue cum uerbis inperiosa facit.
Si mihi non parcis, fortunae parcere debes:
non habet in nobis ullius ira locum.

Elige nostrorum minimum minimumque laborum,
isto, quod reris, grandius illud erit.

Quam multa madidae celantur harundine fossae,
florida quam multas Hybla tuetur apes,
quam multae gracili terrena sub horrea ferre
limite formicae grana reperta solent,
tam me circumstat densorum turba malorum.

Crede mihi, uero est nostra querela minor.
His qui contentus non est, in litus harenas,
in segetem spicas, in mare fundat aquas.
Intempestiuos igitur compesce tumores,
uela nec in medio desere nostra mari.

VII

Quam legis, ex illa tibi uenit epistula terra,
latus ubi aequoreis additur Hister aquis.
Si tibi contingit cum dulci uita salute,
candida fortunae pars manet uria meae.
Scilicet, ut semper, quid agam, carissime, quaeris,
quamuis hoc uel me scire tacente potes.
Sum miser, haec breuis est nostrorum summa malorum,
quisquis et offenso Caesare uiuit, erit.
Turba Tomitanae quae sit regionis et inter
quos habitem mores, discere cura tibi est?
Mixta sit haec quamuis inter Graecosque Getasque,
a male pacatis plus trahit ora Getis.
Sarmaticae maior Geticaeque frequentia gentis
per medias in equis itque reditque uias.
In quibus est nemo, qui non coryton et arcum
telaque uipereo lurida felle gerat.
Vox fera, trux uultus, uerissima Martis imago,
non coma, non ulla barba resecta manu,
dextera non segnis fixo dare uulnera cultro,
quem iunctum lateri barbarus omnis habet.
Viuit in his heu nunc, lusorum oblitus amorum,
hos uidet, hos uates audit, amice, tuus:
atque utinam uiuat non et moriatur in illis,
absit ab inuisis et tamen umbra locis.
Carmina quod pleno saltari nostra theatro,
uersibus et plaudi scribis, amice, meis,
nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) theatri,
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.
Non tamen ingratum est, quodcumque obliuia nostri
impedit et profugi nomen in ora refert.
Quamuis interdum, quae me laesisse recordor,
carmina deuoueo Pieridasque meas,
cum bene deuoui, nequeo tamen esse sine illis
uulneribusque meis tela cruenta sequor,

quaeque modo Euboicis lacerata est fluctibus, audet
Graia Capheream currere puppis aquam.
Nec tamen, ut lauder, uigilo curamque futuri
nominis, utilius quod latuisset, ago.
Detineo studiis animum falloque dolores,
experior curis et dare uerba meis.
Quid potius faciam desertis solus in oris,
quamue malis aliam quaerere coner opem?
Siue locum specto, locus est inamabilis, et quo
esse nihil toto tristius orbe potest,
siue homines, uix sunt homines hoc nomine digni,
quamque lupi, saeuae plus feritatis habent.
Non metuunt leges, sed cedit uiribus aequum,
uictaque pugnaci iura sub ense iacent.
Pellibus et laxis arcent mala frigora braxis,
oraeque sunt longis horrida tecta comis.
In paucis remanent Graecae uestigia linguae,
haec quoque iam Getico barbara facta sono.
unus in hoc nemo est populo, qui forte Latine
quaelibet e medio reddere uerba queat.
Ille ego Romanus uates (ignoscite, Musae)
Sarmatico cogor plurima more loqui.
En pudet et fateor, iam desuetudine longa
uix subeunt ipsi uerba Latina mihi.
Nec dubito quin sint et in hoc non pauca libello
barbara: non hominis culpa, sed ista loci.
Ne tamen Ausoniae perdam commercia linguae,
et fiat patrio uox mea muta sono,
ipse loquor mecum desuetaque uerba retracto,
et studii repeto signa sinistra mei.
Sic animum tempusque traho, sic meque reduco
a contemplatu summoueoque mali.
Carminibus quaero miserarum obliuia rerum:
praemia si studio consequar ista, sat est.

VIII

Non adeo cecidi, quamuis abiectus, ut infra
te quoque sim, inferius quo nihil esse potest.
Quae tibi res animos in me facit, improbe? Curue
casibus insultas, quos potes ipse pati?
Nec mala te reddunt mitem placidumque iacenti
nostra, quibus possint inlacrimare ferae;
nec metuis dubio Fortunae stantis in orbe
numen, et exosae uerba superba deae.
Exigit a dignis ultrix Rhamnusia poenas:
inposito calcas quid mea fata pede?
Vidi ego naufragium qui risit in aequora mergi,
et “numquam” dixi “iustior unda fuit.”
Vilia qui quondam miseris alimenta negarat,
nunc mendicato pascitur ipse cibo.
Passibus ambiguus Fortuna uolubilis errat
et manet in nullo certa tenaxque loco,
sed modo laeta uenit, uultus modo sumit acerbos,
et tantum constans in leuitate sua est.
Nos quoque floruius, sed flos erat ille caducus,
flammaque de stipula nostra breuisque fuit.
Neue tamen tota capias fera gaudia mente,
non est placandi spes mihi nulla dei,
uel quia peccaui citra scelus, utque pudore
non caret, inuidia sic mea culpa caret,
uel quia nil ingens ad finem solis ab ortu
illo, cui paret, mitius orbis habet.
Scilicet ut non est per uim superabilis ulli,
molle cor ad timidas sic habet ille preces,
exemploque deum, quibus accessurus et ipse est,
cum poenae uenia plura roganda dabit.
Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,
inuenies nitidum saepius isse diem
ergo ne nimium nostra laetere ruina,
restitui quondam me quoque posse puta:

posse puta fieri lenito principe uultus
ut uideas media tristis in urbe meos,
utque ego te uideam causa grauiore fugatum,
haec sunt a primis proxima uota meis.

IX

O tua si sineres in nostris nomina poni
carminibus, positus quam mihi saepe fores!
Te canerem solum, meriti memor, inque libellis
creuisset sine te pagina nulla meis.
Quid tibi deberem, tota sciretur in urbe,
exul in amissa si tamen urbe legor.
Te praesens mitem nosset, te senior aetas,
scripta uetustatem si modo nostra ferunt,
nec tibi cessaret doctus bene dicere lector:
hic te seruato uate maneret honor.
Caesaris est primum munus, quod ducimus auras;
gratia post magnos est tibi habenda deos.
Ille dedit uitam; tu, quam dedit ille, tueris,
et facis accepto munere posse frui.
Cumque perhorruerit casus pars maxima nostros,
pars etiam credi pertimuisse uelit,
naufragiumque meum tumulo spectarit ab alto,
nec dederit nanti per freta saeua manum,
seminecem Stygia reuocasti solus ab unda.
Hoc quoque, quod memores possumus esse, tuum est.
Di tibi se tribuant cum Caesare semper amicos:
non potuit uotum plenius esse meum.
Haec meus argutis, si tu paterere, libellis
poneret in multa luce uidenda labor;
nunc quoque se, quamuis est iussa quiescere, quin te
nominet inuitum, uix mea Musa tenet.
utque canem pauidae nactum uestigia ceruae
latrantem frustra copula dura tenet,
utque fores nondum reserati carceris acer
nunc pede, nunc ipsa fronte laccessit equus,
sic mea lege data uincta atque inclusa Thalia
per titulum uetiti nominis ire cupit.
Ne tamen officio memoris laedaris amici,
parebo iussis (parce timere) tuis.

At non parerem, nisi me meminisse putares.

Hoc quod non prohibet uox tua, gratus ero.

Dumque (quod o breue sit!) lumen uitale uidebo,
seruiet officio spiritus iste tuo.

X

Vt sumus in Ponto, ter frigore constitit Hister,
facta est Euxini dura ter unda maris.
At mihi iam uideor patria procul esse tot annis,
Dardana quot Graio Troia sub hoste fuit.
Stare putes, adeo procedunt tempora tarde,
et peragit lentis passibus annus iter.
Nec mihi solstitium quicquam de noctibus aufert,
efficit angustos nec mihi bruma dies.
Scilicet in nobis rerum natura nouata est,
cumque meis curis omnia longa facit.
An peragunt solitos communia tempora motus,
stantque magis uitae tempora dura meae?
Quem tenet Euxini mendax cognomine litus,
et Scythici uere terra sinistra freti.
Innumerae circa gentes fera bella minantur,
quae sibi non raptu uiuere turpe putant.
Nil extra tutum est: tumulus defenditur ipse
moenibus exiguis ingenioque loci.
Cum minime credas, ut aues, densissimus hostis
aduolat, et praedam uix bene uisus agit.
Saepe intra muros clausis uenientia portis
per medias legimus noxia tela uias.
Est igitur rarus, rus qui colere audeat, isque
hac arat infelix, hac tenet arma manu.
Sub galea pastor iunctis pice cantat auenis,
proque lupo pauidae bella uerentur oues.
Vix ope castelli defendimur; et tamen intus
mixta facit Graecis barbara turba metum.
Quippe simul nobis habitat discrimine nullo
barbarus et tecti plus quoque parte tenet.
Quorum ut non timeas, possis odisse uidendo
pellibus et longa pectora tecta coma.
Hos quoque, qui geniti Graia creduntur ab urbe,
pro patrio cultu Persica braca tegit.

Exercent illi sociae commercia linguae:
per gestum res est significanda mihi.
Barbarus hic ego sum, qui non intellegor ulli,
et rident stolidi uerba Latina Getae;
meque palam de me tuto mala saepe loquuntur,
forsitan obiciunt exiliumque mihi.
utque fit, in me aliquid ficti, dicentibus illis
abnuerim quotiens annuerimque, putant.
Adde quod iniustum rigido ius dicitur ense,
dantur et in medio uulnera saepe foro.
O duram Lachesin, quae tam graue sidus habenti
fila dedit uitae non breuiora meae!
Quod patriae uultu uestroque caremus, amici,
atque hic in Scythicis gentibus esse queror:
utraque poena grauis. Merui tamen urbe carere,
non merui tali forsitan esse loco.
Quid loquor, a! Demens? Ipsam quoque perdere uitam,
Caesaris offenso numine. Dignus eram.

XI

Quod te nescioquis per iurgia dixerit esse
exulis uxorem, littera questa tua est.
Indolui, non tam mea quod fortuna male audit,
qui iam consueui fortiter esse miser,
quam quod cui minime uellem, sum causa pudoris,
teque reor nostris erubuisse malis.
Perfer et obdura; multo grauiora tulisti,
eripuit cum me principis ira tibi.
Fallitur iste tamen, quo iudice nominor exul:
mollior est culpam poena secuta meam.
Maxima poena mihi est ipsum offendisse, priusque
uenisset mallet funeris hora mihi.
Quassa tamen nostra est, non mersa nec obruta nauis,
utque caret portu, sic tamen exstat aquis.
Nec uitam nec opes nec ius mihi ciuis ademit,
qui merui uitio perdere cuncta meo.
Sed quia peccato facinus non affuit illi,
nil nisi me patriis iussit abesse focis.
utque aliis, quorum numerum comprehendere non est
Caesareum numen sic mihi mite fuit.
Ipse relegati, non exulis utitur in me
nomine: tuta suo iudice causa mea est.
Iure igitur laudes, Caesar, pro parte uirili
carmina nostra tuas qualiacumque canunt:
iure deos, ut adhuc caeli tibi limina claudant,
teque uelint sine se, comprecor, esse deum.
Optat idem populus; sed, ut in mare flumina uastum,
sic solet exiguae currere riuus aquae.
At tu fortuna, cuius uocor exul ab ore,
nomine mendaci parce grauare meam.

XII

Scribis, ut oblectem studio lacrimabile tempus,
ne pereant turpi pectora nostra situ.
Difficile est quod, amice, mones, quia carmina laetum
sunt opus, et pacem mentis habere uolunt.
Nostra per aduersas agitur fortuna procellas,
sorte nec ulla mea tristior esse potest.
Exigis ut Priamus natorum funere plaudat,
et Niobe festos ducat ut orba choros.
Luctibus an studio uideor debere teneri,
solus in extremos iussus abire Getas?
Des licet in ualido pectus mihi robore fultum,
fama refert Anyti quale fuisse reo,
fracta cadet tantae sapientia mole ruinae:
plus ualet humanis uiribus ira dei.
Ille senex, dictus sapiens ab Apolline, nullum
scribere in hoc casu sustinuisset opus.
ut ueniant patriae, ueniant obliuia uestri,
omnis ut amissi sensus abesse queat,
at timor officio fungi uetat ipse quietum:
cinctus ab innumero me tenet hoste locus.
Adde quod ingenium longa rubigine laesum
torpet et est multo, quam fuit ante, minus.
Fertilis, assiduo si non renouetur aratro,
nil nisi cum spinis gramen habebit ager.
Tempore qui longo steterit, male curret et inter
carceribus missos ultimus ibit equus.
Vertitur in teneram cariem rimisque dehiscit,
siqua diu solitis cumba uacauit aquis.
Me quoque despera, fuerim cum paruus et ante,
illi, qui fueram, posse redire parem.
Contudit ingenium patientia longa malorum,
et pars antiqui nulla uigoris adest.
Siqua tamen nobis, ut nunc quoque, sumpta tabella est,
inque suos uolui cogere uerba pedes,

carmina nulla mihi sunt scripta, aut qualia cernis
digna sui domini tempore, digna loco.
Denique “non paruas animo dat gloria uires,
et fecunda facit pectora laudis amor.”
Nominis et famae quondam fulgore trahebar,
dum tulit antemnas aura secunda meas.
Non adeo est bene nunc ut sit mihi gloria curae:
si liceat, nulli cognitus esse uelim.
An quia cesserunt primo bene carmina, suades
scribere, successus ut sequar ipse meos?
Pace, nouem, uestra liceat dixisse, sorores:
uos estis nostrae maxima causa fugae.
utque dedit iustas tauri fabricator aeni,
sic ego do poenas artibus ipse meis.
Nil mihi debebat cum uersibus amplius esse,
at, puto, si demens studium fatale retemptem,
hic mihi praebebit carminis arma locus.
Non liber hic ullus, non qui mihi commodet aurem,
uerbaque significant quid mea, norit, adest.
Omnia barbariae loca sunt uocisque ferinae,
omniaque hostilis plena timore soni.
Ipse mihi uideor iam dedidicisse Latine:
nam didici Getice Sarmaticeque loqui.
Nec tamen, ut uerum fatear tibi, nostra teneri
a componendo carmine Musa potest.
Scribimus et scriptos absumimus igne libellos:
exitus est studii parua fauilla mei.
Nec possum et cupio non nullos ducere uersus:
ponitur idcirco noster in igne labor,
nec nisi pars casu flammis erepta doloue
ad uos ingenii peruenit ulla mei.
Sic utinam, quae nil metuentem tale magistrum
perdidit, in cineres Ars mea uersa foret!

XIII

Hanc tuus e Getico mittit tibi Naso salutem,
mittere si quisquam, quo caret ipse, potest.
Aeger enim traxi contagia corpore mentis,
libera tormento pars mihi ne qua uacet.
Perque dies multos lateris cruciatibus utor;
scilicet inmodico frigore laesit hiems.
Si tamen ipse uales, aliqua nos parte ualemus:
quippe mea est umeris fulta ruina tuis.
Quid, mihi cum dederis ingentia pignora, cumque
per numeros omnes hoc tueare caput,
quod tua me raro solatur epistula, peccas,
remque piam praestas, sed mihi uerba negas?
Hoc, precor, emenda: quod si correxeris unum,
nullus in egregio corpore naeuus erit.
Pluribus accusem, fieri nisi possit, ut ad me
littera non ueniat, missa sit illa tamen.
Di faciant, ut sit temeraria nostra querela,
teque putem falso non meminisse mei.
Quod precor, esse liquet: neque enim mutabile robur
credere me fas est pectoris esse tui.
Cana prius gelido desint absinthia Ponto,
et careat dulci Trinacris Hybla thymo,
inmemorem quam te quisquam conuincat amici.
Non ita sunt fati stamina nigra mei.
Tu tamen, ut possis falsae quoque pellere culpae
crimina, quod non es, ne uideare, caue.
utque solebamus consumere longa loquendo
tempora, sermoni deficiente die,
sic ferat ac referat tacitas nunc littera uoces,
et peragant linguae charta manusque uices.
Quod fore ne nimium uidear diffidere, sitque
uersibus hoc paucis admonuisse satis,
accipe quo semper finitur epistula uerbo,
(atque meis distent ut tua fata!) “uale”.

XIV

Quanta tibi dederim nostris monumenta libellis,
o mihi me coniunx carior, ipsa uides.
Detrahat auctori multum fortuna licebit,
tu tamen ingenio clara ferere meo;
dumque legar, mecum pariter tua fama legetur,
nec potes in maestos omnis abire rogos;
cumque uiri casu possis miseranda uideri,
inuenies aliquas, quae, quod es, esse uelint,
quae te, nostrorum cum sis in parte malorum,
felicem dicant inuideantque tibi.
Non ego diuitias dando tibi plura dedissem:
nil feret ad Manes diuitis umbra suos.
Perpetui fructum donauit nominis idque,
quo dare nil potui munere maius, habes.
Adde quod, ut rerum sola es tutela mearum,
ad te non parui uenit honoris onus,
quod numquam uox est de te mea muta tuique
indiciis debes esse superba uiri.
Quae ne quis possit temeraria dicere, persta,
et pariter serua meque piamque fidem.
Nam tua, dum stetimus, turpi sine crimine mansit,
et tantum probitas inreprehensa fuit.
Area de nostra nunc est tibi facta ruina;
conspicuum uirtus hic tua ponat opus.
Esse bonam facile est, ubi, quod uetet esse, remotum est,
et nihil officio nupta quod obstet habet.
Cum deus intonuit, non se subducere nimbo,
id demum est pietas, id socialis amor.
Rara quidem uirtus, quam non Fortuna gubernet,
quae maneat stabili, cum fugit ilia, pede.
Siqua tamen pretium sibi uirtus ipsa petitum,
inque parum lactis ardua rebus adest,
ut tempus numeres, per saecula nulla tacetur,
et loca mirantur qua patet orbis iter.

Aspicias ut longo teneat laudabilis aevo
nomen inextinctum Penelopea fides?
Cernis ut Admeti cantetur et Hectoris uxor
ausaque in accensos Iphias ire rogos?
ut uiuat fama coniunx Phylaceia, cuius
Iliacam celeri uir pede pressit humum?
Morte nihil opus est pro me, sed amore fideque:
non ex difficili fama petenda tibi est.
Nec te credideris, quia non facis, ista moneri:
uela damus, quamuis remige puppis eat.
Qui monet ut facias, quod iam facis, ille monendo
laudat et hortatu comprobat acta suo.

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LIBER PRIMVS

I. BRVTO

Naso Tomitanae iam non nouus incola terrae
hoc tibi de Getico litore mittit opus.
Si uacat, hospitio peregrinos, Brute, libellos
excipe dumque aliquo, quolibet abde modo.
Publica non audent intra monimenta uenire, 5
ne suus hoc illis clausurit auctor iter.
A, quotiens dixi: 'Certe nil turpe docetis,
ite, patet castis uersibus ille locus.'
Non tamen accedunt, sed, ut aspicias ipse, latere
sub lare priuato tutius esse putant. 10
Quaeris ubi hos possis nullo componere laeso?
Qua steterant Artes, pars uacat illa tibi.
Quid ueniant nouitate roges fortasse sub ipsa.
Accipe quodcumque est, dummodo non sit amor.
Inuenies, quamuis non est miserabilis index, 15
non minus hoc illo triste quod ante dedi.
Rebus idem titulo differt, et epistula cui sit
non occultato nomine missa docet.
Nec uos hoc uultis, sed nec prohibere potestis
Musaque ad inuitos officiosa uenit. 20
Quicquid id est, adiunge meis; nihil inpedit ortos
exule seruatis legibus Vrbe frui.
Quod metuas non est: Antoni scripta leguntur
doctus et in promptu scrinia Brutus habet.
Nec me nominibus furiosus confero tantis: 25
saeua deos contra non tamen arma tuli.
Denique Caesareo, quod non desiderat ipse,
non caret e nostris ullus honore liber.
Si dubitas de me, laudes admitte deorum
et carmen dempto nomine sume meum. 30
Adiuuat in bello pacatae ramus oliuae
proderit auctorem pacis habere nihil?
Cum foret Aeneae ceruix subiecta parenti,
dicitur ipsa uiro flamma dedisse uiam.

Fert liber Aeneaden, et non iter omne patebit? 35
At patriae pater hic, ipsius ille fuit.
Ecquis ita est audax ut limine cogat abire
iactantem Pharia tinnula sinistra manu?
Ante deum Matrem cornu tibicen adunco
cum canit, exiguae quis stipis aera negat? 40
Scimus ab imperio fieri nil tale Dianae;
unde tamen uiuat uaticinator habet.
Ipsa mouent animos superiorum numina nostros
turpe nec est tali credulitate capi.
En, ego pro sistro Phrygiique foramine buxi 45
gentis Iuleae nomina sancta fero.
Vaticinor moneoque: locum date sacra ferenti;
non mihi, sed magno poscitur ille deo,
nec, quia uel merui uel sensi principis iram,
a nobis ipsum nolle putate coli. 50
Vidi ego linigerae numen uiolasse fatentem
Isidis Isiacos ante sedere focos.
Alter ob huic similem priuatus lumine culpam
clamabat media se meruisse uia.
Talia caelestes fieri praeconia gaudent, 55
ut sua quid ualeant numina teste probent.
Saepe leuant poenas ereptaque lumina reddunt,
cum bene peccati paenituisse uident.
Paenitet, o! si quid miserorum creditur ulli,
paenitet et facto torqueor ipse meo. 60
Cumque sit exilium, magis est mihi culpa dolori
estque pati poenam quam meruisse minus.
Vt mihi di faueant, quibus est manifestior ipse,
poena potest demi, culpa perennis erit.
Mors faciet certe ne sim, cum uenerit, exul; 65
ne non peccarim mors quoque non faciet.
Non igitur mirum, si mens mea tabida facta
de niue manantis more liquescit aquae.
Estur ut occulta uitata teredine nauis,
aequorei scopulos ut cauat unda salis, 70
roditur ut scabra positum rubigine ferrum,

conditus ut tineae carpitur ore liber,
sic mea perpetuos curarum pectora morsus,
 fine quibus nullo conficiantur, habent.
Nec prius hi mentem stimuli quam uita relinquet 75
 quique dolet citius quam dolor ipse cadet.
Hoc mihi si superi, quorum sumus omnia, credent,
 forsitan exigua dignus habebor ope,
inque locum Scythico uacuum mutabor ab arcu.
 Plus isto duri si precer oris ero.

II. FABIO MAXIMO

Maxime, qui tanti mensuram nominis inples
et geminas animi nobilitate genus,
qui nasci ut posses, quamuis cecidere trecenti,
non omnis Fabios abstulit una dies,
forsitan haec a quo mittatur epistula quaeras, 5
quisque loquar tecum certior esse uelis.
Ei mihi! quid faciam? Vereor ne nomine lecto
durus et auersa cetera mente legas!
Videris! Audebo tibi me scripsisse fateri
 < > 10
qui, cum me poena dignum grauiore fuisse
confiteor, possum uix grauiora pati.
Hostibus in mediis interque pericula uersor,
tamquam cum patria pax sit adempta mihi.
Qui, mortis saeuo gement ut uulnere causas, 15
omnia uipereo spicula felle linunt.
His eques instructus perterrita moenia lustrat
more lupi clausas circumeuntis oues,
at semel intentus neruo leuis arcus equino
uincula semper habens inresoluta manet; 20
tectata rigent fixis ueluti uelata sagittis
portaque uix firma submouet arma sera.
Adde loci faciem nec fronde nec arbore tecti
et quod iners hiemi continuatur hiems.
Hic me pugnantem cum frigore cumque sagittis 25
cumque meo fato quarta fatigat hiems.
Fine carent lacrimae, nisi cum stupor obstitit illis
et similis morti pectora torpor habet.
Felicem Nioben, quamuis tot funera uidit,
quae posuit sensum saxea facta mali! 30
Vos quoque felices, quarum clamantia fratrem
cortice uelauit populus ora nouo!
Ille ego sum lignum qui non admittar in ullum;
ille ego sum frustra qui lapis esse uelim.

Ipsa Medusa oculis ueniat licet obuia nostris, 30
amittet uires ipsa Medusa suas.
Viuius ut numquam sensu careamus amaro,
et grauior longa fit mea poena mora.
Sic inconsumptum Tityi semperque renascens
non perit, ut possit saepe perire, iecur. 40
At, puto, cum requies medicinaque publica curae
somnus adest, solitis nox uenit orba malis.
Somnia me terrent ueros imitantia casus
et uigilant sensus in mea damna mei.
Aut ego Sarmaticas uideor uitare sagittas 45
aut dare captiuas ad fera uincla manus
aut, ubi decipior melioris imagine somni,
aspicio patriae tecta relictata meae
et modo uobiscum, quos sum ueneratus, amici,
et modo cum cara coniuge multa loquor. 50
Sic ubi percepta est breuis et non uera uoluptas,
peior ab admonitu fit status iste boni.
Siue dies igitur caput hoc miserabile cernit,
siue pruinosi Noctis aguntur equi,
sic mea perpetuis liquefiunt pectora curis, 55
ignibus admotis ut noua cera solet.
Saepe precor mortem, mortem quoque deprecor idem,
ne mea Sarmaticum contegat ossa solum.
Cum subit, Augusti quae sit clementia, credo
mollia naufragiis litora posse dari. 60
Cum uideo quam sint mea fata tenacia, frangor
spesque leuis magno uicta timore cadit,
nec tamen ulterius quicquam speroue precorue
quam male mutato posse carere loco.
Aut hoc aut nihil est pro me temptare modeste 65
gratia quod saluo uestra pudore queat.
Suscipe, Romanae facundia, Maxime, linguae
difficilis causae mite patrocinium.
Est mala, confiteor, sed te bona fiet agente:
lenia pro misera fac modo uerba fuga. 70
Nescit enim Caesar, quamuis deus omnia norit,

ultimus hic qua sit condicione locus.
 Magna tenent illud numen molimina rerum,
 haec est caelesti pectore cura minor,
 nec uacat in qua sint positi regione Tomitae 75
 quaerere — finitimo uix loca nota Getae —
 aut quid Sauromatae faciant, quid Iazyges acres
 cultaque Oresteae Taurica terra deae
 quaeque aliae gentes, ubi frigore constitit Hister,
 dura meant celeri terga per amnis equo. 80
 Maxima pars hominum nec te, pulcherrima, curat,
 Roma, nec Ausonii militis arma timet.
 Dant illis animos arcus plenaque pharetrae
 quamque libet longis cursibus aptus equus
 quodque sitim didicere diu tolerare famemque 85
 quodque sequens nullas hostis habebit aquas.
 Ira uiri mitis non me misisset in istam,
 si satis haec illi nota fuisset humus.
 Nec me nec quemquam Romanum gaudet ab hoste
 meque minus, uitam cui dabat ipse, capi. 90
 Noluit, ut poterat, minimo me perdere nutu:
 nil opus est ullis in mea fata Getis.
 Sed neque cur morerer quicquam mihi comperit actum,
 et minus infestus quam fuit esse potest.
 Tunc quoque nil fecit, nisi quod facere ipse coegi; 95
 paene etiam merito parciior ira meo est.
 Di faciant igitur, quorum iustissimus ipse est,
 alma nihil maius Caesare terra ferat.
 Vtque diu sub eo, sic sit sub Caesare terra
 perque manus huius tradita gentis eat. 100
 At tu tam placido quam nos quoque sensimus illum
 iudice pro lacrimis ora resolue meis.
 Non petito ut bene sit, sed uti male tutius utque
 exilium saeuo distet ab hoste meum,
 quamque dedere mihi praesentia numina uitam, 105
 non adimat stricto squalidus ense Getes,
 denique, si moriar, subeam pacatius aruum
 ossa nec a Scythica nostra premantur humo

nec male compositos, ut scilicet exule dignum,
 Bistonii cineres ungula pulset equi, 110
 et ne, si superest aliquis post funera sensus,
 terreat et manes Sarmatis umbra meos.
 Caesaris haec animum poterant audita mouere,
 Maxime, mouissent si tamen ante tuum.
 Vox, precor, Augustas pro me tua molliat aures, 115
 auxilio trepidis quae solet esse reis,
 adsuetaque tibi doctae dulcedine linguae
 aequandi superis pectora flecte uiri.
 Non tibi Theromedon crudusque rogabitur Atreus
 quique suis homines pabula fecit equis, 120
 sed piger ad poenas princeps, ad praemia uelox,
 quique dolet, quotiens cogitur, esse ferox,
 qui uicit semper, uictis ut parcere posset,
 clausit et aeterna ciuica bella sera,
 multa metu poenae, poena qui pauca coercet, 125
 et iacit inuita fulmina rara manu.
 Ergo tam placidas orator missus ad aures
 ut propior patriae sit fuga nostra roga.
 Ille ego sum qui te colui, quem festa solebat
 inter conuiuas mensa uidere tuos, 130
 ille ego qui duxi uestros Hymenaeon ad ignes
 et cecini fausto carmina digna toro,
 cuius te solitum memini laudare libellos
 exceptis domino qui nocuere suo,
 cui tua nonnumquam miranti scripta legebas, 135
 ille ego de uestra cui data nupta domo est.
 Hanc probat et primo dilectam semper ab aeuo
 est inter comites Marcia censa suas
 inque suis habuit matertera Caesaris ante;
 quarum iudicio si quam probata, proba est. 140
 Ipsa sua melior fama laudantibus istis
 Claudia diuina non eguisset ope.
 Nos quoque praeteritos sine labe peregrimus annos:
 proxima pars uitae transilienda meae.
 Sed de me ut sileam, coniunx mea sarcina uestra est: 145

non potes hanc salua dissimulare fide.
Confugit haec ad uos, uestras amplectitur aras —
iure uenit cultos ad sibi quisque deos —
flensque rogat precibus lenito Caesare uestris
busta sui fiant ut propiora uiri.

III. RVFINO

Hanc tibi Naso tuus mittit, Rufine, salutem,
qui miser est, ulli si suus esse potest.
Reddita confusae nuper solacia menti
auxilium nostris spemque tulere malis.
Vtque Machaoniis Poeantius artibus heros 5
lenito medicam uulnere sensit opem,
sic ego mente iacens et acerbo saucius ictu
admonitu coepi fortior esse tuo
et iam deficiens sic ad tua uerba reuixi,
ut solet infuso uena redire mero. 10
Non tamen exhibuit tantas facundia uires
ut mea sint dictis pectora sana tuis.
Vt multum demas nostrae de gurgite curae,
non minus exhausto quod superabit erit.
Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix: 15
horrent admotas uulnera cruda manus.
Non est in medico semper releuetur ut aeger:
interdum docta plus ualeat arte malum.
Cernis ut e molli sanguis pulmone remissus
ad Stygias certo limite ducat aquas. 20
Adferat ipse licet sacras Epidaurius herbas,
sanabit nulla uulnera cordis ope.
Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram
nec formidatis auxiliatur aquis.
Cura quoque interdum nulla medicabilis arte 25
aut, ut sit, longa est extenuanda mora.
Cum bene firmarunt animum praecepta iacentem
sumptaque sunt nobis pectoris arma tui,
rursus amor patriae ratione ualentior omni
quod tua fecerunt scripta retexit opus. 30
Siue pium uis hoc, seu uis muliebre uocari,
confiteor misero molle cor esse mihi.
Non dubia est Ithaci prudentia, sed tamen optat
fumum de patriis posse uidere focis.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos 35
 ducit et inmemores non sinit esse sui.
 Quid melius Roma? Scythico quid frigore peius?
 Huc tamen ex ista barbarus urbe fugit.
 Cum bene sit clausae cauea Pandione natae,
 nititur in siluas illa redire suas. 40
 Adsuetos tauri saltus, adsueta leones —
 nec feritas illos inpedit — antra petunt.
 Tu tamen exilii morsus e pectore nostro
 fomentis speras cedere posse tuis.
 Effice uos ipsi ne tam mihi sitis amandi, 45
 talibus ut leuius sit caruisse malum.
 At, puto, qua genitus fueram tellure carenti
 in tamen humano contigit esse loco:
 orbis in extremi iaceo desertus harenis,
 fert ubi perpetuas obruta terra niues. 50
 Non ager hic pomum, non dulces educat uuas,
 non salices ripa, robora monte uirent.
 Neue fretum laudes terra magis, aequora semper
 uentorum rabie solibus orba tument.
 Quocumque aspicias, campi cultore carentes 55
 uastaque quae nemo uindicat arua iacent.
 Hostis adest dextra laeuaque a parte timendus
 uicinoque metu terret utrumque latus:
 altera Bistonias pars est sensura sarisas,
 altera Sarmatica spicula missa manu. 60
 I nunc et ueterum nobis exempla uirorum
 qui forti casum mente tulere refer
 et graue magnanimi robur mirare Rutili
 non usi reditus condicione dati.
 Zmyrna uirum tenuit, non Pontus et hostica tellus, 65
 paene minus nullo Zmyrna petenda loco.
 Non doluit patria Cynicus procul esse Sinopeus,
 legit enim sedes, Attica terra, tuas.
 Arma Neoclides qui Persica contudit armis
 Argolica primam sensit in urbe fugam. 70
 Pulsus Aristides patria Lacedaemona fugit,

inter quas dubium quae prior esset erat.
Caede puer facta Patroclus Opunta reliquit
Thessalicamque adiit hospes Achillis humum.
Exul ab Haemonia Pirenida cessit ad undam 75
quo duce trabs Colcha sacra cucurrit aqua.
Liquit Agenorides Sidonia moenia Cadmus,
poneret ut muros in meliore loco.
Venit ad Adrastum Tydeus Calydone fugatus
et Teucrum Veneri grata recepit humus. 80
Quid referam ueteres Romanae gentis, apud quos
exulibus tellus ultima Tibur erat?
Persequar ut cunctos, nulli datus omnibus aeuis
tam procul a patria est horridiorue locus.
Quo magis ignoscat sapientia uestra dolenti: 85
quae facit ex dictis, non ita multa, tuis.
Nec tamen infitior, si possint nostra coire
uulnera, praeceptis posse coire tuis.
Sed uereor, ne me frustra seruare labores
nec iuuer admota perditus aeger ope, 90
nec loquor hoc quia sit maior prudentia nobis,
sed sum quam medico notior ipse mihi.
Vt tamen hoc ita sit, munus tua grande uoluntas
ad me peruenit consuliturque boni.

IV. VXORI

Iam mihi deterior canis aspergitur aetas
iamque meos uultus ruga senilis arat,
iam uigor et quasso languent in corpore uires
nec iuueni lusus qui placuere iuuant
nec, si me subito uideas, agnoscere possis, 5
aetatis facta est tanta ruina meae.
Confiteor facere hoc annos, sed et altera causa est,
anxietas animi continuusque labor;
nam mea per longos si quis mala digerat annos,
crede mihi, Pyllo Nestore maior ero. 10
Cernis ut in duris — et quid boue firmius? — aruis
fortia taurorum corpora frangat opus.
Quae numquam uacuo solita est cessare nouali
fructibus adsiduis lassa senescit humus.
Occidet, ad circi si quis certamina semper 15
non intermissis cursibus ibit equus.
Firma sit illa licet, soluetur in aequore nauis
quae numquam liquidis sicca carebit aquis.
Me quoque debilitat series immensa malorum
ante meum tempus cogit et esse senem. 20
Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque pascitur illis,
inmodicus contra carpit utrumque labor.
Aspice, in has partis quod uenerit Aesone natus,
quam laudem a sera posteritate ferat.
At labor illius nostro leuiorque minorque est, 25
si modo non uerum nomina magna premunt.
Ille est in Pontum Pelia mittente profectus
qui uix Thessaliae fine timendus erat:
Caesaris ira mihi nocuit, quem solis ab ortu
solis ad occasus utraque terra tremit. 30
Iunctior Haemonia est Ponto quam Roma Sinistro
et breuius quam nos ille peregit iter.
Ille habuit comites primos telluris Achiuae,
at nostram cuncti destituere fugam.

Nos fragili ligno uastum sulcauimus aequor, 35
 quae tulit Aesoniden, densa carina fuit.
Nec mihi Tiphys erat rector nec Agenore natus
 quas fugerem docuit quas sequererque uias.
Illum tutata est cum Pallade regia Iuno:
 defendere meum numina nulla caput. 40
Illum furtiuae iuuere Cupidinis artes
 quas a me uellem non didicisset amor.
Ille domum rediit, nos his moriemur in aruis,
 perstiterit laesi si grauis ira dei.
Durius est igitur nostrum, fidissima coniunx, 45
 illo quod subiit Aesone natus opus.
Te quoque, quam iuuenem discedens Vrbe reliqui,
 credibile est nostris insenuisse malis.
O! ego — di faciant! — talem te cernere possim,
 caraque mutatis oscula ferre comis 50
amplectique meis corpus non pingue lacertis
 et ‘Gracile hoc fecit’ dicere ‘cura mei’
et narrare meos flenti flens ipse labores
 sperato numquam conloquioque frui
turaque Caesaribus cum coniuge Caesare digna, 55
 dis ueris, memori debita ferre manu!
Memnonis hanc utinam, lenito principe, mater
 quam primum roseo prouocet ore diem!

V. COTTAE MAXIMO

Ille tuos quondam non ultimus inter amicos
ut sua uerba legas, Maxime, Naso rogat,
in quibus ingenium desiste requirere nostrum,
nescius exilii ne uideare mei.
Cernis ut ignauum corrumpant otia corpus, 5
ut capiant uitium, ni moueantur, aquae.
Et mihi si quis erat ducendi carminis usus,
deficit estque minor factus inerte situ.
Haec quoque quae legitis, si quid mihi, Maxime, credis,
scribimus inuita uixque coacta manu. 10
Non libet in talis animum contendere curas
nec uenit ad duros Musa uocata Getas.
Vt tamen ipse uides, luctor deducere uersum,
sed non fit fato mollior ille meo.
Cum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno 15
me quoque, qui feci, iudice digna lini.
Nec tamen emendo; labor hic quam scribere maior
mensque pati durum sustinet aegra nihil.
Scilicet incipiam lima mordacius uti
et sub iudicium singula uerba uocem. 20
Torquet enim fortuna parum, nisi Lixus in Hebrum
confluat et frondes Alpibus addat Atho.
Parcendum est animo miserabile uulnus habenti:
subducunt oneri colla perusta boues.
At, puto, fructus adest, iustissima causa laborum, 25
et sata cum multo fenore reddit ager.
Tempus ad hoc nobis, repetas licet omnia, nullum
profuit — atque utinam non nocuisset! — opus.
Cur igitur scribam miraris. Miror et ipse
et tecum quaero saepe quid inde petam. 30
An populus uere sanos negat esse poetas
sumque fides huius maxima uocis ego
qui, sterili totiens cum sim deceptus ab aruo,
damnosa persto condere semen humo?

Scilicet est cupidus studiorum quisque suorum 35
 tempus et adsueta ponere in arte iuuat.
 Saucius eiurat pugnam gladiator et idem
 inmemor antiqui uulneris arma capit.
 Nil sibi cum pelagi dicit fore naufragus undis
 et ducit remos qua modo nauit aqua. 40
 Sic ego constanter studium non utile seruo
 et repeto nollem quas coluisse deas.
 Quid potius faciam? Non sum qui segnia ducam
 otia: mors nobis tempus habetur iners.
 Nec iuuat in lucem nimio marcescere uino 45
 nec tenet incertas alea blanda manus.
 Cum dedimus somno quas corpus postulat horas,
 quo ponam uigilans tempora longa modo?
 Moris an oblitus patrii contendere discam
 Sarmaticos arcus et trahar arte loci? 50
 Hoc quoque me studium prohibent adsumere uires
 mensque magis gracili corpore nostra ualet.
 Cum bene quaesieris quid agam, magis utile nil est
 artibus his quae nil utilitatis habent.
 Consequor ex illis casus obliuia nostri: 55
 hanc messem satis est si mea reddit humus.
 Gloria uos acuat; uos, ut recitata probentur
 carmina, Pieriis inuigilate choris.
 Quod uenit ex facili satis est componere nobis,
 et nimis intenti causa laboris abest. 60
 Cur ego sollicita poliam mea carmina cura?
 An uerear ne non adprobet illa Getes?
 Forsitan audacter faciam, sed gloriior Histrum
 ingenio nullum maius habere meo.
 Hoc ubi uiuendum est, satis est, si consequor aruo, 65
 inter inhumanos esse poeta Getas.
 Quo mihi diuersum fama contendere in orbem?
 Quem fortuna dedit, Roma sit ille locus.
 Hoc mea contenta est infelix Musa theatro.
 Hoc merui, magni sic uoluere dei. 70
 Nec reor hinc istuc nostris iter esse libellis

quo Boreas penna deficiente uenit.
Diuidimur caelo quaeque est procul urbe Quirini
aspicit hirsutos comminus ursa Getas.
Per tantum terrae, tot aquas uix credere possum 75
indiciū studii transiluisse mei.
Finge legi, quodque est mirabile, finge placere:
auctorem certe res iuuat ista nihil.
Quid tibi, si calidae, prosit, laudare Syenae
aut ubi Taprobanen Indica tingit aqua? 80
Altius ire libet? Si te distantia longe
Pleiadum laudent signa, quid inde feras?
Sed neque peruenio scriptis mediocribus istuc
famaque cum domino fugit ab Vrbe suo,
uosque, quibus perii, tunc cum mea fama sepulta est, 85
nunc quoque de nostra morte tacere reor.

VI. GRAECINO

Ecquid, ut audisti — nam te diuersa tenebat
terra — meos casus, cor tibi triste fuit?
Dissimules metuasque licet, Graecine, fateri,
si bene te noui, triste fuisse liquet.
Non cadit in mores feritas inamabilis istos 5
nec minus a studiis dissidet illa tuis.
Artibus ingenuis, quarum tibi maxima cura est,
pectora mollescent asperitasque fugit;
nec quisquam meliore fide complectitur illas,
qua sinit officium militiaeque labor. 10
Certe ego cum primum potui sentire quid essem,
— nam fuit attonito mens mea nulla diu —
hoc quoque fortunam sensi quod amicus abesses,
qui mihi praesidium grande futurus eras.
Tecum tunc aberant aegrae solacia mentis 15
magnaue pars animi consiliique mei.
At nunc, quod superest, fer opem, precor, eminus unam
adloquioque iuua pectora nostra tuo,
quae, non mendaci si quicquam credis amico,
stulta magis dici quam scelerata decet. 20
Nec breue nec tutum peccati quae sit origo
scribere: tractari uulnera nostra timent.
Qualicumque modo mihi sunt ea facta, rogare
desine; non agites, si qua coire uelis.
Quidquid id est, ut non facinus, sic culpa uocanda est: 25
omnis an in magnos culpa deos scelus est?
Spes igitur menti poenae, Graecine, leuandae
non est ex toto nulla relictæ meae.
Haec dea, cum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
in dis inuisa sola remansit humo. 30
Haec facit ut uiuat fossor quoque compede uinctus
liberaque a ferro crura futura putet.
Haec facit ut, uideat cum terras undique nullas,
naufragus in mediis brachia iactet aquis.

Saepe aliquem sollers medicorum cura reliquit 35

nec spes huic uena deficiente cadit.

Carcere dicuntur clausi sperare salutem

atque aliquis pendens in cruce uota facit.

Haec dea quam multos laqueo sua colla ligantis

non est proposita passa perire nece. 40

Me quoque conantem gladio finire dolorem

arguit iniecta continuitque manu:

‘Quid’ que ‘facis? lacrimis opus est, non sanguine’, dixit,

‘saepe per has flecti principis ira solet’.

Quamuis est igitur meritis indebita nostris, 45

magna tamen spes est in bonitate dei.

Qui ne difficilis mihi sit, Graecine, precare

confer et in uotum tu quoque uerba meum.

Inque Tomitana iaceam tumultatus harena,

si te non nobis ista uouere liquet. 50

Nam prius incipient turris uitare columbae,

antra ferae, pecudes gramina, mergus aquas

quam male se praestet ueteri Graecinus amico.

Non ita sunt fati omnia uersa meis.

VII. MESSALINO

Littera pro uerbis tibi, Messaline, salutem
quam legis a saeuīs attulit usque Getis.
Indicat auctorem locus? An nisi nomine lecto
haec me Nasonem scribere uerba latet?
Ecquis in extremo positus iacet orbe tuorum, 5
me tamen excepto, qui precor esse tuus?
Di procul a cunctis qui te uenerantur amantque
huius notitiam gentis habere uelint.
Nos satis est inter glaciem Scythicasque sagittas
uiuere, si uita est mortis habenda genus. 10
Nos premat aut bello tellus aut frigore caelum
truxque Getes armis, grandine pugnet hiems,
nos habeat regio nec poma feta nec uuis
et cuius nullum cesset ab hoste latus.
Cetera sit sospes cultorum turba tuorum, 15
in quibus, ut populo, pars ego parua fui.
Me miserum, si tu uerbis offenderis istis
nosque negas ulla parte fuisse tuos!
Idque sit ut uerum, mentito ignoscere debes.
Nil demit laudi gloria nostra tuae. 20
Quis se Caesaribus notus non fingit amicum?
Da ueniam fasso, tu mihi Caesar eras.
Nec tamen inrumpo quo non licet ire satisque est
atria si nobis non patuisse negas.
Vtque tibi fuerit mecum nihil amplius, uno 25
nempe salutaris quam prius ore minus.
Nec tuus est genitor nos infitatus amicos,
hortator studii causaque faxque mei,
cui nos et lacrimas, supremum in funere munus,
et dedimus medio scripta canenda foro. 30
Adde quod est frater, tanto tibi iunctus amore
quantus in Atridis Tyndaridisque fuit:
is me nec comitem nec dedignatus amicum est,
si tamen haec illi non nocitura putas;

si minus, hac quoque me mendacem parte fatebor: 35
 clausa mihi potius tota sit ista domus.
 Sed neque claudenda est et nulla potentia uires
 praestandi ne quid peccet amicus habet.
 Et tamen ut cuperem culpam quoque posse negari,
 sic facinus nemo nescit abesse mihi. 40
 Quod nisi delicti pars excusabilis esset,
 parua relegari poena futura fuit.
 Ipse sed hoc uidit, qui peruidet omnia, Caesar,
 stultitiam dici crimina posse mea.
 Quaque ego permisi quaque est res passa pepercit 45
 usus et est modice fulminis igne sui.
 Nec uitam nec opes nec ademit posse reuerti,
 si sua per uestras uicta sit ira preces.
 At grauiter cecidi. Quid enim mirabile, si quis
 a Ioue percussus non leue uulnus habet? 50
 Ipse suas etiam uires inhiberet Achilles,
 missa grauis ictus Pelias hasta dabat.
 Iudicium nobis igitur cum uindicis adsit,
 non est cur tua me ianua nosse neget.
 Culta quidem, fateor, citra quam debuit illa est, 55
 sed fuit in fatis hoc quoque, credo, meis.
 Nec tamen officium sensit domus altera nostrum:
 hic illic uestro sub lare semper eram.
 Quaeque tua est pietas, ut te non excolat ipsum,
 ius aliquod tecum fratris amicus habet. 60
 Quid quod, ut emeritis referenda est gratia semper,
 sic est fortunae promeruisse tuae?
 Quod si permittis nobis suadere quid optes,
 ut des quam reddas plura precare deos.
 Idque facis, quantumque licet meminisse, solebas 65
 officii causa pluribus esse dati.
 Quo libet in numero me, Messaline, repone,
 sim modo pars uestrae non aliena domus,
 et mala Nasonem, quoniam meruisse uidetur,
 si non ferre doles, at meruisse dole.

VIII. SEVERO

A tibi dilecto missam Nasone salutem
accipe, pars animae magna, Seuere, meae.
Neue roga quid agam. Si persequar omnia, flebis:
summa satis nostri si tibi nota mali.
Viuimus adsiduis expertes pacis in armis 5
dura pharetrato bella mouente Geta.
Deque tot expulsis sum miles in exule solus:
tuta — nec inuideo — cetera turba latet.
Quoque magis nostros uenia dignere libellos,
haec in procinctu carmina facta leges. 10
Stat uetus urbs, ripae uicina binominis Histri,
moenibus et positu uix adeunda loci.
Caspus Aegisos, de se si credimus ipsi,
condidit et proprio nomine dixit opus.
Hanc ferus Odrysiis inopino Marte peremptis 15
cepit et in regem sustulit arma Getes.
Ille memor magni generis uirtute quod auget,
protinus innumero milite cinctus adest
nec prius abscessit merita quam caede nocentum
..... 20
At tibi, rex aeuo, detur, fortissime nostro,
semper honorata sceptrata tenere manu,
teque, quod et praestat — quid enim tibi plenius optem? —
Martia cum magno Caesare Roma probet.
Sed memor unde abii, queror, o iucunde sodalis, 25
accedant nostris saeua quod arma malis.
Vt careo uobis, Stygias detrusus in oras,
quattuor autumnos Pleias orta facit.
Nec tu credideris urbanae commoda uitae
quaerere Nasonem: quaerit et illa tamen. 30
Nam modo uos animo, dulces, reminiscor, amici,
nunc mihi cum cara coniuge nata subit,
aque domo rursus pulchrae loca uertor ad Urbis
cunctaque mens oculis peruidet illa suis.

Nunc fora, nunc aedes, nunc marmore tecta theatra, 35
 nunc subit aequata porticus omnis humo,
 gramina nunc Campi pulchros spectantis in hortos
 stagnaue et euripi Virgineusque liquor.
 At, puto, sic Urbis misero est erepta uoluptas,
 quolibet ut saltem rure frui liceat! 40
 Non meus amissos animus desiderat agros
 ruraue Paeligno conspicienda solo
 nec quos piniferis positos in collibus hortos
 spectat Flaminiae Clodia iuncta uiae,
 quos ego nescio cui colui, quibus ipse solebam 45
 ad sata fontanas, nec pudet, addere aquas,
 sunt ubi, si uiuunt, nostra quoque consita quaedam,
 sed non et nostra poma legenda manu.
 Pro quibus amissis utinam contingere possit
 hic saltem profugo glaebe colenda mihi! 50
 Ipse ego pendentis, liceat modo, rupe capellas,
 ipse uelim baculo pascere nixus oues.
 Ipse ego, ne solitis insistant pectora curis,
 ducam ruricolas sub iuga curua boues
 et discam Getici quae norunt uerba iuueni 55
 aduetas illis adiciamque minas.
 Ipse manu capulum pressi moderatus aratri
 experiar mota spargere semen humo.
 Nec dubitem longis purgare ligonibus herbas
 et dare iam sitiens quas bibat hortus aquas. 60
 Vnde sed hoc nobis minimum quos inter et hostem
 discrimen murus clausaque porta facit?
 At tibi nascenti, quod toto pectore laetor,
 nerunt fatales fortia fila deae.
 Te modo Campus habet, densa modo porticus umbra, 65
 nunc in quo ponis tempora rara forum;
 Vmbria nunc reuocat nec non Albana petentem
 Appia feruenti ducit in arua rota.
 Forsitan hic optes ut iustam subprimat iram
 Caesar et hospitium sit tua uilla meum. 70
 A! nimium est quod, amice, petis, moderatius opta

et uoti quaeso contrahe uela tui.

Terra uelim propior nullique obnoxia bello
detur: erit nostris pars bona dempta malis.

IX. COTTAE MAXIMO

Quae mihi de rapto tua uenit epistula Celso
protinus est lacrimis umida facta meis,
quodque nefas dictu fieri nec posse putauī,
inuitis oculis littera lecta tua est.
Nec quicquam ad nostras peruenit acerbius aures, 5
ut sumus in Ponto, perueniatque precor.
Ante meos oculos tamquam praesentis imago
haeret et extinctum uiuere fingit amor.
Saepe refert animus lusus grauitate carentes,
seria cum liquida saepe peracta fide. 10
Nulla tamen subeunt mihi tempora densius illis
quae uellem uitae summa fuisse meae,
cum domus ingenti subito mea lapsa ruina
concidit in domini procubuitque caput.
Adfuit ille mihi, cum me pars magna reliquit, 15
Maxime, Fortunae nec fuit ipse comes.
Illum ego non aliter flentem mea funera uidi
ponendus quam si frater in igne foret.
Haesit in amplexu consolatusque iacentem est
cumque meis lacrimis miscuit usque suas. 20
O quotiens uitae custos inuisus amarae
continuit promptas in mea fata manus!
O quotiens dixit: 'Placabilis ira deorum est:
uiue nec ignosci tu tibi posse nega!'
Vox tamen illa fuit celeberrima: 'Respice quantum 25
debeat auxilium Maximus esse tibi.
Maximus incumbet, quaque est pietate, rogabit
ne sit ad extremum Caesaris ira tenax,
cumque suis fratris uires adhibebit et omnem,
quo leuius doleas, experietur opem.' 30
Haec mihi uerba malae minuerunt taedia uitae:
quae tu ne fuerint, Maxime, uana caue.
Huc quoque uenturum mihi se iurare solebat
non nisi te longae ius sibi dante uiae.

Nam tua non alio coluit penetralia ritu 35
 terrarum dominos quam colis ipse deos.
Crede mihi, multos habeas cum dignus amicos,
 non fuit e multis quolibet ille minor,
si modo non census nec clarum nomen auorum,
 sed probitas magnos ingeniumque facit. 40
Iure igitur lacrimas Celso libamus adempto,
 cum fugerem, uiuo quas dedit ille mihi;
carmina iure damus raros testantia mores,
 ut tua uenturi nomina, Celse, legant.
Hoc est quod possum Geticis tibi mittere ab aruis; 45
 hoc solum est istic quod licet esse meum.
Funera non potui comitare nec ungere corpus
 atque tuis toto diuidor orbe rogis.
Qui potuit, quem tu pro numine uiuus habebas,
 praestitit officium Maximus omne tibi. 50
Ille tibi exequias et magni funus honoris
 fecit et in gelidos uertit amoma sinus
diluit et lacrimis maerens unguenta profusis
 ossaque uicina condita texit humo.
Qui quoniam extinctis quae debet praestat amicis, 55
 et nos extinctis adnumerare potest.

X. FLACCO

Naso suo profugus mittit tibi, Flacce, salutem,
mittere rem si quis qua caret ipse potest.
Longus enim curis uitiatum corpus amaris
non patitur uires languor habere suas.
Nec dolor ullus adest nec febribus uror anhelis 5
et peragit soliti uena tenoris iter.
Os hebes est positaeque mouent fastidia mensae
et queror, inuisi cum uenit hora cibi.
Quod mare, quod tellus adpone, quod educat aer,
nil ibi quod nobis esuriatur erit. 10
Nectar et ambrosiam, latices epulasque deorum,
det mihi formosa gnaua Iuuenta manu,
non tamen exacuet torpens sapor ille palatum
stabit et in stomacho pondus inerte diu.
Haec ego non ausim, cum sint uerissima, cuiuis 15
scribere, delicias ne mala nostra uocet.
Scilicet is status est, ea rerum forma mearum
deliciis etiam possit ut esse locus!
Delicias illi precor has contingere, si quis
ne mihi sit leuior Caesaris ira timet. 20
Is quoque qui gracili cibus est in corpore somnus
non alit officio corpus inane suo,
sed uigilo uigilantque mei sine fine dolores,
quorum materiam dat locus ipse mihi.
Vix igitur possis uisos agnoscere uultus 25
quoque ierit quaeras qui fuit ante color.
Paruus in exiles sucus mihi peruenit artus
membraque sunt cera pallidiora noua.
Non haec inmodico contraxi damna Lyaeo:
scis mihi quam solae paene bibantur aquae. 30
Non epulis oneror, quarum si tangar amore,
est tamen in Geticis copia nulla locis.
Nec uires adimit Veneris damnosa uoluptas:
non solet in maestos illa uenire toros.

Vnda locusque nocent et causa ualentior istis, 35
 anxietas animi, quae mihi semper adest.
Haec nisi tu pariter simili cum fratre leuares,
 uix mens tristitiae nostra tulisset onus.
Vos estis fracto tellus non dura phaselo
 quamque negant multi uos mihi fertis opem. 40
Ferte, precor, semper, quia semper egebimus illa,
 Caesaris offensum dum mihi numen erit.
Qui meritam nobis minuat, non finiat iram,
 suppliciter uestros quisque rogare deos.

LIBER SECVNDVS

I. GERMANICO

Huc quoque Caesarei peruenit fama triumphi,
 languida quo fessi uix uenit aura Noti.
Nil fore dulce mihi Scythica regione putau:
 iam minus hic odio est quam fuit ante locus.
Tandem aliquid pulsa curarum nube serenum 5
 uidi fortunae uerba dedique meae.
Nolit ut ulla mihi contingere gaudia Caesar,
 uelle potest cuiuis haec tamen una dari.
Di quoque, ut a cunctis hilari pietate colantur,
 tristitiam poni per sua festa iubent. 10
Denique, quod certus furor est audere fateri,
 hac ego laetitia, si uetet ipse, fruar.
Iuppiter utilibus quotiens iuuat imbribus agros,
 mixta tenax segeti crescere lappa solet.
Nos quoque frugiferum sentimus inutilis herba 15
 numen et inuita saepe iuuamur ope.
Gaudia Caesareae mentis pro parte uirili
 sunt mea: priuati nil habet illa domus.
Gratia, Fama, tibi per quam spectata triumphi
 incluso mediis est mihi pompa Getis! 20
Indice te didici nuper uisenda coisse
 innumeras gentes ad ducis ora sui,
quaeque capit uastis inmensum moenibus orbem,
 hospitiis Romam uix habuisse locum.
Tu mihi narrasti, cum multis lucibus ante 25
 fuderit adsiduas nubilus auster aquas,
numine caelesti solem fulsisse serenum
 cum populi uultu conueniente die
atque ita uictorem cum magnae uocis honore
 bellica laudatis dona dedisse uiris 30
claraque sumpturum pictas insignia uestes
 tura prius sanctis inposuisse focis
Iustitiamque sui caste placasse parentis,
 illo quae templum pectore semper habet,

quaque ierit, felix adiectum plausibus omen 35
 saxaque roratis erubuisse rosis;
 protinus argento uersos imitantia muros
 barbara cum pictis oppida lata uiris
 fluminaque et montes et in altis proelia siluis
 armaque cum telis in strue mixta sua 40
 deque tropaeorum quod sol incenderet auro
 aurea Romani tecta fuisse fori
 totque tulisse duces captiuos addita collis
 uincula paene hostis quot satis esse fuit.
 Maxima pars horum uitam ueniamque tulerunt, 45
 in quibus et belli summa caputque Bato.
 Cur ego posse negem minui mihi numinis iram,
 cum uideam mitis hostibus esse deos?
 Pertulit hic idem nobis, Germanice, rumor
 oppida sub titulo nominis isse tui 50
 atque ea te contra nec muri mole nec armis
 nec satis ingenio tuta fuisse loci.
 Di tibi dent annos! A te nam cetera sumes,
 sint modo uirtuti tempora longa tuae.
 Quod precor eueniet — sunt quaedam oracula uatum — , 55
 nam deus optanti prospera signa dedit.
 Te quoque uictorem Tarpeias scandere in arces
 laeta coronatis Roma uidebit equis
 maturosque pater nati spectabit honores
 gaudia percipiens quae dedit ipse suis. 60
 Iam nunc haec a me, iuuenum belloque togaque
 maxime, dicta tibi uaticinante nota.
 Hunc quoque carminibus referam fortasse triumphum,
 sufficiet nostris si modo uita malis,
 inbuero Scythicas si non prius ipse sagittas 65
 abstuleritque ferox hoc caput ense Getes.
 Quae si me saluo dabitur tua laurea templis,
 omina bis dices uera fuisse mea.

II. MESSALINO

Ille domus uestrae primis uenerator ab annis
pulsus ad Euxini Naso Sinistra freti
mittit ab indomitis hanc, Messaline, salutem,
quam solitus praesens est tibi ferre, Getis.
Ei mihi, si lecto uultus tibi nomine non est 5
qui fuit et dubitas cetera perlegere!
Perlege nec mecum pariter mea uerba relega:
Urbe licet uestra uersibus esse meis.
Non ego concepi, si Pelion Ossa tulisset,
clara mea tangi sidera posse manu, 10
nec nos Enceladi dementia castra secuti
in rerum dominos mouimus arma deos,
nec, quod Tydidæ temeraria dextera fecit,
numina sunt telis ulla petita meis.
Est mea culpa grauis, sed quae me perdere solum 15
ausa sit et nullum maius adorta nefas.
Nil nisi non sapiens possum timidusque uocari:
haec duo sunt animi nomina uera mei.
Esse quidem fateor meritam post Caesaris iram
difficilem precibus te quoque iure meis, 20
quaeque tua est pietas in totum nomen Iuli,
te laedi, cum quis laeditur inde, putas.
Sed licet arma feras et uulnera saeua mineris,
non tamen efficies ut timeare mihi.
Puppis Achaemeniden Graium Troiana recepit, 25
profuit et Myso Pelias hasta duci.
Confugit interdum templi uiolator ad aram
nec petere offensi numinis horret opem.
Dixerit hoc aliquis tutum non esse: fatemur,
sed non per placidas it mea nauis aquas. 30
Tuta petant alii: fortuna miserrima tuta est;
nam timor euentu deterioris abest.
Qui rapitur
porrigit <et> spinas duraque saxa

accipitremque timens pennis trepidantibus ales 35
audet ad humanos fessa uenire sinus,
nec se uicino dubitat committere tecto
quae fugit infestos territa cerua canes.
Da, precor, accessum lacrimis, mitissime, nostris
nec rigidam timidis uocibus obde forem 40
uerbaque nostra fauens Romana ad numina perfer
non tibi Tarpeio culta Tonante minus
mandatique mei legatus suscipe causam,
nulla meo quamuis nomine causa bona est.
Iam prope depositus, certe iam frigidus, aeger 45
seruatus per te, si modo seruor, ero.
Nunc tua pro lassis nitatur gratia rebus
principis aeterni quam tibi praestat amor,
nunc tibi et eloquii nitor ille domesticus adsit
quo poteras trepidis utilis esse reis. 50
Viuit enim in uobis facundi lingua parentis
et res heredem repperit illa suum.
Hanc ego non ut me defendere temptet adoro:
non est confessi causa tuenda rei.
Num tamen excuses erroris origine factum 55
an nihil expediat tale mouere uide.
Vulneris id genus est quod, cum sanabile non sit,
non contrectari tutius esse puto.
Lingua, sile! Non est ultra narrabile quicquam.
Posse uelim cineres obruere ipse meos. 60
Sic igitur, quasi me nullus deceperit error,
uerba fac, ut uita quam dedit ipse fruar.
Cumque serenus erit uultusque remiserit illos
qui secum terras imperiumque mouent,
exiguam ne me praedam sinat esse Getarum 65
detque solum miserae mite precare fugae.
Tempus adest aptum precibus. Valet ille uidetque
quas fecit uires, Roma, ualere tuas.
Incolumis coniunx sua puluinaria seruat,
promouet Ausonium filius imperium. 70
Praeterit ipse suos animo Germanicus annos

nec uigor est Drusi nobilitate minor.
Adde nurus neptesque pias natosque nepotum
ceteraque Augustae membra ualere domus.
Adde triumphatos modo Paeonas, adde quietis 75
subdita montanae brachia Dalmatiae.
Nec dedignata est abiectis Illyris armis
Caesareum famulo uertice ferre pedem.
Ipse super currum placido spectabilis ore
tempora Phoebea uirgine nexa tulit, 80
quem pia uobiscum proles comitauit euntem,
digna parente suo nominibusque datis,
fratribus adsimilis quos proxima templa tenentis
Diuus ab excelsa Iulius aede uidet.
His Messalinus quibus omnia cedere debent 85
primum laetitiae non negat esse locum.
Quicquid ab his superest uenit in certamen amoris,
hac hominum nulli parte secundus erit.
Hanc colet ante diem qua, quae decreta merenti,
uenit honoratis laurea digna comis. 90
Felices quibus o licuit spectare triumphos
et ducis ore deos aequiperante frui!
At mihi Sauromatae pro Caesaris ore uidendi
terraque pacis inops undaque uincta gelu.
Si tamen haec audis et uox mea peruenit istuc, 95
sit tua mutando gratia blanda loco.
Hoc pater ille tuus primo mihi cultus ab aeuo,
si quid habet sensus umbra diserta, petit.
Hoc petit et frater, quamuis fortasse ueretur
seruandi noceat ne tibi cura mei. 100
Tota domus rogat hoc nec tu potes ipse negare
et nos in turbae parte fuisse tuae.
Ingenii certe quo nos male sensimus usos
Artibus exceptis saepe probator eras,
nec mea, si tantum peccata nouissima demas, 105
esse potest domui uita pudenda tuae.
Sic igitur uestrae uigeant penetralia gentis
curaque sit superis Caesaribusque tui.

Mite, sed iratum merito mihi numen adora,
eximar ut Scythici de feritate loci. 110
Difficile est, fateor, sed tendit in ardua uirtus
et talis meriti gratia maior erit.
Nec tamen Aetnaeus uasto Polyphemus in antro
accipiet uoces Antiphatesue tuas,
sed placidus facilisque parens ueniaequae paratus 115
et qui fulmineo saepe sine igne tonat,
qui, cum triste aliquid statuit, fit tristis et ipse
cuique fere poenam sumere poena sua est.
Victa tamen uitio est huius clementia nostro
uenit et ad uires ira coacta suas. 120
Qui quoniam patria toto sumus orbe remoti
nec licet ante ipsos procubuisse deos,
quos colis ad superos haec fer mandata sacerdos,
adde sed et proprias ad mea uerba preces.
Sic tamen haec tempta, si non nocitura putabis. 125
Ignosces: timeo naufragus omne fretum.

III. COTTAE MAXIMO

Maxime, qui claris nomen uirtutibus aequas
nec sinis ingenium nobilitate premi,
culte mihi — quid enim status hic a funere differt? —
supremum uitae tempus adusque meae,
rem facis adflctum non auersatus amicum 5
qua non est aeuo rarior ulla tuo.
Turpe quidem dictu, sed — si modo uera fatemur —
uulgus amicitias utilitate probat.
Cura quid expediat prius est quam quid sit honestum,
et cum fortuna statque caditque fides. 10
Nec facile inuenias multis in milibus unum,
uirtutem pretium qui putet esse sui.
Ipse decor recte facti, si praemia desint,
non mouet et gratis paenitet esse probum.
Nil nisi quod prodest carum est, et detrahe menti 15
spem fructus auidae, nemo petendus erit.
At reditus iam quisque suos amat et sibi quid sit
utile sollicitis subputat articulis.
Illud amicitiae quondam uenerabile nomen
prostat et in quaestu pro meretrice sedet. 20
Quo magis admiror non ut torrentibus undis
communis uitii te quoque labe trahi.
Diligitur nemo, nisi cui Fortuna secunda est.
Quae simul intonuit, proxima quaeque fugat.
En ego non paucis quondam munitus amicis, 25
dum flauit uelis aura secunda meis,
ut fera nimbo tumuerunt aequora uento,
in mediis lacera naue relinquer aquis.
Cumque alii nolint etiam me nosse uideri,
uix duo proiecto tresue tulistis opem. 30
Quorum tu princeps: neque enim comes esse, sed auctor
nec petere exemplum, sed dare dignus eras.
Te nihil exacto nisi nos peccasse fatentem,
sponte sua probitas officiumque iuuat.

Iudice te mercede caret per seque petenda est 35
externis uirtus incommitata bonis.
Turpe putas abigi, quia sit miserandus, amicum,
quodque sit infelix, desinere esse tuum.
Mitius est lasso digitum subponere mento
mergere quam liquidis ora natandis aquis. 40
Cerne quid Aeacides post mortem praestet amico:
instar et hanc uitam mortis habere puta.
Pirithoum Theseus Stygias comitauit ad undas:
a Stygia quantum mors mea distat aqua?
Adfuit insano iuuenis Phoceus Orestae: 45
et mea non minimum culpa furoris habet.
Tu quoque magnorum laudes admitte uirorum,
ut facis, et lapso quam potes adfer opem.
Si bene te noui, si, qui prius esse solebas,
nunc quoque es atque animi non cedere tui, 50
quo Fortuna magis saeuit, magis ipse resistis,
utque decet, ne te uicerit illa caues,
et, bene uti pignes, bene pugnans efficit hostis:
sic eadem prodest causa nocetque mihi.
Scilicet indignum, iuuenis carissime, ducis 55
te fieri comitem stantis in orbe deae.
Firmus es et, quoniam non sunt ea qualia uelles,
uela regis quassae qualiacumque ratis.
Quaeque ita concussa est ut iam casura putetur,
restat adhuc umeris fulta ruina tuis. 60
Ira quidem primo fuerat tua iusta nec ipso
lenior offensus qui mihi iure fuit,
quique dolor pectus tetigisset Caesaris alti,
illum iurabas protinus esse tuum.
Vt tamen audita est nostrae tibi cladis origo, 65
diceris erratis ingemuisse meis.
Tum tua me primum solari littera coepit
et laesum flecti spem dare posse deum.
Mouit amicitiae tum te constantia longae
ante tuos ortus quae mihi coepta fuit, 70
et quod eras aliis factus, mihi natus amicus

quodque tibi in cunis oscula prima dedi,
quod cum uestra domus teneris mihi semper ab annis
culta sit, esse uetus me tibi cogit onus.
Me tuus ille pater, Latiae facundia linguae, 75
quae non inferior nobilitate fuit,
primus ut auderem committere carmina famae
inpulit: ingenii dux fuit ille mei.
Nec quo sit primum nobis a tempore cultus
contendo fratrem posse referre tuum. 80
Te tamen ante omnis ita sum complexus ut unus
quolibet in casu gratia nostra fores.
Ultima me tecum uidit maestisque cadentes
excepit lacrimas Aethalis Ilua genis,
cum tibi quaerenti num uerus nuntius esset 85
adtulerat culpaе quem mala fama meae,
inter confessum dubie dubieque negantem
haerebam pauidas dante timore notas
exemploque niuis quam mollit aquaticus auster,
gutta per attonitas ibat oborta genas. 90
Haec igitur referens et quod mea crimina primi
erroris uenia posse latere uides,
respicis antiquum lassis in rebus amicum
fomentisque iuuas uulnera nostra tuis.
Pro quibus, optandi si nobis copia fiat, 95
tam bene promerito commoda mille precor.
Sed, si sola mihi dentur tua uota, precabor
ut tibi sit saluo Caesare salua parens.
Haec ego, cum faceres altaria pingua ture,
te solitum memini prima rogare deos.

IV. ATTICO

Accipe conloquium gelido Nasonis ab Histro,
Attice iudicio non dubitande meo.
Ecquid adhuc remanes memor infelicis amici
deserit an partis languida cura suas?
Non ita di mihi sint tristes ut credere possim 5
fasque putem iam te non meminisse mei.
Ante oculos nostros posita est tua semper imago
et uideor uultus mente uidere tuos.
Seria multa mihi tecum conlata recordor
nec data iucundis tempora pauca iocis. 10
Saepe citae longis uisae sermonibus horae,
saepe fuit breuior quam mea uerba dies.
Saepe tuas uenit factum modo carmen ad auris
et noua iudicio subdita Musa tuo est.
Quod tu laudaras, populo placuisse putabam 15
— hoc pretium curae dulce recentis erat —
utque meus lima rasmus liber esset amici,
non semel admonitu facta litura tuo est.
Nos fora uiderunt pariter, nos porticus omnis,
nos uia, nos iunctis curua theatra locis. 20
Denique tantus amor nobis, carissime, semper
quantus in Aeacide Nestorideque fuit.
Non ego, si biberes securae pocula Lethes,
excidere haec credam pectore posse tuo.
Longa dies citius brumali sidere noxque 25
tardior hiberna solstitialis erit
nec Babylon aestum nec frigora Pontus habebit
caltaque Paestanas uincet odore rosas
quam tibi nostrarum ueniant obliuia rerum:
non ita pars fati candida nulla mei est. 30
Ne tamen haec dici possit fiducia mendax
stultaque credulitas nostra fuisse caue
constantique fide ueterem tutare sodalem
qua licet et quantum non onerosus ero.

V. SALANO

Condita disparibus numeris ego Naso Salano
praeposita misi uerba salute meo.
Quae rata sit cupio rebusque ut comprobet omen,
te precor a saluo possit, amice, legi.
Candor, in hoc aeuo res intermortua paene, 5
exigit ut faciam talia uota tuus.
Nam fuerim quamuis modico tibi iunctus ab usu,
diceris exiliis indoluisse meis,
missaque ab Euxino legeres cum carmina Ponto,
illa tuus iuuat qualiacumque fauor 10
optastique breuem salui mihi Caesaris iram,
quod tamen optari, si sciat, ipse sinat.
Moribus ista tuis tam mitia uota dedisti
nec minus idcirco sunt ea grata mihi,
quoque magis moueare malis, doctissime, nostris, 15
credibile est fieri condicione loci:
uix hac inuenies totum, mihi crede, per orbem
quae minus Augusta pace fruatur humus.
Tu tamen hic structos inter fera proelia uersus
et legis et lectos ore fauente probas 20
ingenioque meo, uena quod paupere manat,
plaudis et e riuo flumina magna facis.
Grata quidem sunt haec animo suffragia nostro,
uix sibi cum miseros posse placere putes.
Dum tamen in rebus temptamus carmina paruus, 25
materiae gracili sufficit ingenium.
Nuper, ut huc magni peruenit fama triumphii,
ausus sum tantae sumere molis opus.
Obruit audentem rerum grauitasque nitorque
nec potui coepti pondera ferre mei. 30
Illic quam laudes erit officiosa uoluntas,
cetera materia debilitata iacent.
Qui si forte liber uestras peruenit ad aures,
tutelam, mando, sentiat ille tuam.

Hoc tibi facturo, uel si non ipse rogarem, 35
accedat cumulus gratia nostra leuis.
Non ego laudandus, sed sunt tua pectora lacte
et non calcata candidiora niue,
mirarisque alios, cum sis mirabilis ipse,
nec lateant artes eloquiumque tuum. 40
Te iuuenum princeps, cui dat Germania nomen,
participem studii Caesar habere solet.
Tu comes antiquus, tu primis iunctus ab annis
ingenio mores aequiperante places.
Te dicente prius studii fuit impetus illi 45
teque habet elicias qui sua uerba tuis.
Cum tu desisti mortaliaque ora quierunt
tectaque non longa conticuere mora,
surgit Iuleo iuuenis cognomine dignus,
qualis ab Eois Lucifer ortus aquis, 50
dumque silens adstat, status est uultusque diserti
spemque decens doctae uocis amictus habet.
Mox, ubi pulsa mora est atque os caeleste solutum,
hoc superos iures more solere loqui
atque 'Haec est' dicas 'facundia principe digna': 55
eloquio tantum nobilitatis inest.
Huic tu cum placeas et uertice sidera tangas,
scripta tamen profugi uatis habenda putas.
Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia iunctis,
et seruat studii foedera quisque sui: 60
rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
rectorem dubiae nauita puppis amat.
Tu quoque Pieridum studio, studiose, teneris
ingenioque faues, ingeniose, meo.
Distat opus nostrum, sed fontibus exit ab isdem 65
artis et ingenuae cultor uterque sumus.
Thyrsus abest a te gustata et laurea nobis,
sed tamen ambobus debet inesse calor,
utque meis numeris tua dat facundia neruos,
sic uenit a nobis in tua uerba nitor. 70
Iure igitur studio confinia carmina uestro

et commilitii sacra tuenda putas.

Pro quibus ut maneat de quo censeris amicus

comprecor ad uitae tempora summa tuae

succedatque suis orbis moderator habenis: 75

quod mecum populi uota precantur idem.

VI. GRAECINO

Carmine Graecinum, qui praesens uoce solebat,
tristis ab Euxinis Naso salutat aquis.
Exulis haec uox est: praebet mihi littera linguam
et, si non liceat scribere, mutus ero.
Corripis, ut debes, stulti peccata sodalis 5
et mala me meritis ferre minora doces.
Vera facis, sed sera meae conuicia culpae:
aspera confesso uerba remitte reo.
Cum poteram recto transire Ceraunia uelo,
ut fera uitarem saxa monendus eram. 10
Nunc mihi naufragio quid prodest discere facto
qua mea debuerit currere cumba uia?
Brachia da lasso potius prendenda natanti
nec pigeat mento subposuisse manum.
Idque facis faciasque precor: sic mater et uxor, 15
sic tibi sint fratres totaque salua domus,
quodque soles animo semper, quod uoce precari,
omnia Caesaribus sic tua facta probes.
Turpe erit in miseris ueteri tibi rebus amico
auxilium nulla parte tulisse tuum, 20
turpe referre pedem nec passu stare tenaci,
turpe laborantem deseruisse ratem,
turpe sequi casum et Fortunae accedere amicum
et, nisi sit felix, esse negare suum.
Non ita uixerunt Strophio atque Agamemnone nati, 25
non haec Aegidae Pirithoique fides.
Quos prior est mirata, sequens mirabitur aetas,
in quorum plausus tota theatra sonant.
Tu quoque per durum seruato tempus amico
dignus es in tantis nomen habere uiris, 30
dignus es, et, quoniam laudem pietate mereris,
non erit officii gratia surda tui.
Crede mihi, nostrum si non mortale futurum est
carmen, in ore frequens posteritatis eris.

Fac modo perman eas lasso, Graecine, fidelis 35
duret et in longas impetus iste moras.
Quae tu cum praestes, remo tamen utor in aura,
nec nocet admiss o subdere calcar equo.

VII. ATTICO

Esse salutatum uult te mea littera primum
a male pacatis, Attice, missa Getis,
proxima subsequitur quid agas audire uoluntas,
et si, quicquid agis, sit tibi cura mei.
Nec dubito quin sit, sed me timor ipse malorum 5
saepe superuacuos cogit habere metus.
Da ueniam, quaeso, nimioque ignosce timori.
Tranquillas etiam naufragus horret aquas.
Qui semel est laesus fallaci piscis ab hamo
omnibus unca cibus aera subesse putat; 10
saepe canem longe uisum fugit agna lupumque
credit et ipsa suam nescia uitat opem;
membra reformidant mollem quoque saucia tactum
uanaque sollicitis incitat umbra metum.
Sic ego Fortunae telis confixus iniquis 15
pectore concipio nil nisi triste meo.
Iam mihi fata liquet coeptos seruantia cursus
per sibi consuetas semper itura uias.
Obseruare deos ne quid mihi cedat amice
uerbaque Fortunae uix puto posse dari. 20
Est illi curae me perdere, quaeque solebat
esse leuis, constans et bene certa nocet.
Crede mihi, si sum ueri tibi cognitus oris —
nec planis nostris casibus esse puter —
Cinyphiae segetis citius numerabis aristas 25
altaque quam multis floreat Hybla thymis
et quot aues motis nitantur in aere pennis
quotque natent pisces aequore certus eris
quam tibi nostrorum statuatur summa laborum
quos ego sum terra, quos ego passus aqua. 30
Nulla Getis toto gens est truculentior orbe,
sed tamen hi nostris ingemuere malis.
Quae tibi si memori coner perscribere uersu,
Ilias est fati longa futura mei.

Non igitur uerear quo te rear esse uerendum, 35
cuius amor nobis pignora mille dedit,
sed quia res timida est omnis miser et quia longo est
tempore laetitiae ianua clausa meae.
Iam dolor in morem uenit meus, utque caducis
percussu crebro saxa cauantur aquis, 40
sic ego continuo Fortunae uulneror ictu
uixque habet in nobis iam noua plaga locum.
Nec magis adsiduo uomer tenuatur ab usu
nec magis est curuis Appia trita rotis
pectora quam mea sunt serie caecata malorum, 45
et nihil inueni quod mihi ferret opem.
Artibus ingenuis quaesita est gloria multis,
infelix perii dotibus ipse meis.
Vita prior uitio caret et sine labe peracta est:
auxilii misero nil tulit illa mihi. 50
Culpa grauis precibus donatur saepe suorum:
omnis pro nobis gratia muta fuit.
Adiuuat in duris aliquos praesentia rebus:
obruit hoc absens uasta procella caput.
Quis non horruerit tacitam quoque Caesaris iram? 55
Addita sunt poenis aspera uerba meis.
Fit fuga temporibus leuior: proiectus in aequor
Arcturum subii Pleiadumque minas.
Saepe solent hiemem placidam sentire carinae:
non Ithacae puppi saeuior unda fuit. 60
Recta fides comitum poterat mala nostra leuare:
ditata est spoliis perfida turba meis.
Mitius exilium faciunt loca: tristior ista
terra sub ambobus non iacet ulla polis.
Est aliquid patriis uicinum finibus esse: 65
ultima me tellus, ultimus orbis habet.
Praestat et exulibus pacem tua laurea, Caesar:
Pontica finitimo terra sub hoste iacet.
Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est:
non patitur uerti barbarus hostis humum. 70
Temperie caeli corpusque animusque iuuatur:

frigore perpetuo Sarmatis ora riget.
Est in aqua dulci non inuidiosa uoluptas:
aequoreo bibitur cum sale mixta palus.
Omnia deficiunt. Animus tamen omnia uincit; 75
ille etiam uires corpus habere facit.
Sustineas ut onus, nitendum uertice pleno est
aut, flecti neruos si patiere, cades.
Spes quoque posse mora mitescere principis iram
uiuere ne nolim deficiamque cauet. 80
Nec uos parua datis pauci solacia nobis,
quorum spectata est per mala nostra fides.
Coepta tene, quaeso, neque in aequore desere nauem
meque simul serua iudiciumque tuum.

VIII. COTTAE MAXIMO

Redditus est nobis Caesar cum Caesare nuper,
quos mihi misisti, Maxime Cotta, deos,
utque tuum munus numerum quem debet haberet,
est ibi Caesaribus Liuiā iuncta suis.
Argentum felix omnique beatius auro, 5
quod, fuerit pretium cum rude, numen habet!
Non mihi diuitias dando maiora dedisses
caelitibus missis nostra sub ora tribus.
Est aliquid spectare deos et adesse putare
et quasi cum uero numine posse loqui. 10
Quantum ad te, redii, nec me tenet ultima tellus,
utque prius, media sospes in Vrbe moror.
Caesareos uideo uultus, uelut ante uidebam:
uix huius uoti spes fuit ulla mihi.
Vtque salutabam numen caeleste, saluto. 15
Quod reduci tribuas, nil, puto, maius habes.
Quid nostris oculis nisi sola Palatia desunt?
Qui locus ablato Caesare uilis erit.
Hunc ego cum spectem, uideor mihi cernere Romam;
nam patriae faciem sustinet ille suae. 20
Fallor an irati mihi sunt in imagine uultus,
toruaque nescio quid forma minantis habet?
Parce, uir inmenso maior uirtutibus orbe,
iustaque uindictae supprime frena tuae.
Parce, precor, saeculi decus indelebile nostri, 25
terrarum dominum quem sua cura facit.
Per patriae numen, quae te tibi carior ipso est,
per numquam surdos in tua uota deos
perque tori sociam, quae par tibi sola reperta est,
et cui maiestas non onerosa tua est, 30
perque tibi similem uirtutis imagine natum,
moribus adgnosci qui tuus esse potest,
perque tuos uel auo dignos uel patre nepotes
qui ueniunt magno per tua iussa gradu,

parte leua minima nostras et contrahe poenas 35
daque procul Scythico qui sit ab hoste locum.
Et tua, si fas est, a Caesare proxime Caesar,
numina sint precibus non inimica meis!
Sic fera quam primum pauido Germania uultu
ante triumphantis serua feratur equos, 40
sic pater in Pylios, Cumaeos mater in annos
uiuunt et possis filius esse diu!
Tu quoque, conueniens ingenti nupta marito,
accipe non dura supplicis aure preces!
Sic tibi uir sospes, sic sint cum prole nepotes, 45
cumque bonis nuribus quod peperere nurus!
Sic quem dira tibi rapuit Germania Drusum
pars fuerit partus sola caduca tui!
Sic tibi mature fraterni funeris ultor
purpureus niueis filius instet equis! 50
Adnuite o! timidis, mitissima numina, uotis;
praesentis aliquid prosit habere deos.
Caesaris aduentu tuta gladiator harena
exit et auxilium non leue uultus habet.
Nos quoque uestra iuuat quod, qua licet, ora uidemus, 55
intrata est superis quod domus una tribus.
Felices illi qui non simulacra, sed ipsos
quique deum coram corpora uera uident!
Quod quoniam nobis inuidit inutile fatum,
quos dedit ars uultus effigiemque colo. 60
Sic homines nouere deos, quos arduus aether
occulit, et colitur pro Ioue forma Iouis.
Denique, quae mecum est et erit sine fine, cauete
ne sit in inuiso uestra figura loco.
Nam caput e nostra citius ceruice recedet 65
et patiar fossis lumen abire genis
quam caream raptis, o publica numina, uobis:
uos eritis nostrae portus et ara fugae.
Vos ego complectar, Geticis si cingar ab armis,
utque meas aquilas, <sic mea> signa sequar. 70
Aut ego me fallo nimioque cupidine ludor

aut spes exilii commodioris adest;
nam minus et minus est facies in imagine tristis
uisaque sunt dictis adnuere ora meis.
Vera precor fiant timidae praesagia mentis 75
iustaque, quamuis est, sit minor ira dei.

IX. COTYI REGI

Regia progenies, cui nobilitatis origo
nomen in Eumolpi peruenit usque, Coty,
Fama loquax uestras si iam peruenit ad aures
me tibi finitimi parte iacere soli,
supplicis exaudi, iuuenum mitissime, uocem, 5
quamque potes, profugo — nam potes — adfer opem.
Me fortuna tibi — de qua quod non queror hoc est —
tradidit, hoc uno non inimica mihi.
Excipe naufragium non duro litore nostrum,
ne fuerit terra tutior unda tua. 10
Regia, crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis
conuenit et tanto quantus es ipse uiro.
Fortunam decet hoc istam, quae maxima cum sit,
esse potest animo uix tamen aequa tuo.
Conspicitur numquam meliore potentia causa 15
quam quotiens uanas non sinit esse preces.
Hoc nitor iste tui generis desiderat, hoc est
a superis ortae nobilitatis opus.
Hoc tibi et Eumolpus, generis clarissimus auctor,
et prior Eumolpo suadet Erichthonius. 20
Hoc tecum commune deo est quod uterque rogati
supplicibus uestris ferre soletis opem.
Numquid erit quare solito dignemur honore
numina, si demas uelle iuuare deos?
Iuppiter oranti surdas si praebeat auris, 25
uictima pro templo cur cadat icta Iouis?
Si pacem nullam pontus mihi praestet eunti,
inrita Neptuno cur ego tura feram?
Vana laborantis si fallat arua coloni,
accipiat grauidae cur suis exta Ceres? 30
Nec dabit intonso iugulum caper hostia Baccho,
musta sub adducto si pede nulla fluent.
Caesar ut imperii moderetur frena precamur,
tam bene quod patriae consulit ille suae.

Vtilitas igitur magnos hominesque deosque 35
efficit auxiliis quoque fauente suis.
Tu quoque fac prosis intra tua castra iacenti,
o Coty, progenies digna parente tuo.
Conueniens homini est hominem seruare uoluptas
et melius nulla quaeritur arte fauor. 40
Quis non Antiphaten Laestrygona deuouet aut quis
munifici mores improbat Alcinoi?
Non tibi Cassandreus pater est gentisue Pheraeae
quiue repertorem torruit arte sua,
sed quam Marte ferox et uinci nescius armis, 45
tam numquam facta pace cruoris amans.
Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.
Nec regum quisquam magis est instructus ab illis
mitibus aut studiis tempora plura dedit. 50
Carmina testantur quae, si tua nomina demas,
Threicium iuuenem composuisse negem.
Neue sub hoc tractu uates foret unicus Orpheus,
Bistonis ingenio terra superba tuo est.
Vtque tibi est animus, cum res ita postulat, arma 55
sumere et hostili tingere caede manum,
atque ut es excusso iaculum torquere lacerto
collaque uelocis flectere doctus equi,
tempora sic data sunt studiis ubi iusta paternis
atque suis humeris forte quieuit opus, 60
ne tua marcescant per inertis otia somnos,
lucida Pieria tendis in astra uia.
Haec quoque res aliquid tecum mihi foederis adfert:
eiusdem sacri cultor uterque sumus.
Ad uatem uates orantia brachia tendo, 65
terra sit exiliis ut tua fida meis.
Non ego caede nocens in Ponti litora ueni
mixtae sunt nostra dira uenena manu,
nec mea subiecta conuicta est gemma tabella
mendacem linis inposuisse notam. 70
Nec quicquam, quod lege uetor committere, feci:

est tamen his grauior noxa fatenda mihi.

Neue roges quae sit, stultam conscripsimus Artem.

Innocuas nobis haec uetat esse manus.

Ecquid praeterea peccarim quaerere noli, 75

ut lateat sola culpa sub Arte mea.

Quicquid id est, habuit moderatam uindicis iram,

qui nisi natalem nil mihi dempsit humum.

Hac quoniam careo, tua nunc uicinia praestet,

inuiso possim tutus ut esse loco.

X. MACRO

Ecquid ab impressae cognoscis imagine cerae
haec tibi Nasonem scribere uerba, Macer,
auctorisque sui si non est anulus index,
cognitane est nostra littera facta manu?
An tibi notitiam mora temporis eripit horum 5
nec repetunt oculi signa uetusta tui?
Sis licet oblitus pariter gemmaeque manusque,
exciderit tantum ne tibi cura mei.
Quam tu uel longi debes conuictibus aevi,
uel mea quod coniunx non aliena tibi est, 10
uel studiis quibus es quam nos sapientius usus,
utque decet, nulla factus es Arte nocens.
Tu canis aeterno quicquid restabat Homero,
ne careant summa Troica bella manu.
Naso parum prudens Artem dum tradit amandi, 15
doctrinae pretium triste magister habet.
Sunt tamen inter se communia sacra poetis,
diuersum quamuis quisque sequamur iter.
Quorum te memorem, quamquam procul absumus, esse
suspicio et casus uelle leuare meos. 20
Te duce magnificas Asiae perspeximus urbes,
Trinacris est oculis te duce uisa meis;
uidimus Aetnaea caelum splendescere flamma,
subpositus monti quam uomit ore gigans
Hennaeosque lacus et olentia stagna Palici, 25
quamque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis.
Nec procul hinc nympa est quae, dum fugit Elidis amnem,
tectata sub aequorea nunc quoque currit aqua.
Hic mihi labentis pars anni magna peracta est.
Eheu! quam dispar est locus ille Getis! 30
Et quota pars haec sunt rerum quas uidimus ambo,
te mihi iucundas efficiente uias,
seu rate caeruleas picta sulcauimus undas,
essedata nos agili siue tulere rota.

Saepe breuis nobis uicibus uia uisa loquendi 35
pluraque, si numeres, uerba fuere gradu.
Saepe dies sermone minor fuit inque loquendum
tarda per aestiuos defuit hora dies.
Est aliquid casus pariter timuisse marinos
iunctaque ad aequoreos uota tulisse deos, 40
et modo res egisse simul, modo rursus ab illis,
quorum non pudeat, posse referre iocos.
Haec tibi cum subeant, absim licet, omnibus annis
ante tuos oculos, ut modo uisus, ero.
Ipse quidem certe cum sim sub cardine mundi 45
qui semper liquidis altior extat aquis,
te tamen intueor, quo solo pectore possum,
et tecum gelido saepe sub axe loquor.
Hic es et ignoras et ades celeberrimus absens
inque Getas media iussus ab Vrbe uenis. 50
Redde uicem et, quoniam regio felicior ista est,
istic me memori pectore semper habe.

XI. RVFO

Hoc tibi, Rufe, breui properatum tempore mittit

Naso, parum faustae conditor Artis, opus,
ut, quamquam longe toto sumus orbe remoti,
scire tamen possis nos meminisse tui.

Nominis ante mei uenient obliuia nobis 5

pectore quam pietas sit tua pulsa meo,
et prius hanc animam uacuas reddemus in auras
quam fiat meriti gratia uana tui.

Grande uoco lacrimas meritum quibus ora rigabas,
cum mea concreto sicca dolore forent. 10

Grande uoco meritum maestae solacia mentis,
cum pariter nobis illa tibiue dares.

Sponte quidem per seque mea est laudabilis uxor,
admonitu melior fit tamen illa tuo.

Namque, quod Hermionae Castor fuit, Hector Iuli, 15
hoc ego te laetor coniugis esse meae.

Quae, ne dissimilis tibi sit probitate, laborat
seque tui uita sanguinis esse probat.

Ergo, quod fuerat stimulis factura sine ullis,
plenius auctorem te quoque nancta facit. 20

Acer et ad palmae per se cursurus honores,
si tamen hortaris, fortius ibit equus.

Adde quod absentis cura mandata fideli
perficis et nullum ferre grauaris onus.

O, referant grates, quoniam non possumus ipsi, 25
di tibi, qui referent, si pia facta uident,
sufficiatque diu corpus quoque moribus istis,
maxima Fundani gloria, Rufe, soli!

LIBER TERTIVS

I. VXORI

Aequor Iasonio pulsatum remige primum
 quaeque nec hoste fero nec niue, terra, cares,
ecquod erit tempus quo uos ego Naso relinquam,
 in minus hostili iussus abesse loco?
An mihi barbaria uiuendum semper in ista 5
 inque Tomitana condar oportet humo?
Pace tua, si pax ulla est tua, Pontica tellus,
 finitimus rapido quam terit hostis equo,
pace tua dixisse uelim: ‘Tu pessima duro
 pars es in exilio, tu mala nostra grauas. 10
Tu neque uer sentis cinctum florente corona,
 tu neque messorum corpora nuda uides,
nec tibi pampineas autumnus porrigit uuas,
 cuncta sed inmodicum tempora frigus habent.
Tu glacie freta uincta tenes, et in aequore piscis 15
 inclusus tecta saepe natauit aqua.
Nec tibi sunt fontes, laticis nisi paene marini,
 qui potus dubium sistat alatne sitim.
Rara, neque haec felix, in apertis eminet aruis
 arbor et in terra est altera forma maris. 20
Non auis obloquitur, nisi siluis si qua remota
 aequoreas rauco gutture potat aquas.
Tristia per uacuos horrent absinthia campos
 conueniensque suo messis amara loco.
Adde metus et quod murus pulsatur ab hoste 25
 tinctaque mortifera tabe sagitta madet,
quod procul haec regio est et ab omni deuia cursu
 nec pede quo quisquam nec rate tutus eat.
Non igitur mirum finem quaerentibus horum
 altera si nobis usque rogatur humus. 30
Te magis est mirum non hoc euincere, coniunx,
 inque meis lacrimas posse tenere malis.
Quid facias quaeris? Quaeras hoc scilicet ipsum,
 inuenies, uere si reperire uoles.

Velle parum est: cupias ut re potiaris oportet 35
et faciat somnos haec tibi cura breues.
Velle reor multos: quis enim mihi tam sit iniquus
optet ut exilium pace carere meum?
Pectore te toto cunctisque incumbere neruis
et niti pro me nocte dieque decet. 40
Vtque iuuent alii, tu debes uincere amicos
uxor et ad partis prima uenire tuas.
Magna tibi inposita est nostris persona libellis:
coniugis exemplum diceris esse bonae.
Hanc caue degeneres, ut sint praeconia nostra 45
uera; uide Famae quod tuearis opus.
Vt nihil ipse querar, tacito me Fama queretur,
quae debet fuerit ni tibi cura mei.
Exposuit memet populo Fortuna uidendum
et plus notitiae quam fuit ante dedit. 50
Notior est factus Capaneus a fulminis ictu,
notus humo mersis Amphiaras equis.
Si minus errasset, notus minus esset Vlixes,
magna Philoctetae uulnere fama suo est.
Si locus est aliquis tanta inter nomina paruis, 55
nos quoque conspicuos nostra ruina facit.
Nec te nesciri patitur mea pagina, qua non
inferius Coa Bittide nomen habes.
Quicquid ages igitur, scena spectabere magna
et pia non paucis testibus uxor eris. 60
Crede mihi, quotiens laudaris carmine nostro,
qui legit has laudes, an mereare rogat.
Vtque fauere reor plures uirtutibus istis,
sic tua non paucae carpere facta uolent.
Quarum tu praesta ne liuor dicere possit: 65
“Haec est pro miseri lenta salute uiri”.
Cumque ego deficiam nec possim ducere currum,
fac tu sustineas debile sola iugum.
Ad medicum specto uenis fugientibus aeger:
ultima pars animae dum mihi restat, ades, 70
quodque ego praestarem, si te magis ipse ualerem,

id mihi, cum ualeas fortius ipsa, refer.
 Exigit hoc socialis amor foedusque maritum.
 Moribus hoc, coniunx, exigis ipsa tuis.
 Hoc domui debes de qua censeris, ut illam 75
 non magis officiis quam probitate colas.
 Cuncta licet facias, nisi eris laudabilis uxor,
 non poterit credi Marcia culta tibi.
 Nec sumus indigni nec, si uis uera fateri,
 debetur meritis gratia nulla meis. 80
 Redditur illa quidem grandi cum fenore nobis
 nec te, si cupiat, laedere rumor habet,
 sed tamen hoc factis adiunge prioribus unum,
 pro nostris ut sis ambitiosa malis,
 Vt minus infesta iaceam regione labora, 85
 clauda nec officii pars erit ulla tui.
 Magna peto, sed non tamen inuidiosa roganti,
 utque ea non teneas, tuta repulsa tua est.
 Nec mihi suscense, totiens si carmine nostro
 quod facis ut facias teque imitere rogo. 90
 Fortibus adsueuit tubicen prodesse suoque
 dux bene pugnantis incitat ore uiros.
 Nota tua est probitas testataque tempus in omne:
 sit uirtus etiam non probitate minor.
 Nec tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis 95
 aut excisa leui pelta gerenda manu.
 Numen adorandum est, non ut mihi fiat amicum,
 sed sit ut iratum quam fuit ante minus.
 Gratia si nulla est, lacrimae tibi gratia fient:
 hac potes aut nulla parte mouere deos. 100
 Quae tibi ne desint, bene per mala nostra cauetur
 meque uiro flendi copia diues adest;
 utque meae res sunt, omni, puto, tempore flebis:
 has fortuna tibi nostra ministrat opes.
 Si mea mors redimenda tua, quod abominor, esset, 105
 Admeti coniunx quam sequereris erat.
 Aemula Penelopes fieres, si fraude pudica
 instantis uelles fallere nupta procos.

Si comes extincti manes sequerere mariti,
 esset dux facti Laudamia tui. 110
 Iphias ante oculos tibi erat ponenda uolenti
 corpus in accensos mittere forte rogos.
 Morte nihil opus est, nihil Icarotide tela:
 Caesaris est coniunx ore precanda tuo
 quae praestat uirtute sua, ne prisca uetustas 115
 laude pudicitiae saecula nostra premat,
 quae Veneris formam, mores Iunonis habendo
 sola est caelesti digna reperta toro.
 Quid trepidas et adire times? Non inopia Progne
 filiae Aeetae uoce mouenda tua est, 120
 nec nurus Aegypti, nec saeua Agamemnonis uxor,
 Scyllaque quae Siculas inguine terret aquas,
 Telegoniue parens uertendis nata figuris
 nexaque nodosas angue Medusa comas,
 femina sed princeps, in qua Fortuna uidere 125
 se probat et caecae crimina falsa tulit,
 qua nihil in terris ad finem solis ab ortu
 clarius excepto Caesare mundus habet.
 Eligito tempus captatum saepe rogandi,
 exeat aduersa ne tua nauis aqua. 130
 Non semper sacras reddunt oracula sortis
 ipsaque non omni tempore fana patent.
 Cum status Urbis erit qualem nunc auguror esse,
 et nullus populi contrahet ora dolor,
 cum domus Augusti Capitoli more colenda 135
 laeta, quod est et sit, plenaque pacis erit,
 tum tibi di faciant adeundi copia fiat,
 profectura aliquid tum tua uerba putes.
 Si quid aget maius, differ tua coepta caueque
 spem festinando praecipitare meam. 140
 Nec rursus iubeo, dum sit uacuissima, quaeras:
 corporis ad curam uix uacat illa sui.
 Omnia
 per rerum turbam tu quoque oportet eas.
 Cum tibi contigerit uultum Iunonis adire, 145

fac sis personae quam tueare memor.
Nec factum defende meum: mala causa silenda est.
Nil nisi sollicitae sint tua uerba preces.
Tum lacrimis demenda mora est submissaque terra
ad non mortalis brachia tende pedes. 150
Tum pete nil aliud saeuo nisi ab hoste recedam:
hostem Fortunam sit satis esse mihi.
Plura quidem subeunt, sed sunt turbata timore;
haec quoque uix poteris uoce tremente loqui.
Suspikor hoc damno fore non tibi: sentiet illa 155
te maiestatem pertimuisse suam.
Nec tua si fletu scindentur uerba, nocebit:
interdum lacrimae pondera uocis habent.
Lux etiam coeptis facito bona talibus adsit
horaque conueniens auspiciumque fauens, 160
sed prius inposito sanctis altaribus igni
tura fer ad magnos uinaque pura deos,
e quibus ante omnes Augustum numen adora
progeniemque piam participemque tori.
Sint utinam mites solito tibi more tuasque 165
non duris lacrimas uultibus aspiciant!

II. COTTAE

Quam legis a nobis missam tibi, Cotta, salutem,
missa sit ut uere perueniatque precor.
Namque meis sospes multum cruciatibus aufers
utque sit in nobis pars bona salua facis.
Cumque labent aliqui iactataque uela relinquant, 5
tu lacerae remanes ancora sola rati.
Grata tua est igitur pietas, ignoscimus illis
qui cum Fortuna terga dedere fugae.
Cum feriant unum, non unum fulmina terrent
iunctaque percusso turba pauere solet. 10
Cumque dedit paries uenturae signa ruinae,
sollicito uacuuus fit locus ille metu.
Quis non e timidis aegri contagia uitat
uicinum metuens ne trahat inde malum?
Me quoque amicorum nimio terrore metuque, 15
non odio quidam destituere mei.
Non illis pietas, non officiosa uoluntas
defuit: aduersos extimuerunt deos.
Vtque magis cauti possunt timidique uideri,
sic adpellari non meruere mali. 20
Aut meus excusat caros ita candor amicos
utque habeant de me crimina nulla fauet.
Sint hi contenti uenia signentque licebit
purgari factum me quoque teste suum.
Pars estis pauci melior, qui rebus in artis 25
ferre mihi nullam turpe putastis opem.
Tunc igitur meriti morietur gratia uestri,
cum cinis absumpto corpore factus ero.
Fallor et illa meae superabit tempora uitae,
si tamen a memori posteritate legar. 30
Corpora debentur maestis exsanguia bustis,
effugiunt structos nomen honorque rogos.
Occidit et Theseus et qui comitauit Orestem,
sed tamen in laudes uiuit uterque suas.

Vos etiam seri laudabunt saepe nepotes 35
 claraque erit scriptis gloria uestra meis.
 Hic quoque Sauromatae iam uos nouere Getaeque,
 et tales animos barbara turba probat.
 Cumque ego de uestra nuper probitate referrem
 — nam didici Getice Sarmaticeque loqui — 40
 forte senex quidam, coetu cum staret in illo,
 reddidit ad nostros talia uerba sonos:
 ‘Nos quoque amicitiae nomen, bone, nouimus, hospes,
 quos procul a uobis Pontus et Hister habet.
 Est locus in Scythia — Tauros dixere priores — 45
 qui Getica longe non ita distat humo.
 Hac ego sum terra — patriae nec paenitet — ortus.
 Consortem Phoebi gens colit illa deam.
 Tempia manent hodie uastis innixa columnis
 perque quater denos itur in illa gradus. 50
 Fama refert illic signum caeleste fuisse,
 quoque minus dubites, stat basis orba dea
 araque, quae fuerat natura candida saxi,
 decolor adfuso sanguine tincta rubet.
 Femina sacra facit taedae non nota iugali, 55
 quae superat Scythicas nobilitate nurus.
 Sacrifici genus est, sic instituere parentes,
 aduenae uirgineo caesus ut ense cadat.
 Regna Thoas habuit Maeotide clarus in ora,
 nec fuit Euxinis notior alter aquis. 60
 Sceptra tenente illo liquidas fecisse per auras
 nescio quam dicunt Iphigenian iter,
 quam leuibis uentis sub nube per aequora uectam
 creditur his Phoebe deposuisse locis.
 Praefuerat templo multos ea rite per annos, 65
 inuita peragens tristia sacra manu,
 cum duo uelifera iuuenes uenere carina
 presseruntque suo litora nostra pede.
 Par fuit his aetas et amor, quorum alter Orestes,
 ast Pylades alter: nomina fama tenet. 70
 Protinus inमितem Triuiæ ducuntur ad aram,

euincti geminas ad sua terga manus.
 Spargit aqua captos lustrali Graia sacerdos,
 ambiat ut fuluas infula longa comas,
 dumque parat sacrum, dum uelat tempora uittis, 75
 dum tardae causas inuenit ipsa morae:
 “Non ego crudelis, iuuenes, ignoscite, dixit,
 sacra suo facio barbariora loco.
 Ritus is est gentis. Qua uos tamen urbe uenitis
 quodue parum fausta puppe petistis iter?” 80
 Dixit et audito patriae pia nomine uirgo
 consortes urbis comperit esse suae:
 “Alter ut e uobis, inquit, cadat hostia sacris,
 ad patrias sedes nuntius alter eat.”
 Ire iubet Pylades carum periturus Orestem; 85
 hic negat inque uices pugnat uterque mori.
 Extitit hoc unum quo non conuenerit illis:
 cetera par concors et sine lite fuit.
 Dum peragunt iuuenes pulchri certamen amoris,
 ad fratrem scriptas exarat illa notas. 90
 Ad fratrem mandata dabat, cuique illa dabantur,
 — humanos casus aspice! — frater erat.
 Nec mora, de templo rapiunt simulacra Dianae
 clamque per immensas puppe feruntur aquas.
 Mirus amor iuuenum; quamuis abiere tot anni, 95
 in Scythia magnum nunc quoque nomen habent.’
 Fabula narrata est postquam uulgaris ab illo,
 laudarunt omnes facta piamque fidem.
 Scilicet hac etiam, qua nulla ferocior ora est,
 nomen amicitiae barbara corda mouet. 100
 Quid facere Ausonia geniti debetis in urbe,
 cum tangant duros talia facta Getas?
 Adde quod est animus semper tibi mitis et altae
 indicium more nobilitatis habent
 quos Volesus patrii cognoscat nominis auctor, 105
 quos Numa maternus non neget esse suos
 adiectique probent genetiuā ad nomina Cottae,
 si tu non esses, interitura domus.

Digne uir hac serie, lasso succurrere amico
conueniens istis moribus esse puta.

III. FABIO MAXIMO

Si uacat exiguum profugo dare tempus amico,
o sidus Fabiae, Maxime, gentis, ades,
dum tibi quae uidi refero, seu corporis umbra
seu ueri species seu fuit ille sopor.
Nox erat et bifores intrabat luna fenestras, 5
mense fere medio quanta nitere solet.
Publica me requies curarum somnus habebat
fusaque erant toto languida membra toro,
cum subito pennis agitatus inhorruit aer
et gemuit paruo mota fenestra sono. 10
Territus in cubitum releuo mea membra sinistrum,
pulsus et e trepido pectore somnus abit.
Stabat Amor, uultu non quo prius esse solebat,
fulcra tenens laeua tristis acerna manu,
nec torquem collo neque habens crinale capillo 15
nec bene dispositas comptus ut ante comas.
Horrida pendebant molles super ora capilli
et uisa est oculis horrida penna meis,
qualis in aerae tergo solet esse columbae
tractatam multae quam tetigere manus. 20
Hunc simul agnoui — neque enim mihi notior alter —
talibus adfata est libera lingua sonis:
‘O puer, exilii decepto causa magistro,
quem fuit utilius non docuisse mihi,
huc quoque uenisti, pax est ubi tempore nullo 25
et coit adstrictis barbarus Hister aquis?
Quae tibi causa uiae, nisi uti mala nostra uideres,
quae sunt, si nescis, inuidiosa tibi?
Tu mihi dictasti iuuenalia carmina primus,
adposui senis te duce quinque pedes. 30
Nec me Maeonio consurgere carmine nec me
dicere magnorum passus es acta ducum.
Forsitan exiguas, aliquas tamen, arcus et ignes
ingenii uires comminuere mei.

Namque ego dum canto tua regna tuaeque parentis, 35
 in nullum mea mens grande uacauit opus.
 Nec satis hoc fuerat: stulto quoque carmine feci
 Artibus ut posses non rudis esse meis.
 Pro quibus exilium misero est mihi reddita merces,
 id quoque in extremis et sine pace locis. 40
 At non Chionides Eumolpus in Orphea talis,
 in Phryga nec Satyrum talis Olympus erat,
 praemia nec Chiron ab Achille talia cepit,
 Pythagoraeque ferunt non nocuisse Numam.
 Nomina neu referam longum collecta per aeuum, 45
 discipulo perii solus ab ipse meo.
 Dum damus arma tibi, dum te, lasciue, docemus,
 haec te discipulo dona magister habet.
 Scis tamen et liquido iuratus dicere possis
 non me legitimos sollicitasse toros. 50
 Scripsimus haec illis quarum nec uitta pudicos
 contingit crines nec stola longa pedes.
 Dic, precor, ecquando didicisti fallere nuptas
 et facere incertum per mea iussa genus?
 An sit ab his omnis rigide submota libellis 55
 quam lex furtiuos arcet habere uiros?
 Quid tamen hoc prodest, uetiti si lege seuera
 credor adulterii composuisse notas?
 At tu — sic habeas ferientes cuncta sagittas,
 sic numquam rapido lampades igne uacent, 60
 sic regat imperium terrasque coerceat omnis
 Caesar, ab Aenea est qui tibi fratre tuus —
 effice sit nobis non inplacabilis ira
 meque loco plecti commodiore uelit.
 Haec ego uisus eram puero dixisse uolucris, 65
 hos uisus nobis ille dedisse sonos:
 ‘Per mea tela, faces, et per mea tela, sagittas,
 per matrem iuro Caesareumque caput
 nil nisi concessum nos te didicisse magistro
 Artibus et nullum crimen inesse tuis. 70
 Vtque hoc, sic utinam defendere cetera possem!

Scis aliud quod te laeserit esse magis.
 Quidquid id est, — neque enim debet dolor ipse referri,
 nec potes a culpa dicere abesse tua —
 tu licet erroris sub imagine crimen obumbres, 75
 non grauior merito iudicis ira fuit.
 Vt tamen aspicerem consolarerque iacentem,
 lapsa per immensas est mea penna uias.
 Haec loca tum primum uidi cum matre rogante
 Phasias est telis fixa puella meis. 80
 Quae nunc cur iterum post saecula longa reuisam
 tu facis, o castris miles amice meis.
 Pone metus igitur: mitescet Caesaris ira
 et ueniet uotis mollior aura tuis.
 Neue moram timeas, tempus quod quaerimus instat 85
 cunctaque laetitiae plena triumphus habet.
 Dum domus et nati, dum mater Liuia gaudet,
 dum gaudes, patriae magne ducisque pater,
 dum sibi gratatur populus totamque per Urbem
 omnis odoratis ignibus ara calet, 90
 dum faciles aditus praebet uenerabile templum,
 sperandum est nostras posse ualere preces.
 Dixit et aut ille est tenues dilapsus in auras,
 coeperunt sensus aut uigilare mei.
 Si dubitem faueas quin his, o Maxime, dictis, 95
 Memnonio cygnos esse colore putem.
 Sed neque mutatur nigra pice lacteus umor,
 nec quod erat candens fit terebinthus ebur.
 Conueniens animo genus est tibi; nobile namque
 pectus et Herculeae simplicitatis habes. 100
 Liuor, iners uitium, mores non exit in altos
 utque latens ima uipera serpit humo.
 Mens tua sublimis supra genus eminet ipsum
 grandius ingenio nec tibi nomen inest.
 Ergo alii noceant miseris optentque timeri 105
 tinctaque mordaci spicula felle gerant.
 At tua supplicibus domus est adsueta iuuandis,
 in quorum numero me, precor, esse uelis.

IV. RVFINO

Haec tibi non uanam portantia uerba salutem
Naso Tomitana mittit ab urbe tuus,
utque suo faueas mandat, Rufine, Triumpho,
in uestras uenit si tamen ille manus.
Est opus exiguum uestrisque paratibus inpar: 5
quale tamen cumque est, ut tueare, rogo.
Firma ualent per se nullumque Machaona quaerunt;
ad medicam dubius confugit aeger opem.
Non opus est magnis placido lectore poetis:
quemlibet inuitum difficilemque tenent. 10
Nos, quibus ingenium longi minuere labores
aut etiam nullum forsitan ante fuit,
uiribus infirmi uestro candore ualemus;
quod mihi si demas, omnia rapta putem.
Cunctaque cum mea sint propenso nixa fauore, 15
praecipuum ueniae ius habet ille liber.
Spectatum uates alii scripsere triumphum:
est aliquid memori uisa notare manu.
Nos ea uix auidam uulgo captata per aurem
scripsimus atque oculi fama fuere mei. 20
Scilicet adfectus similis aut impetus idem
rebus ab auditis conspicuisque uenit!
Nec nitor argenti quem uos uidistis et auri
quod mihi defuerit purpuraque illa queror,
sed loca, sed gentes formatae mille figuris 25
nutrissent carmen proeliaque ipsa meum,
et regum uultus, certissima pignora mentis,
iuuissent aliqua forsitan illud opus.
Plausibus ex ipsis populi laetoque fauore
ingenium quoduis incaluisse potest, 30
tamque ego sumpsissem tali clamore uigorem
quam rudis audita miles ad arma tuba.
Pectora sint nobis niuibus glacieque licebit
atque hoc quem patior frigidiora loco,

illa ducis facies in curru stantis eburno 35
 excuteret frigus sensibus omne meis.
 His ego defectus dubiisque auctoribus usus
 ad uestri uenio iure fauoris opem.
 Nec mihi nota ducum nec sunt mihi nota locorum
 nomina: materiam non habuere manus. 40
 Pars quota de tantis rebus, quam fama referre
 aut aliquis nobis scribere posset, erat?
 Quo magis, o lector, debes ignoscere, si quid
 erratum est illic praeteritumue mihi.
 Adde quod adsidue domini meditata querelas 45
 ad laetum carmen uix mea uersa lyra est.
 Vix bona post tanto quaerenti uerba subibant
 et gaudere aliquid res mihi uisa noua est,
 utque reformidant insuetum lumina solem,
 sic ad laetitiam mens mea segnis erat. 50
 Est quoque cunctarum nouitas carissima rerum
 gratiaque officio quod mora tardat abest.
 Cetera certatim de magno scripta triumpho
 iam pridem populi suspicor ore legi.
 Illa bibit sitiens lector, mea pocula plenus. 55
 Illa recens pota est, nostra tepebit aqua.
 Non ego cessauī nec fecit inertia serum:
 ultima me uasti sustinet ora freti.
 Dum uenit huc rumor properataque carmina fiunt
 factaque eunt ad uos, annus abisse potest. 60
 Nec minimum refert intacta rosaria primus
 an sera carpas paene relictā manu.
 Quid mirum lectis exhausto floribus horto
 si duce non facta est digna corona suo?
 Deprecor hoc: uatum contra sua carmina ne quis 65
 dicta putet! pro se Musa locuta mea est.
 Sunt mihi uobiscum communia sacra, poetae,
 in uestro miseris si licet esse choro,
 magnaue pars animae mecum uixistis, amici:
 hac ego uos absens nunc quoque parte colo. 70
 Sint igitur uestro mea commendata fauore

carmina, non possum pro quibus ipse loqui.
 Scripta placent a morte fere, quia laedere uiuos
 liuor et iniusto carpere dente solet.
 Si genus est mortis male uiuere, terra moratur 75
 et desunt fatis sola sepulcra meis.
 Denique opus curae culpetur ut undique nostrae,
 officium nemo qui reprehendat erit.
 Vt desint uires, tamen est laudanda uoluntas:
 hac ego contentos auguror esse deos. 80
 Haec facit ut ueniat pauper quoque gratus ad aras
 et placeat caeso non minus agna boue.
 Res quoque tanta fuit quantae subsistere summo
 Aeneidos uati grande fuisset onus.
 Ferre etiam molles elegi tam uasta triumphi 85
 pondera disparibus non potuere rotis.
 Quo pede nunc utar dubia est sententia nobis:
 alter enim de te, Rhene, triumphus adest.
 Inrita uotorum non sunt praesagia uatum.
 Danda Ioui laurus, dum prior illa uiret. 90
 Nec mea uerba legis, qui sum submotus ad Histrum,
 non bene pacatis flumina pota Getis.
 Ista dei uox est: deus est in pectore nostro;
 haec duce praedico uaticinorque deo.
 Quid cessas currum pompamque parare triumphis, 95
 Liuia? Dant nullas iam tibi bella moras.
 Perfida damnatas Germania proicit hastas:
 iam pondus dices omen habere meum.
 Crede, breuique fides aderit. Geminabit honorem
 filius et iunctis ut prius ibit equis. 100
 Prome quod incias umeris uictoribus ostrum:
 ipsa potest solitum nosse corona caput.
 Scuta sed et galeae gemmis radientur et auro
 stentque super uinctos trunca tropaea uiros.
 Oppida turritis cingantur eburnea muris 105
 fictaque res uero more putetur agi.
 Squalidus inmissos fracta sub harundine crines
 Rhenus et infectas sanguine portet aquas.

Barbara iam capti poscunt insignia reges
textaque fortuna diuitiora sua 110

<
..... >

et quae praeterea uirtus inuicta tuorum
saepe parata tibi saepe paranda facit.

Di, quorum monitu sumus euentura locuti, 115
uerba, precor, celeri nostra probate fide.

V. COTTAE MAXIMO

Quam legis unde tibi mittatur epistula, quaeris?
Hinc ubi caeruleis iungitur Hister aquis.
Vt regio dicta est, succurrere debet et auctor,
laesus ab ingenio Naso poeta suo.
Qui tibi quam mallet praesens adferre salutem 5
mittit ab hirsutis, Maxime Cotta, Getis.
Legimus, o iuuenis patrii non degener oris,
dicta tibi pleno uerba diserta foro.
Quae quamquam lingua mihi sunt properante per horas
lecta satis multas, pauca fuisse queror. 10
Plura sed haec feci relegendo saepe nec umquam
non mihi quam primo grata fuere magis.
Cumque nihil totiens lecta e dulcedine perdant,
uiribus illa suis, non nouitate placent.
Felices quibus haec ipso cognoscere in actu 15
et tam facundo contigit ore frui!
Nam, quamquam sapor est adlata dulcis in unda,
gratius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquae.
Et magis adducto pomum decerpere ramo
quam de caelata sumere lance iuuat. 20
At nisi peccassem, nisi me mea Musa fugasset,
quod legi tua uox exhibuisset opus,
utque fui solitus, sedissem forsitan unus
de centum iudex in tua uerba uiris,
maior et inplesset praecordia nostra uoluptas, 25
cum traheret dictis adnueremque tuis.
Quem quoniam fatum patria uobisque relictis
inter inhumanos maluit esse Getas,
quod licet, ut uidear tecum magis esse legendo,
saepe, precor, studii pignora mitte tui 30
exemploque meo, nisi dedignaris id ipsum,
utere, quod nobis rectius ipse dares.
Namque ego, qui perii iam pridem, Maxime, uobis,
ingenio nitor non periisse meo.

Redde uicem, nec rara tui monimenta laboris 35
 accipiant nostrae grata futura manus.
Dic tamen, o iuuenis studiorum plene meorum,
 ecquid ab his ipsis admoneare mei.
Ecquid, ubi aut recitas factum modo carmen amicis
 aut, quod saepe soles, exigis ut recitent, 40
quaeror, ut interdum tua mens, oblita quid absit,
 nescioquid certe sentit abesse sui,
utque loqui multum de me praesente solebas,
 nunc quoque Nasonis nomen in ore tuo est?
Ipse quidem Getico peream uiolatus ab arcu 45
 — et sit periuri quam prope poena uides — ,
te nisi momentis uideo paene omnibus absens!
 Gratia quod menti quolibet ire licet.
Hac ubi perueni nulli cernendus in Urbem,
 saepe loquor tecum, saepe loquente fruor. 50
Tum mihi difficile est quam sit bene dicere quamque
 candida iudiciis illa sit hora meis.
Tum me, si qua fides, caelesti sede receptum
 cum fortunatis suspicor esse deis.
Rursus ubi huc redii, caelum superosque relinquo, 55
 a Styge nec longe Pontica distat humus.
Vnde ego si fato nitor prohibente reuerti,
 spem sine profectu, Maxime, tolle mihi.

VI. AD AMICVM CELATO NOMINE

Naso suo — posuit nomen quam paene! — sodali
mittit ab Euxinis hoc breue carmen aquis.

At si cauta parum scripsisset dextra quis esses,
forsitan officio parta querela foret.

Cur tamen hoc aliis tutum credentibus unus 5
adpellent ne te carmina nostra rogas?

Quanta sit in media clementia Caesaris ira,
si nescis, ex me certior esse potes.

Huic ego quam patior nil possem demere poenae,
si iudex meriti cogerer esse mei. 10

Non uetat ille sui quemquam meminisse sodalis
nec prohibet tibi me scribere teque mihi.

Nec scelus admittas, si consoleris amicum
mollibus et uerbis aspera fata leues.

Cur, dum tuta times, facis ut reuerentia talis 15
fiat in Augustos inuidiosa deos?

Fulminis adflatos interdum uiuere telis
uidimus et refici non prohibente Ioue,
nec, quia Neptunus nauem lacerarat Vlixis,
Leucothee nanti ferre negauit opem. 20

Crede mihi, miseris caelestia numina parcut
nec semper laesos et sine fine premunt.

Principe nec nostro deus est moderatior ullus:
iustitia uires temperat ille suas;

nuper eam Caesar facto de marmore templo, 25
iam pridem posuit mentis in aede suae.

Iuppiter in multos temeraria fulmina torquet
qui poenam culpa non meruere pati.

Obruerit cum tot saeuis deus aequoris undis,
ex illis mergi pars quota digna fuit? 30

Cum pereant acie fortissima quaeque, uel ipso
iudice delectus Martis iniquus erit.

At si forte uelis in nos inquirere, nemo est
qui se quod patitur commeruisse neget.

Adde quod extinctos uel aqua uel Marte uel igni 35
 nulla potest iterum restituere dies.
Restituit multos aut poenae parte leuauit
 Caesar et in multis me precor esse uelit.
At tu, cum tali populus sub principe simus,
 adloquio profugi credis inesse metum? 40
Forsitan haec domino Busiride iure timeres
 aut solito clausos urere in aere uiros.
Desine mitem animum uano infamare timore.
 Saeua quid in placidis saxa uereris aquis?
Ipse ego, quod primo scripsi sine nomine uobis, 45
 uix excusari posse mihi uideor.
Sed pauor attonito rationis ademerat usum,
 cesserat omne nouis consiliumque malis,
fortunamque meam metuens, non uindictae iram
 terrebar titulo nominis ipse mei. 50
Hactenus admonitus memori concede poetae
 ponat ut in chartis nomina cara suis.
Turpe erit ambobus, longo mihi proximus usu
 si nulla libri parte legere mei.
Ne tamen iste metus somnos tibi rumpere possit, 55
 non ultra quam uis officiosus ero
teque tegam qui sis, nisi cum permiseris ipse.
 Cogetur nemo munus habere meum.
Tu modo, quem poteras uel aperte tutus amare,
 si res est anceps ista, latenter ama.

VII. AD AMICOS

Verba mihi desunt eadem tam saepe roganti
iamque pudet uanas fine carere preces.
Taedia consimili fieri de carmine uobis,
quidque petam, cunctos edidicisse reor.
Nostraque quid portet iam nostis epistula, quamuis 5
charta sit a vinclis non labefacta suis.
Ergo mutetur scripti sententia nostri,
ne totiens contra quam rapit amnis eam.
Quod bene de uobis speraui, ignoscite, amici:
talia peccandi iam mihi finis erit. 10
Nec grauis uxori dicar, quae scilicet in me
quam proba tam timida est experiensque parum.
Hoc quoque, Naso, feres, etenim peiora tulisti:
iam tibi sentiri sarcina nulla potest.
Ductus ab armento taurus detrectet aratrum 15
subtrahat et duro colla nouella iugo.
Nos, quibus adsuerit fatum crudeliter uti,
ad mala iam pridem non sumus ulla rudes.
Venimus in Geticos fines: moriamur in illis,
Parcaque ad extremum qua mea coepit eat! 20
Spem iuuat amplecti, quae non iuuat inrita semper,
et, fieri cupias si qua, futura putes.
Proximus huic gradus est bene desperare salutem
seque semel uera scire perisse fide.
Curando fieri quaedam maiora uidemus 25
uulnera, quae melius non tetigisse fuit.
Mitius ille perit, subita qui mergitur unda,
quam sua qui tumidis brachia iactat aquis.
Cur ego concepi Scythicis me posse carere
finibus et terra prosperiore frui? 30
Cur aliquid de me speraui lenius umquam?
An fortuna mihi sic mea nota fuit?
Torqueor en grauius repetitaque forma locorum
exilium renouat triste recensque facit.

Est tamen utilius studium cessasse meorum 35

quam, quas admorint, non ualuisse preces.

Magna quidem res est, quam non audetis, amici,
sed si quis peteret, qui dare uellet erat.

Dummodo non nobis hoc Caesaris ira negarit,
fortiter Euxinis inmoriemur aquis.

VIII. FABIO MAXIMO

Quae tibi quaerebam memorem testantia curam
dona Tomitanus mittere posset ager.
Dignus es argento, fuluo quoque dignior auro,
sed te, cum donas, ista iuuare solent.
Nec tamen haec loca sunt ullo pretiosa metallo: 5
hostis ab agricola uix sinit illa fodi.
Purpura saepe tuos fulgens praetexit amictus,
sed non Sarmatico tingitur illa mari.
Vellera dura ferunt pecudes et Palladis uti
arte Tomitanae non didicere nurus. 10
Femina pro lana Cerealia munera frangit
subpositoque grauem uertice portat aquam.
Non hic pampineis amicitur uitibus ulmus,
nulla premunt ramos pondere poma suos.
Tristia deformes pariunt absinthia campi 15
terraque de fructu quam sit amara docet.
Nil igitur tota Ponti regione Sinistri
quod mea sedulitas mittere posset erat.
Clausa tamen misi Scythica tibi tela pharetra:
hoste, precor, fiant illa cruenta tuo. 20
Hos habet haec calamos, hos haec habet ora libellos,
haec uiget in nostris, Maxime, Musa locis!
Quae quamquam misisse pudet, quia parua uidentur,
tu tamen haec, quaeso, consule missa boni!

IX. BRVTO

Quod sit in his eadem sententia, Brute, libellis,
carmina nescio quem carpere nostra refers,
nil nisi me terra fruar ut propiore rogare
et quam sim denso cinctus ab hoste loqui.
O! quam de multis uitium reprehenditur unum! 5
Hoc peccat solum si mea Musa, bene est.
Ipse ego librorum uideo delicta meorum,
cum sua plus iusto carmina quisque probet.
Auctor opus laudat: sic forsitan Agrius olim
Thersiten facie dixerit esse bona. 10
Iudicium tamen hic nostrum non decipit error,
nec quicquid genui protinus illud amo.
Cur igitur, si me uideo delinquere, peccem
et patiar scripto crimen inesse rogas?
Non eadem ratio est sentire et demere morbos: 15
sensus inest cunctis, tollitur arte malum.
Saepe aliquod uerbum cupiens mutare reliqui,
iudicium uires destituuntque meum.
Saepe piget — quid enim dubitem tibi uera fateri? —
corrigenae et longi ferre laboris onus. 20
Scribentem iuuat ipse labor minuitque laborem
cumque suo crescens pectore feruet opus.
Corrigere ut res est tanto minus ardua quanto
magnus Aristarcho maior Homerus erat,
sic animum lento curarum frigore laedit 25
et cupidi cursus frena retentat equi.
Atque ita di mites minuunt mihi Caesaris iram
ossaue pacata nostra tegantur humo,
ut mihi conanti nonnumquam intendere curas
fortunae species obstat acerba meae, 30
uixque mihi uideor faciam qui carmina sanus
inque feris curem corrigere illa Getis.
Nil tamen e scriptis magis excusabile nostris
quam sensus cunctis paene quod unus inest.

Laeta fere laetus cecini, cano tristia tristis: 35
conueniens operi tempus utrumque suo est.
Quid nisi de uitio scribam regionis amarae,
utque loco moriar commodiore precer?
Cum totiens eadem dicam, uix audior ulli
uerbaque profectu dissimulata carent. 40
Et tamen haec eadem cum sint, non scripsimus isdem
unaque per plures uox mea temptat opem.
An, ne bis sensum lector reperiret eundem,
unus amicorum, Brute, rogandus eras?
Non fuit hoc tanti, confesso ignoscite, docti! 45
Vilior est operis fama salute mea.
Denique materiam quam quis sibi finxerit ipse,
arbitrio uariat multa poeta suo.
Musa mea est index nimium quoque uera malorum
atque incorrupti pondera testis habet. 50
Nec liber ut fieret, sed uti sua cuique daretur
littera, propositum curaue nostra fuit.
Postmodo conlectas utcumque sine ordine iunxi:
hoc opus electum ne mihi forte putes.
Da ueniam scriptis, quorum non gloria nobis 55
causa, sed utilitas officiumque fuit.

LIBER QVARTVS

I. SEX. POMPEIO

Accipe, Pompei, deductum carmen ab illo
debitor est uitae qui tibi, Sexte, suae.
Qui seu non prohibes a me tua nomina poni,
accedet meritis haec quoque summa tuis,
siue trahis uultus, equidem peccasse fatebor, 5
delicti tamen est causa probanda mei.
Non potuit mea mens quin esset grata teneri:
sit precor officio non grauis ira pio.
O, quotiens ego sum libris mihi uisus ab istis
inpius, in nullo quod legerere loco! 10
O, quotiens, alii uellem cum scribere, nomen
rettulit in ceras inscia dextra tuum!
Ipse mihi placuit mendis in talibus error
et uix inuita facta litura manu est.
'Viderit ad summam, dixi, licet ipse queratur! 15
a! pudet offensam non meruisse prius.'
Da mihi, si quid ea est, hebetantem pectora Lethen,
oblitus potero non tamen esse tui,
idque sinas, oro, nec fastidita repellas
uerba nec officio crimen inesse putes, 20
et leuis haec meritis referatur gratia tantis;
si minus, inuito te quoque gratus ero.
Numquam pigra fuit nostris tua gratia rebus
nec mihi munificas arca negauit opes.
Nunc quoque nil subitis clementia territa fatis 25
auxilium uitae fertque feretque meae.
Vnde, rogas forsan, fiducia tanta futuri
sit mihi? Quod fecit, quisque tuetur opus.
Vt Venus artificis labor est et gloria Coi,
aequoreo madidas quae premit imbre comas, 30
arcis ut Actaeae uel eburna uel aerea custos
bellica Phidiaca stat dea facta manu,
uindicat ut Calamis laudem quos fecit equorum,
ut similis uerae uacca Myronis opus,

sic ego sum rerum non ultima, Sexte, tuarum 35
tutelaque feror munus opusque tuae.

II. SEVERO

Quod legis, o uates magnorum maxime regum,
 uenit ab intonsis usque, Seuere, Getis,
cuius adhuc nomen nostros tacuisse libellos,
 si modo permittis dicere uera, pudet.
Orba tamen numeris cessauit epistula numquam 5
 ire per alternas officiosa uices.
Carmina sola tibi memorem testantia curam
 non data sunt: quid enim quae facis ipse darem?
Quis mel Aristaeo, quis Baccho uina Falerna,
 Triptolemo fruges, poma det Alcinoo? 10
Fertile pectus habes interque Heliconae colentes
 uberius nulli prouenit ista seges.
Mittere ad hunc carmen frondes erat addere siluis.
 Haec mihi cunctandi causa, Seuere, fuit.
Nec tamen ingenium nobis respondet ut ante, 15
 sed siccum sterili uomere litus aro.
Scilicet ut limus uenas excaecat in undis
 laesaque subpresso fonte resistit aqua,
pectora sic mea sunt limo uitata malorum
 et carmen uena pauperiore fluit. 20
Si quis in hac ipsum terra posuisset Homerum,
 esset, crede mihi, factus et ille Getes.
Da ueniam fasso, studiis quoque frena remisi
 ducitur et digitis littera rara meis.
Inpetus ille sacer qui uatum pectora nutrit, 25
 qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.
Vix uenit ad partes, uix sumptae Musa tabellae
 inponit pigras paene coacta manus,
paruaque, ne dicam scribendi nulla uoluptas
 est mihi nec numeris nectere uerba iuuat, 30
siue quod hinc fructus adeo non cepimus ullos,
 principium nostri res sit ut ista mali,
siue quod in tenebris numerosos ponere gestus
 quodque legas nulli scribere carmen idem est:

excitat auditor studium laudataque uirtus 35
 crescit et inmensum gloria calcar habet.
Hic mea cui recitem nisi flauis scripta Corallis
 quasque alias gentes barbarus Hister habet?
Sed quid solus agam quaque infelicia perdam
 otia materia subripiamque diem? 40
Nam quia nec uinum nec me tenet alea fallax
 per quae clam tacitum tempus abire solet
nec me — quod cuperem, si per fera bella liceret —
 oblectat cultu terra nouata suo,
quid nisi Pierides, solacia frigida, restant, 45
 non bene de nobis quae meruere deae?
At tu, cui bibitur felicius Aonius fons,
 utiliter studium quod tibi cedit ama
sacraque Musarum merito cole, quodque legamus
 huc aliquod curae mitte recentis opus.

III. AD INGRATVM

Conquerar an taceam? Ponam sine nomine crimen
an notum qui sis omnibus esse uelim?
Nomine non utar, ne commendere querela,
quaeraturque tibi carmine fama meo.
Dum mea puppis erat ualida fundata carina, 5
qui mecum uelles currere primus eras.
Nunc, quia contraxit uultum Fortuna, recedis,
auxilio postquam scis opus esse tuo.
Dissimulas etiam nec me uis nosse uideri
quisque sit audito nomine Naso rogas. 10
Ille ego sum, quamquam non uis audire, uetusta
paene puer puero iunctus amicitia,
ille ego qui primus tua seria nosse solebam
et tibi iucundis primus adesse iocis,
ille ego conuictor densoque domesticus usu, 15
ille ego iudiciis unica Musa tuis,
ille ego sum qui nunc an uiuam, perfide, nescis,
cura tibi de quo quaerere nulla fuit.
Siue fui numquam carus, simulasse fateris,
seu non fingebas, inueniere leuis. 20
Aut age, dic aliquam quae te mutauerit iram.
Nam nisi iusta tua est, iusta querela mea est.
Quod te nunc crimen similem uetat esse priori?
An crimen, coepi quod miser esse, uocas?
Si mihi rebus opem nullam factisque ferebas, 25
uenisset uerbis charta notata tribus.
Vix equidem credo, sed et insultare iacenti
te mihi nec uerbis parcere fama refert.
Quid facis, a! demens? Cur, si Fortuna recedat,
naufragio lacrimas eripis ipse tuo? 30
Haec dea non stabili quam sit leuis orbe fatetur,
quae summum dubio sub pede semper habet.
Quolibet est folio, quauis incertior aura.
Par illi leuitas, improbe, sola tua est.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo 35
 et subito casu quae ualuere ruunt.
 Diuitis audita est cui non opulentia Croesi?
 Nempe tamen uitam captus ab hoste tulit.
 Ille Syracosia modo formidatus in urbe
 uix humili duram reppulit arte famem. 40
 Quid fuerat Magno maius? Tamen ille rogauit
 submissa fugiens uoce clientis opem,
 cuique uiro totus terrarum paruit orbis

 Ille Iugurthino clarus Cimbrique triumpho, 45
 quo uictrix totiens consule Roma fuit,
 in caeno Marius iacuit cannaque palustri
 pertulit et tanto multa pudenda uiro.
 Ludit in humanis diuina potentia rebus
 et certam praesens uix feret hora fidem. 50
 ‘Litus ad Euxinum’ si quis mihi diceret ‘ibis
 et metues arcu ne feriare Getae’,
 ‘I, bibe’ dixissem ‘purgantes pectora sucos
 quicquid et in tota nascitur Anticyra.’
 Sum tamen haec passus nec, si mortalia possem, 55
 et summi poteram tela cauere dei.
 Tu quoque fac timeas et quae tibi laeta uidentur,
 dum loqueris, fieri tristia posse puta.

IV. SEX. POMPEIO

Nulla dies adeo est australibus umida nimbis,
non intermissis ut fluat imber aquis;
nec sterilis locus ullus ita est, ut non sit in illo
mixta fere duris utilis herba rubis.
Nil adeo fortuna grauis miserabile fecit 5
ut minuant nulla gaudia parte malum.
Ecce domo patriaue carens oculisque meorum,
naufragus in Getici litoris actus aquas,
qua tamen inueni uultum diffundere causa
possim fortunae nec meminisse meae. 10
Nam mihi cum fulua solus spatiarer harena,
uisa est a tergo penna dedisse sonum.
Respicio nec erat corpus quod cernere possem,
uerba tamen sunt haec aure recepta mea:
‘En ego laetarum uenio tibi nuntia rerum, 15
Fama per immensas aere lapsa uias:
consule Pompeio, quo non tibi carior alter,
candidus et felix proximus annus erit!’
Dixit et, ut laeto Pontum rumore repleuit,
ad gentes alias hinc dea uertit iter, 20
at mihi dilapsis inter noua gaudia curis
excidit asperitas huius iniqua loci.
Ergo ubi, Iane biceps, longum reseraueris annum
pulsus et a sacro mense December erit,
purpura Pompeium summi uelabit honoris, 25
ne titulis quicquam debeat ille suis.
Cernere iam uideor rumpi paene atria turba
et populum laedi deficiente loco
templaque Tarpeiae primum tibi sedis adiri
et fieri faciles in tua uota deos, 30
colla boues niueos certae praebere securi,
quos aluit campis herba Falisca suis,
cumque deos omnes, tum quos inpensius aequos
esse tibi cupias, cum Ioue Caesar erunt.

Curia te excipiet patresque e more uocati 35
intendent aures ad tua uerba suas.
Hos ubi facundo tua uox hilarauerit ore,
utque solet, tulerit prospera uerba dies
egeris et meritas superis cum Caesare grates
— qui causam, facias cur ita saepe, dabit! — , 40
inde domum repetes toto comitante senatu
officium populi uix capiente domo.
Me miserum, turba quod non ego cernar in illa
nec poterunt istis lumina nostra frui!
Quod licet, absentem qua possum mente uidebo; 45
aspiciet uultus consulis illa sui.
Di faciant aliquo subeat tibi tempore nostrum
nomen et ‘Heu!’ dicas ‘quid miser ille facit?’
Haec tua pertulerit si quis mihi uerba, fatebor
protinus exilium mollius esse meum.

V. SEX. POMPEIO

Ite, leues elegi, doctas ad consulis aures
uerbaque honorato ferte legenda uiro.
Longa uia est nec uos pedibus proceditis aequis
tectaque brumali sub niue terra latet.
Cum gelidam Thracen et opertum nubibus Haemum 5
et maris Ionii transieritis aquas,
luce minus decima dominam uenietis in Urbem,
ut festinatum non faciatis iter.
Protinus inde domus uobis Pompeia petatur:
non est Augusto iunctior ulla foro. 10
Si quis, ut in populo, qui sitis et unde requireret,
nomina decepta quaelibet aure ferat.
Vt sit enim tutum, sicut reor esse, fateri
uera, minus certe ficta timoris habent.
Copia nec uobis nullo prohibente uidendi 15
consulis, ut limen contigeritis, erit:
aut reget ille suos dicendo iura Quirites,
conspicuum signis cum premet altus ebur,
aut populi reditus positam componet ad hastam
et minui magnae non sinet urbis opes, 20
aut, ubi erunt patres in Iulia templa uocati,
de tanto dignis consule rebus aget,
aut feret Augusto solitam natoque salutem
deque parum noto consulet officio
tempus et his uacuum Caesar Germanicus omne 25
auferet: a magnis hunc colit ille deis.
Cum tamen a turba rerum requieuerit harum,
ad uos mansuetas porriget ille manus
quidque parens ego uester agam fortasse requirer.
Taliam uos illi reddere uerba uolo: 30
‘Viuit adhuc uitamque tibi debere fatetur
quam prius a miti Caesare munus habet.
Te sibi, cum fugeret, memori solet ore referre
barbariae tutas exhibuisse uias.

Sanguine Bistonium quod non tepefecerit ensem, 35
effectum cura pectoris esse tui.

Addita praeterea uitae quoque multa tuendae
munera, ne proprias attenuaret opes.

Pro quibus ut meritis referatur gratia, iurat
se fore mancipii tempus in omne tui. 40

Nam prius umbrosa carituros arbore montes
et freta ueliuolas non habitura rates
fluminaque in fontes cursu reditura supino
gratia quam meriti possit abire tui.'

Haec ubi dixeritis, seruet sua dona rogate! 45
Sic fuerit uestrae causa peracta uiae.

VI. BRVTO

Quam legis, ex illis tibi uenit epistula, Brute,
Nasonem nolles in quibus esse locis,
sed tu quod nolles, uoluit miserabile fatum.
Ei mihi! plus illud quam tua uota ualet.
In Scythia nobis quinquennis olympias acta est; 5
iam tempus lustris transit in alterius.
Perstat enim Fortuna tenax uotisque malignum
opponit nostris insidiosa pedem.
Certus eras pro me, Fabiae laus, Maxime, gentis,
numen ad Augustum supplice uoce loqui. 10
Occidis ante preces causamque ego, Maxime, mortis —
nec fuero tanti! — me reor esse tuae.
Iam timeo nostram cuiquam mandare salutem;
ipsum morte tua concidit auxilium.
Cooperat Augustus deceptae ignoscere culpae, 15
spem nostram terras deseruitque simul.
Quale tamen potui, de caelite, Brute, recenti
uestra procul positus carmen in ora dedi.
Quae prosit pietas utinam mihi sitque malorum
iam modus et sacrae mitior ira domus! 20
Te quoque idem liquido possum iurare precari,
o mihi non dubia cognite Brute nota.
Nam cum praestiteris uerum mihi semper amorem,
hic tamen aduerso tempore creuit amor,
quique tuas pariter lacrimas nostrasque uideret 25
passuros poenam crederet esse duos.
Lenem te miseris genuit natura nec ulli
mitius ingenium quam tibi, Brute, dedit,
ut, qui quid ualeas ignoret Marte forensi,
posse tuo peragi uix putet ore reos. 30
Scilicet eiusdem est, quamuis pugnare uidentur,
supplicibus facilem, sontibus esse trucem.
Cum tibi suscepta est legis uindicta seuerae,
uerba uelut tinctum singula uirus habent.

Hostibus eueniat quam sis uiolentus in armis 35
sentire et linguae tela subire tuae
quae tibi tam tenui cura limantur ut omnes
istius ingenium corporis esse negent.
At si quem laedi fortuna cernis iniqua,
mollior est animo femina nulla tuo. 40
Hoc ego praecipue sensi, cum magna meorum
notitiam pars est infitiata mei.
Inmemor illorum, uestri non inmemor umquam
qui mala solliciti nostra leuatis ero.
Et prius hic nimium nobis conterminus Hister 45
in caput Euxino de mare uertet iter,
utque Thyesteae redeant si tempora mensae,
Solis ad Eoas currus agetur aquas,
quam quisquam uestrum qui me doluistis ademptum
arguat ingratum non meminisse sui.

VII. VESTALI

Missus es Euxinas quoniam, Vestalis, ad undas,
ut positis reddas iura sub axe locis,
aspicis en praesens quali iaceamus in aruo,
nec me testis eris falsa solere queri.
Accedet uoci per te non inrita nostrae, 5
Alpinis iuuenis regibus orte, fides.
Ipse uides certe glacie concreescere Pontum,
ipse uides rigido stantia uina gelu;
ipse uides onerata ferox ut ducat lazyx
per medias Histri plaustra bubulcus aquas. 10
Aspicis et mitti sub adunco toxica ferro
et telum causas mortis habere duas.
Atque utinam pars haec tantum spectata fuisset,
non etiam proprio cognita Marte tibi!
Tendisti ad primum per densa pericula pilum, 15
contigit ex merito qui tibi nuper honor.
Sit licet hic titulus plenus tibi fructibus, ingens
ipsa tamen uirtus ordine maior erit.
Non negat hoc Hister, cuius tua dextera quondam
puniceam Getico sanguine fecit aquam. 20
Non negat Aegisos, quae te subeunte recepta
sensit in ingenio nil opis esse loci.
Nam, dubium positu melius defensa manune,
urbs erat in summo nubibus aequa iugo.
Sithonio regi ferus interceperat illam 25
hostis et ereptas uictor habebat opes,
donec fluminea deuecta Vitellius unda
intulit exposito milite signa Getis.
At tibi, progenies alti fortissima Donni,
uenit in aduersos impetus ire uiros. 30
Nec mora, conspicuus longe fulgentibus armis,
fortia ne possint facta latere caues
ingentique gradu contra ferrumque locumque
saxaque brumali grandine plura subis.

Nec te missa super iaculorum turba moratur 35
nec quae uipereo tela cruore madent.
Spicula cum pictis haerent in casside pennis
parsque fere scuti uulnere nulla uacat.
Nec corpus cunctos feliciter effugit ictus,
sed minor est acri laudis amore dolor. 40
Talis apud Troiam Danaïs pro nauibus Ajax
dicitur Hectoreas sustinuisse faces.
Vt propius uentum est admotaque dextera dextrae
resque fero potuit comminus ense geri,
dicere difficile est quid Mars tuus egerit illic 45
quotque neci dederis quosque quibusque modis.
Ense tuo factos calcabas uictor aceruos
inpositoque Getes sub pede multus erat.
Pugnat ad exemplum primi minor ordine pili
multaque fert miles uulnera, multa facit. 50
Sed tantum uirtus alios tua praeterit omnes
ante citos quantum Pegasus ibat equos.
Vincitur Aegisos testataque tempus in omne
sunt tua, Vestalis, carmine facta meo.

VIII. SVILLIO

Littera sera quidem, studiis exculte Suilli,
huc tua peruenit, sed mihi grata tamen,
qua pia si possit superos lenire rogando
gratia, laturum te mihi dicis opem.
Vt iam nil praestes, animi sum factus amici 5
debitor et meritum uelle iuuare uoco.
Inpetus iste tuus longum modo duret in aeuum,
neue malis pietas sit tua lassa meis!
Ius aliquod faciunt adfinia uincula nobis,
quae semper maneant inlabefacta precor. 10
Nam tibi quae coniunx, eadem mihi filia paene est,
et quae te generum, me uocat illa uirum.
Ei mihi, si lectis uultum tu uersibus istis
ducis et adfinem te pudet esse meum!
At nihil hic dignum poteris reperire pudore 15
praeter Fortunam, quae mihi caeca fuit.
Seu genus excutias, equites ab origine prima
usque per innumeros inueniemur auos;
siue uelis qui sint mores inquirere nostri,
errorem misero detrahe, labe carent. 20
Tu modo si quid agi sperabis posse precando,
quos colis exora supplice uoce deos.
Di tibi sint Caesar iuuenis: tua numina placa!
hac certe nulla est notior ara tibi.
Non sinit illa sui uanas antistitis umquam 25
esse preces: nostris hinc pete rebus opem!
Quamlibet exigua si nos ea iuuerit aura,
obruta de mediis cumba resurget aquis.
Tunc ego tura feram rapidis sollemnia flammis,
et ualeant quantum numina testis ero. 30
Nec tibi de Pario statuam, Germanice, templum
marmore: carpsit opes illa ruina meas.
Templa domus facient uobis urbesque beatae,
Naso suis opibus, carmine gratus erit.

Parua quidem fateor pro magnis munera reddi, 35
cum pro concessa uerba salute damus.
Sed qui quam potuit dat maxima, gratus abunde est
et finem pietas contigit illa suum.
Nec quae de parua pauper dis libat acerra,
tura minus grandi quam data lance ualent 40
agnaque tam lactens quam gramine pasta Falisco
uictima Tarpeios inficit icta focos.
Nec tamen officio uatum per carmina facto
principibus res est aptior ulla uiris.
Carmina uestrarum peragunt praeconia laudum 45
neue sit actorum fama caduca cauent.
Carmine fit uiuax uirtus expersque sepulcri
notitiam serae posteritatis habet.
Tabida consumit ferrum lapidemque uetustas
nullaque res maius tempore robur habet. 50
Scripta ferunt annos: scriptis Agamemnona nosti
et quisquis contra uel simul arma tulit.
Quis Thebas septemque duces sine carmine nosset
et quicquid post haec, quicquid et ante fuit?
Di quoque carminibus, si fas est dicere, fiunt 55
tantaque maiestas ore canentis eget.
Sic Chaos ex illa naturae mole prioris
digestum partes scimus habere suas;
sic adfectantes caelestia regna Gigantes
ad Styga nimbifero uindicis igne datos; 60
sic uictor laudem superatis Liber ab Indis,
Alcides capta traxit ab Oechalia,
et modo, Caesar, auum, quem uirtus addidit astris,
sacrarunt aliqua carmina parte tuum.
Si quid adhuc igitur uiui, Germanice, nostro 65
restat in ingenio, seruiet omne tibi.
Non potes officium uatis contemnere uates:
iudicio pretium res habet ista tuo.
Quod nisi te nomen tantum ad maiora uocasset,
gloria Pieridum summa futurus eras. 70
Sed dare materiam nobis quam carmina maius,

nec tamen ex toto deserere illa potes.
Nam modo bella geris, numeris modo uerba coerces,
quodque aliis opus est, hoc tibi lusus erit.
Vtque nec ad citharam nec ad arcum segnis Apollo est, 75
sed uenit ad sacras neruus uterque manus,
sic tibi nec docti desunt nec principis artes,
mixta sed est animo cum Ioue Musa tuo.
Quae quoniam nec nos unda submouit ab illa,
ungula Gorgonei quam caua fecit equi, 80
prosit opemque ferat communia sacra tueri
atque isdem studiis inposuisse manum.
Litora pellitis nimium subiecta Corallis
ut tandem saeuos effugiamque Getas,
clausaque si misero patria est, ut ponar in ullo 85
qui minus Ausonia distat ab urbe loco,
unde tuas possim laudes celebrare recentes
magnaue quam minima facta referre mora.
Tangat ut hoc uotum caelestia, care Suilli,
numina, pro socero paene precare tuo.

IX. GRAECINO

Vnde licet, non unde iuuat, Graecine, salutem
mittit ab Euxinis hanc tibi Naso uadis
missaque, di faciant, auroram occurrat ad illam
bis senos fascis quae tibi prima dabit,
ut, quoniam sine me tanges Capitolia consul 5
et fiam turbae pars ego nulla tuae,
in domini subeat partis et praestet amici
officium iusso littera nostra die.
Atque, ego si fatis genitus melioribus essem
et mea sincero curreret axe rota, 10
quo nunc nostra manus per scriptum fungitur, esset
lingua salutandi munere functa tui
gratatusque darem cum dulcibus oscula uerbis
nec minus ille meus quam tuus esset honor.
Illa, confiteor, sic essem luce superbus 15
ut caperet fastus uix domus ulla meos,
dumque latus sancti cingit tibi turba senatus,
consulis ante pedes ire iuberer eques
et, quamquam cuperem semper tibi proximus esse,
gauderem lateris non habuisse locum 20
nec querulus, turba quamuis eliderer, essem,
sed foret a populo tum mihi dulce premi.
Prospicerem gaudens quantus foret agminis ordo
densaque quam longum turba teneret iter,
quoque magis noris quam me uulgaria tangant, 25
spectarem qualis purpura te tegeret.
Signa quoque in sella nossem formata curuli
et totum Numidi sculptile dentis opus.
At cum Tarpeias esses deductus in arces,
dum caderet iussu uictima sacra tuo, 30
me quoque secreto grates sibi magnus agentem
audisset media qui sedet aede deus
turaque mente magis plena quam lance dedissem
ter quater imperii laetus honore tui.

Hic ego praesentes inter numerarer amicos, 35
 mitia ius Vrbis si modo fata darent,
 quaeque mihi sola capitur nunc mente uoluptas,
 tunc oculis etiam percipienda foret.
 Non ita caelitibus uisum est, et forsitan aequis.
 Nam quid me poenae causa negata iuuet? 40
 Mente tamen, quae sola loco non exulat, utar,
 praetextam fasces aspiciamque tuos.
 Haec modo te populo reddentem iura uidebit
 et se secretis finget adesse tuis,
 nunc longi reditus hastae subponere lustris 45
 credet et exacta cuncta locare fide,
 nunc facere in medio facundum uerba senatu
 publica quaerentem quid petat utilitas,
 nunc pro Caesaribus superis decernere grates
 albae opimorum colla ferire boum. 50
 Atque utinam, cum iam fueris potiora precatus,
 ut mihi placetur principis ira roges!
 Surgat ad hanc uocem plena pius ignis ab ara
 detque bonum uoto lucidus omen apex!
 Interea, qua parte licet, ne cuncta queramus, 55
 hic quoque te festum consule tempus agam.
 Altera laetitiae est nec cedens causa priori:
 successor tanti frater honoris erit.
 Nam tibi finitum summo, Graecine, Decembri
 imperium Iani suscipit ille die, 60
 quaeque est in uobis pietas, alterna feretis
 gaudia, tu fratris fascibus, ille tuis.
 Sic tu bis fueris consul, bis consul et ille,
 inque domo binus conspicietur honor.
 Qui quamquam est ingens et nullum Martia summo 65
 altius imperium consule Roma uidet,
 multiplicat tamen hunc grauitas auctoris honorem
 et maiestatem res data dantis habet.
 Iudiciis igitur liceat Flaccoque tibi
 talibus Augusti tempus in omne frui. 70
 Quod tamen ab rerum cura propiore uacabit,

uota, precor, uotis addite uestra meis,
 et si quem dabit aura sinum, iactate rudentis,
 exeat e Stygiis ut mea nauis aquis.
 Praefuit his, Graecine, locis modo Flaccus et illo 75
 ripa ferox Histri sub duce tuta fuit.
 Hic tenuit Mysas gentis in pace fideli,
 hic arcu fisos terruit ense Getas.
 Hic raptam Troesmin celeri uirtute recepit
 infecitque fero sanguine Danuuium. 80
 Quaere loci faciem Scythicique incommoda caeli
 et quam uicino terrear hoste roga,
 sintne litae tenues serpentis felle sagittae,
 fiat an humanum uictima dira caput,
 mentiar, an coeat duratus frigore Pontus 85
 et teneat glacies iugera multa freti.
 Haec ubi narrarit, quae sit mea fama require,
 quoque modo peragam tempora dura roga.
 Non sumus hic odio nec scilicet esse meremur,
 nec cum fortuna mens quoque uersa mea est. 90
 Illa quies animi quam tu laudare solebas,
 ille uetus solito perstat in ore pudor.
 Sic ego sum longe, sic hic, ubi barbarus hostis
 ut fera plus ualeant legibus arma facit,
 rem queat ut nullam tot iam, Graecine, per annos 95
 femina de nobis uirue puerue queri.
 Hoc facit ut misero faueant adsintque Tomitae,
 haec quoniam tellus testificanda mihi est.
 Illi me, quia uelle uident, discedere malunt,
 respectu cupiunt hic tamen esse sui. 100
 Nec mihi credideris: extant decreta quibus nos
 laudat et inmunes publica cera facit.
 Conueniens miseris et quamquam gloria non sit,
 proxima dant nobis oppida munus idem.
 Nec pietas ignota mea est: uidet hospita terra 105
 in nostra sacrum Caesaris esse domo.
 Stant pariter natusque pius coniunxque sacerdos,
 numina iam facto non leuiora deo.

Neu desit pars ulla domus, stat uterque nepotum,
hic auiae lateri proximus, ille patris. 110
His ego do totiens cum ture precantia uerba,
Eoo quotiens surgit ab orbe dies.
Tota, licet quaeras, hoc me non fingere dicet
officii testis Pontica terra mei.
Pontica me tellus, quantis hac possumus ara, 115
natalem ludis scit celebrare dei.
Nec minus hospitibus pietas est cognita talis,
Misit in has si quos longa Propontis aquas.
Is quoque quo Laeuus fuerat sub praeside Pontus
audierit frater forsitan ista tuus. 120
Fortuna est inpar animo talique libenter
exiguas carpo munere pauper opes.
Nec uestris damus haec oculis procul Vrbe remoti,
contenti tacita sed pietate sumus.
Et tamen haec tangent aliquando Caesaris aures: 125
nil illi toto quod fit in orbe latet.
Tu certe scis haec, superis adscite, uidesque,
Caesar, ut est oculis subdita terra tuis,
tu nostras audis inter conuexa locatus
sidera, sollicito quas damus ore, preces. 130
Perueniant istuc et carmina forsitan illa
quae de te misi caelite facta nouo!
Auguror his igitur flecti tua numina nec tu
inmerito nomen mite Parentis habes.

X. ALBINOVANO

Haec mihi Cimmerio bis tertia ducitur aestas
litore pellitos inter agenda Getas.
Ecquos tu silices, ecquod, carissime, ferrum
duritiae confers, Albinouane, meae?
Gutta cauat lapidem, consumitur anulus usu, 5
atteritur pressa uomer aduncus humo.
Tempus edax igitur praeter nos omnia perdet:
cessat duritia mors quoque uicta mea.
Exemplum est animi nimium patientis Vlixes
iactatus dubio per duo lustra mari, 10
tempora solliciti sed non tamen omnia fati
pertulit et placidae saepe fuere morae.
An graue sex annis pulchram fouisse Calypson
aequoreaeque fuit concubuisse deae?
Excipit Hippotades qui dat pro munere uentos, 15
curuet ut impulsos utilis aura sinus.
Nec bene cantantis labor est audire puellas
nec degustanti lotos amara fuit.
Hos ego qui patriae faciant obliuia sucos
parte meae uitae, si modo dentur, emam. 20
Nec tu contuleris urbem Laestrygonos umquam
gentibus obliqua quas obit Hister aqua,
nec uincet Cyclops saeuum feritate Piacchen;
qui quota terroris pars solet esse mei?
Scylla feris trunco quod latret ab inguine monstribus, 25
Heniochae nautis plus nocuere rates.
Nec potes infestis conferre Charybdin Achaeis,
ter licet epotum ter uomat illa fretum;
qui quamquam dextra regione licentius errant,
securum latus hoc non tamen esse sinunt. 30
Hic agri infrondes, hic spicula tincta uenenis,
hic freta uel pediti peruia reddit hiems,
ut, qua remus iter pulsus modo fecerat undis,
siccus contempta naue uiator eat.

Qui ueniunt istinc uix uos ea credere dicunt. 35
 Quam miser est qui fert asperiora fide!
 Crede tamen, nec te causas nescire sinemus
 horrida Sarmaticum cur mare duret hiems.
 Proxima sunt nobis plaustrum praebentia formam
 et quae praecipuum sidera frigus habent. 40
 Hinc oritur Boreas oraeque domesticus huic est
 et sumit uires a propiore loco.
 At Notus, aduerso tepidum qui spirat ab axe,
 est procul et rarus languidiorque uenit.
 Adde quod hic clauso miscentur flumina Ponto 45
 uimque fretum multo perdit ab amne suam.
 Huc Lycus, huc Sagaris Peniusque Hypanisque Calesque
 influit et crebro uertice tortus Halys
 Partheniusque rapax et uoluens saxa Cynapses
 labitur et nullo tardior amne Tyras, 50
 et tu, femineae Thermodon cognite turmae
 et quondam Graiis Phasi petite uiris,
 cumque Borysthenio liquidissimus amne Dyraspes
 et tacite peragens lene Melanthus iter,
 quique duas terras, Asiam Cadmique sororem, 55
 separat et cursus inter utramque facit,
 innumerique alii, quos inter maximus omnis
 cedere Danuuius se tibi, Nile, negat.
 Copia tot laticum, quas auget, adulterat undas
 nec patitur uires aequor habere suas. 60
 Quin etiam stagno similis pigraeque paludi
 caeruleus uix est diluiturque color.
 Innatat unda freto dulcis leuiorque marina est,
 quae proprium mixto de sale pondus habet.
 Si roget haec aliquis cur sint narrata Pedoni 65
 quidue loqui certis iuuerit ista modis:
 ‘Detinui, dicam, curas tempusque fefelli.
 Hunc fructum praesens attulit hora mihi.
 Abfuimus solito, dum scribimus ista, dolore
 in mediis nec nos sensimus esse Getis.’ 70
 At tu, non dubito, cum Thesea carmine laudes,

materiae titulos quin tueare tuae,
quemque refers, imitere uirum: uetat ille profecto
tranquilli comitem temporis esse fidem.
Qui quamquam est factis ingens et conditur a te 75
uir tanto quanto debuit ore cani,
est tamen ex illo nobis imitabile quiddam
inque fide Theseus quilibet esse potest.
Non tibi sunt hostes ferro clauaque domandi,
per quos uix ulli peruius Isthmos erat, 80
sed praestandus amor, res non operosa uolenti.
Quis labor est puram non temerasse fidem?
Haec tibi, qui praestas indeclinatus amico,
non est quod lingua icta querente putes.

XI. GALLIONI

Gallio, crimen erit uix excusabile nobis
 carmine te nomen non habuisse meo;
tu quoque enim, memini, caelesti cuspide facta
 fouisti lacrimis uulnera nostra tuis.
Atque utinam rapti iactura laesus amici 5
 sensisses ultra quod quererere nihil!
Non ita dis placuit, qui te spoliare pudica
 coniuge crudeles non habuere nefas.
Nuntia nam luctus mihi nuper epistula uenit
 lectaque cum lacrimis sunt tua damna meis. 10
Sed neque solari prudentem stultior ausim
 uerbaque doctorum nota referre tibi,
finitumque tuum, si non ratione, dolorem
 ipsa iam pridem suspicor esse mora.
Dum tua peruenit, dum littera nostra recurrens 15
 tot maria ac terras permeat, annus abit.
Temporis officium est solacia dicere certi,
 dum dolor in cursu est et petit aeger opem.
At cum longa dies sedauit uulnera mentis,
 intempestiue qui mouet illa nouat. 20
Adde, quod — atque utinam uerum mihi uenerit omen! —
 coniugio felix iam potes esse nouo.

XII. TVTICANO

Quo minus in nostris ponaris, amice, libellis,
 nominis efficitur condicione tui;
aut ego non alium prius hoc dignarer honore,
 est aliquis nostrum si modo carmen honor.
Lex pedis officio fortunaque nominis obstat 5
 quaque meos adeas, est uia nulla, modos.
Nam pudet in geminos ita nomen scindere uersus,
 desinat ut prior hoc incipiatque minor,
et pudeat, si te, qua syllaba parte moratur,
 artius adpellem Tuticanumque uocem. 10
Et potes in uersum Tuticani more uenire,
 fiat ut e longa syllaba prima breuis,
aut ut ducatur quae nunc correptius exit
 et sit porrecta longa secunda mora.
His ego si uitiis ausim corrumpere nomen, 15
 ridear et merito pectus habere neger.
Haec mihi causa fuit dilati muneris huius,
 quod meus adiecto fenore reddet amor,
teque canam quacumque nota, tibi carmina mittam,
 paene mihi puero cognite paene puer, 20
perque tot annorum seriem quot habemus uterque
 non mihi quam fratri frater amate minus.
Tu bonus hortator, tu duxque comesque fuisti,
 cum regerem tenera frena nouella manu.
Saepe ego correxi sub te censore libellos, 25
 saepe tibi admonitu facta litura meo est,
dignam Maeoniis Phaeacida condere chartis
 cum te Pieriae perdocuere deae.
Hic tenor, haec uiridi concordia coepta iuuenta
 uenit ad albentis inlabefacta comas. 30
Quae nisi te moueant, duro tibi pectora ferro
 esse uel inuicto clausa adamante putem.
Sed prius huic desint et bellum et frigora terrae,
 inuisus nobis quae duo Pontus habet,

et tepidus Boreas et sit praefergidus Auster, 35
et possit fatum mollius esse meum
quam tua sint lasso praecordia dura sodali.
Hic cumulus nostris absit abestque malis.
Tu modo per superos, quorum certissimus ille est
quo tuus adsidue principe creuit honor, 40
effice constanti profugum pietate tuendo,
ne sperata meam deserat aura ratem.
Quid mandem quaeris? Peream, nisi dicere uix est,
si modo periit, ille perire potest.
Nec quid agam inuenio nec quid nolimue uelimue, 45
nec satis utilitas est mihi nota mea.
Crede mihi, miseros prudentia prima relinquit
et sensus cum re consiliumque fugit.
Ipsa, precor, quaeras qua sim tibi parte iuuandus
quoque uiam facias ad mea uota uado.

XIII. CARO

O mihi non dubios inter memorande sodales,
qui quod es, id uere, Care, uocaris, aue!
Vnde salutaris, color hic tibi protinus index
et structura mei carminis esse potest,
non quia mirifica est, sed quod non publica certe est: 5
qualis enim cumque est, non latet esse meam.
Ipse quoque, ut titulum chartae de fronte reuellas,
quod sit opus uideor dicere posse tuum.
Quamlibet in multis positus noscere libellis
perque obseruatas inueniere notas. 10
Prodent auctorem uires quas Hercule dignas
nouimus atque illi quem canis ipse pares.
Et mea Musa potest proprio deprensa colore
insignis uitiiis forsitan esse suis.
Tam mala Thersiten prohibebat forma latere 15
quam pulchra Nireus conspiciendus erat.
Nec te mirari, si sint uitiosa, decebit
carmina quae faciam paene poeta Getes.
A! pudet et Getico scripsi sermone libellum
structaque sunt nostris barbara uerba modis: 20
et placui — gratare mihi! — coepique poetae
inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.
Materiam quaeris? Laudes: de Caesare dixi!
Adiuta est nouitas numine nostra dei.
Nam patris Augusti docui mortale fuisse 25
corpus, in aetherias numen abisse domos,
esse parem uirtute patri qui frena rogatus
saepe recusati ceperit imperii,
esse pudicarum te Vestam, Liuia, matrum,
ambiguum nato dignior anne uiro, 30
esse duos iuuenes, firma adiumenta parentis,
qui dederint animi pignora certa sui.
Haec ubi non patria perlegi scripta Camena,
uenit et ad digitos ultima charta meos,

et caput et plenas omnes mouere pharetras, 35
et longum Getico murmur in ore fuit,
atque aliquis ‘Scribas haec cum de Caesare’ dixit
‘Caesaris imperio restituendus eras.’

Ille quidem dixit, sed me iam, Care, niuali
sexta relegatum bruma sub axe uidet. 40

Carmina nil prosunt, nocuerunt carmina quondam
primaque tam miserae causa fuere fugae.

At tu, per studii communia foedera sacri,
per non uile tibi nomen amicitiae, —
sic capto Latiis Germanicus hoste catenis 45
materiam uestris adferat ingeniis,

sic ualeant pueri, uotum commune deorum,
quos laus formandos est tibi magna datos! —
quanta potes, praebe nostrae momenta saluti
quae nisi mutato nulla futura loco est.

XIV. TVTICANO

Haec tibi mittuntur, quem sum modo carmine questus
non aptum numeris nomen habere meis,
in quibus, excepto quod adhuc utcumque ualemus,
nil te praeterea quod iuuat inuenies.
Ipsa quoque est inuisa salus suntque ultima uota, 5
quolibet ex istis scilicet ire locis.
Nulla mihi cura est terra quo mittar ab ista,
hac quia, quam uideo, gratior omnis erit:
in medias Syrtes, mediam mea uela Charybdin
mittite, praesenti dum careamus humo. 10
Styx quoque, si quid ea est, bene commutabitur Histro,
si quid et inferius quam Styga mundus habet.
Gramina cultus ager, frigus minus odit hirundo,
proxima Marticolis quam loca Naso Getis.
Talia succensent propter mihi uerba Tomitae 15
iraque carminibus publica mota meis.
Ergo ego cessabo numquam per carmina laedi
plectar et incauto semper ab ingenio?
Ergo ego, ne scribam, digitos incidere cunctor
telaque adhuc demens quae nocuere sequor? 20
Ad ueteres scopulos iterum deuertor et illas
in quibus offendit naufraga puppis aquas?
Sed nihil admisi, nulla est mea culpa, Tomitae,
quos ego, cum loca sim uestra perosus, amo.
Quilibet excutiat nostri monimenta laboris: 25
littera de uobis est mea questa nihil!
Frigus et incursus omni de parte timendos
et quod pulsetur murus ab hoste queror.
In loca, non homines uerissima crimina dixi:
culpatis uestrum uos quoque saepe solum. 30
Esset perpetuo sua quam uitabilis Ascra
ausa est agricolae Musa docere senis,
et fuerat genitus terra qui scripsit in illa,
intumuit uati tamen Ascra suo.

Quis patriam sollerte magis dilexit Vluxe? 35

Hoc tamen asperitas indice docta loci est.

Non loca, sed mores scriptis uexauit amaris

Scepsius Ausonios actaque Roma rea est;

falsa tamen passa est aequa conuicia mente

obfuit auctori nec fera lingua suo. 40

At malus interpretis populi mihi concitat iram

inque nouum crimen carmina nostra uocat.

Tam felix utinam quam pectore candidus essem!

Extat adhuc nemo saucius ore meo.

Adde quod, Illyrica si iam pice nigrior essem, 45

non mordenda mihi turba fidelis erat.

Molliter a uobis mea sors excepta, Tomitae,

tam mites Graios indicat esse uiros.

Gens mea Paeligni regioque domestica Sulmo

non potuit nostris lenior esse malis. 50

Quem uix incolumi cuiquam saluoque daretis,

is datus a uobis est mihi nuper honor:

solus adhuc ego sum uestris immunis in oris

exceptis, si qui munera legis habent;

tempora sacrata mea sunt uelata corona, 55

publicus inuito quam fauor inposuit.

Quam grata est igitur Latonae Delia tellus,

erranti tutum quae dedit una locum,

tam mihi cara Tomis, patria quae sede fugatis

tempus ad hoc nobis hospita fida manet; 60

di modo fecissent, placidae spem posset habere

pacis et a gelido longius axe foret.

XV. SEX. POMPEIO

Si quis adhuc usquam nostri non inmemor extat
quidue relegatus Naso requirit agam,
Caesaribus uitam, Sexto debere salutem
me sciat. A superis hic mihi primus erit.
Tempora nam miserae complectar ut omnia uitae, 5
a meritis eius pars mihi nulla uacat.
Quae numero tot sunt quot in horto fertilis arui
punica sub lento cortice grana rubent,
Africa quot segetes, quot Tmolia terra racemos,
quot Sicyon bacas, quot parit Hybla fauos. 10
Confiteor: testere licet. Signate, Quirites!
Nil opus est legum uiribus, ipse loquor.
Inter opes et me, paruam rem, pone paternas,
pars ego sum census quantulacumque tui.
Quam tua Trinacria est regnataque terra Philippo, 15
quam domus Augusto continuata foro,
quam tua, rus oculis domini, Campania, gratum,
quaeque relictæ tibi, Sexte, uel emptæ tenes,
tam tuus en ego sum, cuius te munere tristi
non potes in Ponto dicere habere nihil. 20
Atque utinam possis et detur amicus aruum
remque tuam ponas in meliore loco!
Quod quoniam in dis est, tempta lenire precando
numina perpetua quae pietate colis.
Erroris nam tu uix est discernere nostri 25
sis argumentum maius an auxilium.
Nec dubitans oro, sed flumine saepe secundo
augetur remis cursus euntis aquae.
Et pudet et metuo semperque eademque precari,
ne subeant animo taedia iusta tuo. 30
Verum quid faciam? res inmoderata cupido est:
da ueniam uitio, mitis amice, meo.
Scribere saepe aliud cupiens delabor eodem:
ipsa locum per se littera nostra rogat.

Seu tamen effectus habitura est gratia, seu me 35
dura iubet gelido Parca sub axe mori,
semper inoblita repetam tua munera mente
et mea me tellus audiet esse tuum.
Audiet et caelo posita est quaecumque sub ullo,
transit nostra feros si modo Musa Getas, 40
teque meae causam seruatoremq; salutis
meque tuum libra norit et aere minus.

XVI. AD INVIDVM

Inuide, quid laceras Nasonis carmina rapti?
Non solet ingeniis summa nocere dies
famaque post cineres maior uenit et mihi nomen
tum quoque, cum uiuis adnumerarer, erat,
cumque foret Marsus magnique Rabirius oris 5
Iliacusque Macer sidereusque Pedit
et qui Iunonem laesisset in Hercule, Carus,
Iunonis si iam non gener ille foret,
quique dedit Latio carmen regale, Seuerus
et cum subtili Priscus uterque Numa, 10
quique uel inparibus numeris, Montane, uel aequis
sufficis et gemino carmine nomen habes,
et qui Penelopae rescribere iussit Vlixem
errantem saeuo per duo lustra mari,
quique suam Troezena imperfectumque dierum 15
deseruit celeri morte Sabinus opus,
ingeniique sui dictus cognomine Largus,
Gallica qui Phrygium duxit in arua senem,
quique canit domito Camerinus ab Hectore Troiam,
quique sua nomen Phyllide Tuscus habet, 20
ueliulique maris uates, cui credere posses
carmina caeruleos composuisse deos,
quique acies Libycas Romanaque proelia dixit,
et scriptor Marius dexter in omne genus,
Trinacriusque suae Perseidos auctor et auctor 25
Tantalidae reducis Tyndaridosque Lupus,
et qui Maeoniam Phaeacida uertit, et, une
Pindaricae fidicen, tu quoque, Rufe, lyrae,
Musaque Turrani tragicis innixa coturnis
et tua cum socco Musa, Melisse, leui; 30
cum Varius Graccusque darent fera dicta tyrannis,
Callimachi Proculus molle teneret iter,
Tityron antiquas Passerque rediret ad herbas
aptaque uenanti Grattius arma daret,

Naidas a satyris caneret Fontanus amatas, 35
 clauderet inparibus uerba Capella modis,
cumque forent alii, quorum mihi cuncta referre
 nomina longa mora est, carmina uulguus habet,
essent et iuuenes, quorum quod inedita cura est,
 adpellandorum nil mihi iuris adest. 40
Te tamen in turba non ausim, Cotta, silere,
 Pieridum lumen praesidiumque fori,
maternos Cottas cui Messalasque paternos,
 Maxime, nobilitas ingeminata dedit.
Dicere si fas est, claro mea nomine Musa 45
 atque inter tantos quae legeretur erat.
Ergo submotum patria proscindere, Liuor,
 desine neu cineres sparge, cruenta, meos!
Omnia perdidimus, tantummodo uita relictæ est,
 præbeat ut sensum materiamque mali. 50
Quid iuuat extinctos ferrum demittere in artus?
 Non habet in nobis iam noua plaga locum.

The Biography



THE LIFE AND WORKS OF OVID by Arthur Leslie Wheeler



The works of Ovid himself, and especially the autobiography (*Tristia*. iv. 10), supply most of the material for a sketch of his life. His fame, however, caused him to be mentioned often by later writers, and these, taken together, add not a little to the information derived from his own poems.

His full name was Publius Ovidius Naso, and he was born on March twentieth, 43 B.C., at Sulmo, the chief town of the Paeligni, about ninety miles by road east of Rome. The family was of old equestrian rank, and inscriptions prove that the name Ovidius was common only in the region of Ovid's birthplace. In Sulmo, now Sulmona, the tradition of the poet still flourishes. The townspeople point out to the infrequent tourist his statue in the court of the Collegio Ovidio, the chief school of the town, and the remains of his villa, the Villa Ovidio, on the slopes of a neighbouring mountain. The main street of the town, the Corso Ovidio, preserves his name, and the letters S.M.P.E. ("Sulmo mihi patria est," *T.* iv. 10. 3) are inscribed on the façades of monuments and at the head of public documents. In folk-lore also and popular song his name survives.

But though the statue is mediaeval, though the ruins are probably not connected with him, and the traditions are fancy, the beautiful country on which Ovid must have looked is true to his description. Sulmona lies in one of the loveliest vales of Italy, surrounded by towering mountains and watered, as Ovid himself says, by cold streams. As one views it from the mountain slopes the valley, carefully tilled and dotted with vineyards and fruit trees, is like a vast garden. Here lay those paternal fields of which the poet speaks, and here he passed the years of his boyhood.

Ovid's father, like the father of Horace, was ambitious for his sons and destined them for an oratorical career. While they were still

very young Ovid and his brother, who was exactly one year older than the poet, were taken to Rome to receive a proper training. The brother displayed a decided gift for pleading, but Ovid found the legal grind distasteful. He tried to conform to his father's practical advice but the inborn impulse was too strong. "Whatever I tried to write," he says, "was verse," and the quaint anecdote told in one of the late *Lives* probably hits off the situation very well. Once when Ovid was being chastised by his angry father, says the *Life*, the squirming boy cried out (in verse!), "Parce mihi! numquam versificabo, pater!"

But though "he lisped in numbers," he nevertheless persisted half-heartedly in his preparation for a practical career until he held certain minor offices which were preliminary to the quaestorship. He became a *triumvir capitalist i e* one of the board of three officials who had charge of prisons and executions and possessed judicial powers in petty cases. Ovid was probably not over twenty-one at this time. He also speaks of having been a member of viii the centumviral court (which dealt with questions of inheritance) and of having served as a single judge, *i e* as a sort of referee in private lawsuits. As a *triumvir* he was directly in line for the quaestorship and seems to have had a right to quaestorial privileges, but his tastes and frail constitution led him to renounce a public career.

Ovid's thorough education under such distinguished teachers as the rhetoricians Arellius Fuscus and Porcius Latro was not wasted, although it was not applied to the end which his hard-headed father had urged. Rhetoric and literature formed the major part of the training of those who were qualifying themselves for public life, and the young poet, as we learn from Seneca the Elder, became a brilliant declaimer. Poetry was much studied in the rhetorical schools of the day, and the training which Ovid received undoubtedly laid the foundation of that wide familiarity with myth and literature which he displays in his work. In fact Seneca tells us that Ovid transferred to his own verse many of the pointed remarks of his teacher Latro. Even his legal training was not entirely wasted, for there are traces of it in his work.

Ovid studied at Athens, as Horace and many other young Romans had done, and travelled in Sicily and in Asia Minor. It is probable

that his sojourn in Athens occurred while he was still a student, but it is not certain that the other journeys belong to the same period.

Even before his education was finished he had won fame as a poet of love. He was giving public recitations of his *Amores*, he tells us, when his "beard had been cut but once or twice" (*T.* iv.10. — 55 f.). Undoubtedly the popularity of these youthful poems did much to establish the conviction which he often expresses that his bent was erotic elegy; he considered himself the lineal successor of Galius, Tibullus, and Propertius, and posterity has accepted him at his word. Thus the foundation of that fame which he was destined to deplore so bitterly was laid in his early youth.

In these youthful days Ovid made the acquaintance of many poets. His relations with Vergil and Tibullus were apparently not intimate, but he was only twenty-four when these poets died (19 B.C.), and it is probable that for some years before that date both had been in poor health and had seldom been seen in Rome. Ovid admired Horace but does not assert that he knew that poet personally. Propertius, however, he knew well, and he mentions him, together with Aemilius Macer, Ponticus, and Bassus, as a member of his own circle. He names besides a large number of fellow poets, many of whom were friends. To us they are hardly more than names, but they serve to illustrate the breadth of Ovid's literary interests, for these men worked in all departments of poetic composition. Ovid was always a generous critic, but in his remarks during his exile about these contemporaries there is the additional reason for generosity that he naturally wished to speak well of anybody who might help him.

Apart from literary men, professional or dilettanti, Ovid had a very wide acquaintance with Roman society in general. He came from a country town and he was not noble, but his rank was inherited and his fortune was considerable. With these advantages it was easy for a man of his brilliant talent and agreeable personality to know everybody worth knowing, and the poems from exile contain the names of many statesmen, officials, and soldiers — fewer, certainly, than he must have known since he is careful not to name any to whom seeming connexion with an exile might have brought offence. Moreover, many of those whom he must have known in his youth had died before the period of his exile, and these are mentioned as a

rule only when they are connected in some way with the living to whom he made his appeals.

To the members of Rome's great families Ovid stood rather in the relation of a client to patrons, although this relation did not preclude intimacy. Among these patrons the most distinguished man was Marcus Valerius Messalla Corvinus, the statesman, general, and orator, whose house was the centre of a literary circle in which the most prominent member was Tibullus. To this circle Ovid also undoubtedly belonged. Messalla died not long before Ovid was exiled, perhaps in the very year of his exile (A.D. 8), and he had probably been incapacitated by illness for several years before his death. It was Ovid's appeal to the great man's sons that led him to mention the father. To the house of Messalla he had been devoted from his earliest years, and Messalla himself had been the first to encourage him to publish his verse — undoubtedly some of those erotic poems which later helped to ruin the poet. Messalla was, in Ovid's phrase, "the guide of his genius," and the poet wrote a tribute to him at his death.

Messalla had been one of Augustus' right-hand the same station in life as himself, and many of these are named in the *Pontic Epistles*. Since at the time Ovid was writing the *Tristia* he did not venture to name his friends, the question arises whether it is possible to identify any of the unnamed recipients of the *Tristia* with friends who are named in the *Pontic Epistles*. There are seventeen poems of the *Tristia* which are addressed to friends or patrons. Three of these, as the tone shows, are addressed to patrons, *i e* to men who were superior to Ovid in rank, twelve to friends of his own status or of such status that they were at least not his superiors, while in the case of two the tone supplies no good evidence for placing them in one class rather than the other. Now Ovid asserts several times that "only two or three" of his friends showed themselves really faithful at the time when disaster befell him (*T.* i. 5. 33, "vix duo tresve"; cf. iii. — 5. 10; v. 4. 36, etc.). Examination of the *Pontic Epistles* shows that these few faithful ones were probably Brutus, Atticus, Celsus, and possibly Carus. To these we should add his patron-friend Cotta Maximus. By comparing the *Pontic Epistles* in which these men are addressed or named with the seventeen *Tristia* we may assign to

Brutus *T.* iii. 4 (*cf.* *P.* i. 1, iii. 9j iv. 6); to Atticus *T.* v. 4 (*cf.* *P.* ii. 4 and 7); to Celsus *T.* i. 5, iii. 6 (*cf.* *P.* i. 9); to Carus *T.* iii. 5 (*cf.* *P.* iv. 13); to Cotta Maximus *T.* iv. 5, v. 9 (*cf.* *P.* i. 5 and 9? ii - 3 and 8, iii. 2 and 5, iv. — 16. 41 ff.); to Messalinus *T.* iv. 4 (*cf.* *P.* i. 7, and ii. 3). The reproach, *T.* i. 8, is very possibly addressed to Macer (*cf.* *P.* ii. 10). Even if these identifications are accepted there remain eight poems whose recipients have not been satisfactorily identified. Of these eight six (*T.* i. 7, iv. 7, v. 6, 7, 12, 13) are addressed to men who were apparently friends, two (21. i. 9, iii. 14) are uncertain, though the tone of *T.* i. 9 is perhaps better suited to a young man of rank, and that of *T.* iii. 14 to a poet-friend of greater age than Ovid.

Numerous other friends and acquaintances — poets, rhetoricians, officials, soldiers — appear in the *Pontic Epistles*, but among them there is nobody whom we may regard as the probable recipient of any poem among the *Tristia*. About some of them we know only what Ovid tells us, about others we can glean a few meagre facts from other sources. It is particularly unfortunate that, with the exception of Cotta Maximus, the poet's best friends, Celsus, Atticus, Brutus, and Carus, are known only from Ovid. All efforts to identify them with men of the same names mentioned elsewhere have proved unavailing.

There is no good evidence that Ovid had ever been intimate with any member of the imperial household. The approval of the Emperor to which he alludes (*T.* ii. 89 and 98, *cf.* 542) consisted merely in allowing Ovid to retain his rank as a knight. In his references to Augustus the poet assumes the tone of an abject suppliant appealing to a deity immeasurably removed. Even if there had been any former intimacy it would have been difficult to harmonize it with such an attitude as this and it would have been carefully suppressed. The references to Tiberius and his son Drusus, to Germanicus and his sons, permit the same general inference: that Ovid had probably never been intimate with any of them. The character of Germanicus was so affable and kindly that if Ovid had ever known him well one might expect a reference to the fact. But the passages in which Germanicus is addressed or mentioned show that Ovid's hopes in this direction were based upon the intercessions of mutual friends — Salanus (*P.* ii. 5), Sextus Pompey (*P.* iv. 5), Suillius (*P.* iv. 8), etc.

The method of appeal to the Empress Livia Augusta is similar. Ovid hoped to influence her through his wife and through Marcia, wife of Paullus Fabius Maximus, who was Augusta's close friend. Another possible approach to Augusta lay in the fact that Ovid's wife knew intimately the Emperor's maternal aunt, Atia Minor. This seems to have been the only real link between the poet's household and the palace.

At the time when Ovid was ordered into exile (A.D. 8) the only members of his immediate family who were in Rome were his wife and step-daughter. His own daughter, who must have been the daughter of his first or second wife, had married a second time and was absent in Libya, but we know neither her name nor that of her husband at the time. His only brother had died years before when he had just turned twenty, *i.e.* in 24 B.C. Both of the poet's parents also had passed away, his father at the advanced age of ninety.

Ovid himself was married three times. He speaks of his first wife whom he married when he was "almost a boy," as "unworthy and useless." The marriage lasted but a short time and may have ended in divorce. The second wife was "blameless," but this marriage also was broken off by death or divorce. The poet does not tell us the names of these ladies, but he indicates that one of them came from Falerii (*Am* iii. 13. 1). Ovid's third wife was "from the house" of the Fabii (*P.* i. 2. 136), but it is not certain that her name, which Ovid does not give, was Fabia. She may have been a poor relative (or a relative who had lost her parents) who had lived in the protection of the Fabian household. She was a widow (or divorced?) with one daughter, Perilla, when Ovid married her, but the marriage seems to have been childless. Upon her devolved the care of the poet's property after he was exiled, and upon her efforts he rested in large measure his hopes of pardon. Many passages bear witness to his tender love for her; he draws a most affecting picture of their mutual despair at parting, and if at times after years of exile he became somewhat peevish, we must pity rather than condemn. The poor lady seems to have been always faithful to his interests and no doubt she did all within her power to secure a mitigation of his sentence.

But neither family connexions nor influential friends were able to save Ovid from his fate. After more than thirty years of popularity, at

the age of fifty, he was suddenly ordered to leave that Rome which was the very breath of life to men of his stamp and take up his abode on the very edge of the wilderness in a little town of which he had probably never heard. The order emanated from the authority of the Emperor and was never brought before the Senate or a court. Ovid was not called an *exul*, but was “relegated” (*relegatus*). *Relegatio* was milder than the *exilium* of the late republic in that the poet’s property was not confiscated and his civic rights were not taken from him, but it was harsher, in Ovid’s case, in that he was ordered to stay in one designated locality. The *exul* of the republican period might wander where he would provided he kept beyond a prescribed radius from Rome. On the other hand, to judge from Cicero’s case, the friends of an exile of that period subjected themselves to penalties if they aided him, whereas Ovid’s friends freely assisted him and wrote to him. Even the fear of being publicly known as his friends, which prevailed at the time he was writing the *Tristia*, had vanished from the minds of all but one or two when the *Pontic Epistles* were written, and Ovid himself states openly (P. iii. 6. 11 f.) that the Emperor forbade neither mention of him nor correspondence with him.

The sins which led Augustus to banish Ovid have been endlessly discussed. The poet himself refers to them again and again, but his references are so vague that it is impossible to arrive at the whole truth, and of course the lips of his contemporaries were sealed. He was constantly hoping that his penalty might be revoked or at least mitigated by permission to change his place of exile, and he left no stone unturned to effect one or the other of these results. If we had his prose correspondence with friends in Rome and elsewhere — a correspondence to which he frequently refers — it would be easier to solve the problem, but in the poems from exile we have only such evidence as could be made public without injuring the exile’s chances of pardon or involving his friends. In weighing this evidence it is necessary to allow for a double distortion — an overemphasis on the charges which could be publicly argued and a corresponding reticence about those which it seemed impolitic to discuss in public. Moreover, the poet based his hope of pardon very largely on confession of guilt; he threw himself on the mercy of the court which

consisted, in this case, of a single judge, the Emperor. Naturally, therefore, he did not argue his case as completely as he could have done if he had been free to use" all the arguments at his disposal. He was aware that the mere presentation of evidence could avail him nothing. There was no appeal from the judge's verdict, but the judge himself might be induced to relent.

Ovid asserts that there were two charges against him, a poem and a mistake (T. ii. 207, "duo crimina, carmen et error") of which the poem was the first in time. In many passages he makes the same distinction between his sins, and it will be advisable, even though they may have been connected, to discuss them separately in order to determine the poet's own attitude.

The poem was the *Ars Amatoria* which was published c. 1 B.C. This *Art*, as the poet often calls it, is no more immoral than other erotic works, among which Ovid mentions those of Tibullus and Propertius, but it is explicitly didactic. It gathers up and systematizes the erotic precepts which had gradually been developed (largely under Greek influence) by the Roman poets, especially Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid himself. It taught love explicitly, and Ovid became known as the chief erotic expert (*praeceptor amoris*). Erotic teaching had appeared often enough in Greek and Latin, but there had been no handbook like this. The *Art* was the culmination, the shining example, for it presented the subject as a didactic system, and it was this aspect of the book, not the erotic content *per se*, that angered Augustus. In his eyes and in the eyes of all those who hoped to regenerate Roman morals Ovid was the arch offender, and the *Art* was his chief sin. When the poet was exiled the *Art* was expelled from the public libraries and placed under a ban.

The charge of pernicious influence through the medium of the *Art* could be publicly discussed, and since Ovid presents his case in the second book of the *Tristia*, not to mention many other briefer passages, the discussion need not be repeated here. It is sufficient to say that he denied any intention of immoral influence, proving that the *Art* was explicitly restricted to affairs with courtesans, and that he was no more blameworthy than countless other writers if readers had made a perverse use of his work. He complained truly that he was the only erotic poet who had ever been punished for his compositions. In

view of ancient standards in such matters it must be admitted that, so far as the *Art* was concerned, he was harshly treated. But whatever the merits of the case the poet bitterly regretted that he had ever written erotic verse, even at times that he had ever attempted verse of any kind. Augustus had condemned the *Art*, and Ovid had perforce to admit that he had sinned.

In Ovid's eyes then the *Art* was the earliest cause of his exile and an important cause, but he says that there was a later cause which "had injured him more" (*P.* iii. 3. 72). Since the latter could not be discussed publicly, the poet speaks of it in very general terms. It was not a crime (*scelus*), not illegal, but rather a fault (*culpa, vitium*) which he admitted to be wrong (*peccatum, delictum, noxa*). He had not been guilty wittingly, but through chance (*fortuna, casus*). There had been no criminal action (*jacinus*) on his part, but he had laboured under a misunderstanding, he had blundered (*error*). He had been stupid (*stultus*), thoughtless (*imprudens, non sapiens*), over ingenuous (*simplicitas*); he had been ashamed (*pudor*) and afraid (*itumor, timidus*).

From the passages in which he speaks most fully of this fault we infer that the affair with which it was connected had a considerable history, or at least that a full account of it would have been a long one. It began with a misunderstanding on Ovid's part of something that he had seen by chance (*T.* iii. 6. 27 AT.; ii. 103 ff.), but he must soon have comprehended its import, for he began to be afraid. He harboured it as a secret when advice might have saved him.

He speaks of that which his eyes had seen as something wrong, but not as a crime. He had not at first considered it to be wrong, and perhaps his later confession that it was wrong is due to the fact that he was punished for it; at least confession of guilt was in this matter, as in the case of the *Ars Amatoria*, a necessary part of his appeal to Augustus. It was necessary also for him to represent his friends, however sympathetic they were, as siding with Augustus, and so we hear that Cotta Maximus, Messalinus, and Graecinus condemned or reproved the poet's sins; they believed that Ovid had sinned but that his sin was rather foolish than criminal. The thing was an offence, a wound to Augustus, and he had used harsh words about it, but there is no proof that the wound concerned his private affairs. In fact the

sin did not, according to Ovid, involve others but had ruined the poet alone. He advances his original error as a partial excuse, not as a defence, for his sin. This is his only plea, but it is fairly clear that if the question could have been argued he would have made a strong defence.

What had Ovid seen? Why, after he realized its import, had he been afraid to reveal his knowledge? To the second question one may answer that he was afraid of that which actually befell him, the Emperor's anger, for he must have been aware that he was disliked by Augustus. But to the first question there is with our present evidence no satisfactory answer although it has afforded a tempting field for surmise. Nevertheless such evidence as we have makes it possible to define approximately the nature of the thing, to say at least in some degree what it was not, and so to eliminate certain favourite hypotheses.

Ovid characterizes the affair as no crime, and we may accept this statement because he would not have ventured to misname it nor could he have misunderstood it if it had been criminal. Ovid himself could not discuss it because the case had been closed by the Emperor's verdict, but his statement is supported by the fact that he alludes to it many times without rebuke, that everybody knew it, and that the Emperor made no attempt to hush it up. It seems, therefore, very improbable that the evil of which he became cognizant was anything so heinous as the profligacy of the younger Julia, who was banished at about the same time as the poet. Ovid refers, it is true, to his fault as an offence against Augustus, as a "wound," an "injury" to him, but such phrases need not imply that the offence concerned the imperial household. Any offence against the state, or that which Augustus regarded as the interest of the state, was an injury to the ruler.

Augustus's own attitude, as shown by Ovid, indicates that the poet's sin was not a very heavy one. To say nothing of the comparatively mild conditions of Ovid's *relegatio*, which he himself urges as a proof of the Emperor's estimate, the poet and his friends were allowed to correspond freely, and he was allowed to publish poetry appealing openly to Augustus and to many others. It is plain that Augustus and after his death Tiberius, who continued so

religiously the policies of his predecessor, were quite satisfied merely to have Ovid out of the way. Ovid's fault was serious enough to serve as a pretext, that is all. It was the exciting cause of his exile, and so he can speak of it as having "injured him more" than the *Ars Amatoria*, but the latter — all his erotic verse in fact — which had given him so great and unsavoury a reputation as the purveyor of wanton titbits, was the predisposing cause. His fault must have been something that enhanced the poet's pernicious influence by lowering his personal reputation. With the Emperor it was the final straw. Without it Ovid might never have been exiled, for he was turning to more dignified work, the *Metamorphoses*, the *Fasti*, but he could not escape the notoriety of that earlier work which was still so popular with his "host of readers."

Augustus himself was no prude. He had a weakness for mimes and he liked his little joke. It was not the content of the *Ars Amatoria* but rather its pernicious influence that angered him. If that work had merely been the talk of a day it would be impossible to understand why the Emperor allowed eight or nine years to pass before punishing its author. Everything indicates, however, that time only increased the vogue of the book, and when at an age that should have brought him wisdom the poet made that final stupid blunder, the Emperor became convinced that the question involved more than mere literature; it had passed into the sphere of public policy. In brief, from the point of view of Augustus, the ruler and reformer, Ovid had been a nuisance for many years and had given fresh proof of his incorrigibility by making a fool of himself. The thing was too much. "I am sick of this fellow," he decided. "Naviget!"

When the blow fell Ovid was in Elba, probably in the suite of his friend Cotta Maximus, for the latter heard of Ovid's sin, and Ovid has described the interview in which he stammeringly confessed to Cotta that the report was true. This must have been in the summer or early autumn of A.D. 8. Ovid returned to Rome and arranged his affairs as best he could. In his despair he contemplated suicide, but he was not of the stuff of which suicides are made. Moreover, he cherished hopes of pardon, and he prevailed on his wife to remain behind to work for this object. His parting from her and the events of his dismal journey are described in *Tristia* i., all of which, save

possibly the proem, was written before he reached Tomis. The account of the journey does not begin until he has boarded ship, at which time we find him storm-tossed on the Adriatic, and so it is uncertain whether he followed the Appian Way to Capua and its extension to Brundisium, the customary route for travellers bound to the East, or whether he embarked at some port nearer Rome, for example, Ostia. At any rate he sailed to Corinth, crossed the Isthmus from Lechaëum to Cenchreae and boarded a second ship which carried him to Imbros and Samothrace. This ship completed her voyage to Tomis, but the poet preferred to cross from Samothrace to Tempyra near the Thracian coast and so to finish his journey by land. He must have journeyed slowly, for he received news from home on the way, and it is probable that he did not cross the Thracian mountains to Tomis until the spring or summer of A.D. 9, since he alludes to no discomfort from cold, although after his arrival in Tomis this is a hardship on which he dwells insistently.

Tomis! Outlandish name! With what bitterness the storm-tossed poet speaks of “the Tomitans, situate in some corner of the world”! We cannot expect from a poet, much less from an exiled poet, an adequate description of the town. It was his interest to paint a gloomy picture. And yet if we allow for his exaggeration of the hardships there are details enough with which to form a fairly good conception of the poet’s hostelry of calamity.

Tomis (the modern Constantza) lay on an elevated and rocky part of the coast, about sixty-five miles south-west of the nearest mouth of the Danube, in that part of Roumania now called the Dobrudja. The townspeople were a mixed crowd of half-breed Greeks and full-blooded barbarians. The latter were in the majority and were chiefly of Getic, hence Indo-European, stock. They dressed in skins, wore their hair and beards long, and went about armed. They were fine horsemen and experts with the bow. Apart from trade the chief occupation of the region was grazing, for border warfare made agriculture difficult. It was a rude community. Latin was almost never heard and the people spoke some hybrid Greek, but Getic and Sarmatian were so much in use that Ovid was forced to learn these languages. He even wrote a poem in Getic.

The coastal region is often called by Ovid “Pontus” after the

Pontus Euxinus, the modern Black Sea, which washed its shores. Sometimes he speaks of it as Pontus Laevus or Sinister, "Pontus-on-the-Left" (as one enters the Black Sea), to distinguish it from the kingdom of Pontus in Asia Minor, but at times these epithets seem to mean "ill-omened." Tomis itself was an ancient colony of Miletus and was in ancient as in modern times an important port. Because of the silt in the outlets of the Danube much freight passed to and from the river, in ancient times, by way of Tomis. The country about the town is in general flat and treeless, often marshy. Ovid often speaks of this and also of the bad water which, together with the rough fare, may have caused the frequent illnesses which he mentions. He suffered from indigestion, fever, insomnia, "an aching side." He dwells on the extreme cold. Snow lies all winter, the Danube and the sea are frozen hard, even wine freezes in the jar and is served in pieces! The hair of the barbarians "tinkles with ice." This picture, as modern evidence proves, is not overdrawn. Although the latitude of Tomis is about the same as that of Florence, the winters are very severe. The temperature in the flat country sinks at times to 20° or even 30° below zero (Fahrenheit), and the Danube is sometimes icebound for three months. Violent winds, as Ovid also observed, are prevalent.

Since Tomis was a border town it was subject to raids by the wild tribes from across the Danube, and this constant peril was in Ovid's eyes one of his worst misfortunes. The shepherds wore helmets as they tended their flocks. When the barbarians swooped down they destroyed or carried away everything that could not be brought within the walls. Poisoned arrows fell thickly within the town and even the elderly poet was called upon to aid in the defence. We are reminded of the tales of colonial America and the warfare of the settlers against the savages.

Such is the picture that Ovid paints. No wonder that he regarded Tomis as "the worst element in his cruel lot," for it would be difficult to conceive of a place more distasteful to a man of his type. And yet even in his account there are some bright spots. The people were rough but they were kind to him. They realized how hard it was for such a man to live a virtual prisoner among them. They honoured him by a decree exempting him from taxation and they listened

sympathetically when he told them of his appeals to be restored to his native land. For all this the poet was grateful, and when his wild hosts became aware of his attacks upon their land and showed their indignation, he was almost in despair. They could hardly be expected to accept the distinction that he made between his gratitude to them and his detestation of their country.

There was nothing of Roman sternness about Ovid. Physically he was not strong and, even if the portrait which he draws of himself in exile — his emaciation, his pallor and whitening hair, his frequent illnesses — is exaggerated, it is clear that he was not one who cared for the strenuous life. His tastes were all against it. He did not care for exercises in arms, though he professes that he had to don a helmet to aid in the defence of Tomis. Archery, the favourite sport of the barbarians, had no attractions for him. In fact the only form of outdoor occupation that he cared for was gardening. This he had practised in Italy and he would have liked to continue it at Tomis if such a thing had been possible. He liked the ordinary inactive amusements, dice-playing, etc., as little as he did physical exercises. "Games," he said, "are wont to waste that precious thing, our time!"

He was abstemious. Eating and drinking as mere pleasures did not appeal to him; "You know," he writes to Flaccus, "that water is almost my only drink." In his younger days his heart had not been impregnable to Cupid's darts, although he asserts that no scandal had ever been attached to his name, but advancing years and the sorrows of exile had removed this susceptibility.

There was little of the philosopher or the scientist in Ovid and nothing at all of the explorer. What a chance he had during his long residence at Tomis to study the geography and ethnology of that almost unknown region! What a chance for excursions into the wild country and among tribes still wilder! Probably such excursions would not have been contrary to the decree of *relegatio*. But he was not a Varro or a Pliny, and his only attempt at science (aside from his effort to explain the freezing of the Pontus) seems to have been his *Halieutica*, a disquisition, of which only a fragment remains, on the fishes and animals of the Pontus. Nowhere in all his verses is there an adequate description of the many interesting barbarian tribes with which he became so familiar. Such details as he gives are almost

always part of his effort to paint his lot in the darkest colours.

But we cannot reproach him for the lack of qualities which he did not possess. His interests were in that humanity whose life centred in the great metropolis. His feeling was that of Catullus, "that is my settled abode, there do I pluck the blooms of life," or of Cicero, "I am gripped by a marvellous love of the city." But unlike his two great predecessors he was forced to doubt whether he was ever to behold that loved city again. No wonder that the longing to return became with him an obsession, no wonder that to a man of his tastes Tomis was the hardest element in his fate.

A few congenial companions would have greatly lightened the tedium of his exile. He had been a brilliant declaimer and undoubtedly an equally brilliant conversationalist. If there had only been some friend with whom he could have whiled away the lagging hours in those endless talks which he recalls so pleasantly! But he was forced to talk with his friends by letter and in imagination. Cut off thus from his friends and from everything that he held dear, unable to find or to create for himself any real interest in his surroundings, he found his chief solace in writing. Poetry had ruined him, but he could not lightly abandon his very nature and the practice of a lifetime. He was a born poet and he felt an irresistible impulse to write. Poetic composition not only comforted him and hastened the dragging hours, but although it had injured him he had hoped that, perhaps, like Telephus of old, he would be healed by the very weapon that had wrought him harm; he sought no fame, but poetry was the best means in his power of making a personal effort in his own behalf. Therefore he wrote, and the verse of this period, apart from its references to others, throws interesting lights upon his own work and his own methods.

Ovid was a very careful artist, severe in selfcriticism, although he was a generous critic of others. Occasionally he speaks of hurried composition, but his habit was quite the opposite. He toiled over his work, and his verse smells of the lamp. Before his exile he had followed the practice, common at the time, of reading his poetry to discerning friends in order to profit by their advice, and to revise it carefully before publication. In Tomis he complains that there was nobody to whom he could read it; he had to be his own critic, and he

shrank from the task of revision. Moreover, all the conditions favourable for good work were lacking — an untroubled mind, peaceful surroundings, abundant books, the stimulus of an audience (P. iv. 2. 29 ff.). He has so little opportunity to speak Latin that he fears lest barbarisms creep into his work. His talent is broken and the stream of his inspiration is dried up. He recognizes the faults of his work and admits that it is poor stuff, not better than his lot. Again and again he asks indulgence for it.

Poetry written by such a man amid such surroundings was inevitably monotonous and aroused criticism. The almost unvarying sadness of its tone, the constant repetition of the same appeal were criticized. He admits the charge; his poetry is conditioned by his lot and by his purpose, and he regards possible advantage to himself as preferable to fame; if he could be restored to his home he would be gay as of old, though he would never again attempt wanton verse.

And yet, although his work of necessity fell short of his ideals, he was conscious that it was good enough to be read, for the host of readers of which he boasts must have included many who were not interested solely in the work of his happier years. His great reputation also must have interested many in the poetry of a fallen idol, even if from mere curiosity to discover how that idol comported himself in exile. He affirms, moreover, that to be named in his verse was to receive fame. This affirmation was not mere convention, nor was it entirely for the purpose of propaganda that he published these poems. He believed that they were worth publishing. And he was right. They are too pervasively gloomy, although the reader will find not a few exceptions to the rule, and their purpose is too obviously pressed. Nevertheless as human documents they possess great interest in spite of the author's weakness and slavish fawning.

Their chief interest, however, lies in their art. Ovid possessed remarkable powers over language: he was a great phrase-maker. He was also one of the greatest of metricians. These are high qualities, and in the poems from exile they are scarcely impaired at all, in spite of the fact that here as elsewhere in Ovid they often degenerate into mere juggling with words. But when the poet is at his best there is the old skill in the use of a remarkably simple vocabulary, the old simplicity of structure, the same limpid clearness and skilful

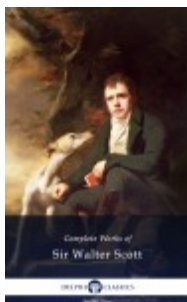
arrangement, the same sweetness and melody in the verse. No translation can hope to render all this. It cannot be separated from the Latin. But the translator can at least use simple English; he can try to be clear and to hint at the beauties of the order. He can do little else. Ovid destroyed much that he wrote, he tells us, and the *Tristia* and *Epistulae ex Ponto* are the cream of his years of exile. Considering the fact that they represent eight or nine years of work their bulk is not great. Because of the monotony of their content and tone and the almost constant obtrusion of mere rhetorical trickery they will never be popular, and yet they contain much that is admirable. To those who can be patient with Ovid, who like good writing for its own sake, the poems from exile will always make a strong appeal.

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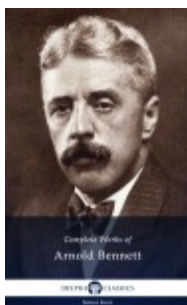
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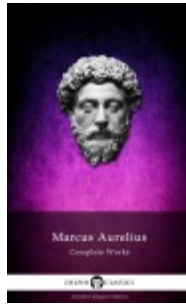
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Tomis, modern day Constanta in Romania — where Ovid died, eight years after his exile from Rome



'Scythians at the Tomb of Ovid' by Johann Heinrich Schönfeld, 1640